

Chapter 2 (Central Prison)

~Note~

You'll be seeing the word 'unbelief' instead of 'disbelief' throughout this book, as well as other errors and mistakes. I'll correct all errors when I find time.

The next day was my doomsday. I wore my jeans, flats, T-shirt and jacket.

I hung my student pass on my neck and tied my hair into a ponytail. I got my notebook, pen, recorder and bag. I was all set and ready to go. Kloe too was similarly dressed.

"Wish you luck, Donnie."

"Thanks. I'm really gonna need it. Central prison, here I come."

"Canadian embassy, here I come."

The central prison was a huge and cold place. Only the sickest and most wicked criminals were sent there. I got into the lobby and demanded to see my uncle. I was allowed in.

"Oh, my dear." my uncle cooed, coming over to hug me. I hugged him happily. He was a second father to me.

"Good morning, uncle Vernon."

"Good morning, my dear. Take a seat."

We both sat down.

"So tell me, I see your student pass meaning you're on assignment. What did they ask this time? To interview me? I'm all ears."

I stared at him, not knowing where to start.

"Um, they sent me here but not for you."

"Then who? One of the prisoners?" he asked.

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, that won't be a problem. I'm not supposed to allow you do that but you're my niece and I want you to have high points. And so tell me, who would you like to question among the sickos."

I gulped. Not knowing how to tell him at first. But then I gave in.

"A certain Antonio Caruso." I muttered and saw the immediate change in my uncle's countenance.

His eyes widened in disbelief and he went pale.

"What??" he asked, shocked.

"Uncle Vernon, please. I have to--"

"No, no, no, Donnica! No. Do you realise what you want?"

"Yes uncle, please! You said you wanted me to have high points--" ^a

"Yes, but at this moment, I take back what I said. Antonio Caruso? No, no, no."

"I have no choice, uncle. I'm begging you. I was assigned to him."

"I have said no!" he stated, strictly.

I felt like crying.

"Un- uncle Vernon, that means I won't graduate this year. Please."

He looked up at me.

"What?"

"I'm serious. My diploma depends on this interview. Please."

I felt my eyes water.

"Donnica, he is too dangerous--"

"Please." I cut in, "Your guards will be with me. And they'll guide the questioning room's door."

He stared at me, hesitating. After a long silent while, he gave in.

"Fine. Riggs! Tom! In here, please!" he called two armed guards who stepped in.

"Yes, sir."

"Get Antonio Caruso. She wants to interview him."

The guards went pale.

"B- but, sir--" ^a

"Do as I say. Get the chains."

'Chains??'

They simply nodded and turned to leave.

"Wait, let me follow you." I said, standing up. My uncle looked at me.

"I want to see his cell and give a description of it in my article." I added.

"I hope you know what you're doing." was all my uncle said before permitting me to follow the guards.

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I was taken to where the cells were. As we walked down the hall, I saw scary men. Some were whistling at me from their cells.

"Honey, coming to visit me??" one teased and the others would laugh in their horrible deep voices. Some even provoked the officers.

Most of them were scary and not the least attractive. A majority were bald with exaggerated muscles, tattoos and piercings over their bodies. They scared me terribly.

I began to imagine how scary and ugly Antonio could be. Oh gosh. How was I going to look him in the face?

We walked until I noticed an iron door with just a little peephole at the end of the corridor. My heart skipped a beat.

We reached that door.

"Is this his cell?" I asked. The guards just nodded. Oh my. He was so dangerous that they had to lock him up in a dark, four walled iron room? ^a

One of the guards opened the locket of the peephole and stared into the cell. ^a

"Uh, we're opening the door so comport yourself." the guard said rather nervously. I stepped back as they began to unlock the door. ^a

I was actually accompanied by four guards. Three were well armed and the fourth had a series of heavy chains in his hands.

They unlocked the door and pushed it wide open. The three guards immediately pointed their guns inside.

The light from the hall reflected into the dark cell.

I looked in.

To my surprise, I saw someone rather young. I could tell from the side of his face as he sat quiet on his bed, head bowed.

He had very black hair and I spotted something like a tattoo at the back of his neck. His eyes were closed like he was meditating or thinking. He was the youngest prisoner I'd seen so far. It couldn't be him. ^a

I tapped a guard's shoulder. He turned to me.

"Uh, I said Antonio Caruso. I want to interview Antonio Caruso." I told him.

"Yes, miss. He's the one."

'What?'

That was it. My eyes were so wide they hurt. I couldn't say a word. I was lost. ^a

"Antonio, stand up and slowly walk towards us. Don't try to play tricks." one of the guards said as they all had their guns pointed at him. ^a

The guy in the cell slowly stood up. I noticed he had chains on his feet and wrists.

He turned and slowly approached the door, getting into the light and that was when I saw his face. My mouth almost dropped open in disbelief.

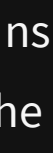
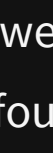
He was very handsome. Beautiful if I could say, and hot as fuck.

He couldn't be finally for crying out loud. Was this some sort of joke? ^a

He had that Latino sun kissed skin, pink lips and his eyes were something between glassy grey and sky blue. He didn't look like a prisoner apart from the white T-shirt and orange trousers which was their uniform. ^a

Immediately he was completely out of the cell, all guns were pointed at his head in fear of what he might turn out to do. The fourth officer added another weight of chains to his legs and hands.

I stared in shock, wonder and fear altogether. ^a

***Your thoughts so far? Please don't forget to vote**   ^a

Continue to next part