

Locksmith's War

The Locksmith Trilogy Book Three

by Paul Briggs

EXCERPT

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Crouching lower, Erin could see where the bullet had gone through the door and the opposite wall. A few seconds ago it would have done the same thing, in spite of her torso being in the way.

And it was too late to pretend she was already dead or wounded, so it was time to get out of the way. She fired back through the door — scary how much easier it was to do that when you couldn't see who you were shooting at — and then ran for the hall.

Erin turned... and froze in place, one foot poised a few inches above the first stair. The stairs were pieces of wood, neither soundproof nor (as she'd just seen) bulletproof. The moment she set foot on them, the guys directly underneath would know exactly where to shoot, and she would have only the vaguest idea of where to shoot back. There was no way she could make it to the top of the stairs alive.

Oh... and Luther was going to run into the same problem coming down the stairs. Or maybe not. If the portal was indestructible, he could use it as a shield — put it facedown on the stairs and sort of surf on it. On second thought, no. If they fired through the stairs and the bullet went through the portal, it might hit Lock. Luther would have to put it on the stairs face up and stand on the edges.

Either way, Erin had no idea how she was supposed to explain to Luther that his survival now depended on his ability to replicate a stunt from a Lord of the Rings movie.