

THE
DEUTERAGONIST

| JAYARAM BALASUBRAMANIAN



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Publishing-in-support-of,

FSP Media Publications

RZ 94, Sector - 6, Dwarka, New Delhi - 110075
Shubham Vihar, Mangla, Bilaspur, Chhattisgarh - 495001

Website: *www.fspmedia.in*

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ISBN978-93-6026-494-9

Price: ₹ 575.00

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Printed in India

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By

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About The Author

Jayaram Balasubramanian, is a 28-year-old (As on 2016) Happy Engineer and a very happy author. He is living in Coimbatore, with his parents. He is passionate about Science, Technology and History. He believes, hope is the best thing and optimism is the best art. He is an ardent fan of Dan Brown, Micheal Crichton and Kalki.

His favorite quotes,

The greatest enemy of knowledge is not ignorance, it is the illusion of knowledge.

- Stephen Hawking.

It's better to be a pirate than to join the Navy

- Steve Jobs

If my mind can conceive it; and my heart can believe it - then I can achieve it.

- Muhammed Ali

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Dedication



Appa | Amma
Chithappa | Chithi
Harish & Family | Patti's
Jagan | Jagadeesh

Special Thanks

To

Manoj Nair - Thanks anna for introducing me to the world of books and making me a happy victim of books.

Ramesh Chandru - Machi, thank you ... for reading everything I wrote hoping it was worth reading. You're the first reader, and you will be always the first reader. Please make sure Sid reads them too.

Bhargavi Narasimhan - For all those conversations about books and book suggestions.

Anoop - Thanks bro ... I miss you and I will always do.

Prologue

Car stopped near the big yellow board, written, “Welcome to Aluva”.

“We are here”, said the guy driving. “I will take it from here... wait near the bus stand...”, “Yes madam... I think we have enough petrol to go back....”

“Great then... get down”, said the girl sitting in the pillion. As the driver got down, she started driving the car, looking now and then for assistance from the GPS device. After 30 minutes of driving through the busy streets of Aluva, she stopped the car near Mangulam signal. Taking her mobile, “Hey, I’m in Mangulam”, she said over the call.

“Good... don’t call me again ... once done... I will call you, come and collect it”. Call went dead.

Dressed in shorts and T-shirt, he walked past the living room, master bed room and reached the library in the far end of the house. Expecting the access card enable door, he took the access card from his T-shirt and opened the door. Seeing the green light, he smiled walking in.

He went straight to the Mac Computer inside the room and opened it typing the password. He connected the USB port and navigated to the folder titled Geedam. *It’s all here.*

He selected all the files and sent to backup, the drive connected.

Copying started. 11 Minutes to Complete.

11 minutes was more than he could spend inside. He had no options other than to wait. Every minute

inside, he was sweating with his legs constantly shivering.

8 minutes to Complete.

He wanted to curse everyone he knew worked for Apple, seeing the copy getting delayed than he expected. Biting his nails, he walked to the window to look out, and he could see two sentries covering the entrance. Running back to the computer, it said 4

Minutes to Complete.

Hearing footsteps approaching, he switched off the monitor and sat in between the computer table and the almirah. That was the best he could do. He had no clue what was happening on the other end, but he hoped he knew who it was. Spending more than seven minutes, he peeped to see the door and it was pitch black.

Crawling back to the computer, he switched on the monitor.

Copy Completed.

Damn, God does exist. Calling to the same number he got a call from, “Got it... come...”, “Come where”, girl on the other end asked.

“Come straight... don’t stop anywhere, superintendent’s house is on the same street... don’t attract attention... drive till you reach the house in the left corner with a big coconut tree ... you should be seeing it pretty easy....” He collected the drive and walked fast as he could, swiped the card for access and exited the room. *Job half done.* He took the same path to the main gate, one of the sentries stopped seeing him. “Entha Sir... evide ei samayathil...?”

“Walking... valliya climate alle...?”, “Nalla climate Sir”, replied the sentry.

He walked out as the other sentry opened the door for him. Seeing a black car cross him, he knew it was her. The sentry came out lighting his beedi.

She kept driving through the road looking for the house with the big coconut tree, after 10 minutes of her driving all she could see were only the coconut trees. Controlling her desperation to call him, she kept driving and her mobile rang, “Where are you...?”, she asked.

“Turn the car... I am standing behind”, he whispered. He knew, he had to give the disk to her. This is his fourth attempt of copying the information to the disk. All his previous attempts failed miserably, without even getting inside the room. This time, he made a duplicate card for the entry, choose the time late enough for everyone in the house to sleep; except for the two sentries everything went as per his plan. Seeing no vehicle, he wanted to call back but he held seeing the sentry still finishing his beedi.

Stopping the car, she made a U-turn and came back on the same road, which she crossed by. This time, she could see the tall coconut tree, but it was no different than any other tree. In front of the big blue gate, she could see two men standing, one dressed in khaki with a lathi in hand.

She stopped the car, seeing the guy. Before he could speak, sentry approached the car, “Enthanu madam... Evide...?”

“I don’t speak Malayalam... English... Hindi...?”, she paused.

He stepped in, “Tell me... where do you want to go...?”, he slid over the opened car window dropping the hard disk over the car seat.

“Aluva Railway station, Sir”, she replied.

“That’s a 40 minutes drive from here... keep driving straight, take the left... you’ll reach Mangulam signal... keep driving straight... you’ll see the government hospital ... take the next turn.”

“Thanks Sir...”, she changed the gear; as the sentry turned back, she held his hands, “Thanks....”

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“One thing I could do ... now leave, before he comes... drive safe.”

“You too... be safe...”

As she pressed the accelerator, “Hey ... he didn't tell me your name ... he said he will send someone...”

“Rhea”, she said smiling.

“Hope you know my name.”

“I do”, she pressed the accelerator hard.



Chapter 1

Kj came out of the medical shop with an application form, for his new SIM card, after an awkward conversation with the girl in the shop, “Excuse me, I need a Cell call SIM card with a fancy number”, he said. “Just a moment, Sir.... Sir... you are Kj, right...?”, he nodded in reply. “I think this is your fiftieth SIM card... right...?”, he nodded once again, “Why do you use so many SIM cards...? Anyway you aren’t going to recharge this.... I mean I have never seen you doing....”, “No... I usually...”, she interrupted, “You just use the free amount that is provided in every SIM and then throw that... right...?”, this time he nodded for a much longer duration and came out, she called him again, “Sir... just stick your photo in the form, I will fill all the other details”, he gave a sigh and started walking towards the park. Kj is in his late-twenties, well built, fair with trimmed goatee, working as junior programmer in mobile application development.

Outside, commonly called as Bing, aka Ganesh was standing with his laptop bag and a fresh KFC Mojito; Ganesh is Kj’s best friend and the only friend. “Dude... half an hour late... you think even I’m idle like you?”, asked Kj.

“Hopefully yes”, Ganesh continued, “Listen man, everything is ready as of now to be”, Kj interrupted, “This is not the place to talk what we are supposed to talk, come let’s get to the Race Course and park your vehicle two blocks away from that hotel. I will

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Is India ready for the second emergency...?

An E-mail, sent from Race course, Coimbatore to 7 Race Course Road, Delhi.

Is this enough to set the course of events...?

Laxmi Priya, India's Dream Journalist finds the answer in the breakneck chase through the cities of India, along with her source. Another deep throat.

Litmus test, for the powerful men of the country. With the least of information, Laxmi Priya is set to solve one giant jigsaw.

Most important question of all, Who is The Protagonist..?



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