

Darkness Round the Sun

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Rory is a 17 yr. old girl, who lives with her mother. She's starting her senior year of high school with what she thinks is a good start.

Please tell me if you like it or not.

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2 - What is this

:::Chapter Two:::

"Rory? Rory? You alive?" A voice which I vaguely remembered called my name, I looked up and saw this I was Mr. Mandrels, "would you like to answer question ten?"

I looked down at my sheet which I vaguely remember doing.

"Oh yea! Its Jupiter and mars." I replied now remembering where I was. It was first hour, astronomy, and I've been spacing since yesterday.

"Thank you." He said patting my shoulder, which to anyone else would look like a kindergartner thing, but really all my teachers heard what happened.

Yesterday was horrible. All the cops at my house, which was really embarrassing, all of the reporters asking me questions. I think I remember punching one of them in the nose. That's probably why my hand hurts. Mr. Mandrels voice brought me back to reality.

"Christopher! Cell phone! On my desk! And continue reading!" He shouted.

After class Mr. Mandrels called me to see him, seeing how second hour was his planning period, he looked happy to only see me and not nineteen others. But he also looked sweet and concerned.

"Is everything all right?" He asked. I could tell he was looking at my hand which hurt.

"Yes, everything's fine, why?" I asked pretending not to notice what is happening in my life.

"Listen. " He sighed, "your principal told all the teachers what happened yesterday. He also told us to not mention it to anyone else, but to also help you. So if there's anything, let me know." He said very sweetly--it made me want to cry and open up like an old book.

"To tell you the truth I don't know what to do. I'm scared really. My father is gone and my mother is running away from the law! What am I going to do if she gets caught and won't be able to come back to me; I'm frightened by the thought of being left alone! I just wish I knew that was going through her head, what could she possible be thinking?" I replied tears welding up in my eyes. I wanted to stop, I really did. I didn't want anyone to see me weak and crying. Especially him. The next thing I knew there were two arms, warm arms, pulling me into a hug.

"Everything...will be all right." Mr. Mandrels stated holding me to his chest, his hand on top of my head, "nothing will happen to you."

It was at this moment I was glad his door was closed and that there weren't any windows. Because to anyone else this would be horrible. Like that-Rory-girl-is-going-out-with-that-new-teacher horrible. But also because I had finally lost myself, I was crying so hard into his shirt. Good thing it was black.

In the middle of third hour I was called to the office, just to see where I was during second hour. I told them I was with Mr. Mandrels getting 'help'. And she got it.

The rest of the day went normal, no more crying. Before I left for home, I stopped by Mr. Mandrel's room. He was there at this desk--on his computer. I knocked.

"Rory? Come in." He said. And like a dog I did, "is something the matter?"

"No, I just wanted to say thank you. And sorry." I replied.

"Why?"

"Thank you for letting me tell you what was on my mind and I'm sorry for getting you shirt wet." I said smiling meekly.

"It's ok, it's a stressful thing to go through." He said getting up, "now lets go home."

We walked to the parking together which was nice not being alone. And then out of no where a sea of reporters came flocking towards us.

"You've gotta be kidding me." I said about to make a run for it, but Mandrels caught my hand and dragged me to his car. Shoving me throught the drivers side and onto the passenger's seat. He started up the car and drove off.

Five seconds later I realized what had just happened, I was in my teacher's car driving away from the Satan Spawn reporters.

"Where do you live?" He asked.

"...Uh..." I replied still not all together.

"Right they might be there too. Lets go to my place." He said and then I just died. His place?

Before I knew it I was standing in his doorway, in his apartment like a statue. But from what I could see he kept his place clean and tidy.

"Well come on in." He said poking his head out from behind another wall, "don't worry, I won't bite." His smile was almost devious.

"But what me being here get you in trouble? I mean you're a teacher." I asked and to me I sounded pathetic and a little kid.

"I'm sure the others and the board will understand. I mean being chased by a bunch of reporters can get pretty tiring and besides none of the other teachers know, well they do, but they've never been here." He replied walking up to me, but I couldn't look at him, "hey is something wrong?"

"I just don't know." I said looking down at my shoes.

"It'll be all right, if you want I'll stay in another room." He stated walking off, but I grabbed his arm.

"No!" I yelled, "I...I don't want that! You don't have to leave! It'll be more awkward because I know you're still here! I don't want to be left alone in a strange house...not that you're place is strange, I just...I'm not making any sense?"

"No you're not making any since, but I think I understand. Why don't you take a seat and I find us some drinks." He said leading me into his living room, which had two large sofas, a TV stand and a flat screen TV, a lamp next to one of the sofas and an end table by the lamp. It was pretty simple, calming almost.

I took as seat and waited for Mr. Mandrels to come back from his kitchen, he turned on the TV for me, since he had eight remotes, and thank god it wasn't on any news channel. I think it Animal Planet and the Discovery Channel, but whatever it was it took my mind off the fact that I was in my teacher's home. After a few minutes Mr. Mandrels came back with our drinks and he took a seat next to me, but on the far opposite side.

"Is there anyone you need to call to let them know that you're still ok?" He asked.

"No." I replied simply.

An awkward silence grew between us and I took this time to look around more, there were hardly any photos of him or his family. Nothing that looked like he got from his parents when he moved in.

"Um...Mr. Mandrels--" I started, but he interrupted me.

"You can call me by my first name, you know. Since we're not in school." He said smiling.

"Ok? What...is your first...name?" I asked blushing.

"Gregor." He replied.

"All right. Gregor. If you don't mind me asking and I'm hoping I'm not intruding on anything, but how come you don't have any picture of your family up?"

Silence.

"You don't have to tell me, if you don't want to." I said wanting to take the tension away.

"I guess I really didn't want to unpack them. This room would be to crowded if I had all my photos of my

family and it would be awkward to have all those eyes on me.” He replied smiling at the end.

“Oh I see.”

Again awkward silence. And then I heard something growl.

“Wow. I. Am. Really. Hungry.” I said blushing and also making Gregor laugh.

“Didn’t you eat lunch today?” He asked.

“No, I was in...the Counselor’s office all lunch period.” I replied.

“Well lets see if I’ve got anything to eat.” He said getting up.

“You don’t have to! I can wait ’til I get home.” I said cashing after him.

“It’s ok, my cooking isn’t entirely awful.” He said laughing as I tried to pull him away from his kitchen.

“That’s not it....I just.” I stopped because he stopped walking and that made me run into him.

“Just what?” He asked sounding almost cold.

“I just don’t like it when people do things for me when I don’t ask them to. If my mother were here she’d say that I don’t except charity well. And I don’t! So please, you don’t have to be so out going for me.” I said burying my face into his sleeve. He turned towards me and raised my head to gaze at him before my eyes darted to a random corner.

“All right.” He said in his calm, low voice, “I get it. So how about we order pizza, would you like to help me pay for it--that way it won’t be charity.”

So I chipped in my lunch money, seven dollars and twenty-five cents, and helped paid for our dinner. Afterwards we watched That 70’s Show and Scrubs, talked about what was going on in class, and he stayed away from the dreadful topic.

Three hours later! He drove me back to the school, waited for me to get in my car and start it, but before I did I turned to him.

“Gregor?” I asked.

“Yes?”

“Thank you, for today I mean.” I said smiling, “hopefully, it won’t happen again.” He smiled back, reaching his hand outside the window and grabbed a strain of hair.

“I hope it does.” With a devilish smirk and drove off, leaving me there with a beat red face.

When I arrived home I saw that my answering machine had ten messages, but I didn’t bother with it. Probably just some reporter wanting to ask me more questions about my mother. So I checked the mail, which was the usual junk mail. Random banks asking me if I wanted a credit card, stuff from colleges that I didn’t want to go to and some coupons. But there was a green envelope without a return address, I opened it and took out its contents. Which was a couple hundred dollar bills, a key, and a small piece of paper.

After a few minutes of reading the letter I dropped to the floor and started to hyperventilate.

3 - The Letter

::Chapter Three::

"Rory? Rory, can you hear me?" A man's voice called out to me.

"Mmm..." I grumbled opening my eyes to a bright, blinding room.

"Welcome back." It was a doctor, "she's awake."

I looked to see who he was talking to and saw that it was Chris, Caty and there parents and Mr. Mandrels.

"Oh goodness Rory! Are you all right?" Caty's mother asked me. I never like her, she was sweet yes, but her personality was too good for me. It made me want to snap her neck into two, is that bad that I want to do that to one of my friend's mothers?

"Apparently not if I'm in the freakin hospital, Meredith!" I snapped.

"Rory!" Meredith yelled in her warning voice, but I ignored her.

"What happened?" I asked the doctor.

"It seems that one of your neighbors heard you breathing loudly and they--" I interrupted him.

"That's not what I'm asking! I'm asking what the hell happened to me and how long have I been here?" I snapped yelling at the poor man.

"Doctor, why don't you let me tell her." Mr. Mandrels spoke for the first time, "and the rest of you can leave." He was so snaky, I loved it.

After they left Gregor took a seat next to my bed and rubbed his temples.

"Rory. You were having a panic attack at your home. Probably sometime after you got home, do you remember?" He asked me looking at me very concerned.

"I do. When I got home I looked at my mail, just the regular junk mail and a green envelope. I opened it--there was like six hundred dollars, a key and a letter." I replied looking into his eyes very intently seeing if he believed me.

"What did the letter say, who was it from?" He asked taking my shoulders.

"I don't know who it was from, but it said something along the lines of I killed him for you, and some other things..." I started to feel my chest get heavy, my breathing more labored.

"Rory? Rory! What's wrong?" There was alertness in his voice.

"The letter was from mom, she killed him!" I said frantically looking for something to drink or to help me calm down. There was nothing! Which freaked me out more, but then I felt arms wrapped around me.

"Calm down Rory. Everything will be all right, ok? Nothing is going to happen! Just breath." Gregor said calmly, "stay with me, ok?"

That night I was released from the hospital, Gregor drove me home and he came into the apartment with me. You know to make sure I would be all right alone at night and to make sure I took my medicine.

"Maybe I should stay." He said sounding more worried than usual.

"No. It'll look bad if you stay over. Besides Angi, next door, is a nurse. I'm sure she'll check up on me." I said throwing away the mess that was made when, I guess, I passed out.

I found the letter and gave it to Gregor--who read it and looked at me like he had just been shot.

"I know. It sucks. What'd I do, give it to the police?" I asked falling to the couch.

"It's the only thing you can do." He paused, "you mentioned a key?"

"Yea, it's over there, but I have no idea where it goes to."

Gregor went over to the counter where I left the key, he picked it up and examined it for awhile. "Rory? Does your mother keep an old fashioned chest or a box? Something from world war two preferable." He asked.

I stood straight up and fast walked to her bedroom and brought back what he'd described.

"Are you sure this is it?" He asked.

"It's the only thing in the house that's older than my mother." I replied holding out my hand for the key. He placed it in my hand and I put it in. Turned it until it clicked opened --there were more letters, some had been opened and some hadn't been. But all of them were covered in dust.

"Who're they from?" Gregor asked kneeling down besides me.

"Don't know." I picked one, dusted it, and looked at the address, "they're to me from...Ben Dasani?"

"Do you know him?" He asked picking out three or more letters--he examined them quickly, "these are from him to."

"Let's see what Ben has to say." I stated carefully opening the letter, took out the paper, and unfolded it.

Rory,

I'm starting to think that your mother doesn't want you to know who I am. Seeing how you haven't written me back or at least called me, but just in case you read this I'll tell you about myself. My name is Ben Dasani, 35, and I live in Phoenix, Arizona--as you can see. I met your mother while we were in college, along with her friend Derek. We went out for awhile--all during college and two years after that. It was around that time that she got pregnant with you. I'll give you moment to breath, because if you're anything like your mother you need a moment to breath...

And I did. Is this Ben guy my real father? I need air. I got up to go to the fire escape.

"Rory?"

"It's ok, I just need to breath." I said making sure he didn't follow, but he did.

I continued reading while Gregor starting to come out onto the fire escape.

...Your mother said she'd never mention me to you because of what's going on or what is actually happening. You see she thought that if you knew that I didn't exist that you're life would be better. If possible I would like you to find me before it's too late. I'm dying Rory sweetie, from cancer if you're wondering. Remember I love you and that I never wanted to leave you.

"Oh god." I said.

"What's wrong?" Gregor asked. I didn't notice he was sitting right by me until now.

"Ben is my real father, not Derek. Why would she keep something like this from me?"

"What are you talking about?" He asked/

"Here." I gave him the letter, while he wrapped his arm around my shoulders and read in silence. After he was finished he sighed, looked at me, and then sighed again.

"What?" I asked.

"You! You are nothing, but drama, aren't you?" Gregor asked me almost laughing.

"This isn't funny! This is serious shoot!" I yelled punching him in the arm.

"I was joking--like haha joking." He said.

After awhile of silence, he tried to cook for me, but I told him I wasn't hungry. But seeing how I needed to eat before I took my medicine he made me eat a bowl of cereal. After he watched me eat and take my

huge pill he left me alone....but only for a little while.

"Take tomorrow off." He said, very, very, bluntly.

"No. I'll fall behind in my classes. Besides if I get to worn out I can always go to the library." I replied from the kitchen, "you don't have to stay here, I'll be fine."

"Please., you just found out that your father wasn't really your father and you're having panic attacked. I can't leave you alone." He said walking into the kitchen.

"Yes you can. All you have to do is stick your feet out of the door and leave. See simple." I replied sarcastically. I looked at him--he didn't seem to happy, "or I can call Chris and see if she would like to stay over."

"That's what I thought." He said handing me the phone. I dialed, talking with her mother, and she'd O.K it.

"There! Crisis adverted! There's the door, don't let it hit you in the @\$\$ on you're way out!" I said making a motion to the door. Then I felt funny. Dizzy, confused and off-balanced.

"You ok?" He asked.

"I think the medication is starting to work." I replied looking for a chair, but I found his hand--which led me to my room and my bed.

"Get some rest. I'll let Chris know that you've taken your medication." He said gently, feeling my forehead and moving my bangs out of my eyes.

"Am I in trouble?" I sounded like a little kid, but I think he got it.

"No, you're just in a situation you can't get out of right now." He replied, "now, get some sleep."

The next morning I woke up well rested to the sound of my alarm clock going off. I got up, walked into the living room and saw Chris's things laying everywhere.

"Chris?" I called out.

"In the Kitchen!" She called back with her fake English accent. I walked in immediately after I smelt chocolate chip pancakes, toast, and orange juice.

"Woman! You're gonna make me fat!" I said sitting down at the table.

"I love you too." She replied sarcastically, "now are you going to tell me why Mr. Mandrels was here last night?"

"He drove me home from hospital, make sure I'd eaten and took my drugs. That's all really." I lied. I didn't tell her about the box of letter.

"Really?" Again fake accent.

"Oh and I stayed over at his place two nights ago." I said bluntly.

"What?" She yelled.

"There's nothing going on! He's just looking out for me." I rebuttal quickly, " I even told him it was a bad idea to be seen together."

"Are you sure?" She asked me in her mother tone.

"Yes!"

After we ate both us got ready and drove to school.

"Do you have your meds on you?" She asked.

I wasn't paying attention. I was miffed.

"Rory?"

She was driving my car!

"Yes." I replied a dogy-leave-me-alone tone.

"Sorry sweetie, you can't drive the way you are now. Mr. Mandrels gave me strict orders to do so." She said happily.

"Stupid hot teacher lap dog." I grumbled.

"I'm sorry. What was that? I can't-what did you say?" She asked.

"I love you!" I said with an angelic smile.

"That's what I thought. Oh by the way are we keeping hush-hush about you and Mandrels to Caty?" She asked.

"First off there's nothing going on between us. Secondly, yet. She tells her mom everything, if she finds out about this--all hell would break loose! He'd lose his job, go to prison, and I don't even want to think what would happen to me!"

"Right my lips are sealed."

So after we found a parking spot, we entered the school and went to our first class. Mr. Mandrels was at his desk grading worksheets and before I could escape to my desk he...

"Miss Rory! I've got a present for you! A lovely folder with your name printed on it!" He said standing up and held out the green folder to me, "all the work you've missed from all of your classes."

"Thank you, I'll be sure to kill myself after school." I stated sarcastically.

After first hour I went to second hour, college algebra with Ms. Ellenbecker, then third hour, drawing II with Mr. Shue, and then fourth hour, American Literature II with Ms. Shimpt-Bos. And fifth hour is my free hour and I was totally exhausted so I figured I'd go to the library to start on my homework, but the library was closed for some odd reason. So I just ended up walking aimlessly around the campus.

"Miss Rory." I turned around to see Gregor standing out of his room, "what are you doing? You should be in class."

I turned back around, "Don't have one. Library's closed and I'm not allowed in the commons." I replied before he could ask me more questions.

"Well, I don't have a class now. Come in and get your work done."

"Ok." I said walking into his room and taking a seat in front of his desk.

It was quiet for the longest time and I couldn't stand it.

"Did you take your medication?" He asked, not looking away from his computer.

"How couldn't I?" Chris practically shoved it down my throat." I replied.

"That's good." He merely said, "how did you sleep?"

"Well, without an attack or nightmares." I said chuckling to myself, "I slept fine, although it could've gone better if Chris would stop snoring like an elephant."

Mr. Mandrels laughed and kept on typing. Another ten minutes of silence passed and it was starting to drive me crazy. I sighed, closed my American Lit book and watched Mr. Mandrels type on his keyboard. I never realized that Mandrels, when he isn't speaking, is really very handsome. He's calm demeanor, the reflection of tiredness. His sternness and broad of his face, his hair shaped around the outline of his neck and cheekbones. The dark blue eyes were outstanding against his light brown hair and pale skin. Of course I'm sure he sensed that I was watching him, so he gazed up at me with curious blue eyes. He got up from his chair, walked over to me and got down to my eye level. And just stared at me. Stared at me with those beautiful dark blue eyes, but I was getting really annoyed.

"What?" I asked.

"You lied." He stated placing his elbow on my desk and rested his chin on his palm.

"About?" I asked again mimicking his gesture.

"Getting sleep. I can see sling bags under your eyes." Gregor stated, "is the medicine affecting you?"

"No." I said and he looked at me condescendingly, "only a little."

"I thought so. What do you do before you go to sleep?" He asked.

"Excuse me?"

"You know. Do you meditate, play an instrument, eat or take a shower?" He asked.

"Ok that's not personal at all." I said, but I answered anyway, "I study until midnight."

“Ok. Don’t do any homework tonight, take tomorrow off, and sleep. The medication will affect your sleep in a good or bad way—depending on how much you sleep you get.” He stated writing a note on the green folder he gave me, which I did not pay attention to.

“What if I do my homework, still come to school and sleep through all of my classes?” I asked.

“Stay home!” He said, “doctors orders.”

He looked at me again and laughed quietly, “Seriously though. Get some sleep because you look awful.”

I was appalled. “What’s that suppose to mean?”

“If I have to look at you for forty-five minutes of the day, you can at least look pretty.”