

edewlogics

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Author's Note

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BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS 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 Orileda 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](#)



The unexpected preemptive leap differential machine error, the Knapse, triggers the co-embedded synaptic alarm in its designer Patrick Tinsel towards the chaos associated with it. He must correct the sociopolitical cost or enable its realizations.

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A quarter of a game is no quiet optimism—as three quarters a victory is a hunk for an empty dwelling. And a unity upheld without introspection is a telescreen of grief and grimm.

The clown-faced killer stared at her as if she was the worst of evil ill disposed to him as a menacing unexplainable torment. The ease that was his work was in the moment, a whirlwind of pure unadulterated hell. Yet, she stared at him like he was some inadequate amateur criminal ill fated for the job.

She wondered if he could kill her out of sheer frustration.

After several futile attempts to back out of the reversal he was trying to achieve, he put the dented car in park and stared at her indignantly. "You can't possibly think you're completely innocent for being on transit at the wrong time."

She frowned. "What the hell are you talking about? It was not the wrong time, you clown-faced evil killer!"

Holding a sarcastic smile with a devilish twist to his mouth, he was momentarily amused with her reaction. "Was it not the wrong time?"

She stared at him with a hint of scornful dejection. "It was not the wrong time. It was the correct time for a law abiding citizen to go to work on a publicly provided transport system. Could that be the right time for murder for hire? It could, maybe be the wrong space, a place to find a clown face wearing his butt and looking for anyone to kill for the highest bid."

He shrugged her emotional leanings. "Anything can happen in a place like that."

She shook her head. "That could happen not directly from the certain reality of any particular time. And definitely overriding any measure of time—a space of persistent possibility of indecent exposure."

He smiled as he realized her presence in his predicament was becoming more of a pleasure than he thought possible—than the catastrophe he thought it to be. It was the first time he saw her differently—someone he wanted to spend time with, sleep it. What was he to do with her? "Then you agree you were in the wrong space?"

"If you agree both you and your assassin victim were in the wrong time and space because you were unintelligently incompetent in your plans or you

would have avoided my presence—the only presence predictable in that same sitting position for my work in reasonable and relevant time. And I won't be in this horrible mess."

He shrugged her complaints. "Look where we are because of your incompetence in driving a car."

She shrugged. "I don't like cars, hit man—wrong woman. They're a pile of misery ridden artificially generated mechanically induced catastrophe waiting to happen. I will only get one if I have to, for my work. I don't have one. Don't ask me to drive without knowing me. You're lucky I didn't slam your head into the post."

He stared at her and exhaled. He, he realized, was getting more than he bargained for. Why didn't he just put a bullet in her head? What was that overwhelming urge for restraint in him? Was it her innocent looks? The intriguing calmness, however exaggerated, in the midst of the rain of bullets? He could have sworn the bullets were bouncing off her faster than he could dissuade their approaches. Was she a specialized bullet dodger? Was he a specialized bullet deterrer? "We're stuck between the hard space and the post," he commented.

She shrugged. "You're stuck between some hard place and the post. I'm not. I haven't committed any crime and as I said, I don't like cars and I can walk. You have someplace to be?"

He shook his head. Had he allowed her to feel he wouldn't, couldn't kill her? What was happening to him? "We're not getting out of this car. We need it to get where we're going."

She exhaled and thought about the chance briefly, before opening the door slowly, trying the possibility she could escape the predicament. "I can walk," she said and turned towards the opened car door.

The muzzle of his gun met the side of her head. "We need this car to get where we're going."

She turned to face him slowly. "You need this car to get where you're going. This seeming fact does not necessarily apply to me. Does it?"

He could easily slap her to silence with his hands, or slap her silly with the butt of his gun. He couldn't bring himself to do such a thing. Would such acts, possible or not, lead her to believe she was being led to her death, thereby forcing her to behave according to his wishes?

She realized no car was coming their way anytime soon, scanned the damage to the front bumper of the car and that to the back bumper of the

car, glanced towards the escape route and congratulated herself inwardly at the achievement. She had crashed the car close to the corner-less exit.

She narrowed her eyes as she held his eyes. "I could have believed there wasn't a terminal limit—a light at the end of this seemingly unending car tunnel—this unearthly compression wave of fire—this spiralling anti-earth's-atmosphere seamlessly-datable pile of endless junkyard."

Unable to escape the humor in her expression, he smiled. "But there it is!"

"There it is indeed," she replied. "If you can't get out of this, get out of the car seat and let me get us out."

He frowned. "But you said you don't like cars?"

"I don't," she affirmed. "But at the moment I am smarter than a hired assassin."

He considered things merely before he leaned over for the exchange, lifting her as she crossed, briefly, before releasing her.

She shook her head. "Regressing to the IQ of lower animals so suddenly?"

He studied her with a smile. "I am merely testing your fear factor. Should you not be afraid of me?"

She side eyed him. "This shitty diagonal made between the hard place and post—the front and back bumper—has to be reversed."

He frowned. "We're stuck in a reversal right now."

She exhaled as she took the wheel again. "That's both the meaning of 'stuck' and the stupidity of it. This car is perpetually backward in this corner. We need to lose at least one bumper and crawl out of the other in this position. We're going to reverse against the reverse and go through that corner-less passage forward. Hold on to your head so you don't lose it. Or lose it if you want. I'm getting out of this crap."

He raised his eyebrows as he watched the woman ram the front bumper over and over, damaging both the back and front bumper further until they both caved towards the reversal against the reversal facing the end of the passage. Was she trying to kill him? He had the slightest suspicion she could.

The end opened up into forestry, and the sound of running water—a river.

She stopped the car.

"We're driving through the river," he said.

She frowned. "With the damage this car sustained? Absolutely not!"

He motioned her back to the seat she vacated.

She obliged without another word. And watched him drive as fast as he could into the path of the river.

The car stopped in the middle of the river and the reignition failed as the water rushed in.

She made a run for it then, opening the car door, recently damaged from her actions and made a run for it diving into the waters.

She made a few steady strides before he caught up with her. And she faced the hard muscle strength she had feared she could. It was encircling her and forcing her in the direction he wanted her to be.

He dragged her back towards the drowned car and sat her down to make a seat beside her. "If you flee me again, don't think I won't kill you on a whim," he said.

She exhaled as she held his eyes, calming the nerves she accumulated from the escape attempt. "That will be a waste unless you can make money from it."

He stared at her, somewhat glad he caught up to her and didn't have to resolve to dislodging a bullet into her head from a distance.

She stared down the hilly riverside and spoke in a scornful mocking tone. "Well, lookie there. The river runs through it."

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