

Diary of a CEO Assassin

Sample Read

Prologue: The Awakening

They called it in before the ambulance doors were fully open. DOA. The news traveled faster than I did. By the time the gurney rolled out, no one was checking for anything that contradicted it. I was pushed through doors marked Authorized Personnel Only and left in a room with the lights dimmed just enough to confirm I no longer mattered. That was when I understood the problem wasn't that I was dead. It was that I'd been processed as if I were.

I didn't remember much of who I was before that night. But I remembered pain. The rest came in fragments—laughter where there shouldn't have been any, hands that didn't ask, faces reduced to shapes by darkness and fear. I had been taken from behind. Dragged down. My head struck hard enough to scatter thought into noise. Clothing torn away. Breath stolen. I was used. Left where I fell. Whether I lived or died was never part of their calculation. According to the records, I died. I was tagged as Jane Doe and wheeled into the morgue—a nameless body delivered cleanly to its final destination. And yet, I opened my eyes in a room that was never meant for waking.

A single fluorescent tube flickered overhead. The air smelled sterile, final. I sat up slowly. That was when I saw the shelves. Wrapped bodies. Categorized. Waiting. Not sleeping—filed. Death hadn't taken me. Paperwork had.

I stayed still. Not out of fear, but understanding. Whatever system had put me here would only correct itself if I let it finish failing. When the door finally opened, the woman on the other side froze. Shock. Then recalculation. I wasn't supposed to be staring back at her. Somewhere, a report would need to be amended. But for now, the verdict had already been entered. I had been declared dead. I accepted the ruling—and lived.

She escorted me to a private room. "A doctor will be in," she said. "You're not free to leave." The door closed. Voices rose in the hallway. My chart didn't make sense. A mistake had been made. No one came in. Minutes passed. I stood, peeled the "Jane Doe" tag from my toe, and crossed to the shower. Hot water pounded against my skin, washing away the smell of death. In the mirror, I found a face I didn't recognize. Blue eyes. Dark blonde hair. Early thirties, maybe. Nothing else. I dressed in borrowed clothes, wrote Janne Doe in the fogged glass, then beneath it: Not dead. No ID. No past. No answers.

Only one certainty remained. I knew how to use a gun. The knowledge sat in my hand like muscle memory—familiar, precise. As if it had always been there. But why? There were no records, no answers—just a void where my life should have been. New York Memorial Hospital couldn't help me. I didn't know if I had insurance. Didn't even know my own name. I was a blank slate. A woman with no identity and no past. But I had a purpose. The rage burned hotter than the fear. I had been wronged. Violated. Left to die like an animal. And if the system couldn't help me—if the world couldn't give me justice—I would take it myself.

April 23rd – Target: Martin Greaves

I wrote most of it at night. Just me, the flicker of the cursor, and the slow pull of vodka over ice. The Assassin Amongst Us. A map of rot dressed as success. I sent it to

every agent I could find. Most didn't reply. Some sent polite rejections. Then there was Greaves. The media called him a publishing dynamo. I knew better. The executive floor was empty when I arrived. Inside his office, Martin Greaves poured himself a scotch, staring out at the city he'd conquered—not with talent, but theft. Manuscripts stolen. Names erased. Lives rewritten. To him, it was just business.

The door clicked softly behind him. "You always drink alone, Martin?"

He turned, startled. "And who might you be?"

"Just one of those rejects you send form emails to," I said, stepping closer. Recognition flickered. He forced a smile. "If this is about a manuscript—"

"You don't understand," he said, cutting himself off, swirling his drink. "First-time authors don't stand a chance. No following. No pedigree. No value." He slid a manuscript across the desk. *The Assassin Amongst Us*.

"Great concept," he said. "But the author's a nobody. Thinks personal tragedy excuses mediocrity."

My pulse rose. My face didn't. "I just gave you a chance to redeem yourself," I said, stepping closer. "Janne Doe isn't a pen name. It's my name." I picked up the manuscript and smacked him across the face with it, pressing the word *assassin* into his lips—drawing first blood from the corner of his mouth. Then I tucked it into my coat. He stared at me, stunned.

"How dare you—"

His hand twitched. And that's when I knew—he still didn't understand who he was dealing with.