

Educate you by xsparxflyx Chapter 7

Seven

“Tell me what happened,” I said as I sat down beside Abigail at class.

She wasn't crying anymore, but since she usually wore a lot of makeup, her eyes looked like that of a three hundred year old zombie.

“You were right, Aeliana,” she muttered, sobbing.

“About what?”

“Antonio,” she said, looking away.

I sighed. “Okay, now stop saying his first name out loud and tell me what happened before he decides to show up,” I said, impatiently.

I was seriously dying to know what happened.

“He's mean... he really is,”

“Just tell me already!”

“I went to see him because I had a doubt regarding yesterday's class...” she said.

“Okay... and?”

“And then,” Leah sat down beside me. “He told her to get the f*** out of his office, disappear from his sight and not to stay within a range of 100 kilometers' radius from him,”

“He said that!?” I said in utter shock.

“No he didn't... I was exaggerating,” Leah said, shrugging.

“Yes, he did!” Abby almost yelled. “How could someone be so insolent!? All I did was meet him to clarify a doubt,”

“No it wasn’t,” Leah said, suddenly.

“What?” I turned to look at Leah.

“That wasn’t all she did,” she started spilling the beans. “She had said something to tick him off,”

“Abby,” I looked at her.

She was staring at the floor, a look of nervousness evident in her features.

“What did you do, Abby?” I questioned, cautiously.

“Ugh! Nothing!” She said, flustered. “I just couldn’t help but tell him that he looked smoking hot in that black cardigan! It’s not even that big of a deal!”

“What the absolute-,”

“EXACTLY!” Leah shouted. “She asked for it! Abby, it’s just a damn cardigan! Let the man where it in peace,” 1

“What is wrong with you? Are you out of your mind?” I was speechless. “How and why?”

“I don’t know! I just-,”

“Just what!?” I scoffed. “You’re unbelievable!”

“I just thought maybe...” Abigail stuttered and shut her eyes tight. “That maybe I could get... at least a bit closer-,”

“To him?” I completed. “By complimenting him on his looks?”

She didn't look at me. Her head hung low.

"There's something wrong upstairs, isn't there?" Leah asked, poking Abigail's head.

I sighed. "This is the thing, Abby," I explained. "You can't expect something 'humane' out of Mr. Decarlo. I don't think he would even understand what you were implying,"

"You didn't tell us exactly, what he said," Leah pointed out.

"He..." Abby faltered. "He told me that... he has no time..."

"What? Is he dying?" Leah said, sarcastically.

"No! That's not what he meant," Abigail protested, a hint of annoyance in her voice.

"Then what!? Tell us already!" I screamed.

"Tell you what, Winslow?"

Oh poop.

Abigail stood up immediately, while making an attempt to get rid of the salty moisture on her face. It didn't help at all though. It only made the black marks under her eyes, spread.

I stood up afterwards, and started to make my way towards my seat. That's when I remembered that I hadn't apologized to Mr. Decarlo. I turned back immediately, knowing that this would be easier than dealing with the circumstances after ignoring

him.

Expecting to see his ticked off expression, I turned back, but all I saw was Leah's face.

“Move!” She shoved me towards my seat.

I sat down, dazed. “Why didn’t he yell at me?”

“You want him to?” Leah asked, making a straight face.

“No! I mean... that’s what usually happens,”

“You got away with it, now shut up,” Leah whisper-yelled.

“Alright! Radiation of black bodies!” Mr. Decarlo screamed.

Taking my books out, I looked at Abigail who was seated with Serena, two rows before ours.

“I hope she’s okay,” I mumbled.

“She’ll be,” Leah said. “She said something inappropriate and she deserved it. She’ll get over it,”

“C’mon, don’t say that! Don’t you feel sorry for her!?”

“Why would I? She brought it on herself,” Leah muttered.

I sighed. “I still feel bad,” I said. “She didn’t mean anything indecent,”

“This is Abigail we’re talking about! But no dude, that’s not something you tell your physics professor!” Leah said, rolling her eyes. “Plus, if I remember correctly, last time this girl was going on and on about how she is going to seduce this devil,”

“True,” I said, rubbing my temples. “Since Winslow is clearly never interested in whatever that’s going on in class, her equally ignorant friend can get the projector from the lab,” Mr Decarlo announced.

Ouch... that was rude...

But who's he referring to? My 'equally ignorant friend' ?

Can't be Leah... she's one of the batch toppers.

"I won't say it again, Hutchinson," he said sternly, while eyeing her. If looks could kill, yes, she'd be dead.

Abigail looked up from her desk, innocently. Serena nudged her and she stood up immediately.

"Yes, Mr. Decarlo," She said, obediently.

"Okay, That... wasn't nice," I muttered to Leah.

"Not nice at all!"

I looked at Leah, unsure of what I should do. The expression on her face suggested the same.

Aw man! I really need to know what he said to her!

"Staring into space ain't gonna get your grades up, Winslow," he said, not even bothering to look at me.

I snapped back to my senses. Leah was writing something, intently.

"What are you doing?"

"Page 304. Weren't you listening!?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Wouldn't hurt to inform me when I was deep in thought," I said.

She shrugged and started writing again.

I swear sometimes she gives the impression that she's secretly evil...

A few seconds later, Abigail walked in, carrying a huge box, about five times wider than herself. She was sweating and clearly exhausted.

Mr. Decarlo looked up from his book. "Set it up," he said, looking back at it.

He actually didn't give two hoots about how drained she was. Her face was red like a tomato, but I'm pretty sure he didn't care enough to even notice it.

Abby set the huge box on the table and opened it. I could tell that she was trying her best to control her panting. But she was clearly more concerned about what was going on in the minds of our classmates.

She hates being embarrassed in front of peers. She cares immensely about her reputation. Even though I don't really like most of her qualities, she was still my friend,

and I cared.

Abby pulled out a ball of cables and started untangling them. Taking the projector out of the box, she carried it towards the desk at the back of the class, on which the projector is supposed to be placed for the presentation.

All this time, Mr. Decarlo didn't look up from his book for once. He truly has mastered the art of not giving a flying f***.

"Um..." I heard Abby mumbling.

Leah and I looked back and realized that she was confused with the cables. She wasn't sure about how they should be plugged.

"Why am I not surprised?" Mr. Decarlo looked at Abigail standing there helplessly.

"Your turn, Winslow," he said, looking back at his book. "Surprise me with your immense intelligence,"

That's it! That is IT! How dare he!?

I pushed my chair back and stood up. I'll show you!

I walked up to Abby who had a clear look of relief on her face. I smiled at her and started my work with the cables.

After getting all of it untangled in less than 30 seconds, I plugged in the jacks like a boss.

I honestly do not understand why Abigail could not figure out the code on it. I mentally facepalmed and smiled at her.

"Let's go," I said, dragging her towards our seats. I completed Antonio's so called 'task' in less than two minutes and I'm proud of it, no matter what anyone has to say.

Upon hearing the sound of our chairs being dragged forward, Mr. Decarlo looked up. His eyes landed on me.

"Done so soon?" He said sarcastically. "Did you give up or were you too intelligent for it?"

"I think it's the latter, Mr. Decarlo," I said with a straight face, after gathering a tremendous amount of courage.

His smirk dropped as his grey eyes pierced my blue ones. "Don't you try playing smart with me, young lady," he muttered to me, almost inaudibly.

He proceeded towards the desk on which the projector was placed and after the video

about black bodies started playing on the screen, he walked out of class without a word