

Suspicious

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Kapitel 6: Choke On It

»Wow! That book is *great!*«

It was Saturday evening, 7:12 PM and Dan and Margaret were sitting at the kitchen table with you. You had told them about breaking into the college and the library, leaving out the part with the 'midnight-dinner'. Somehow it would be embarrassing to you if they knew about you and Gabriel. It was so weird. So hard to explain. After all you were unable to even explain it to yourself. What was he to you? Not exactly a friend, but what else then? Your stalker? Well, honestly it was mostly your own fault whenever you ran into him. Whatever.

»So your roommate's boyfriend really is dead?« Margie gave you a worried look.

»Yeah... they found him decapitated in the woods. The police is still talking to Tina.«

»My god...«

Dan was completely lost in the old book. He made notes while reading, looking excited.

»So what about your theories? Anything to share with us?« You were curious.

The blonde snapped out of his thoughts, looking up into two waiting faces.

»Uh... well... theories, yes.« Dan put his hands onto the table, trying to look like a teacher or something.

»possibilities.«

»Spit it out.«

»First I thought... maybe... a ghost. But... that is unlikely.«

»A ghost? Are you serious??« Margie looked a little terrified.

»Uhm... okay. But *why* is it unlikely?«

»Well... A ghost would be bound to something. If it all happened inside the college...

maybe. But it hasn't. And the victims had no business with each other. Not like some kind of revenge thing going on.«

»I see... so what else?« You turned your head to Dan again, who seemed to enjoy educating you.

»It might be... a shapeshifter. Though...«

»Excuse me??« Margie's face deformed in disbelief again.

»Though?«

»Well a few things just don't fit. As I read... shapeshifters usually shift into humans they killed to trick other people. But shifting into a number of snakes, for example... I don't know. Also... why would one let the professor and Tina live?«

»So... that thing is... focused on certain people...« You took a sip out of your coke can.

»That explains Tina. But why wasn't Professor Evans killed?«

»He was warned...« You remembered that message on the mirror.

»It's like... he was given a chance.«

»A chance to do *what?*«

»To do better.« It suddenly made sense.

»Gab-... I mean... I heard... that he was watching the girls in the change room.«

»Whoa! *What?!*« It looked like Margie lost her faith finally.

»So this *is* about revenge?« Dan took another look into the book.

There was a moment of silence. Dan thumbing through the pages, Margie frozen in shock, and you thinking.

»What about... *demons?*«

Dan stopped and looked up to you.

»... let's hope not.«

»But it is possible?«

»Well... demons are hard to define, so... yes.«

Margaret sighed loudly, pushing her glasses back up.

»Why... would a demon do all that?«

»There are a lot of possibilities, again. Someone may have summoned it. To take revenge for them.«

»And a demon would just do that?« It sounded too easy to you.

»Demons are evil. They could be doing it for fun. Or...«

»Or what?«

»They made a deal.«

»Like... selling your soul to the devil?«

Dan took a moment to think of a scenario.

»How's this...? Some kind of do-gooder thinks the campus has to be cleaned from all the... dirty kids. So he summons a demon to get rid of the trash.«

Crazy as that idea was, it sounded plausible.

»So what would give a demon away?«

»Hm... there are some typical signs...« Dan rubbed his chin.

»Like the smell of sulfur.«

»Sulfur? Really?«

»Jepp. Also a demon wouldn't like iron, salt and holy water, obviously. It would hurt them visibly.«

»Hmm... so-«

Just when you were about to ask more questions, the doorbell rung. Margie jumped up, seemingly happy to get up from that table of horrors.

»I'll go!«

»Uh, okay. Thanks.«

You expected Tina and Debra to be back. And now you couldn't wait to ask Tina if she smelled any sulfur in the forest. Besides... the blood. The thought of an actual demon however, scared you. This was the stuff out of a movie. And you'd rather be in Poltergeist than in The Exorcist.

Then Margie came back, alone.

»There's someone for you, (y/n).«

She was smiling a bit, a faint blush on her face. As if someone complimented her.

»Huh? Who?« You stood up.

»A guy. Don't know him.« Margie whispered returning to her chair.

You made your way to the door, wondering.

And there he was.

»Hey, sugar.« Gabriel was leaning against the door frame, smirking.

»...«

No. Just no.

It was like a figure out of a nightmare coming to life. Yesterday seemed so unreal. Like it never really happened. But there he stood. More real than ever. Now this *was* stalking. On one hand you were glad not to be alone right now. On the other, you didn't want Dan and Margie to find out what was going on.

»H-how... the hell do you know...« You whispered now.

»... where you live?« He chuckled.

»I'm the janitor of your college. There are lists. All students, pedantically sorted by name and year of accession.«

Well, bummer.

You looked him over, noticing that he wasn't in his work clothes. Of course not. It was Saturday. But it was the first time you saw him like that. He was wearing jeans, a dark-blue plaid shirt and an open, khaki jacket. It made him look... human. You had to admit it... he looked good. It was like all the thoughts about what, or how crazy he could be, made you blind for it. The day's last rays of sun made his hair shimmer in gold again, and his eyes glow like amber. *Damn it*, he looked good.

»S-so... uh... what... what is it...?« You had to wake yourself from the daydream.

He just grinned more.

»I am opening door number two.«

Oh great. Now?

»Oh... uh... I got visitors, so...« It seemed like the perfect excuse.

Gabriel glanced into the hall behind you, not seeing anyone. Then he smiled sweetly.

»Send them home. You're coming with me.«

He still smiled, but had said it emphatically. Somehow you figured it was better to do what he said.

»Uh... fine. Just... wait for me downstairs.«

With that said, you went back to your friends. You just told them you forgot you had an 'appointment' today. Dan took the book with him, to find out more. When they left, Margie whispered 'He's sweet!' in your ear, giving you a thumbs up, that made you blush. Sure. Of course he was sweet. He's made out of sugar.

The fact that you didn't know what in the word was awaiting you now, made your stomach tense up a little. He had sounded so stern. Like a cop, coming to arrest you. There was no running away from this man, so you just put your coat on, and headed down to the door. He was waiting impatiently, hands in his pockets.

»There you are. Let's go, or we'll be late.«

»...late...for what?«

»You'll see.« He grinned again, taking your hand and pulling you with him.

A heat rose up your cheeks, like someone held a blow-drier in your face. Your heart raced while Gabriel walked on in a peachy mood. Just when had your life turned into such a confusing, twisted mess? You were far beyond the ability of straight thinking. And this confident, warm hand was pulling you through the streets like a dog on a leash. After like ten minutes, he stopped in front of the city's biggest cinema.

Your eyes widened in surprise.

»We're... uhm... that's where we...?«

»Oh, don't worry! I'll pay, of course.« He was waving his hand around.

You blushed again, watching him pull two tickets out of his pocket.

»Already got these.« He smiled, giving you one of them.

It said 'Supernatural Disturbance 2' and was obviously a horror movie.

»I like horror too, you know.« He gave you a wink, before getting into the building with you.

Twenty minutes later, you sat in the hall next to each other, waiting for the film to start. You had cooled down a bit and decided to turn your brain back on. You took a deep breath through your nose, trying to use all the smelling sense you had, to detect sulfur in the air. But all you smelled was Gabriel's giant bag of popcorn. Unlike him, you had taken both, sugared and salted popcorn. You hated it salted, but it was time to take one for the team. You put one in your mouth, while reaching another one over to him, your expression asking him to try, with a smile. Eat it, if you're not a demon.

Choke on it, if you are.

Gabriel looked at it for a second, but then just took it, happily.

»Not that bad, I admit.« He smirked chewing, while turning back to the screen, where the movie just started.

Huh.

Relief mixed with a bad conscience again. You watched him for a moment, feeling awfully ungrateful. For the rest of the night, you decided to just forget about all the crap, and relax. And that's what you did. You concentrated on the movie, which was one of those pseudo-self-filmed ones, with jump scares that made half the audience go nuts. You screamed out a few times and Gabriel would just laugh, making you giggle at yourself. He shared his popcorn with you, once he noticed, you had put yours away. Damn salt. It was fun. In fact, the first time you really enjoyed yourself since you came here. You walked out the cinema with a feeling of bliss.

Gabriel walked next to you, sipping on the rest of his cola. He didn't pull you anymore, since you weren't in a hurry now. You looked at him just for a second, but it seemed like he noticed, offering you an arm. You hesitated for a moment, but then took it. It was weird, but just for those few minutes, it felt perfect. Your heart ran a marathon again, but it didn't bother you now. It felt light as a feather.

When you reached your door again, you almost wished you weren't there yet. You let go of his arm, smiling slightly.

»...thank you... for this.« You looked down, trying not to blush again.

Gabriel chuckled.

»Don't thank me for kidnapping you.«

You let out a short little laughter.

»Yeah... still. I do.«

You suddenly really felt the need to thank him. To apologize for all the bad thinking. Even if he didn't know about that.

Before you even knew it, you had put a kiss on his left cheek.

Realizing what you just did, blood pumping up your head, you quickly pushed the door open, vanishing through it.