Highly Disciplined

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Highly Disciplined

by DormRecluse

Summary

"My teacher, Dr. Zenin, is trying to make me harm myself or worse by under grading me. Why does he love to see me in such pain?"

Notes

First Naoya Zenin fic on here, he now stains the site mwahaha (crossposted from AO3)

Chapter 1: A very long day, an equally longer book.

Snap

Blood follows the sharp noise as I start gnawing at my now loose thumbnail, *"just one more question…"* I think to myself. My eyes dart between the exam, the timer and my evil, vile teacher: Dr. Zenin. 5 more seconds now, and one more question; its an essay question, and worth 25 points. I'm halfway done, just a little stuck. ****Ding, ding, ding.**** The sound makes me sick, but his expression makes me feel sicker. My shirt desperately asks to be changed, sweat stains it. I look around in embarrassment, just to make sure no one else can see my pathetic display. But alas, this exam was so hard, so impossible; purely degrading actually. Everyone is just staring at their papers, pencils completely down, and adding up the points out loud or in their heads. "Perhaps you should do the same," Dr. Zenin smiles at me handing me a calculator. "Staring around, and into space doesn't help or aid with your academic standing in this class. Count. And keep the calculator, I know you count with your fingers; this is a little machine that helps one count faster and more efficiently." I stare at the pity calculator and begin adding up my points.

Time passes, and I can hear people leave both behind and in front of me. Yet, I'm still counting. I don't have the rubric paper, how did everyone else remember it? Trying to remember the best I can ("how many points worth is this question?" is the only thing in my mind) I add it all to the calculator and get up to leave. My chair makes an ugly, loud noise against the floor. "Tsk—" He has already started grading, and already sounds disappointed. Brown eyes meet mine as I walk toward his desk, I hand him my exam and the stupid pity calculator. "By the way. I don't know if you know this but…" he tilts his body to look behind me, "you're the last one here. Last to add up all of her points." He slyly, and slowly slides the calculator back to me, "I said keep it."

I frown at him deeply, in a plea for pity and take the calculator. This reaction seems to amuse him, amuses him to the point he stares at me while I leave. Gritting my teeth and biting the inside of my cheek doesn't seem to stop the tears from finally falling, *he's right and I hate that.* Being faced with a cruel, unchanging reality isn't a pleasant experience for anyone. In a different, better reality; he'd get shaken down to his knees by my genius, I can already hear it as I slightly stomp home. *"What?! How? I never knew you were so smart… when— when did this happen?"* Is what he'd hopefully say. But, as I unlock the door to my single bedroom dorm, I think to myself. Would he be the type to admit defeat? Or, perish the thought, is he the type to rather kill himself than ever even think about uttering "I lose," "I was wrong." As much as I dislike him, I shouldn't be dwelling in the thought of him dying.

Turning on my desktop, I head to my academic transcript. A sense of dread washes over me. I kind of use this as a way to self-harm since blades scare me, burning doesn't fit my character, and vomiting will just rot my teeth… **ACADEMIC PROBATION** jumps out at me. It always does. I've never been the best student, nor a mediocre one. My accommodations are always "too specific" or I'm asking for "too much." They accuse me of being lazy, but am I really lazy if I'm trying my best with what you've dealt me? *He* especially doesn't account for my accommodations, most teachers scratch their heads confused and meet me halfway

(which is the only reason I'm a straight C student, I wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for them throwing me a bone). But *He*, Naoya Zenin, doesn't even attempt to acknowledge that I am neurodivergent: "Why are you taking so long?" "Why are you holding your paper like that?" "Don't ask questions, there's no sense in repeating myself. Just listen." And, he corrects me loud. Loud enough for everyone to hear. The only thing I ask myself is, *how did everyone get the memo to not ask questions if this is mostly everyone's first class with him?* I look up and away from my computer screen.

His reputation precedes him. Everyone didn't get the memo to not ask questions, they got the memo about who he is and responded accordingly. I hate myself for not doing the same, I should've known. When I was a physics major, I heard talks of him. In mathematics? I saw his name credited on the multitude of study textbooks, along with a few other teachers. And now that I've picked an "easier" major, English Literature, I see him everywhere now. The handsome, young, perennialist educator. Who's a Doctor in not just English, but Creative Writing and Mathematics too. My fingers type his name on Google, and many things pop up. I skip the flatterer that is the ai overview, as if I want to see his many accomplishments and rewards or whatever be praised by a mere bot. Right under the overview is his 'Indeed' profile, and his profile on 'Rate My Professor.' Too much surprise, his score is actually super high and overwhelmingly positive. *Am I the difficult one?* I ask myself, looking at rating after rating after rating. But often, and much to my personal joy and spite; there will be a rating here and there with an unnecessary, glaring note about how visually stunning he is.

"Hmpf!," an airy and quick chuckle leaves me as I reread many of said comments on his looks. *I bet if he wasn't so good-looking, his score would be much lower. He'd be in the red, damn the halo effect.* Moving onto his 'Indeed' portfolio isn't much better, my jaw drops at all he's done and accomplished within his short thirty-one years on this earth. *Of course 3 of his books just have to be NYT best sellers, and for more than a month too.* Naoya Zenin, and his greed for knowledge and accomplishment sickens me before it deeply depresses me. I read for another 20 minutes or so, there's just so much; it feels like I'm not even touching the tip of the iceberg. Darkness envelops me as my desktop slowly shuts down. I sit there in a daze, I can't believe he graduated from the same university I'm attending right at this very moment. Honestly, I can't believe we are the same exact species. *Maybe, I'm a secret subspecies of human.* I carry my heavy body to my cold, overly firm bed. A mental note is made to purchase a few of his works, know thine enemy they say.

My hands rub at my eyes, I can barely open them; they're so crusty from my tears drying. These days the only way I can take a nap is if I cry myself to sleep, subconsciously or not. It's late evening now. The sky is this very pretty, vivid orange. As tired as I am, I get up and ready to walk to the campus bookstore (I checked before my nap if his works were in the library; nope. All checked out). The cashiers look busy chatting it up so I just wave and look for what I need by myself. "Homegrown here, by your fellow professors!" The medium sized label sits on one of the shelves, I could've totally missed this if I wasn't so determined to find and torture myself with his "amazing wordplay" and "intellectual, unbiased critique." It is an actual mindfuck to see him in the same tier and level of praise as professors and fellow doctors who are 10x older than him and have been here at this university longer than he's been alive. Just skimming, his non-fiction works are definitely the bulk of his writings.

"Where are his fiction works…" I say, slightly biting down on my thumb. "Oh shucks, we don't have any here actually!" I jump at this bubbly voice suddenly coming from behind me, "sorry to spook ya! You a fan of Dr. Zenin?" The cashier giggles as she says this. I nod, and continue looking through the neat shelf of many books— "Because I'm a huge fan!" She smiles while looking at them with me now, "yes. He's cool." I smile back at her the best I can, feeling awkward now. "My name is Remi, by the way!" A hand extends toward me and I lightly shake it, telling her my name in the process. "I knew I knew you! Gosh, that's a tongue twister! Not your name of course, what I said prior!" Indeed her eyes look at me with recognition, but I do not recognize her in the slightest. "Oh yeah… you're that one nice girl from—" I giggle out of disbelief at my terrible attempt at lying, I giggle, sigh and just smile at her more awkwardly than before.

"It's ok, you wouldn't have seen me! You literally never look behind yourself, have you ever noticed that? During class I mean!" Her head slightly tilts, and her tone is a mix of bubbly still but also reassuring now. But I don't feel reassured at all, just creeped out. "Which class?" I ask her, "Obviously, Dr. Zenin's advanced literature class. Well, one of them and I'm pretty sure we're section 3?" She answers. *Oh. My. Gosh.* I may have never seen her, but I've definitely heard her; she's that really smart girl Dr. Zenin always compliments in the hallway. I've been so stressed that I completely tuned her out. All of a sudden, my whole disposition changed. Awkward isn't what I'm feeling anymore, as I look her up and down, truly reeling in her presence, I feel mainly fearful now. "Yes, haha. Section 3." It's a sick revelation that proceeds recognition, all of those times Dr. Zenin so proudly scolded me; she was right there. Right behind me, the whole time and I didn't even know. Couldn't of guessed either. She continues on and on about how amazing Dr. Zenin is but I can't help but to tune her out as I spot this one book deep into the shelf, it looked so out of place I couldn't help but to grab it.

"Ouuu, what's that!" A slight, and soft press against my shoulder. She asks just as curious as I am, "I have no idea but it's one of his works—" "well I know that, it's probably fiction! Look at the title" her finger traces the big, red bold font. ***'Death to all those who love me!'*** What an odd title, and what a beautiful contrast against the completely pitch black front and back cover. I hear the sounds of typing coming from the side of me, "Hmmmmm, there's not much online about this one besides it being one of his first fiction works. He published it when he was 21, and apparently doesn't like it himself." I just nod at her statement before thanking her for telling. "No problem!" She smiles, "Oof, I have to go to class soon. Let me check that out for you!" As we walk to the registrar, I notice her body and how nicely she's built. It kind of makes me feel like a pervert for doing so yet I still ogle her up and down. She's athletic yet not muscular, toned. Curvy, without being entirely full-figured. She should model. Hearing her giggle snaps me out of this trance, "Cash or card?" holding her hand lazily out. "Sorry! Cash," I rummage my purse for my wallet. She collects the cash, and looks at me "enjoy your book! So lucky, I've read basically all of his works. Never that one though." Her eyes look somewhat sad while saying this, which makes me feel bad for doing something literally anyone would've done without a second thought.

"Thank you," is all I could utter and I still stammer. Scratching my head while leaving, the only thing I can think about is how I made a pretty, capable scholar upset over something she was probably going to do a 30-page, in-depth analysis on or whatever. I walk to my dorm, defeated and upset at Dr. Zenin.

My butt meets my desk chair, and the book meets the desk. I look at its length, and scratch my chin; I've never finished a book of this size before. Willingly, or unwillingly. I pull the front cover to the side to check for a synopsis, and just like the back there isn't one; I skim the first few pages looking for information about what it contains (an introduction I think), and am met with just the first few pages of the story itself. Flipping it to the very end, I see the page no. 566. My first thought, *do I need to take notes?* I get up, look through my backpack and pull out my pencil case box-thing. A few highlighters, many a color pencil, and gum. I see on the internet a lot that people use sticky notes for this kind of thing, but I don't have any. And, I know you shouldn't dog-ear a book, but I have no bookmarks as well. I hate this book, and I hate reading. Sitting everything to the side, I begin— My eyes dart up to the light coming off of my phone. It's an email notification, a student email notification. *Damnit! Why am I so scared? I shouldn't let him scare me this badly. None of my other teachers do, kind of. He is just a man, a grade is just a grade. And! It may not even be him, perhaps it's some other teacher. Please let it be some other teacher.*

But, of course it's not. I grit my teeth, and hit myself in frustration reading it.

"Dear Class,

A bulk of your midterms have been graded. Come to class to receive them as I won't be updating the online grade for quite awhile. For those in which I haven't reached, still show up to class. Don't assume I haven't graded yours yet, if I can't give you your exam back; you will be penalized.

Thank you in advance,

Naoya Zenin, PhD PHONE: (XXX) XXX-XXXX | EMAIL: nzenin22@yuisho.edu"

Was all that was written, and yet it just made me feel so visceral. Leaning back on my chair, I cry. I just cry, and cry. It was a harsh, angry cry too. Placing my face in-between my hands, I can't help but to hate myself as much as I hate him. Removing my hands, now covered in snot and all the like, I stare at the book. For some reason, knowing he doesn't like something he made makes me want to cry less. I ponder if it's embarrassment or shame, *what could someone so perfect not like about one of their works?* A nearby towel hanging off of my bed cleanses my hands, I resist the urge to scrub my palms to the bone. If this is boring, I will not read it. If it's interesting and I end up loving it, It'll be a secret I take to my grave!

It begins: 'She finds herself standing at the edge of her school's roof. Naked, and like her shoes; gone is the fear of death! Her eyes dart around, she's looking for him, looking far into the crowd. The wind chills her, as she quickly shivers; she looks down, near the school's door right beneath her and sees him. He smiles at her, baring all of his teeth. She smiles back just as wide, they know what's about to happen. The final act, the full extent of their exhibitionist romance. "Aiko, come to me!" He, Susumu, calls to her. His hands now stretching far above his head, as if he's going to catch her. "Aiko!" Susumu repeats again, much to the horror of those around him—"

I look up from the book as if I was looking into an invisible camera. **NAOYA ZENIN** plastered on the front of the cover, typical for an author but I refuse to believe he wrote this. It's sickening. Do I keep reading? Checking the time makes me want to, it's only 8pm. What a

horrible, long day. I play with the pages of the book, flipping them back and forth as I think mainly about Naoya and said book. *Why do so little people know about this? Why does he hate it?* I'm a squeamish person when it comes to other people; the thought of pain being pressed unto me is fine, I don't necessarily think much about it but seeing someone else experience that it just…ugh. Gives me goosebumps. "Susumu, and Aiko…" I mumble to myself. I have way too many questions to be answered to not keep reading. I'll give myself till 2am.

It continues: 'Aiko looks back behind herself. There is nothing here, gone is the big city life! The surrounding nature, and its motion to never be tamed disgusts her. She looks back, and while doing so walks backward, bursting into an uncomfortable run. Stumbling, and falling into a hard-hitting fall, the crowd gasps. Susumu maintains a calm, and resolved disposition. One hand inside of his kimono, and only barely looking up now. He looks unimpressed or embarrassed, but eager at the same time. Impatient. The crowd quickly tries to rush to the back of the building to move away from the impending jump, and or to watch her frantically run again. Finally now at the very back of the building, she runs now looking forward. Using all of her strength. We, and the crowd gasp at her powerful posture. Head completely down and low, back straight, hands perfectly firm and hands going back and forth between her side and her front. Susumu just as frantically reaches up for her again, he bites down hard: he braces himself. "Susumu, what are you doing?!" His parents, that oft never punished him, started hitting him. It's hard to make out which one of them said the statement, as both of them were crying in much agony. Her bare feet piddle and paddle on the roof, the fast-paced sound causing them to nearly rip Susumu's kimono in half, he pushes them out of the way and back into the crowd. Irradiated. "He's gone mad—" a few from the crowd exclaim, cringe and stark disapproval twisting their faces into deep, and ugly frowns. Yet, Susumu extends his body to what looks like the limit to catch her. Aiko now reaching the front of the building, jumps! Her arms extending in return to Susumu's, like she is reaching out to hug him. In similar quick fashion as her jump, quicker is his dodge. Her body meeting the frozen, hardened ground with a fleshy snap and crack.'

Chapter 2: Odd dream

My heavy eyes jolt me back to reality, book still in hand, I check the time. 3am. Class is at 6am. With a heavy sigh, and the creaking of my bed; I get up, reorganize my stuff and rush to shower as quickly as possible. While I'm in there I fill out a mental checklist: *pencil case (check), notebook (check), dictionary (check), stupid calculator (check).* As I lay in bed, hair still damp and body still moist. I think about the book, more so, about Susumu. To hold his arms so high, to stretch himself so entirely thin just to jump right away haunts me. Aiko… I wonder how she felt seeing that, or feeling the impact. Maybe, hopefully it was instant. Most likely not. Briefly, I look back at the book cover. Looking at Naoya's name.

How does one write a character like Susumu? Would he have to be just as sick as him? I ponder, to be fair you can write anything of this nature and it wouldn't show much about you. If anything, I hope. Shuffling side to side, my pillow moist and my mouth dry: time is most definitely passing, although it doesn't feel like it. I slowly drift to sleep.

I wake up in a stiff and fixed position. My back is killing me but I get up and go no less, making my way to the shuttle for class. While finding a seat, and seating down. Out of breath, I check the time. 5:35. That feels oddly manageable, and I feel oddly proud. Leaning my head on the window, the somewhat bumpy road making my head bump against the glass. It kind of hurts, but keeps me awake so I don't mind. My stomach cramps from stress and with that I remember the dream I had last night, or this early morning rather. I've never had a dream like it, it was the most vile and confusing dream ever. Dreams like that are something you'd only get if you were crazy, perverted, demonically possessed or cursed. I hug my backpack tightly, feeling up the book from within the bag. Maybe this book is cursed. Trying my best, I try to recall each and every odd detail:

I remember waking up in my bed, per usual, but as I went to check the peephole for some odd reason I can't name. (I never had visitors, and don't have any friends) It was gone, like it was never there before. And it hasn't been simply removed. Finding it odd, I open the door to find not another dorm room but— it's like I'm in a house. I am in a house, I mean. Before I could really look around, I hear this deep groan and then a muted but sudden thud. Maybe if the house wasn't dead quiet, not even a creak from the floorboards was heard, I would've missed it. Curious, and somehow not scared I prowl around similar to a dog trying to snuff out the noise and where it's coming from—

I open the basement door rather violently, I don't know why. But before I could even step a foot on the first stair, this gross, horrible smell meets my nostrils. Quickly, I plug my nose with my fingers and make my way down slowly and creepily. The stairs feel endless, and my knees buckle in pain. I remember pausing two or three times and for quite awhile. Getting closer, the groaning sounds more muffled, the thuds way louder. "Didn't I ask you to stop making noise or I'll beat you?" Deep hiss meets deep groan. My heart stopped, I turn around almost in a jumping-like fashion to see nothing, or no one, near me.

Naoya looks up at me still on the steps, furrowing his brow and trying to talk to me through the tape. I walk down the remainder of the steps, and free him of his mouth-tape; snatching it off eagerly. His glee only showing in his eyes. Still looking up at me, and now at least verbally free, he tells me "you're crazy. Jumping at your own voice, do you jump at your own shadow too?" I ignore him and double-check behind me, in disbelief that I would say something like that. "You're so ugly, and crazy." He says it so matter-of-fact, and I for some reason just stare at him, swaying back and forth. He looks oddly happy saying that though. It irked me to the point beyond recognition, I just remember feeling my face spiraling or pulling into itself and with all of my upper and lower(?) body strength: I slap him.

This causes me to fall on him after the facial impact in which, through bondage, he kicks me off of him with exceeding force and in the chest. Specifically, just one boob. My nipple feels very hot and tender as I lie on the floor, on my back, silent, rubbing the pain out. With his foot, he pushes me further away from him. At this point, I was seeing stars. "You're lucky I didn't kill you. Seriously, do not touch me again—" He spits on me, while maintaining a calm, disgusted demeanor. It's warm, and solidly gooey. I ogle him up and down, taking in his tied up body; not bothering to wipe off his oral matter from my face. "How am I supposed to feed you if I can't touch you? I love you, and I'm sorry you're so upset right now then." And whether it was my statement or my glaring, it made him deeply cringe. "I've never seen you look so ugly, what a face, I don't even want to feed you anymore," I chuckled to myself. "Happy to hear that," Naoya replies. Same expression.

"And you'll die here, alone," a smile leaves me as tears swell in my eyes. I couldn't bother to laugh anymore, I couldn't even see Naoya through my foggy vision. But I could make-out he was looking at something to his side, completely fixated. "No. No, I won't," his smile meets mine. I lift my head up to see what he was staring at, it was just his toilet bucket. "I won't survive for long, not long at all, but I would rather eat my own shit than be touched by you again. Don't you agree?" Still focused on the bucket, he sounds at peace saying this which breaks my heart. "Agree with what? That you won't live long?" I remember just saying that made me sad. He tilts his head back, his chest going up and down like he was about to orgasm, "that you'd eat my shit too!—" Now giggling. I've never seen him giggle before but I hated it, and loved it at the same time. It was just different, I would need to get used to it…

Casually, I slowly turn my attention back to the bucket and stare at it. He stares at me staring at it. "Would you do anything for me instead of to me?" His eyes, expression, everything just seemed so triumphant but frustrated. "Yes.." I annoyingly scratch at my stomach. Brown, beautiful eyes dart between me and the bucket in a frantic manner. He clears his throat, "well?" "I don't know what you're trying to say and you know I don't know…" "I think you should use your brain and do what you need to do, what you deserve, in order for me to forgive you." I've angered him again, I felt this burning sadness? Was I going to melt into the floor and turn into a pathetic sludgy blob? He stares at me walking toward the bucket, the closer I get the more plugging my nose doesn't seem to help. Sitting on my calves, leaning over it, I turn back to Naoya and he's frantically crying or sobbing but smiling. It creeped me out, making me make a weird face and then I woke up like I've been kicked. That's it.

I hope I never get a dream like that again. My stomach hurts just thinking about, how do you know when you're dreaming or not? A buzz brings me back to reality, it's just a weather notification— I clutch at my heart and throw my phone back in my bag, it's 6:10. "Hello!

Excuse me!" Alerting the bus driver, "I think you forgot to drop me off?" I look at him like he's dumb, he does the same and waves me off, "we passed the drop-off spot.. twice! You didn't say anything then, you'll be alright." With this I sit back down. Fuming. I see him look back at me, most likely gauging my reaction, "we'll be there in a few, 10 minutes." Ending his attempt at reassurance with an agitated huff. I guess we're both pouting now. It feels like this is taking forever, but I come to finally see my building from the distance. The bus stops at the drop-off, the doors open "than-" I stop myself from finishing as he looks all upset and now I'm upset for upsetting him. I walk off and jog toward my building in silence.

The building is warm, and barely anyone is in the hallways; that's great because I'm out of breath and panting like I've ran a whole marathon. As I walk up the stairs, I see my classroom. I see him in there. If he were to just slightly turn to the left, he'd see me dead on. Each step I take toward the classroom makes me sick, I arrive at the doorway but not fully in the classroom and wait a bit. After a few minutes, three. I counted them. I walk in and take a seat. Dr. Zenin only briefly looks at me, and continues his lecture and from what it looks like; takes my attendance as well. It feels kind of weird seeing him after the dream, this has got to be what it feels like to be a pedophile. Gross, and disgusting. Undercover whilst completely perverted, if I wasn't actively in class right now I'd gag at the thought. Everyone else is taking notes, I don't know about what though. Let's just assume it's about this week's writing assignment, I remember that being on the syllabus nearing this time…

URGH— I accidentally look behind me and Remi looks back at me. I wave at her, she waves back. That was so awkward; I forgot she'd be there. Was always there. I try to, discretely, check everyone's notes (BUT hers) and still can't make anything out. His words are so technical you'd think he was doing it on purpose, I wish I could raise my hand… Nearing the end of the lecture, he looks through his desk drawers and pulls out a bunch of papers. Glaring at them intensely, I recoil in fear remembering it's the midterms (or at least I think it is); he hands them out row by row. I can see the red ink he uses for grading, it's probably blood—blood he drains from students with a GPA under 3.98 and business majors. Some students remain empty handed, but still look content. Hopeful. He walks up to me with this pitiful, merciful look on his face and unlike everyone else's hands me mine facing toward the desk: hiding my grade. I can hear him handing Remi hers, she squeals all happy and tucks it into her bulging folder.

His presence is so menacing, his back is wide and his posture is incredible. He sits at his desk as everyone starts to pack and leave, why is everyone so smiley? I can feel, smell and hear the brilliance of this room. Remi remains behind me though, I can't hear her doing anything and I'm too afraid to check. Maybe she's on her phone? More, way more, than a few minutes pass; I couldn't count how many but everyone but me, her and Dr. Zenin are gone. I scratch at the side of my neck, Dr. Zenin is grading I think, he's paid less attention to me since last class; was it because of the dream or the book whether? I flip over my midterm like it was on fire. **"SEE ME AFTER CLASS."** Remi jolts up from her seat and leaves, she waves to Dr. Zenin. It's just me and him now, I look out the window; its clear, sunny. Looking back at my midterm, literally every question, I flip through the last few pages… has a question mark beside it in red ink.

"It's been after class for awhile…" He says, head still down and still grading. I grab all my stuff and sit at somewhere I'd never even dare to sit, front of the class. "Give me it back." So I

do. He stops grading, finishing up on one exam rather impatiently, "do me a favor, explain to me how you got this answer." He points to question 13. I try to fix my focus on the question but can't help but to mainly stare at him. "No need to look at me. Look at the question." He leans his chair slightly back, him going with it, staring at me bewildered. "I don't know," I rub my head in frustration. I know I'm about to cry. Blinking at me again bewildered, he asks, "you don't know…? What the question or your own… explanation?" "I don't know… s-shit boowth," I place my face into my hand and try to calm my meltdown. "I-IIm sorryy—" both tears, sweat and snot cloud my ability to talk properly; I continuously try to wipe or suck back up all of it. He watches me with a curious, but equally emotionless expression like he's waiting for a surprise he isn't surprised about.

As I attempt to stand and leave, stand and run out of the room actually; I feel this wet warmth from under me. "You can use my bathroom," he points to the other bathroom, the smaller one on the opposite side of him. "It's unlocked." His expression surprises me as I get up to go, he looks worried yet disgusted. Both emotions have fought hard for equal value. He stares directly at my seat. I make it to the bathroom.

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