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by stanley lieber

Nah. He shut down the business and liquidated its assets. On to the next gig. Which was... what? The ship stood by him, always. They would find something to do with their time.

Not calling T.

Each befouled arena narrowed the field of possibilities. Some locales he wouldn't touch as a matter of pride. What was he doing to himself? He couldn't sustain. His reputation would be ruined. He'd have to start over from scratch. Again.

He put these thoughts aside and moved on to the next item, which arrived presently. A couple of stops in the midwest, and then back to New York; not for himself, but for the job. he made another promise to himself to concentrate on the task at hand, to try and pull himself together. If for no other reason than the fact that he was tired of saying the words, "never again."

The midwestern locations were nondescript, rural. The targets never became aware that they were being stalked.

New York would be trickier. T always expected him, even when there was no reason to expect him. The Chrysler Building was keyed to his biometric signature. Upon entry, ambient lighting and temperature would adjust themselves to his preferences, alerting onlookers to his presence.

And then there was T himself. Killing his twin brother would be complicated by the (slightly) younger man's physical invulnerability, class 100 superhuman strength, powers of flight, ingenuity, and sheer dumb luck. He would have to be exceedingly careful.

This job couldn't have come at a better time.