

edewlogics

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Bullet Lane

Chapter 3

Ade Ronke

Author's Note

This is the third chapter for Bullet Lane, a story I decided to release in chapters so I can release at least two fictional works this year. This and other works are available free on my website, www.edewlogics.com. To support works like this and others available on my site, please support the free books for life cause. Don't forget to buy EPs and Albums on Bandcamp in order to participate in the Jazz Cloud events. It is the most interesting and exciting thing I am looking forward to. It spells my freedom and the beginning of a new chapter in my life. Please participate by buying an EP or album. Your support means the world to me, in fact, a revival for my life. Thank you for being here.

BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS YEAR



Eleven year old Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artedermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

BAMI& THE TIME WEAVERS EXCERPT

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Chapter 3

A superseding term for chaos is as dangerous as its reference—asynchronous is the habit of nature that its chaos must not come back to its terms unreferenced to its calm. So chaos must delude itself the inception of its end.

She was being directed to drive. And the crazed killer who prescribed she drive around in too many corners in too little time; all in a hurried flash pan of successive repetitive engineering seemed uncaring for neither her life nor his. Was there something fated in such circumstances outside the eventual fatality of the greatness of speed destroying its own illusions within its bounds?

Unless she was trying desperately to escape a crime she had not committed but was forced to witness, she wasn't experiencing the flash pan of incessantly possible death in brain dizzying succession. Yet, the reality was unthinkable. His directional instincts insanely gutted for death, empty headed, and empty of the glimpse of the elusive hope she meagerly entertained was draining her of more than holistic equilibrium—she was losing her sanity to the rapid hollowed actions enveloping her in space and time. Was it to her peril?

Her fears of the seemingly never ending corners she was being asked to turn with a stranger's car in a car seat ill suited for her made instant unexpected death some haven she could have easily chosen. What if death was all there was at the end of these incessantly turning haze engineering and flashes of light? And after a series of seemingly endless sharp turns in short bursts of time, open short burst span of space, she crashed the middle front end into the edge of one such adjacent corner.

The crash forced the clown-faced killer who didn't fasten his seatbelt to himself while preoccupied with forcing her towards a deadly drive to curve his body towards the intruding edge of the crashed corner in an inevitable bow knocking his head against the glove compartment.

He moaned in pain as held on to his head briefly.

She withdrew her hands from the steering wheel to hold her head as he pointed his gun towards her.

The muzzle of the gun touched the side of her head exposed to him. "Get in the back of the car!"

She gathered her inner strength silently and turned against the dented front end of the crash towards the back end of the crash to sit in the middle of the back seat. faced the dent before she faced him,

His eyes, burning into her back, were unrelenting as she turned to face the dent before she faced him, his arms outstretched, gun pointed at her head at an uncomfortably crooked backward angle.

He had crawled his way to the seat she vacated while she made her way to the back of the car.

He waved his gun towards the front seat he vacated, and barked, "Now, get in the front!"

She thought of the stupidity in his quick decision briefly; the decision to be the designated driver of a dented runaway car after an assassination seemed unwise. If it was necessary on his part, it meant it was possible for her to be rescued by his mistakes. She made her way to the seat he vacated without another word, making sure to avoid the dent the insanity of very sharp turning curvatures created.

Once there, she raised an eyebrow to the gun he had pointed to her head, settled in the roughness of another uncomfortable seat.

He followed her movement with the gun, now pressed against the side of her head .

She shifted to face him. pressed her head against the muzzle of the gun and held his eyes squarely. "Aren't you out of time and out of space for the time you don't have you're wasting in this dented crime ridden car?"

He exhaled, and for the first time, she felt a flash of humanity hindering his possible response. Was he trying to think?

He pressed the muzzle of the gun further into the flesh covering her head. "Aren't you a little bit out of place and out of luck in the position you're currently in, telling me what I am to do or not do with my time?"

She thought of some alternatives to living the current moment she was in. She could have done the unseemly by calling off work and staying home to drink her sorrows away despite the fact that she didn't drink. She could have. She could have been killed in the lane of bullets. She could have. And almost laughed out loudly at the inescapable sense of tragic self-ridiculing overcoming her in the moment.

The irony of the moment to the most unseemly of persons! She could have simply had the misfortune of some nasty unsustainable fall down the steps of the train

station. She would have never met the clown-faced killer. She could have. "I am indeed out of place in this shit car. And if I wasn't out of place in the first place, I could never be out of luck now could I?"

He leaned in towards her a little, dead set on holding the gun against her forehead. "Isn't it your fault being in a place you shouldn't be, a crime scene?"

She narrowed her eyes, suspending the sense of self pity crawling back to her briefly. "Are you kidding me? Where is that place I shouldn't be? I was on my way to work taking public transportation enroute. I was in a place I should be, an open space on my way to a functioning job when a crazed assassin forced me to witness the killing of another assassin. I almost died in the exchange. I think it's a place the assassins shouldn't be."

Despite the crashed car, his demeanor was returning to that before the crash.

He held a devilish smile and she almost asked him for the source of his amusement. Yet, he wouldn't remove the gun he had dead set on her skull. "What is this deal about you talking back to me in your condition?" he asked, seeming confident the power of the gun he pressed further into what she was certain was the pathway to her Metopic suture.

She braced for the possibility across the membrane—she was going to be dead or too dead to her mind, she would barely be able to remember herself or him outside it. And she had never been a fan of life support. "The same deal in which you talked to me first, kidnapped me, demanded answers while I dream of this dream within a dream of being victimized by you. Am I here? Am I not?"

He studied her briefly, before he smiled. "At this level of performance between us, I may never get the guts to kill you. I may just have to imprison you darling? What do you say to that?"

She pressed her head into the gun. "I don't know baby, you have a gun pressed to my head. I am not sure I am in the right mind to give a good answer."

He straightened his back. "What could you ever do in my shoes?"

She shrugged. "If I knew you were dead bent on killing me, I'll shoot you down in a death-wise heartbeat."

He connected the seriousness in her tone to be the same he saw in her eyes. "That's a heartbeat with distinction."

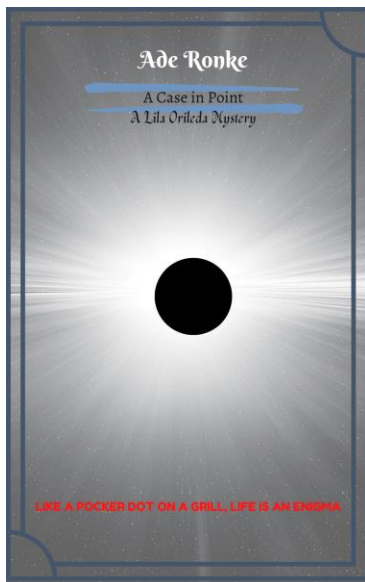
"Indeed deathwise and recognizable."

He exhaled, opened the drawer compartment of the car with one hand while keeping the gun pressed to her head with the other, dropped the handcuffs he retrieved from the compartment in her lap. "Fasten the other seat belt."

She exhaled, picked up the handcuffs and locked it onto her wrists.

He retrieved the gun from her forehead, his expression softening as he held her eyes steadily, and delicately put the dented car in reverse.

SCHEDULED FOR NEXT YEAR



Five people are dead in the swimming pool of a high end resort hotel. Only one of them, a fame-hungry politician, is the suspected target. Three people are dead at a roof party on a high rise luxury building. The target is unidentifiable. The killer's calling card is a single black point on a blank. Lila Orilede is hired to find out who killed one of the random targets as the police run out of viable clues and suspects.

[A Case in Point Excerpt](#)

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