. . . GAME CONCEPTS . . .

Saint James sat at the airport terminal, watching the data flow. He knew that his mark had already landed, cleared customs, and had yet to pick up his checked baggage. Less than 500 meters away, both Bills and Turbo Bunny loitered, dressed as Sea-Tac Express employees. Bunny wasn't wearing her normal long rainbow braids, and her short, messy blonde hair was covered with a Sea-Tac Express cap. The nanotats on Bills's shaved head were also covered.

At exactly 0458 hours, the timer in Saint James's AR display flashed red and he activated his first piece of code. A signal went out to Sea-Tac Express unit 032, triggering a warning light that indicated repair service was needed, and instructing the driver and assistant to leave the craft when they returned to the bay. The two STE employees left the craft and walked away, happy to take an unscheduled break. Nonchalantly, Bills and Turbo Bunny walked over to the helicraft, speaking casually to each other as any co-workers would. The vehicle's security system registered them as the previous two staff returning to their post after a break, and the craft started again, engine idling.

The security at Sea-Tac was too tight to bring drones on site, so Abraxas waited inside the airport, near the baggage claim, keeping an eye out for the mark. Two tense minutes passed as he paced back and forth. In his rumpled business suit he looked like just another stressed-out corp commuter.

"Mark spotted," he subvocalized via subdermal microphone, when he finally noticed their target approaching. "Coming down the escalator now … looks tired. Oh, fuck. He has an escort."

"That wasn't in the plan," Saint James transmitted back. "What's the scan?"

"Tall guy, ork, Latino." Abraxas responded. "Bodyguard for sure—he's not carrying the guy's bags or anything."

Bills cut in: "Just one? Move on to plan two, no changes. Subdue after entry, ASAP."

Abraxas watched the bags circle on the carousel, keeping tabs on the two men out of the corner of his eye. The target grabbed his bag when it came around, nodded to the guard, and headed out towards the taxi loading area. The bodyguard followed, alertly scanning the crowd. Abraxas picked a random bag from the carousel and began to saunter in the same direction, fumbling with his commlink as he walked. "They're at the doors. It's go time."

Saint James activated his second piece of code, diverting the scheduled pick-up call order to Turbo Bunny's taxi. She brought the commuter craft to life and eased it out into the flow of traffic. A minute later, she landed at the target's designated pick-up point.

The doors to STE-032 slid open, and a uniformed Bills called out the target's name—and several others. "Sorry, sir. We're having some technical and scheduling issues, so we're going to have to take on some other passengers for this trip. They're heading to the same destination, so there will be no delays for you. `We apologize for the inconvenience."

The bodyguard squinted at this news, but the target—obviously eager to just get going—stepped into the helicab. The bodyguard, Saint James, and Abraxas all followed, stepping into the taxi and taking seats like normal commuters. The doors closed, and Turbo Bunny took the craft airborne.

Saint James ran the third and final piece of code, and business as usual resumed at the Sea-Tac Express gateway.