



Author's Note:

THIS IS NOT EDITED YET AND PREPARE TO CRINGE BECAUSE THIS BOOK REFLECTS MY IMMATURITY AT THE TIME I WROTE IT . I HAVE A LOT OF CHANGES TO DO ON THE FEMALE PROTAGONIST. HOWEVER, ENJOY

"Get up, lazy head!" Kloe got me up that morning, like she'd been doing for the past three years now. She was my best friend and roommate. We were both twenty and in our third year.

We were so close we could be considered a sisters. Same height and way of being.

"Oooh shish! I need more sleep..." I yawned, tiredly.

"No, Donnica. We're gonna be late for class!" she replied, pulling the covers over me.

I'm Donnica smith. A black girl close to graduating from university. I'm mostly described as pretty but tough and funny at times.

At the university, I study telecommunication and journalism, making me one of the Chief editors of the school's paper.

Neither did I know that that particular day would change my life for good!!!

Kloe and I finally made it early to class that morning. Not only was our professor in charge of teaching telecommunication, he was also head of that department. And from time to time he would send us on tough assignments. For example, if a movie or music star was in town and had to lodge in an hotel, he would give an assignment that we find a way to get into that hotel and interview that star. He was strict and gave high points to those who carried out their missions well.

"Okay class, today's assignment will consist of the outside world. Something you have never done before..." he said, at the end of the class "...You would have to interview a particular group of people I would assign to you."

The students fidgeted excitedly as he got his list. This would be fun. I felt it.

"Okay. Silence." We all went mute "Kloe?" he called.

"Yes, sir?"

"I'm sending you to the Canadian embassy. You have to get as much information as possible from people there. Bring me something new and not some stu everyone already knows about."

"Okay, sir."

"John, you'll be going to the British embassy, Liza, you'll have to find a way to have an interview with the manager of the Hilton hotel here."

It went on and on. People seemed satisfied with their appointments. I waited patiently for mine.

"Now, Donnica."

"Yes, sir!"

"My most stubborn and determined student." he laughed.

I always challenged him. He gave me the hardest of assignments yet I always succeeded in doing them perfectly well, making me one of the best students of his class.

"How about I throw you another challenge. And there's no way to reject it."

"Go ahead, sir. I'm a Smith. I don't fear anything." I snapped back and the other students clapped and laughed.

"Go, Donnica!" a guy yelled at the back of the class and we all laughed.

"Okay then." the professor said, satisfied. He smiled like he was about to give me some bad news. "Donnica I'm sending you to Central prison. To interview one of the worst serial killers and psychopath. Anthonio Caruso."

There was dead silence in class as everyone turned white and pale, including me!

My eyes were wide and I suddenly felt sick! What? I didn't know much about that Anthonio Caruso but I knew enough to scare any normal human being away.

No one had ever seen that man.

He was so dangerous that his pictures could not be found on the internet. He belonged to a dangerous group under the Italian Mafia.

"W-what? But, sir--"

"No turning back, Donnie." he cut in, then turning to the class, he said, "Don't forget your IDs and student pass to access all these places I've all sent you to. Good luck. Some of you will be needing it because this assignment will be the last and most important one that would determine if you graduate or not. If you don't do the assignments, I'm afraid you will not graduate."

There was fidgeting and Kloe turned to me.

"Donnie, what are you gonna do?"

"I- I have no choice."

"What???"

"You heard the man. I must graduate, Kloe."

"It's a risk you're taking, Donnica! A deadly one."

"I know!" I cried, "I'm scared as hell already. But my uncle's in charge of the central prison. I'll beg him. Beg him till he let's me."

"Oh, that makes it easier now that it's your uncle the manager. But I advice you to ask people first what they know about that psycho. And search the internet too."

I felt dizzy and cold. Just imagining the fact that I had to interview a devil on earth scared me.

"Oh my gosh, Kloe." I muttered, "I heard the guy's racist!"

After school that day, I asked a lot of students and professors about Anthonio Caruso.

"He's fifty years old."

"He's a psycho and has been to rehab countless times."

"He's Italian."

"He's racist."

"He's gonna be fifty this year."

"When you talk to him and smile, he kills you."

"He belongs to the Italian Mafia."

"He's a terrorist."

Were all the replies I received from people. I already knew about all of that except the fact that he was fifty.

Oh, what the hell was this? Why me?

Please don't forget to vote 🗳️❤️. I'll correct all errors and fix aspects of the female protagonist's character traits when I find time.

Continue to next part