

Suspicious

Von NessaSan

Kapitel 3: Gabriel

You weren't able to find Margie anywhere and you didn't see Dan either, so you decided to call after finishing your lunch.

»Hello?«

»Margie? Where are you? I waited for you in the cafeteria.«

»Oh, I'm sorry, we've been sent home. Professor Evans is sick...or something.«

Margie sounded a little unsure to you.

»Or...*something*?«

»Yeah... well... Lauren said she saw him in the building and...«

»...and?«

»...he acted strange... and a few others pulled him into his office. She said, he looked terrified.«

»Huh...weird. Okay, well... see you tomorrow then, bye.«

»Bye.«

A minute later you were on your way to the professors office. Actually it was completely unusual for you to go check something like that out. You knew you shouldn't go there. But something told you it might have to do with those disappearances and that made you too curious. You asked a boy in the hallway where to find it, and soon you stood near the door that said "Professor Sean Evans". Luckily, it wasn't closed completely. You placed yourself close to the wall and listened to the voices of at least three people inside.

»Come on Sean, calm down already.« A woman tried you sound composed.

»Calm down?! How the hell am I supposed to be calm now?!« The professor sounded

mad.

»She's right Sean, relax. I'm sure you were just overtired and...« Another man talked to him.

»I'm not overtired!! And I didn't hallucinate, okay?!«

»Okay, but-«

»There were snakes in the restroom!! A whole bunch of them!! Everywhere!!«

»Sean, please!«

»I *HATE* snakes!!« He almost whimpered.

»We looked, there were no snakes, okay?«

»But they were there!! I locked myself in a cubicle and when I stepped back out, they were gone!«

The two others seemed to be out of ideas.

»And...the mirrors...they were fogged. And someone had written on them.«

»...written *what?*«

»It... it said... '*Do it again – you die*'.«

»... do... *what* again...?«

»...I-I don't know...«

Snakes in the restroom? If it wasn't a grown man telling that story, you would have called it bullshit. And messages written onto fogged mirrors? That just were so cliché. But the professor sounded truly terrified and traumatized. You turned around and headed back to your room, pondering. A bunch of living snakes were a little too much to be a prank. But if there were any, they definitely didn't write that message. It just didn't add up.

When you came back home that evening, you found Debra in the kitchen again. She was holding her cellphone to her ear, not speaking. After a while, she hung up, looking stressed out.

»Damn, Tina.«

You put your bag on the table, walking over to the fridge to get a coke.

»Something wrong?« You looked to Debra.

»Tina is wrong. She didn't come back from the supermarket in the morning. And I cannot reach her since. If she went to that stupid idiot again, without telling me... I'll kill her.«

You were wondering if this was a good time to make conversation. Debra was still a stranger to you.

»Stupid idiot? Her boyfriend?«

Debra laughed sarcastically.

»More like her lover. The guy has a girlfriend. And she knows he's cheating on her.«

»Wow...so... Tina is stealing that guy away from her?« It sounded like a bad TV soap.

»She wants too. But he won't leave his girl, and she won't dump him. She's devastated, but too weak to break up. The sensitive type. Poor girl.«

»And Tina doesn't care?«

»She wants him, no matter what. Baaad karma.« Debra was sighing.

The next day's lecture was so monotonous and boring, you almost fell asleep. The thought of lunch break was the only thing that made you happy. When the professor turned off the projector finally, you jumped up and quickly found yourself at the cafeteria, sitting at the same spot as yesterday. You hadn't brought food again, since you spent the rest of yesterday on the internet, trying to find out if snakes could come out of the toilet somehow. It was unlikely. You just bit into a delicious hot dog, when someone took the opposite seat again.

»Hey there.« The janitor said, putting his plate on the table.

Your jaw dropped open, a piece of sausage falling out. You quickly closed your mouth, swallowing your bite.

The guy smiled at his food that was, what surprise, cake. This time however it were two pieces of apple pie.

Before you realized it, one of them had been put on your plate.

»For you. You'll like it.« He grinned.

You looked up, your cheeks blushing a little.

»Y-you brought that for me...?«

»I saw how you liked the cheese cake.« He looked at you as if he could read you.

»I've got plenty of it. So why eat it all alone.«

You suddenly felt a little bad for calling him a demon in your thoughts.

»Thank you... uhm...« You looked at him, realizing you didn't even know his name.

»Gabriel.« He said, starting to eat his cake.

You nodded.

»(y/n).«

You ate your cake, truly enjoying every bite of it. It was even better than the one from yesterday. And it was fresh. Even warm. Wait, how the hell could it be warm? Didn't he say, he brought it? You didn't see an oven in his, still crazy, candy cave. You decided not to think about it too much. After all you just got an awesome piece of cake, for free. Instead you brought up another topic.

»... have you heard about... Professor Evans...?« you said quietly, still eating.

»Jepp.« He finished his piece.

»I've heard... he has been threatened.« You slightly looked up.

Gabriel was cleaning his teeth with his tongue.

»Hmh. Not surprised about that. Was a matter of time.«

»Huh?... Uhm, what?« You had a baffled look on your face now.

He moved his eyes to the right, remaining silent for a while. Then he looked at you again, leaning forward.

»He's a pervert. He's watching the girls in the gym's changing room through a hole.«

A doubtful frown formed on your face.

»How do you know that??«

»I'm the janitor. I saw him.« He lifted his brows.

»So... why didn't you tell the...management?«

He tilted his head to the side, smiling a bit.

»If I did, I'd probably be fired just for accusing a professor of such a thing.«

He then took his empty plate and stood up.

»But as I said, it was a matter of time.«

He walked away, smiling.

Just when Gabriel had left, Margie appeared, Dan following her. She pointed at your plate.

»Wow, cake?«

»Uh...yeah...hehe...«

Somehow you didn't feel like telling her, that you just had lunch with the janitor. For the second time. You would have a lot to explain.

»Hey Dan, what would you say, If someone told you that he ran into a bunch of snakes in the restroom?«

Dan looked up from his peanut butter sandwich and chuckled.

»I'd say he's nuts.«

»Why do you ask that?« Margie gave you a suspicious look.

»That's what happened to professor Evans, according to him.«

Now Dan stopped grinning.

»Seriously?«

»Yeah. I heard him tell that to his colleagues.«

»But... he is such a serious guy...« Margie said to Dan, who frowned.

He put the whole rest of his sandwich in his mouth and mumbled.

»I gotta go look something up.« with that he jumped up and left the room.

»Is he always like that?«

Margie nodded.

There was nobody to be heard or seen for a change, when you opened the door to your apartment. It was dead silent. Heavenly. You threw your bag into a corner of the room and went into the living room. There were a million things on your mind after all that had happened. Maybe you should just let it be. None of it was your business after all. Not even that Gabriel. He was a creepy mystery, but hey, you got cake. You let

yourself fall onto the couch, staring to the ceiling. Warm cake was dancing in front of your eyes, reflecting in wet college floors. All that crazy nonsense soon made you fall asleep.