

Suspicious

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Kapitel 5: Sweet Things

»T-tonight...? Like...now?«

You blanched a little at that expression. You were all alone with this guy in a locked building in the middle of the night, and nobody knew. He seemed creepier than ever to you and you felt like a mouse in a trap. But what would happen if you refused? Exclusion, no doubt. If he even let you go. It felt like making a deal with a demon. Wait, what if he *was* one?

»Have dinner with me.«

You turned your head to him, giving him a really dumb look now.

»D-dinner...? Uh... now?«

»Well...« He rolled his eyes up, shrugging.

»I call it... midnight-dinner.«

Your brain had turned itself off, preventing it from overheating.

Seriously?

»...uh...«

Gabriel acted debonair as always and took your bafflement as a yes. He turned around smiling, waving his hand as a sign to follow.

»I'm having a buffet, you'll like it.«

He was strolling ahead happily.

»... a buffet...?« You followed without even noticing.

»Jupp.«

Wow. The more time you spent with this guy, the weirder he got. You went upstairs with him, walking a long aisle into another part of the big building. Some part of you

knew that this was so wrong. Following some almost complete stranger home. The demon thought popped up in your mind again. Maybe *you* were the dinner. Would fill a buffet. You realized how poorly prepared you were. How would you even fight a demon? You had no clue. A cross maybe? Not like you had one. Still thinking about that, Gabriel stopped in front of a door, unlocking it with one of the keys he was carrying around on his belt. He opened the door, looking over his shoulder.

»Hope you're hungry.«

You actually were, after all that drama. When you stepped into the little apartment, you expected either a big mess of candy wrappers and... well candy... or some sort of devil's bunker. Compared to that, what you saw was pretty... normal. You looked right into the living room that had a little couch, an armchair, a glass table and a nice flat screen on the wall, which was papered with some indescribable black and white pattern. The floor was made of chess pattern tiles in the whole room, including the kitchen to your left. It all looked a little retro, and you weren't sure if it was so odd on purpose or just a hint of bad taste.

Before you knew it, Gabriel had put a plate in your hand, pointing to the kitchen table, you just now noticed. It wasn't very large, but fully packed with all kinds of sweet things. There were different pies, muffins, donuts and cupcakes, cookies, pudding and all kinds of fruit, some of them chocolate-coated. It was like something out of a little child's dream. Colorful and delicious. Yet so very sweet it gave you diabetes just by looking at it.

A sin for sure. And your little demon suspect was standing right there, putting a bit of everything onto his plate, smiling in felicity.

»Go ahead.«

You slowly approached the sugar buffet, completely overstrained with the decision. After another moment, you had picked a piece of pie, a cupcake and some chocolate strawberries. Gabriel had already moved on, sitting in the armchair in the living room. When you turned around to him, he pointed to the sofa, wanting you to sit down. As you noticed, he didn't even own a dining table. Looks like he always ate that way.

»Not bad, huh?« He smiled raptly.

»Well... no.« You made a short laughing sound, barely looking at him.

It was still pretty strange, sitting here on creepy janitor's couch, eating treats from a rich kid's birthday party, in the middle of the night. You eyed your pink-frosted cupcake.

»So... you're having a buffet... just for yourself...?«

»Sometimes.«

»But...why?« You grimaced.

»Why not?«

It seemed impossible to have a 'normal' conversation with this man. What the hell was wrong with him?

»Well... you cannot eat it all. So it's a waste.«

»Most of the stuff you can freeze.«

Something snapped in your brain and yesterday's perfectly fresh cake appeared in front of your inner eye.

»*You don't freeze anything.*«

You had said it absolutely certain. And you were. Gabriel had slowed down his chewing. Something in the glance he gave you now, was sending a shiver down your spine. It felt like these light brown eyes could impale you. The sudden silence was broken by the sound of tiny little steps coming around the sofa. When you looked to your right, you found a little dog already sitting next to you. The black and white terrier was looking at you, tilting it's head to the side.

»Oh... hey there!« You turned to the little guy, your face lightening up.

You loved dogs. Almost any animal, actually.

»What's it's name?«

»Archie.«

You had expected something like Biscuit, Cookie or Waffles to be honest. Hearing his name, the dog jumped off the couch and over to his master, leaping onto his lap. He wagged it's tail in pure happiness while Gabriel rubbed him behind the ears. Something about that picture was so lovely, it made your whole conspiracy construction fall into pieces. If anything would be able to sense evil, it would be an animal, right? All of a sudden all those dark thoughts you had, seemed so ridiculous. That grinning man with his cakes and sweets and his little dog and the tendency to share everything. You had made him appear in such a bad light. After all, maybe he was just kind of lonely.

You looked back at your plate, finally starting to eat. So far he had done nothing bad to you. In fact, he had been extremely nice actually. You were the crazy one.

»So you live here all alone?« You tried to make conversation again.

»No.« He said like you had asked the most stupid question ever.

You raised your brows, looking surprised.

»With Archie.«

You looked at him for two seconds, before starting to laugh. You just couldn't help it. He chuckled, still petting the dog. Gabriel became more human by the minute. Although he still had that mysterious vibe around him. Maybe it was chemistry. Now that you tried to look at him from another perspective, he was actually kind of likeable to you. It made you wonder what he was about besides the passion for sugar. Your eyes scanned the room.

»That's a nice TV you're having.«

»You like it?« He smirked again.

»Hell, who wouldn't?«

He took the remote from the table turning the large flat screen on.

»You know what I love to watch?«

He zapped until finding a certain channel. There was a black-haired man on the screen, most likely Italian. He was dressed like a cook, but you soon understood that he was working at a bakery. Him and some other people were building a giant cake that looked like a dinosaur. The janitor watched this, looking absolutely fascinated. Like a scientist watching a new species. You had to grin to yourself.

»You really have a weakness for the sweet things, huh?«

He turned his head to you.

»Obviously. Why else would you be here.«

You blushed in an instant, quickly turning your face back to the screen. But the cake-T-Rex couldn't stop your heart from racing like an idiot. What the hell. Find another topic. Quickly.

Before you could bring something up, he did.

»What do *you* like to watch?«

»U-uhm... well uh... I... I like... a lot of things...uhm... like...horror... or uh...«

»Horror movies?«

»Uh, yeah. Kind...of...«

It was true. Though of course, that wasn't all that you watched. You quickly put the last strawberry in your mouth. You've had enough. Your head was spinning like crazy and it was far too late. Once you had gulped down everything, you stood up.

»I eh... I have to go now.« You really needed to get out of here now. Breathe.

»Well... it is late already.« Gabriel stood up as well, putting the dog down.

A few minutes later you stood in the hallway again and he opened the front doors to let you out.

»Thank you for the food... and everything...«

The janitor looked happy with himself.

»It was a pleasure, sweetheart.«

You smiled a bit, but quickly turned away to prevent yourself from becoming a tomato again. What was it with this guy? You just couldn't handle him. How could someone be so strange and creepy and at the same time so... well... sweet. It was giving you a serious headache. You had almost forgotten what you came here for in the first place. Your hand was reaching for the book in your bag while you walked home. You had it. After a damn twisted adventure, but you had it. You felt like Lara Croft. Mission completed. Maybe soon you would find out what thing was hunting the campus. All thanks to you. This nice little thought was taking over, making you forget the fact that even if you found that out, it was another story to make it stop. You also forgot about the two other favors that you still owed the sugar-king.