



# Chapter One

“10-4,” Officer Sandy Fuller checked the time and braved a slight smile. “Bet you know something about this, my friend!”

Fuller was headed to highway 452 and Booth’s Ranch Road to investigate the scene of the crash while police were looking for clues around the warehouse. She started speculating details of Alexa Silven’s probable involvement in the victim’s demise. If the victim wasn’t a contract killer, the one that was suspected of stalking Alexa, suspicion of her involvement would be minimal. But Alexa had promised to let the FBI handle such criminals; she was no longer supposed to be a vigilante. She was now under contract with the FBI and it was paramount they be able to trust her.

As Officer Fuller approached the accident scene, Alexa’s call came in.

“Fuller!” she answered.

“Wow! Sirens! Where you headed?” Alexa Silven inquired.

“To an accident scene. Know anything about it?” Fuller quipped.

“Hey! It’s just a good guess...” Alexa informed her. Then she continued, “Guess word is out!”

Fuller hit speaker phone and cut the sirens but left the lights flashing, “Let me guess! You just got to town and there’s two dead bodies.”

“Two?” Alexa groaned.

“So, you’re confirming your involvement?” Sandy Fuller wasn’t sure she could ignore these comments.

“It’s not a confession just an observation,” Alexa winced.

“Later. Got an investigation to conduct here. I look forward to reading your official report on this,” Fuller stated. “Was this official business?”

“I’d like to do that in person.”

“Good, Alexa. Don’t leave the hotel. I’ll be there as fast as I can and I’ll help you finish the report on Louis. Truman is tying things up in New York; the information you supplied has been critical,” Sandy Fuller remarked.

Silven really wasn’t sure how long she could count on their nearby watchful eyes. Seemed everyone was spread out in diverse directions. One thing was certain; the assassins always knew where she was and there seemed to be no end to their dogged tenacity. She would have to stay one step ahead of them and she would have to remain acutely vigilant at all times.

Fuller grimaced. “Gotta go!” She flipped her sirens back on and made a final comment, “Let’s catch up later. And Alexa, watch out. That assassin is still out there you know.”

“I know, Sandy, I know.”

“Then don’t forget it! Later.” Officer Fuller’s warning was intended to make an impression. Alexa Silven had the skills and power; after all, she was a professional and knew how assassins thought, how they moved. The main concern Fuller had was whether or not Silven could keep her head under the circumstances. She wondered how far she might go to nail Louis for the murder of her father. Emotions were running deep and it had only been close to a couple of weeks since her father caught the assassin’s bullet... intended for her.

Alexa signed off and put in a call to Truman. Just hearing his voice was necessary to her composure. She was rattled and she couldn’t deny she was growing weary of living this double life of kill or be killed... the survival of the fittest, literally. The only goal she had was to promote her fashion designs. That, and of course, staying alive.

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# **Bulletproof Wedding: An Alexa Silven Finale (Sample Chapter)**

by C.B. Hoffmann

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*Bulletproof Wedding: An Alexa Silven Finale* is a novel over 42,000 words and the last in a series, that presents constant suspense, mystery, and intrigue fused with an underlying message of repentance, forgiveness and reconciliation.

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1. Fiction—Suspense

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This book is dedicated to my family, with special acknowledgment to God for the inspiration, and to my son, Dan, my editor and motivator.