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THE FIRST LAW (Novel Sample)  
Registered

THE  
FIRST  
LAW

A novel by TRAV

## PROLOGUE

Rain fell heavily upon and the city, dripping from the brim of an umbrella, held shakily by a man cautiously maneuvering it to protect a precious cargo.

The storm's song was soothing; reminiscent of an era long-since forgotten...a time when he was a child and nothing mattered. Even in those dark, stormy conditions, however, he knew exactly where to go.

Beads of sweat perspired from his throbbing brow and down the side of his face, as each heavy breath erupted in a thick cloud of moisture. The cold air pierced the skin and made home in the joints of each bone, and adrenaline no longer masked the pain in his wounded leg. The once-fluid jog was now labored. The man walked briskly through massive puddles of water, exiting the alley and occasionally checking behind to ensure there were no followers.

There were always followers, even when they couldn't be seen.

He stopped at the sight of a white glow in the distance, a porchlight barely visible in the thick rain. He was almost there.

A cringing pain tore through his abdomen. He leaned against the wall. Beneath the blood drenched layers of his torn overcoat, the streetlight revealed an open wound bleeding from a shard of glass lodged deep in his side.

He had not escaped them unscathed after all.

The projectile's final destination was no mistake. Its intention was clear: to slow him down. Using the arm of his jacket, he wiped away the sweat; then, with one swift move, snatched it from his hip.

A fire burned vigorously on the skyline behind him. Though so many lives were lost, none were in vain.

*Was that not their purpose?*

The very fact he made it this far was evidence enough their deaths were necessary. It was Them; They caused the explosion...an explosion that was intended for him.

They seemed to know everything about him—every thought he could think; every move he would make. There was no place to hide; They always found him. Since the moment he met Them, They had been trying to kill him, trying to prevent him from making the delivery and changing Their plan. But he had a plan of his own, and it all revolved around what happened next.

Finally, he would be able to go home—to *his* home, and things would be the way they should be. He gazed down at the basket. There were priorities, and *his* life was not the important one.

The air felt colder. Standing there, with a racing heartbeat, the confidence helping to arrive at this pivotal point vanished. The man fidgeted, both scared and nervous while attempting to ignore the pain and recite every reason justifying the next course of action. At that moment, nothing made sense, a conundrum of "what-ifs" and "should-have-dones." One thing was certain, however:

In the moments ahead, he would die.

*Am I making the right decision?* he wondered, finding inconsistencies in his own theory. The man reached into the basket, uncovering the face of a sleeping infant. Everything made sense again. A tear rolled down his right cheek. The baby was innocent, but it was the only solution.

He hated himself for the things he had done; the pain brought to so many unsuspecting people, but most importantly, for the person he had become—a pathological liar, a kidnapper, a genius of deception. He was everything except a killer...even now that notion didn't seem so farfetched. Life had become numb. As he gazed at the reflection in the rippling puddle, he no longer recognized the man looking back at him. All the things taken to reach this pivotal point had changed him.

"It's amazing how one action can define a person's life."

Fear burned deep within as the soft splashes of footsteps echoed underneath the cover of heavy rain.

They were coming.

They were there to stop him, but it was Their nearing presence indicating it was the right decision. He had come too

far to stop now. Gritting his teeth, he raced to the door, taking extra care not to soak the basket. All the while, the footsteps were getting closer. There was only one chance at this.

Standing at the only door of First Greyson Avenue, face concealed underneath the umbrella's shadow, he reached, but the courage to ring it was not there.

It never was.

No man is ever strong enough to give away his own son—no matter how convincing the lie is.

Truth is, a part of him prayed he'd died in that explosion...that he'd never have the opportunity to know what this moment felt like. Alas, life doesn't work like that. If it had, the things that he knew now would stay forever unknown.

But They were coming.

As he continued to stand there, with his finger resting on the doorbell, he finally broke down. Tears poured from the corners of his eyes. As desperately, as he wanted to press it, he'd just as well die.

The footsteps were becoming louder and more rapid by the minute. The rain's flutter disappeared, and only the sound of his heart echoed through his mind.

He couldn't do it.

The door opened, only enough for a pair of scared, blue eyes peered from the darkness to study him. There was also fear in their glare. Though this rendezvous was planned down to the millisecond, their hesitation was not. It was a clearly a last effort from whatever morality they had left, doubting the decision to open the door.

The infant fidgeted. The eyes stared at the basket. In that silent moment, beyond the fear, was concern...a concern for the well-being of a child. .

Another pair of eyes peered from the doorframe, as a hand nervously reach out and gripped the basket and closed the door.

The footsteps were getting closer. They closed the door and he, falling to his knees, panted horribly in an attempt to catch his breath. His vision pulsated with each heartbeat. The pain was agonizing; he could run no more.

*Where would I go?*

While staring at his rippling reflection in the puddle of water, he prayed it was the last time self-hate ever made his acquaintance—that he would never have to do *it* again; that this sequence of events would bring normalcy.

When he looked up, They stood in front of him. He would have begged if he hadn't seen the somber light on the porch go out. At that moment, his every action; his every decision; his every mistake flashed before his eyes.

Now he was sure of it; he made the right decision:

He chose The First Law.

## CHAPTER ONE

### Lights

There were lights everywhere. Vibrant lights: Traffic signals directing vehicles hoisted by purple, thrusting glows, as their windows reflected messages on marquees either drifting or clinging to buildings. There were powerful lights: Intense glows from energy plants emitting an icy, blue radiance, expressways contoured by white, neon lights, and grand buildings checkered with endless floors of illuminated windows—buildings in which a view from the most expensive condo balcony or office window allowed the city's horizon to blend with the starry sky.

Out of a window of the tallest of these structures peered the reflection of a genius.

His name is Blake Fierce.

Suddenly, all of the lights flickered once!