

Suspicious

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Kapitel 2: It's Cake

What you were looking into was a rather small room, filled with cleaning supplies and a desk standing in the middle. There were brooms, mops, cloths, dozens of chemicals and buckets. It wouldn't have been special if a few things didn't seem so out of place. The TV you had heard was a tiny model, sitting on a shelf next to the table. A colorful show was on, lighting the room sparsely. There was someone watching TV in the morning, in a dirty little lumber-room? You frowned incredulously when your eyes fell on the table. There were hundreds of empty candy wrappers piled up on it. Almost the same amount could be found on the floor. Some dirty plates and silverware had just been pushed aside. You saw a lot of magazines and newspapers too. Most of them looked like tabloids and comics to you. You liked comics. And for a second you were curious which ones those were.

»Looking for something, Missy?«

You span around, thunderstruck. Just to look into that same face again. Mr. Janitor had appeared out of nowhere again, somehow. Had you been that distracted really? You noticed the slice of dark-brown cake on a plate, he was holding. It looked like Sacher Cake. And it looked delicious.

»Want some?« He grinned, noticing where your eyes had moved.

»U-uh.« Your cheeks turned scarlet red.

Suddenly you felt like a child being lured with candy before being abducted. A shiver ran down your spine, looking into that guys face, only half lit from that stupid TV show. The laughing people seemed to be laughing about you now. About your stupid decision to come here. Your stupid idea of entering this cursed building so damn early. The sound of growling thunder outside gave you the rest. You felt the strong need to escape this place. Right now.

»I-I need to....go....u-upstairs.« Quickly turning away, you walked away as fast as you could, without running.

You decided to forget about the books. Instead you made your way back to the room

on the third floor and... well.... switched on the lights. You hadn't turned around a single time, until you had reached it. What the hell gave you the creeps like that? A janitor? If it was a janitor. You were surprised about your own thought. Okay, just get yourself together. Don't be silly. What could it possibly be? A sugar monster? Somehow you couldn't even laugh about it.

Forgetting your books eventually turned out a good thing. A girl sitting in the last row had invited you to share hers, and she seemed to be nice. The type of girl you would call invisible. She was slim and short, her brown hair braided at the back of her head, gray eyes looking through big glasses. Her name was Margaret, but you already decided to call her Margie.

When you left the room after the lessons, you noticed a newspaper she was carrying with her. It seemed to be the college's own thing.

»Is it good?« You pointed at it.

»Oh... uhm, usually I don't buy it. But... this issue... well... was... interesting.« she seemed slightly embarrassed.

»Yeah? What was it about?«

»Well... « She was scratching her cheek with one finger.

»A few weeks before we came here... some weird things happened here. I mean... there's probably a logical explanation to all that...« she was laughing a little, blushing even more.

»I guess I just like creepy stories.«

You raised an eyebrow.

»Wait, what does that mean? Weird things?«

»It means there's something going on here! Something *supernatural*!« A blond boy had sneaked up on Margie, making her wince.

»S-stop that Dan. Don't be silly.« She was looking away from him.

»Supernatural? You mean like... ghosts?« You tried to find out if he was just trying to be funny.

»Maybe. But more likely not.«

»What happened anyway?«

The boy was leaning a little closer to you, lowering his voice.

»Two students disappeared. Another one left the college. They say he's in the nuthouse now.«

Margie was rolling her eyes, pulling you away from the grinning Dan.

»Don't listen to him. He's totally into that whole monster nonsense.«

Monsters? Now it was safe to say, that this had been the weirdest day ever. Maybe the janitor kidnapped them. You wanted to make a joke to yourself, but somehow it just made you uneasy.

Margie and Dan accompanied you for a part of the way back home. It was strange how Margie would say Dan was an idiot for what he said, and yet she read that newspaper, totally interested in it. The boy with the short, light-blond hair, seemed to be more into the matter. He was chewing on gum, hands in his pockets.

»So... if... whatever... would wanna... let some students disappear...« You waved your head around.

»It would probably disguise itself... right? «

»Uh...yeah. If it can.« He shrugged.

»As a human... possibly?«

»Maybe.«

You had a sleepless night behind you, thinking about monsters, ghosts and such. And of course about your speed-cleaning nightmare of a janitor. You decided to break the routine and arrive a little later today. If just for not running into that imp again. You put your books into your bag this time and stepped into the kitchen.

»Oh Tina, please...«

Debra was sitting on her usual chair, her head resting on her hand. She was looking awful again.

»What?! He made a decision, Debbie.«

Tina, Debra's best friend, a bleach blonde with a pixie-cut, was standing by the fridge, arms crossed.

»Why can't you find yourself a guy that's free? Just for once, no drama.« Debra seemed annoyed.

»Oh come on. Have you seen that girl? I'm simply the better choice.«

»You are horrible.«

»What?!«

That was enough for your ears. You sneaked out of the apartment, leaving them alone.

When you reached the campus this morning, it was pretty full already. As much as you hated it, it was better than another horror-trip. You entered the right room without any adventures and tried not to think of anything 'supernatural'. Margie wasn't in your course today, but you would hopefully meet her at lunch break.

When it was 01:00 PM, you made your way to the cafeteria. It was the first time you didn't bring your own food. The place was pretty packed at that time, but you fought your path through the people and finally got yourself a burger and some veggies. Just what you needed today. You found an empty table at a window, that actually had a nice view. You smiled to yourself. And to your burger. And it seemed to be smiling back, so good it looked. You took the biggest bite of it and enjoyed.

»May I?«

You almost choked on it.

Mr. Janitor had just sat down across from you. Happily smiling. As always. You froze, getting goosebumps everywhere. This was a bad joke. Right?

»The burgers are good here.« He pointed at your meal.

You slowly started chewing again, just slightly nodding. On his plate, there was another piece of cake, cheesecake in fact, and a brownie. While he started eating, you dared to lift your eyes and look at him. He wasn't exactly a tall man. Average built. His blond hair slightly curling up at his neck. The sun was making it shine just as golden as his eyes. You had to admit, he was actually sort of handsome. For a demon janitor. Looking at his so-called lunch, you just couldn't keep it to yourself.

»Cake again.«

He looked up from his feast, smiling broadly.

»I love cake. I mean... it's cake. Right?«

You lifted a brow.

»They... don't... sell that here, do they...?«

»Nah. I bring my own.« He glanced at you, giving you a mysterious expression.

»Here, you gotta try.« Without letting you say anything, he split the cake in half and put one piece onto your plate.

»Uh..... thanks.« You tried to smile, not sure anymore if you should find this weird or just nice.

You pushed away the thoughts about him, intoxicating you and making you disappear. You shoved a fork full of cake into your mouth. It was delicious for sure. Perfect. You tried to remember when you last ate a cake so good.

»Not bad, huh?« He read it in your face.

You nodded, chewing.
Then he took his brownie and stood up.

»Gotta get back to work. See ya around.« with that he left, leaving you puzzled.