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room

**Persons  
of Interest**

# NYU Dorms

Gaia stirred, her body was aching.

*Damn, I must have taken more falls than what I thought.*

That's when the memories of the fight flooded her brain; she had been knocked down to the ground at least four times and both of those times hard. She took a deep breath and moved her head, *ahh that hurts too*; she thought as her neck ached, she felt cold and wetness. She reached to her neck and felt an ice pack. She took another deep breath and smelled an attractive odor, what was it? Perfume?

She opened her eyes and found herself in a dark room, she was lying on a bed, in a room that seemed very familiar, it was almost like she'd been there before. Where the hell was she?

She sat up and looked out the window; it was already dark outside, probably just after sunset hour. She suddenly realized where she was, she was at the dorms at NYU, and the particular dorm she was in reminded her of Sam's old dorm room. This one was very different though, there were two windows on either side of the bed which was centered, and the room's decoration was completely different, posters of Albert Einstein, the United Nations, and the World Wide Foundation covered one side of the room, the other side appeared to be a shrine dedicated to the Chicago Bears and the Chicago White Sox.

What she had smelled appeared to be cologne; she got out of the bed and looked around hoping to spot a clock. She walked towards the door and turned on the light switch, mounted on the top of the bed was a Chicago Bears clock, it was already eight thirty. She must have been knocked out for at least three hours, then at that moment the door ripped open, she glanced sharply and standing there was college guy.

"You're awake," He said, "I saw the light on, I hope you're feeling better."

"I am, thank you, you know you didn't have to bring me here," She said to him.

"Well, I wasn't going to leave you in the alley," He said with a smile, "what if those guys had friends that came along? Forget about it, I got you out of there."

"That's very nice of you," She said, but in reality she was annoyed, she would've rather been left in the alley, "Thank you."

"No thank you, I should be the one thanking you, you managed to get me out of there with my wallet," He said to her.

"Well, I'm just hoping to teach those guys a lesson," She said, "I've got to go though."

"Wait, don't leave yet, what's your name?" He said to her, she rushed passed him out the door.

"Wait!" The guy said once more, she couldn't wait however, she wasn't the type to make friends and try and get to know one another. In fact she was far from it; the less people knew of her the better. She ran out the trashy commons room and down the stairs.

# The Italians

Tom was getting worried, he had called Gaia over two hours ago and she still hadn't picked up. He was just about to call the hotel room again when he felt his cellphone vibrate, it was a text

message.

Gaia

Dad, sorry I didn't pick up your call, I was sleeping.

He let out a sigh before texting her back, letting her know that he probably wouldn't make it back to the hotel until the following morning.

The day had been long and it still wasn't over, the media had picked up on Oliver's identity and was revealing several of Oliver's past threats to national security. Tom wasn't necessarily feeling offended, he himself thought Oliver brought everything he received upon himself-after all, Oliver had brought a lot of misery to Tom's life. Tom's cellphone vibrated again.

Gaia

I'm not waiting at the hotel like a sitting duck, I'm outside

Tom chuckled, it was just like Gaia to come back and investigate some more.

"Tom where you going?" Agent Rodriguez asked him as he got up.

"Gaia is on her way in, I'm going to go clear her," He said as he stepped into the elevator, Rodriguez had been examining the file of a person of interest that might have been who accompanied Oliver.

He stepped out of the elevator; the receptionists who had been there earlier were gone and replaced with different women.

"Agent," the receptionist nodded to Tom, she presented him with a fingerprint scanner, and he pressed his index finger on it.

"Thank you... agent Moore," The receptionist said as she cleared the lock on the door. It slid open to reveal Gaia standing there, she had changed her clothes to more professional attire, but she somehow looked very tired.

He nodded towards Gaia as they entered the elevator once again it zoomed up, down, and for a second almost stayed still without moving. He didn't know what floor he was on, that's something the receptionists knew, they were the ones who selected their destination once aboard the elevator.

"So tell me, what's been going on?" Gaia asked Tom.

"Well we have several persons of interests that are being proposed to Oliver's female companion," He said. "In fact Rodriguez thinks it might actually be connected to an Italian case that appeared on radar a couple of months ago."

"What was that case about?" Gaia asked as the elevator door slid open.

"Come here, follow me into the office," Tom proceeded to a room and closed the door after Gaia.

"This case has a history that goes back much longer than the time that you were born," He said as he pointed to her. "During world war two, there were many families that battled political groups like the Nazis and the fascists, they were the Resistenza. The fascists and political families all alike had grown in wealth during the short time they had control, however after Hitler's fall from power, Mussolini and the fascists too fell. Some of the fascists who managed to escape the war crime trials were found not by the authorities, but by some of the angry members of the resistenza. The resistenza took advantage of the wealth that the fascists had accumulated, and robbed them. They stole precious works of art belonging to Picasso, Van Gogh, and some surviving artifacts that belonged to Beethoven." He turned from her and gave her the file sitting on the desk.

"Just recently their head of the family passed away, the widow of Alejandro Sergio Mancini, Mrs. Francesca Catalina Mancini, died of a heart attack at the young age of 53; she is survived by five children. The oldest, Catalina Inez Mancini has long since disappeared from the radar after running away from home when she was 15, however she has popped up in different circuits of Italian mafia families in Europe. Karla Vivianna Mancini is the second oldest, however she is now married and is not associated with any of her family's historical business. Alejandro Sergio Mancini the second lives with his fiance in Italy but is a made man working with Italian Mafias in the United States, and in Europe. Catalina's fourth and fifth children were twins, Katrina Francesca, and Pablo Alberto Mancini."

"So where all those two kids at now?" Gaia asked.

"Well, this is where all the problems begin, Catalina and Karla appear to not be involved with the Italian Mafias that her father used to run, however Alejandro definitely took after his father-"

"But how did Alejandro the first die?" Gaia interrupted.

"He had been gunned down outside his home," He said, "By who we don't know. But Alejandro Jr. took over all the work his father had left behind, however this had upset some of the other made men, after all Jr. was just a kid and hadn't proved himself yet."

"So what happened, enemies were made?" Gaia asked.

"Exactly right, many made men slowly started dis-allying themselves with the ones closer to Alejandro. Before you know it, the Italian house had been split in two. Karla, Katrina, and Pablo did not approve of how Alejandro was running the business, for Italians to be against each other was a reckless move that was against everything Italian mafias worked for. Karla completely detached herself from her family, however Katrina and Pablo knew that they had no

right to question Alejandro seeing as many of the only people who did try to defy him were put down. But they also didn't just stay put, both of them went rogue on their families and they both work together." He paused to take another breath, "It was just about a year ago that it was well known that Katrina had been killed by Alejandro's orders, why? Well the answer could only lie within Alejandro himself, Pablo hasn't been heard from since. For a second, intelligence agencies across the nations paused to take a look at this situation, the staggering wealth that was left to all members of the family adds to their tremendous power and influence on national security."

"So what do they have to do with Oliver?" Gaia said to him.

"We believe that Karla might have been the one meeting Oliver," Tom said.

"But why? If after all these years she hasn't been involved with any type of criminal activity, why now?" Gaia asked him as she closed the file.

"We don't know," He said, he opened the file and took one of the photos out, "Come here." He got up and walked to the door.

"Look at this picture and look at the still in the screen," He said as he pointed to the woman in the screen. You could only see half of her face which was covered in tears; her face was distraught with grief.

Gaia's eyes were deceiving her; the woman in the screen looked so familiar. What she was feeling was that feeling you get when you're watching a movie, or television program and you know you've seen that actor before but you just can't place them.

Gaia closed her eyes for a second, trying to remember where she had seen that woman before. She thought of all the faces she had seen since she was little, teachers, doctors, friends, acquaintances, and even random people she saw in the street flooded her mind with images. But yet she wasn't coming up with an answer, for once her photographic memory was failing her.

"I'm going to do some research," She said.

"Sure," Her father said to her. She walked over to the empty desk she had been at earlier, she quickly tapped into the file system and started looking up Oliver's file... Just like she had thought before, there was really nothing on this file that wasn't in the records at the FBI... except for the Homo forastimor file.

The thought of being a completely new species was still making her head spin, how could it be possible, to be so different from other people? From her father? She zoomed in on the picture of Oliver's companion, she was a dark brown haired woman, but she was tall, and looked thin even underneath the heavy jacket... Her phone's ring disturbed her concentration, new message.

Malloy

FBI HQ IMMEDIATELY

She cringed; no doubt the FBI wanted their prime Special Agent Moore to report and probably put her to work on their own case revolving Oliver.