

Noose

Author *Daniel Dawson*

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Blurb

High-tech gear, low-life choices. Raven's infiltration starts with gadgets and ends with blood on the grass. In noir, tools don't save you—fate pulls the trigger.

Tags

- Noir Fiction
- Flash Fiction
- Tech Noir
- Assassins
- Crime Fiction



No moon. No stars. Black as her intentions.

Raven slid across the estate's back field, grass slick with rain.
A red nano-mist cloaked her—four minutes of electronic invisibility.

Thermal scanner lit the guards on her forearm display.
Two at the door. One roaming. One unlucky.
She palmed the foam cutter, drew a clean hole through the fence, and slipped inside.

The roaming guard never saw her.
She dropped the mechanical noose over his head.
It cinched with a hydraulic snap.
His eyes bulged, asking *why*?
She didn't answer.
Finesse was for people who eat with silver spoons.

He kicked, flailed, fought air.
Raven braced her boots, felt the noose pull against her arm.
He sagged.
Dead weight in seconds.
She cut him free, hauled him into the shadows.

The forearm tracker pulsed red.
More heat signatures, converging.
The mansion's owners weren't cheap.

She moved through the garden.
Wet statues stared with blind marble eyes.
Her camo flickered—one minute left.

Shotgun blast tore the night open.
Pellets ripped her side. Blood ruined the suit's circuitry.
Her camo spasmed, then died.

Another blast spun her into the mud.
The guards advanced, shadows in tactical black.
She reached for her sidearm.
Too slow.

One man stepped forward.
He shoved the barrel between her teeth.
Click. Boom.