

Aithne ran a hand over his face before projecting his voice again. “Next time I nap, please pick one song and stick to it.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the goblin said, chuckling. “Quite a dream you had, ma’am.”

“I am not a ma’am,” Aithne said. “Humans use gendered terms. I would be ‘sir’ in English.”

“Whatever you say, ma’am.”

Aithne ignored the goblin and pulled open his tablet. Avery had sent him updates. They were close to landing at the drop point, but the video feed Avery tapped into showed another truck on route to their destination.



Avery

“Yes, ma’am.” The smoke-aged voice spoke with experience. “That chest has been doing nothing but take up space in my garage for years.” The speaker tapped his cigarette and the sound carried over the phone line. “You say you’ll pay a thousand dollars for it?”

Naomi’s melodic voice replied, “That is correct, sir. Our database shows that you indicated the item has not been opened or tampered with. Is this information correct?”

“Oh, sure,” he said. “We tried to get it open for years, but nothing worked. We even thought about smashing it open, but we didn’t want to break anything inside.”

“Very good, sir. We have a collection vehicle in the area and can have payment and pick up of the item completed within the hour,” said the operator.

The target said, “That’s great ma’am, uh, do you think, you know, if you get it open, could you tell—”

Naomi hung up and Avery sent the signal to Aithne but received no immediate response. The tracker on the plane said they were on time, so she didn’t worry too much about it.

Watching from the cameras linked to the net, Avery could do little to interfere in the events taking place on the ground. The teen watched with hundreds of eyes as a truck, which bore the same company logos as their own marked van, traveled down