



Chapter 3 (Caruso)

I was locked up in a dark metallic kind of room with a single table and two chairs on each sides of the table. There was one bright lamp on the table that was made to face Anthonio who was already seated.

When asked why, the guard told me it was to blur his view and keep his attention away from my face. Also, it was to keep an eye on his every reaction and move.

I did my best to convince the guard who was with us to leave. And a er much e ort, he finally did, but as expected he warned me to be careful. Whenever I was told that, my heart seemed to sink.

Once I was alone with him, I cleared my throat and sat down. The lamp shown brightly on his face but surprisingly, it didn't seem to bother him. It didn't alter his view one bit as he stared straight at me.



"Um, g- good morning, Anthonio." I stuttered. He stared at me. As impassive and silent as ever.

He showed no emotion or particular expression. Yes, his expression was vague, scary. He looked at me straight in the eyes, without the bright light bothering him.

I dropped my gaze to the table, feeling fear take over me. But I went on.

"Um, okay. I'm Donnica Smith, from the university of John Hugh. I'm here to interview you."

I looked at him and he still didn't react.

His silence was freaking the hell out of me. At that moment, I realised that maybe I shouldn't have told him my name and all. How dumb of me.

He was intimidating and I felt my palms go white and dry.

"Um, I heard a lotta rumors lately like the fact that you're Italian? Is it true?" I asked in a shaky voice. He still didn't reply.

I suddenly felt cold sweep over my body, like there was some sort of hidden air conditioner. But there was none.

He remained impassive, intimidating and silent.

I couldn't bare the silence and I got a little annoyed.

"Mr. Caruso, I hope you know this is an interview and interviews don't work out if only one person speaks up!" I said courageously, though inside I was already regretting that bit of courage.

He stared at me and I felt my tummy turn upside down. I was about to apologize when he smirked slightly. Barely visible.

I swallowed in confusion. He was hot. I had to admit it.

He leaned in closer, putting his chained hands on the table, causing me to lean back into my chair instead. I was way too scared of him.

He gave me an odd stare and I knew I'd soon be dead. Oh God! If he dared approach me, I would scream for help like a mad woman! I was more than prepared to scream.

Just when I was about to call the guard, Anthonio Caruso spoke.

"I am Italian." was his low reply. I blinked continuously, trying to breathe normally. Even breathing the same air as him was one tough mission.

His voice was smooth. Calm and almost gentle. But who was I kidding? He was a sick person.

"Uh..." I began, taking out my notebook. "Okay. How- how old are you?" I asked, avoiding his captivating eyes. Evil, but captivating.

"Twenty four..."

I looked up at him, eyes wide.

"Are you fucking serious?"

The question le my mouth before I could realise who I was speaking to. He stared at me, still expressionless. I felt stupid.

"Oh, okay. Twenty four." I cleared my throat and asked the next question.

"When were you arrested for the first time?"

"Fourteen."

I swallowed.

"F- For what crime?"

"Nothing really serious." he replied with dangerous calmness.

"Which was?"

"I killed a whole family..."

Nothing really serious?!

I tried my best not to pass out at that moment. He'd definitely said that just to freak me out. Which he succeeded in doing.

"Mr Caruso, how did you arrive America?" I asked again.

He looked at me without saying a word for about three minutes which seemed to last an eternity. I thought he would not answer. But he did. Man, this man could give me a heart attack at any moment.

"I've never known my parents. Grew up in an orphanage and joined the Mafia at twelve."

My eyes popped out as I noted this information with shaky hands.

"Go on..."

"I was transferred to America with some other members. I was the youngest involved in drug and arm tra icking. I smuggled them from here to Italy. I learned to kill and I did during that period of my life."

At twelve? I silently noted, avoiding his face.

"How were you caught?"

"At fourteen, I killed my girlfriend of the time."

I stared at him like he was crazy and he remained expressionless.

"Why??"

"She cheated on me."

"What? How old was she?" I asked, too shocked to mind the way I'd just spoken to him.

"Nineteen."

"Nine-" I suddenly felt dizzy, unable to complete my sentence. I leaned back into my chair, trying to assess all the strange information I was receiving.

"You're quite stupid." he suddenly said to my surprise.

"Wh- what?" I asked, confused.

"Do I look like I'm twenty four?"

What was this about now?

"Yeah..."

"You see? I'm twenty nine."

He didn't look twenty nine one bit.

"What? Mr. Caruso, I'm lost."

"I'm twenty nine." he said firmly.

I got confused.

"Okay."

"Still so stupid."

"What??"

What game was he playing?

"You're easily manipulated. You're easily convinced into believing lies. A pity."

What was going on here?

"I don't understand." I mumbled.

"I'm twenty four."

"Huh? Why are you confusing me?" I asked, slightly irritated.

He stared.

"I always get my victims confused and uneasy before killing them. Note that if you want."

"What the--"

That was it! Was he telling me that I was some sort of victim? I needed to get out of there!

"I appreciate fear in people." his voice interrupted my scary thoughts.

"I- I'm not scared." I lied. He leaned even closer and I literally stopped breathing.

"How dare you lie? Be careful." he whispered his deadly warning.

I got up immediately and began to pack my stu , my hands all shaky.

"You're leaving?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Have you asked all questions?"

"No and I won't. To hell with this fucking interview. And to hell with you, sir. Don't retain my name."

"Okay." he replied, still so impassive.

I immediately le that deadly room!

(ABOUT HIS AGE! When I wrote thisbook, **I THOUGHT 24 WAS OLD ENOUGH.** Now that I'm in my early 20's I realise it's not. **IF YOU WANT,** you can imagine him to be 29, 30, **ANY AGE** that's your ideal age.)

***Your thoughts so far? Please don't forget to vote and share if you can.** 🗳️🌟

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