

# Suspicious

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## Kapitel 1: Suspicious

The sun had just begun to rise over fluffy, deep-orange clouds, when you walked over the empty college campus. A light cool wind was breezing through your hair as you yawned quietly. You could have just as well yawned out loud though. There was no soul out here yet, in fact you were much too early. But you always were. You just hated to storm in with the whole crowd, swimming in the middle of a noisy mess. Being there first, allowed you to peacefully arrive and avoid all that daily chaos. That was worth it for you, getting up earlier. You pulled the door to the main building open, stepping into the unlit corridor of entrance A.

It was your third day at this college. Home was hundreds of miles away, and you couldn't exactly say that you settled in yet. You had moved into a small apartment with two other girls that you didn't know before. Actually you didn't know anyone in this whole city. Hell, not even in that state. It was a little weird to feel so all alone, but on the other hand, you'd have all time to yourself, not having to deal with anyone's problems. Getting to know new people wasn't exactly easy for you, since all those little groups and gangs of 'hip' kids weren't your world. You weren't some kind of weirdo or misfit, but you preferred to hang with your own kind of people. Finding and befriending such, was a little more challenging usually. You would find someone though. You were sure of it. Maybe even the girls you lived with, weren't so bad. The next days would show.

You walked down the aisle, sipping on a cup of hot chocolate you had bought at the bakery around the corner, along with your breakfast. Not the best substance to get awake in the morning, but you liked it better than coffee. The building was a little confusing to you. Everything seemed to look the same. The walls, painted in an eggshell-white, were screaming nothingness at you and the light gray linoleum, that squeaked so unpleasantly, was laid in every room. Empty as it was now, it slightly reminded of a hospital. An old hospital. You tried to guide yourself by the room numbers, searching for a way to room 314. Walking past 024, you reached a cross-way with stairs going up and down. You put your free hand on the winding wooden handrail, stretching your head up, trying to see the numbers of the upper floor. You winced when the perfect silence was broke by the crackling sound of plastic somewhere. Your ears immediately located it coming from below. Was there really someone else being crazy enough to be here already? Your eyes moved from the up-going stairs on your right, to the left ones leading into the basement.

You slowly leaned back a little, peeking down like it was forbidden.

There was a man dressed in blue work-clothes standing there, holding a mop in one hand, using the other to tuck a piece of plastic wrapper into his pocket. The orange morning sun was shimmering in the wet floor around him. A long second passed before he noticed your presence, turning his head up to you.

»U-uh...« you breathed in, trying to decide what to say.

He was chewing on what sounded like a sticky caramel, raising his brows. The sun made his eyes light up in an amazing shade of gold. The whole picture was so out of place, that it took you a few seconds too long to get yourself together.

»Uhm, good morning.« Finally made it out of your mouth.

The man, that was most likely the janitor, kept his eyes on your face, swallowing the rest of his snack, before giving you a somewhat impish smile.

»Good morning, Ma'am.« He replied, sounding amused in a way.

»Uh... the room uhm... 314 is up the stairs, I guess...?« You pointed your index finger up, looking helpless.

He moved his jaw to the left, slightly nodding. His eyes had focused on your cocoa now, and it seemed as if he tried to catch the smell of it, looking quite concentrated for a second. Then though, as if he woke from a daydream, his eyes snapped back to you, wide open.

»Jepp. Third floor, right wing. Can't miss it.« He made it sound confident.

»Thanks.« You smiled a bit, turning away to finally get there.

You found it where the guy had told you it would be. Sitting down on the floor, leaning against the wall, you waited for the awful crowd to come.

The day had passed quickly and the next morning you awoke just as early. You had to find another room today, but it was on the same floor so you were confident about finding it on your own this time.

As you stepped out of your bedroom and into the kitchen, you almost ran into Debra, one of your two roommates.

»Oh...hey. Up already...?« You looked her over.

Debra was a very tall, slender young woman, looking older than she was. Her shoulder-long, dark-brown hair was a complete mess right now, eyes expressing pure indifference. She was staring at the coffee machine, waiting for the pot to fill. You were wondering what she did last night, but you wouldn't ask. Her gaze was glued to her boiling life elixir, she was pointing at now.

»...want some?« she raised one brow, still not looking at you.

You looked at the pitch black, steaming liquid, twitching with your upper lip.

»Uhh...no, but thank you.« You cleared your throat, grabbing your bag.

»See ya later.«

Debra just shrug as the door closed behind her.

Once again you made your way to the campus, only stopping at the bakery to get your treats.

Your mood was good, no idea why. Even though this wasn't a sunny day. Thick gray clouds had formed, making it a gloomy morning. No rays of golden sunlight to light your way this time. But whatever. Can't be like that every day. Entering the college though, you had to admit, the hallway was really a dark tunnel now. It was practically nighttime in here. You just now noticed how your footsteps echoed in the emptiness. A weird contrast it was, thinking of yesterday. Well, you just had to get up those stairs and turn right. No big deal. That's what you told yourself, picking up the pace. Making your way past a lot of doors, the stairway appeared in sight. Wonderful. You speed-walked by now, feeling like a child that has to traverse the cellar without a light. Almost there! Just a few more-

»Woah!«

A surprised voice shouted out from the right.

»KYAAHH!«

You jumped away from it to the left, feeling your feet slip away on wet linoleum.

With a dull sound your body hit the ground, a sharp pain shooting from your left hip up through the rest of you.

»Gnnh...« When you opened your eyes, the shape of a man appeared over you. You squinted, realizing it was the janitor. He was looking at you, worried, but then raised an eyebrow.

»Good catch, missy.«

He was pointing at your cup, and you realized that you had held it up like a trophy, not a single drop spilled. Like a miracle. The man reached for upper arm, pulling you back up on your feed.

»Really sorry 'bout that...but...uhm... you are *really* early.«

As your eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness, you saw that he had just begun to wipe the floor of the long corridor. You were rubbing your butt, before picking up your bag.

»Are you alright...?« He was tilting his head to the right, to see your face.

You looked up a bit, facing him with a baffled expression on you. Those eyes that had shined like gold yesterday, looked different without the light. Still they had something to them that paralyzed you for a moment. What was it with this dude? The sound of raindrops starting to fall outside, broke the spell.

»Y-yeah. I'm fine.« You pressed your bag against you, quickly moving on to the stairs.

You felt your cheeks heat up, realizing you just slipped and fell on your ass in front of someone. How embarrassing was that? Good thing, there was only the janitor guy, not the whole damn college. Though that man gave you a weird feeling that grew the more you thought about him. It was just a feeling, but as you reached the third floor, one thought popped up in your mind, making your eyebrows narrow. Your pace slowed down, moving along the aisle.

Who the hell wipes a floor in almost total darkness?

There was no logical answer to that, no matter how you tried to explain it to yourself. What a weirdo. You finally found your room, about to sit down on the floor again, when you noticed something. You had forgotten your books at home. The strange picture of zombie Debra had distracted you so much, that you didn't take them from the table. Damn it. Well, at least being early really paid off for once. If you hurried a little, you would still make it back in time. Crowd or not.

You emptied your hot chocolate quickly, tossing the cup into a trash bin. Then you ran down the stairs again, prepared to run into the janitor once more. But when you reached the ground floor, what you saw instead made you stop in astonishment. The whole endless hallway was cleaned and still wet, making it look like a frozen road. The janitor was nowhere to be seen. Was that even possible? No way. You moved your head from left to right, carefully stepping onto the perfectly clean floor. This was starting to become creepy. Running was out of the question now, so you decided so slowly make it back to the door, when a sound caught your attention. It sounded like laughing people, echoing in the corridor to your left. It made the whole situation even more awkward. Like a strange nightmare. You looked into the shady aisle, your curiosity growing by the minute. What was going on here? Something made you want to find out.

You sneaked into the left wing slowly, acting like an intruder. You located the voices coming from another corridor. Once you came closer, you realized, it was the sound of a TV. When you stretched your head around the corner, you saw soft light shining out of a door. The people on the TV show were laughing again, making it sound like a sitcom. Your heart was beating loudly in your ears now, while you walked closer to the room. You swallowed a lump and finally peeked inside.

## 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.

## 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. Baaaad 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.

## Kapitel 4: Tonight

Your beautiful deep sleep was abruptly ended, when the front door flew open. You jumped up from the couch in shock, looking around you, still half asleep. The clock said it was 12:43 PM. When you entered the kitchen again, you found your two roommates. Debra was standing next to Tina, who was sitting on a chair, wiping something out of her friend's face, with a wet cloth. Tina looked horrible. Her blue pullover was covered with dirt and dust, her shoes and lower legs drenched in mud. She was pale as a sheet, her expression almost blank. There was fear in her eyes though, and as you came a step closer you noticed, that what Debra was trying to clean off of Tina's face, was blood. What you saw made you freeze. It was everywhere. All over her face, in her blonde hair, on her shoulders.

»...come on...Tina...« Debra was trembling almost as much as Tina.  
»What the hell happened?? Where have you been?«

You slowly made it to the table, to sit on another chair.

»W-what is going on...?« You had to swallow.

Debra gave you a desperate look.

»I don't know. Tina called me an hour ago. I picked her up on Oak Street, at the other side of the city.  
On the phone she... she was in panic.«

»In panic? Why?«

You turned your head to Tina, who had suddenly started crying. Her lower lip was shaking.

»B-B... Bryan....he....«

Debra's face turned into a frown.

»What? What did he do?? Did *he* do this to you?!« Anger filled her voice.

But Tina was shaking her head, crying even more.

»...he's *dead!*«

Debra took a look at you, completely in shock. But your face looked the same.

»Woah... what do you mean he's...*dead*?« You tried to meet Tina's eyes, but it was impossible.

»W-we were... in...in the woods... we...took a walk and...« The terror in her expression



grew even further.  
»...it... it was... *him*.«

»Him?? Him, who?« Debra put a hand on Tina's shoulder, who lifted her hand, trying to adumbrate something.

»That big guy... w-with the... hockey mask.«

»What??«

»With the.... the machete.«

Your eyes widened in disbelieve.

»You mean... *Jason*??«

»Yes!!« Tina cried out, tears rolling down her face.

Debra looked like she felt spoofed now.

»A fictional horror-film monster.... killed Bryan??«

»It is true!! He suddenly just stood there! He was giant!! And the next thing I saw was Bryan's head being chopped off!! Blood splashing everywhere!!«

»O-okay....uh...« Debra stood up.

»I... will take you to the police. They will... find out...what happened.«

It was hard to tell what Debra was thinking right now. In a way you knew that she tried to believe Tina after all. But it was hard for her to do. It was even harder to tell if she rather hoped for Bryan to be alive or actually dead. After the two had left the apartment again, you opened up your laptop to write a mail. This was way too weird to be a coincidence. Snakes and movie murderers? Something was wrong here. You wrote down the whole Jason story and sent it to Dan.

Was there really something... *supernatural* going on here?

Or were Tina and the professor just a little crazy? Both? It just didn't make any sense. You downed a big glass of cold coke and tried to think straight. There was an explanation to everything. Right?

Ten minutes later you received an answer.

'Hey lady,

that is very interesting, considering what I just found out myself. Remember the student that was sent to the asylum? I managed to speak to one of his old friends. Guess why he went to the nuthouse?

He had told the police, the headless horseman beheaded his friends and chased him

through the park.

The other guys have never been found.

There's something going on here. I've got some theories, but I could use some more information. The college's library is really good. Better than most libraries. But the really old, valuable books, they don't let any student touch. If I could only get my hands on some of those. It's a shame. :-(

Your brain ran like a machine. The library. In the college.

Before you even realized it, you were on your way to the campus. It was such a dumb idea. What were you even about to do? Well, people were dying. As if you could stop that! What if it hit you one day? Like the others? Why Tina? And the professor? Why not you? It could happen. So... it was some sort of self-defense, right? After all you probably were mostly curious. Everything was spinning around, but soon you stood in front of the entrance to the main building. Of course there was no way of getting through these doors. So you sneaked around the corner, hiding behind the bushes. It took like forever until you finally got lucky. There was a little cellar window that wasn't locked properly. One last time you considered letting it be. But it was too late now. You pushed the window open, as silent as possible and climbed in, feet first.

When your feet hit the ground, you found yourself in a little storage room, filled with old chairs and tables. Luckily, the door wasn't locked, so you could go on with your crazy trip. You turned on the light of your cellphone and quietly walked through the basement. There was no denying this was the creepiest thing you had ever done. And the riskiest. And dumbest. On the other hand you had been here before when it was almost as dark and spooky. At least it was dry now. You soon found the stairs to go up to the ground floor. From there, the library was just a few steps away. The biggest problem though, you realized when you found it was locked. Of course it was. Okay, think. You are so close. How do you get in there? With a key. Good. Who has a key to all the doors in here...?

You didn't like the answer to this. But you knew it was the only chance you had.

Good thing you had seen his little room already. You quickly found it again, and just as you remembered, it had one of those simple doors without a lock. It was obvious this room wasn't meant to be an office. But you knew it was used as one. It was probably the college's stinginess. Or maybe the guy was just as crazy as you thought. You opened the door and stepped in to look around. It didn't take you long to find the board with keys on the wall, next to the door. Once you found the library key, you quickly rushed back to it. Damn, you could be one successful burglar. The whole thrill of it had made you forget that you indeed just broke into your college to steal a book. You unlocked the door and finally stood in the library. You already imagined Dan's face. To get to the older books you had to reach the very end of the long room and open a sliding gate. There you were.

It took you at least ten minutes and you almost gave up, when you finally held something interesting in your hands. It was a very old-looking book covered in brown

leather. There was nothing but a strange symbol on the front side, but the index said something about magic entities, deities and spirits. It was the best thing you could find, so you put it into your bag, ready to get the hell out of here. You turned around to leave, when the brightness of a flashlight in your face made you jump back in shock. You hit the shelf behind you hard, a few books fell to the floor. Damn. You couldn't see anything before the person in front of you moved the light out of your sight.

»Can't get enough of school, sugar?«

Impossible. It is Friday night, so what the hell...?

»G-Gabriel....?« You tried to smile innocently, but that wasn't exactly your strength.  
»It's the weekend...hehe... what do you do here...?«

He grinned slightly, pointing up.

»I live in the same building, sweetheart.«

For Christ's sake. What curse had been laid on you? Either way you had to come up with a good excuse now. Quick.

»Uhh....look...« You breathed out, as if you surrendered.  
»I... I try to make... friends here...and...«

He gave you an asking face, waiting for your story.

»This... is... something like... a dare.« You tried to look sorry.  
»You know... get in here... get a random book... get out with it.«

He was still looking at you, waiting.

Okay, you had to give it your all. You stepped a bit closer to him, folding your hands, begging.

»P-please don't tell anyone! I would have given it back! I'm not a thief! I know it was a bad idea...and...«

You lowered your head.

»I'm sorry.«

There was a moment of complete silence.

»You... broke into the building, entered my office, stole a key out of it and got into the library to steal a book... and you want me to just let you get away with it... Hmh.«

You waited like a minute, not daring to look up again. Your heart had dropped

somewhere you couldn't feel it anymore. What the hell had you been thinking? By tomorrow you'd be kicked. All for that stupid child's play.

»Fine.«

You blinked.

»F-fine...?« Finally you looked at him again.

»Yeah. Well... on one condition.«

Uh-oh. Now he got you. You had a feeling like a nightmare was about to start. What could he possibly want from you? Your lunch money? A bag of candy every day? Wiping the floors for him every morning?

»You are asking for a lot. But as you know, I'm generous. All I want is... three little favors.«

Gabriel was smiling as if he was having fun.

»Three... favors?«

Your lunch money, a bag of candy every day *AND* Wiping the floors for him every morning?

»Jupp. When I need them. The first one... you can grant me... *tonight*.«

## 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 him 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.

## 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.