



DEWLOGIC

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DELIVERY

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DELIVERY

The authentic author of a life is at once action and condition. Then the delivery of foresight must reside in preconception. The resignation of delivery must reside in its rest state. Its post conception is an imaginary tale, an error in inception-formation-reformation. Delivery is a condition for being, not the hand breath of some fauna pack, the synthetic display of some flora state or some handgun held incurable. Fate is fantastically dissoluble in tales. As what truly drives fate is one and the same, not a prequel for solvent states.

The existential security for, and on behalf of being, relies solely on its solitary ownership. Precognition is the aftermath of fate at work. The presight and foresight become as part and parcel of the same sight, never a merging of states, and never the seer's passage. It becomes inconceivable as death.

Detective Lee Wade spread his legs from side to side over the first drop of blood—a simple tiny drop. He stood there for a while, studying the simplicity. It was strangely and alarming that he knew the pattern as barbaric as he came in. But the inception of the trail close to the bodies was unbelievably simple

A surgeon killer?

Why curtail the drip from a complex splash? A complex splash is what is expected if the killer wasn't some expert at the surgical removal of

anatomical parts or had it been as all amateurs, he was in a hurry.

Lee turned around slowly. It was his intention to keep the crime scene as intact and preserved as he could. He was resolved that a confident and well-intentioned killer would be a difficult catch. And losing evidence however minute could be the loss of the case before the investigation began.

He turned around racing his right leg on an arc towards the right and met the main crime scene display.

They were dressed. And in great relaxing states. He wondered then why Dr. Pearse, the Forensic Toxicologist turned lead Medical Examiner could have found. The scene was medical and more specifically surgical. What could have prevented the body from getting overly violent? Whatever could have made victims of unwanted anatomical removals compliant? Some FDA effective anesthesia? An overdose of such? Some highly potent street narcotic? A paralyzing agent?

The female body was on the right. And the male body was to the left of it. The scene read like the ends of some horrible movie made of fogs and sods; some foreign Indian doctor on the binge to reap anatomical parts for money and survival.

They were both heartless; the bodies. The flesh surrounding their hearts pulled back to open the space occupied by the heart within the thoracic cavity with small surgical metallic strips. The woman's private area was closed, her legs pressed

together for some reason Detective Wade assumed to be well intentioned. The man's legs were open. His penis had been surgically removed; its absence held apart and opened by surgical metallic strips.

He had been late and was certain Dr. Pearse had already examined the scene in his absence. At the moment, Detective Wade motioned for one of the officers to help him get Dr. Renee Pearse's attention.

The officer tapped Dr. Pearse's shoulder from the back.

Dr. Pearse, busy writing her professional opinion of the crime scene in her professional journal, turned around and followed the officer's pointed direction.

Dr. Pearse walked over to Detective Wade. "What a scene we have here Christmas day; when I should be home drinking early morning rum for having no life outside my career."

Detective Wade nodded. "It beats the one you have when at Christmas you realize you've hardly been there all year. You have to do your rum alone, in the bathroom. So back to it; this is a hell of a scene. The wounds on both sexes seem openly consistent except in the reproductive areas."

Dr. Pearse nodded. "You know me Lee. I like to leave the scene the way I met it. That way, you for instance, usually coming in later, won't see something differently than I did."

Detective Wade nodded. "My very reason for calling you over ever so gently Dr. Pearse."

Dr. Pearse smiled. “Let’s just say it’s a diagonal double crime of passion if I can be comedic at such moment. The woman’s vagina or as you’ll rather prefer it said, reproductive area was left absolutely untouched, legs closed. You know, as it would be with any decent woman.”

Detective Wade hesitated briefly, thinking. “Why would a vagina not be removable?”

Dr. Pearse smiled. “Because it can hardly be built like a rubber doll without considering its lateral relations to itself as un-detachable; flesh and blood it’s always one and the same.”

“And a penis?” Detective Wade asked.

Dr. Pearse hesitated briefly. “A penis has two minds. And they’re contralateral. It’s an idiot. In fact, I think it’s why the male body is to the left.”

Detective Wade smiled. “Why?”

Dr. Pearse pinned her pen to her lab pocket and pocketed her notebook in her bag. “Within every simplistic natural term, both sexes are unilateral and distinct from each other. But if we want to indulge within the frameworks of relational complexes, then a penis which cannot afford to be bilateral must be lateral in this case, contralateral sideways. Much like a football which cannot afford to go in two directions at the same time must be thrown backward and sideways. It cannot afford a return kick. The vagina in relation cannot flutter around and remains absolutely Ipsilateral.”

Detective Wade exhaled. “Can I get back to you?”

Dr. Pearse nodded. “Sure.”

Detective Wade turned back to look down on the single drop of blood, and wondered if the killer tried to contain the outpour of blood after the initial surgical removal. Was there some attempt to clean the scene, make it presentable? He slowly and assuredly followed the trail, as he imagined the killer holding the two hearts he had surgically removed.

Did he enclose them in something, a bag, a container? He re-evaluated his thoughts as he walked forward and every step he took held an increment amount of blood splatter on the floor which couldn't be easily explained away within an enclosure.

The killer was squeezing blood out of the hearts incrementally as he walked out of the home. It reassured him of the necessity of some constraint that could have allowed the good flow of blood pre-mortem. The patients, he decided must have been under the influence of anesthesia. He was almost certain of it then; the patients had been vaguely if not thoroughly alive when their organs were forcibly removed from their bodies.

And away from the wide open front doors, he found the outpour of blood on the splatter increasing in decrement until it stopped with another tiny drop of blood.

One simple tiny drop of blood.

“Sean, Jasper!” he called.

Sean, the young Forensic Pathologist emerged from the crime scene and walked toward Detective Wade.”

Detective Wade held his eyes. “There must have been a car parked here. Any luck with at least tire prints?”

Sean nodded. “Yes, but there had never been a car lane there. There were no car prints found at all. We retrieved bicycle prints.”

Detective Wade frowned. “He brought a bicycle?”

Sean shrugged without saying a word.

“Do bicycle even make feasible tire prints.”

“Usually not,” Sean replied. “But this one certainly did.”

The opposition of neuropathy is an offering in oppression. Its expression is an outcome, never an organic issuance. But as an outpatient never outmoded its overweening is an overturn of nature.

Nancy Oden made no rush to get to work. Her work revolved around being a housewife. And she had time for the day to start; after all, she often starts jogging at 5.am. When she made the bend around Allen Lakeside Road, an unexpected reality confronted her.

The bloodied clothing just before the steeper enclosure of the shoreline told her, her day was going to be different. And the rest of the bloody mess she discovered made her dial emergency

services just before she dialed her favorite television station.

Catastrophe has its bloated folds as woeful misconceptions of our times occurring from misgivings. And its misrule informs the misinterpretation of life. Made contemptible, a misgiving becomes a misunderstanding unforgiving, reaching out for an aft-most model of itself, implicating its own peril, the peril of life. This incessant miscast becomes an incessant miscarriage of essence. And within this foresight incepted in wrongness a misogynist is not a mismatch.

The majoration of a macaroon will never produce a maidenhead. And no marginality may come to be made mad when the devil befriends a makebate. As there is no whimsy passion to a murderer's cultivation but some endless negation, a simulation entrenched in fluff.

Dorothy Day had a simple complexity she didn't mind too much in relation to her career; working extremely hard for so very little money or no money at all. She liked her job; a lot. And when the case of Chago Montoya crossed her desk asking specifically for her through a charity agency, she couldn't say no. Her work subsidized her rent and living expenses. She still got to pick her cases. And Chago's case picked her as much as she picked it.

She secretly knew it to be her most perplexing yet; a double murder without any behavioral history or tendency on the part of the boy, not a flicker, not a flinch, not a scratchy semblance of some violent dream.

She sat inclined on an elaborately luxurious sofa within a clumsy environment and threw the highly perfumed shirt lying next to her across the room onto a different chair to enable more room.

Freitz Fliner was good at deduction, and his services as she couldn't afford to pay for them, were provided freely. Aside from the fact that he had no real talent except for being extremely observant, he had never been able to use his education or do much of anything until he started an online matchmaking service. Setting up romantically conducive couples on dates by using their online profiles and photographs was his forte. It was a site Dorothy correctly called, "The-Gamer's-Swinger's-Ring."

Freitz's romantic deductions, which proved accurate majority of the time, she knew, were based on fling possibilities, short term attraction possibilities and never longevity. "A confused boy's got to make money," Freitz often told her.

"Why don't you just get a maid," she said regarding the disheveled nature of the room.

He shrugged. "Well after the last one accused me of sexual harassment—"

Dorothy snickered. “Of course she did. But that’s not why I’m here. I’m here for the feedback on the Chago Montoya case.”

And Dorothy was silent for a while, going through all the paper and digital work Freitz was able to come up with by using his ally at the department and hacking all the same.

“Something is very strange here,” Freitz commented.

And it seemed the first time she ever heard him use the word “strange” in reference to a case.

He held a frown.

And her expression, puzzled as well, met his with understanding.

He continued. “There were three calls for pizza delivery from James and Theresa Felton’s house.”

Dorothy formed a fully fledged frown. “They had guests?”

Freitz shook his head. “Not according to the records. No they did not have guests over. They didn’t entertain at all. They did not have guests that night. And there wasn’t any indication they had the intention to do so.”

“Why ever could a non-entertaining couple order pizza three times from the same parlor in one night?” Dorothy asked.

“Antonio’s pizza parlor,” Freitz commented. “They frequented the place.”

Dorothy deepened her frown. “Could it be drugs? Could they be delivering drugs?”

Freitz shook his head. “There are no implications of such. But there were definitely three calls made from the husband’s mobile phone. The first call for pizza came through at 10.40 pm, the second came through at 1.00 am, and the last came through at 1.20 am. AT 3.20 am, someone, a voice sounding distressed and unnatural all the same, called the police department to report a murder at the Felton’s address, dropped the phone and barely the same second, redialed and reported another murder. The Felton’s murders were reported as two murders, one report coming immediately after the other. The calls came from a public phone.”

Dorothy held Freitz’s eyes firmly. “What can be deduced from all of these?”

“There’s a bloody killer on the loose?” Freitz asked, smiling.

Dorothy shook her head. “I didn’t come here for that.”

Freitz softened his playful expression. “I know you didn’t...so we start with the coded but complex pattern of the calls.”

Dorothy squinted. “There’s a pattern to the calls?”

Freitz exhaled. “I will explain it like this...”

Dorothy widened her eyes. “Not an analogy when you can just say it.”

Freitz shook his head. “Some things can never be said. They necessitate the intricate use of an

analogy...So my father used to call my brother a bastard a lot..."

Dorothy tilted her head. "Is there anything you won't use to make an analogy?"

Freitz shook his head. "No, it's usually what makes sense to me, and as long as these things make sense to me, no, there is nothing I won't use to make an analogy...so my father used to call my brother a bastard...and one day, I called my brother a bastard as well. He turned around and called me a bastard. Then my father turned around to state clearly and make him understand he was the bastard."

"And which one of you was the real bastard?" Dorothy asked.

"I was adopted," he replied.

"Then you were the bastard," Dorothy said.

Freitz shook his head. "No, he was."

"What's your point here? It was a labeling?"

"He was the bastard not simply because my father called him so ever so often; he was a bastard because he was never a good son or a good brother."

"And your point in reference to the murdered couple?" Dorothy asked.

Freitz hesitated briefly. "I believe there is a patterned intent with the calls and the manner of calls...I mean you may look at the events and see things the same that are different. You may want to think there were five calls in all, three to the pizza parlor, two to the police department but I think

there are four calls, three of the mysterious nature based on why a couple without any intent to entertain will order pizza three different times one night, and in fact, leaves the pizza boxes on the table, two of which were never touched. The fourth call repeated itself.”

Dorothy narrowed her eyes. “But he called twice.”

“To convey the very same message based on the very same crime,” Freitz replied.

Dorothy was silent briefly, thinking. “What if we’re referencing time and calls wrongly here.”

“Wrongly how?” Freitz asked.

Dorothy scratched the side of her face.

“Wrongly as the times the calls were made to the pizza parlor, wouldn’t it be some kind of premeditation on the part of the murdered? What if the calls are as trivial as they come?”

Freitz smiled. “You’re beginning to get there where I need you to go, towards the edge where I’m certain this killer lives. How the calls were made is for you to find out, but as sure as this killer is not deaf and dumb and without fingers, the calls are absolutely not trivial. They tell of what coded message he needs to voice to himself for his actions, perhaps not to us necessarily.”

Dorothy exhaled. And silence enveloped the room.

Some reasonable time later, Freitz spoke.

“Something tells me there are some deadly cross-

pollination between the last pizza number and the death numbers.”

“Cross Pollination?” Dorothy asked.

Freizt nodded lightly. “We have 10.40 pm, 1.00 am, and 1.20 am. I believe there is a very horribly made sub-level realization between the call at 1.20 am and the two 3.20 am calls.”

“The two, having been reported separately sum up to 6.40 am,” Dorothy added.

Freizt nodded. “Yes, And there is a relationship between the two that echoes emptiness. The killer seems to be saying no one died.”

Dorothy frowned. “Whatever could that possibly mean?”

Freizt held her eyes. “The relation between 1.20 am and 6.40 am, 1856 military and 1336 military is 520 which is the distal differential between all atmospheric layers and Earth. And there is nothing there but the atmosphere. So I am going to repeat the fact that the killer seems to be indicating that no one died.”

Dorothy hesitated briefly. “But two people did die. And that’s the reason I’m here Freizt.”

Freizt hesitated briefly. “The killer is telling you no one died as sure as those dead couples are heartless.”

Dorothy held Freizt’s eyes firmly. “If that’s what he’s saying...then supposition of no one died is in my finding out who died, or I won’t know what murder investigation I’m conducting.”

Freitz scratched his forehead. “What he’s saying is worse. According to the pawn trail encoded and readable within the body of the corresponding events, there were three killers. And if there is only one killer, he killed three times. So, if pizza boy did the killing, you’re looking for two more killers.”

Dorothy frowned. “Three killed two in a sequence of events that on some edge left no one dead?”

Freitz smiled, slowly, slightly. “Here is a good analogy for it. Now, if the last surviving human on Earth lives above Earth, who lives on Earth?”

Dorothy closed an eye and widened the other. “Is this a trick question?”

“Is it?” Freitz asked in response.

“No one lives on Earth,” Dorothy replied.

“Then the question should be about who would want to kill the last remaining human on Earth,” Freitz said narrowing his eyes teasingly, studying her for a response.

Dorothy frowned. “You mean the last remaining human on Earth? Would we be dealing with a homicide?”

Freitz widened his eyes. “Are you listening to me carefully Dorothy? You’re definitely dealing with a psychologically entrenched smart killer here.”

Dorothy exhaled, realigning her instinctive line of thought instantly. “Who would want to kill the last remaining human except those who couldn’t

truly survive the determining leap event? The ancients!”

“So you know nothing until you know the history of those two,” Freitz added.

“And that is absolutely separate from finding who the killer is,” Dorothy added.

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