

Machines

Hamburg in the shadows

Von Alaiya

XXV – Born to play

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet somehow considered it irony that the Rams – the actual Rams, not their Juniors – were it that hired Crash for a total of one point five million. The hell, maybe she should think about switching gears – Urban Brawl seemed to be lucrative.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Remember”, she said before they went out on the field again. “I’ll need to lay low during the game.” After all she knew that she would have to allow Crash to hit her after the match – and she did not want that to happen while she was already injured.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“I still don't think your tactic qualifies as such”, Slap muttered.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet looked at him with the hint of a grin. “I have a tactic. The tactic's name is Crash. Right, Crash?”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]The Minotaur seemed to be amused by this. He gave a grin and a deep huff.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Originally Pakhet had not thought that her initial plan would work – but after having seen Crash during their first game, she felt more confident that they might actually be able to win this tournament and reach their mission goal. She was still not quite keen to be hit by the Minotaur, but it seemed that for the most part he actually had his strength under control.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Then let's just hope, this tactic works”, Slap muttered.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]All in all they knew what they were going to do this round. Pakhet knew that the same tactic would not work twice and sitting herself on that tower would put her in a prone position to get knocked out before the end of the match – and she rather did not want to risk that.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Hence she had concluded that she would take position in the highest building on their side of the field – together with Slap and Kah Pak. Slap, as the only thing he could legally do was to look for matrix icons of approaching enemies, while Kah Pak could actually somewhat defend her – as the amateur games somehow allowed for magic.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Meanwhile Dacart and Crash had exchanged positions – making Dacart the Heavy and Crash the Outrider. Not because Crash was a driver by any means, but rather because the motorcycle was by now a piece of trash and not working after having been used as a throwing weapon. And as they would not get another motorcycle they had decided that Crash would be the outrider, just so he could use the broken bike as a shield and bludgeoning weapon.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]And so the second – and thankfully final – game began for them. Once again they were lucky enough: The other team got the first attack move. Meaning they would not have to worry about moving the ball.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]This time they put their goal zone right inside the (Innenhof) of one of the buildings. As the yard only had one proper (Zugang) and Pakhet had good aim at it from where she would position herself.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Murphy would stay directly at the goal zone, while Dacart and Silent would each watch one of the side to prevent somebody from sneaking through. Crash – of course – would be their heavy, heavy hitter.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]The target areas were marked and then the game started.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Followed by Slap and Kah Pak Pakhet ran for the building and without waiting for the others positioned herself at the window of the top floor and watch the zone border.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Thankfully the borders were marked in AR making it easier to keep overview over the playing field.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]But for now she did not see anybody.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Slap and Kah Pak reached the floor after her, with Kah Pak taking position on the other window, while Slap just sat down at the back wall – as far away as possible from any window.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]The first thing she heard was Dacart. He had positioned himself at the right side of the playing field between the small container labyrinth. “Eh, Pakhet? Somebody is here...”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“So?”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Err, I... Well, I don't think I should knock him out just yet”, he said suggestively. Well, look at that, even Dacart had the wits to not talk about their mission target – after all the wireless connection was probably controlled.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Then buy yourself some time”, she replied.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Oh. Okay. I'll try”, was the reply.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Well, hopefully he would not mess it up. But then again: He was at least quick, so maybe he was intelligent enough to use that to his advantage.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Soon Pakhet heard gun fire from the area around the containers. And looking at the AR screen she could confirm that he was having a fight that would have done “Neo, the One” proud, as both he and the boy evaded all of the other's attacks.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]It was then that Slap talked to her. “I've got something”, he said and in the next moment seven more icons appeared on the map of the TacNet. Apparently their opponents.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Two of them were lingering just on the other side of the tower, one was inside the tower, then there was the guy – their target – who was in a fight between the containers and somebody else, who was sneaking along on the left side of the field. The last guy – from the speed of his movement probably the Outrider – was still at the very end of their opponent's half of the field, where he moved from one side to the other.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]This icon got marked by Slap. “Do you think you can pull of another miracle shot?”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“I can try”, she replied.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]To say she had a bad shooting field was an understatement. Now that she knew where the opponent's outrider was, she could see him for a split second whenever he was visible between the tower and the outer containers on their side of

the field.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]She aimed at the point where she had last seen him and waited for him to cross. Once, twice, trice. She needed to get a feeling for how long it took him from one to cross from one side to the other, as the AR display from the TacNet just was not accurate enough. Then, just before she could see him again, she shot and held her breath. The outrider appeared just as the rubber round hit him – apparently in the shoulder. And for a moment it seemed he would manage to keep his balance, but then the bike started to swerve. And while he disappeared from Pakhet's field of view.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]The icon marked on the TacNet confirmed that he was out cold. Good.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]But before she could feel to confident about having made that chance a burst of automated fire hit her in the left shoulder. Quickly she ducked down and moved to the side of the window so she could hide behind the wall.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Kah Pak, too, ducked. "You alright?", he said once he had found proper cover.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Yep", she replied. Thankfully the burst had mostly hit her arm. "Crash?", she said into the mic.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"On it", the Minotaur replied with grim defense.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet looked at the tactical map. Dacart was still locked into a fight with their target, two of their opponents were now moving around at the border of two zones in the back of their half of the field. They probably had the ball.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Two opponents were now on the top of the tower – they had been the one firing at her – with another guy waiting at the back of the tower.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Crash", she said when she realized something. "I think this is a trap."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"You bet it is", Slap said.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"I've seen it", the Minotaur replied, when he ran into the tower.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Risking a short gaze up onto the AR screen she saw Crash running up the stairs, where he was hit with heavy burst fire. He used the motorcycle as a shield, when another burst of fire hit him from beneath – so it was a trap.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]The three guys in the tower – two of them trolls, one an ork and all of them probably the bought professionals of their opponent team.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]For a second or two Crash tried to move towards the two on the top but then decided against it. He yerked the motorcycle up and then threw it at the two of them. As the balustrade on the top was not very wide they had no chance to evade. Worse for them: When one tried to evade he lost his balance and fell down.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet winced, hoping that guy did not die. She did not want them to get disqualified for a death – not to mention that a sport was nothing worse killing over, at least not if she could help it. Well, he was a troll and trolls were tough.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Meanwhile Crash jumped down on the last guy – the second troll – foiled up hoof first. It was not surprising that it took that guy out cold.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]The two on the left side of the field moved – over the roofs of the small houses. Here Silent was waiting and started firing at them. While the AR screen still showed Crash, one of the icons was marked as K.O., so apparently Silent for once had managed to knock somebody out.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Crash, after making sure the troll was really unconscious, ran out of the tower and then managed a record-sprint over to the containers.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"What are you doing, Crash?", Pakhet asked, when she realized he got ready

for a tackle.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Ending this", he replied. "Dacart. Out of the way."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"What?", the voice of Dacart was heard.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Then Crash slammed into one of the containers behind which – from Crash's point of view – Dacart and their target were still having their weird evasion-battle.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Somehow Dacart managed to jump aside to not be squished in between the two containers, but his opponent was not so lucky.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Only a second later the message that the game had ended appeared in AR.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"What?", Pakhet muttered confused.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"That last guy has given up", Silent explained to everyone.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet got up and looked over. What was Crash thinking? Had he done this on purpose? He should have known that they needed to get that kid out alive – and humans tended to die when hit with a container. Or was he planning one starting a fight. If so, this was still a stupid idea![/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]She ran down the stairs of the building and towards the containers, where Crash was still standing and watching the medics who took care of the boy, while he was casually moving the containers aside.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"What have you been thinking?", she yelled at him. "That kid could have died!"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Crash looked at the medics. "Well, he didn't", he answered with a grunt, when the medics gave the sign that the boy was just unconscious.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"But you willingly risked him to die!", she continued.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"So?", the Minotaur replied, his voice angry, too.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"You could've gotten us disqualified!", Pakhet replied. "We were not here to kill!"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"I don't care!", Crash now yelled back.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Well, this was as good of a chance as any to get knocked out by him – she just hoped he was able to control himself enough right now. "Then you're out of the team."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"You've gotta be kidding me!", the Minotaur replied on the top of his lungs. "I am the only reason we one!"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"And the reason we almost got disqualified!"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Just shut the fuck up!", he yelled. And there it was – his fist.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]She had to force her self not to evade and when the big fist of the minotaur hit her into the head. Then everything went to black.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY] [/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]When Pakhet regained consciousness she lay on a stretcher with an infusion attached to her collar bone. Her head hurt and it took her a few moments to realize that she was in an ambulance – or rather their make-shift ambulance.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]So Murphy had succeeded at least with that? She moved her head and saw Heidenstein somehow standing between her stretcher and a second one.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Okay. Murphy had even succeeded with talking somebody into putting both her and the boy in the same ambulance. Somehow. It had to be a mind trick.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Is that the boy?", she asked.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Heidenstein turned around to her. "You are awake", he said – apparently relieved.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Seems so", she muttered. "But my head hurts."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"I bet it does", he replied. "You've scared me quite a bit. Why was it you? Wasn't Murphy supposed to..."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"The elf got scared", Pakhet replied and tried to sit up. "And he had a point saying that he would be the one best suited to talk them into... All of this."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Heidenstein held her down. "Do not sit up yet", he warned her. "Wait, okay?"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Okay", she replied with a sigh. The truth was, she was rather sure that she would faint again if she sat up. "Tell me at least whether we've got the TacNet."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"We do", the doc replied with a faint smile. "Murphy made such a fuzz about you being hit by Crash, that at some point nobody even tried to argue with him."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"The boy is a mind mage or something, eh?", she muttered and dimmed down the light reception of her eyes as right now her brain seemed not ready to deal with that much light.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Or he is just a really good actor", he replied. "Relax. Considering who hit you, you are in rather good condition, but you had a small laceration and I want you in the CT once we are back at the hospital."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Okay", she muttered.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Well, then let me take care of the boy", Heidenstein said.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"How is he?", Pakhet asked.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"He will survive it. But still: Three broken ribs, a broken arm and quite a few contusion. So... He could be better", the doc replied. "I don't think our Johnson will be thrilled."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Well, the boy is alive", Pakhet muttered.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"And Crash has acted out that berserker quite well", he said while getting to work on the boy again. "He was taken to calm down, when I arrived there."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"You think he acted this?", she asked.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Heidenstein shrugged. "I guess so. I think if he really had been that angry you would be dead."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet sighed. Well, that would have been a weird way to go. "So I guess yay for acting."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Yap", he replied. "And you won the tournament. So as long as the others don't blow their cover last minute I guess we get another hundred thousand."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Well, they have the elf kid", Pakhet muttered and prayed this was enough. After all leaving Dacart, Slap and Silent without surveillance for too long was just the perfect recipe for disaster. But, well, if those three idiots got themselves in trouble it now would not be her problem.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]After having taken care of most of the boy's injuries Heidenstein drove them over to Harburg. While they waited to get the boy out of the garage for Kah Pak or somebody else to come by and lend a hand Heidenstein helped Pakhet inside.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Schmidt was already waiting for them, but that did not stop Pakhet from lying down onto the bed Heidenstein led her to.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Well, those games were something.. Interesting", Schmidt said, while Heidenstein reattached the infusion to the needle. "It seems taking along that Minotaur was a good decision." He paused. "Do you have gotten everything?"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"The boy is still in the ambulance", Pakhet replied. "And I guess the TacNet is, too."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"I'll get it in a minute", Heidenstein replied while getting a syringe out of his med-kit.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"No hurry", Schmidt replied. "And the other's are still at their victory ceremony, I figure."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Hopefully", Pakhet muttered. She could see Schmidt nod.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"I have to say, for the most part I am impressed. One question though: How is the boy?"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Alive", Heidenstein replied. "He will live. He won't have any complications."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Well, I guess that his father can ask for", Schmidt said with a sigh. "For a moment I was worried the Minotaur had killed him."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Me, too", Pakhet murmured.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Schmidt gave another nod. "Well, good job." He went out of the room, assumably back to the kitchen.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Heidenstein spent the next minutes to take care of her. He administered some painkiller through the infusion-needle and put a cooling pad onto her forehead.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]She had to admit, the cooling pad felt great and slowly she could feel the pain numbing. When Heidenstein left her to get the TacNet – and maybe the boy with the help of Schmidt – she closed her eyes and fell into a relaxing doze, that lasted until the door bell rang, She knew it was the others.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Slowly she opened her eyes and sat up. This time she was able to, without too much pain or feeling dizzy. The infusion by now had finished, so she carefully removed the needle from her collar bone and stood up. Then she remembered the cooling patch, which by now had warmed up quite a bit, and took it off, too.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]She was still a bit weak-kneed, but considering that she had just been knocked unconscious by the Minotaur, that was not that surprising.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Careful", Heidenstein said, when he saw her in the door.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"I know", she replied and rolled her eyes. She sat down on one of the chairs in the kitchen. Normally she would have laid down, but she still remembered what Schmidt had said before the run: If everything worked out on this run, he would give them a run-through of what the "big run" he had hired them for would be. "I feel better now", she added.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Pakhet?" Dacart's voice sounded from the hallway.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"In the kitchen", she replied without yelling.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]The door opened and Dacart came in, carrying her gym bag. "Here", he said. "I also brought your motorcycle."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Thanks", she said and took the bag. She realized that it had been opened and not properly closed afterwards. "What happened to it?"[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Ah, you know. I just had to look through the stuff for your keys."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"You looked through my stuff?", Pakhet asked an eyebrow raised.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Apparently it was only now that Dacart realized that this might have angered her. He shot her an rather afraid look. "Uh, yeah? I needed the keys."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]For a moment Pakhet considered to give him a talk, but then she sighed. If she got angry at him, she felt she would just get another head ache. She just put the bag beneath the table and gave a low grunt.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Dacart waited for a while until he realized that she would not shunt him. He seemed to relax. "Well, Doc? I think I might faint in a few minutes, so..."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"What have you done again?", Heidenstein asked.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Uh, they used some patches on me before and I think their effect wears off... I feel, strange...", Dacart murmured.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Heidenstein gave a long sigh and went over to him. "Well, that means you should lie down." He escorted Dacart to one of the other rooms – well, at least it seemed that Schmidt had stocked the house up on beds. Maybe a good decision.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]It took a few minutes before Heidenstein came back and then sat down on the table, too.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Where is the rest of the idiots?", Pakhet muttered and wished for nothing more than a cup of hot coffee.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Heidenstein shrugged.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet could also not help but wonder, where Schmidt had gone, as he right now was not in the kitchen. Considering though, that he was a fixer, there was a good chance that he was busy organizing something or getting information.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Still, as she herself did not feel much like talking the minutes drew themselves out, until finally the door bell rang again.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Finally", Pakhet muttered.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]There was some movement and then Schmidt came through the room to go over to the hallway outside. Just a moment later it was not the noise, but the smell that told them that finally the rest of the group had arrived, as Crash's smell was rather recognizable.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Soon the others – including Murphy – came inside, though Crash had to move sideways through the door that was clearly build in a time before the goblinization first occurred.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"So?", Pakhet said and looked at them.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"We have the money", came Silent's smug reply.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Good", she replied.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Then everything went without problem?", Heidenstein asked.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Slap sat down and crossed his arms. "Actually there was a problem: You guys really should give the rest of us the code for the god damn car. *Our* car, I might add."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]For a moment Pakhet was not sure what he was talking about. She looked at Heidenstein, who seemed a bit surprised himself. Then she realized, that Slap was talking about the team van. Heidenstein had given her the code to drive the car, but apparently not the others. Well, maybe not a bad idea, considering their antics.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]"Oh", he said. "Yeah, I'll give it to you later."[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Slap nodded, but still held his arms crossed.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]For a while Pakhet felt Murphy's gaze on her and it seemed as if the boy wanted to say something, but then he did not and just shot her a smile.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Now that Schmidt was in the room, too, Pakhet looked at him. "Now, what about the 'big run'?", she asked.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Schmidt smiled and looked at everyone of them, including Crash and Murphy. The Minotaur still had to stand bent down, while Murphy just leaned against a wall. "Well, alright", he finally said. "I told you before: You are going to be the back-up for a team of elite runners. This means: You only move in, if they get into troubles.

You are their extraction team.” He gave a sigh. “If it is feasible for you to finish the job in the case that first team runs into problems.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“So, what is this run about?”, Slap asked.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Well, there is a gas rig out on the North Sea owned by Saeder-Krupp”, Schmidt explained. “While they still produce some gas, it is barely enough to sustain the rig. But your constituent has information, that the rig now doubles as a research facility doing some questionable research. The main team will be sent in to get more information about the facility and their research. That is the mission goal.” He looked around once more. “I actually had planned to prepare you better for that mission and now we are running out of time. I still want you to learn at least basics in diving and boating, just in case. Well, and if any of you don't know how to swim, you have your work cut out for you.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet gave a faint smile. “Well, Heidenstein and I have taken a boating class, so we are good in that field.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]To that Schmidt gave her a look, then Heidenstein, who nodded. “Good”, he then said. “Now there is the question, who is coming along.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]That indeed was a good question, as in all honesty Pakhet could remember better things to do then accompany those idiots onto the North Sea. After all the ocean was known for toxic spirit activity. Not only that: If something happened – like something or someone sinking their boat – they would be sitting ducks. And considering it was a gas rig, a rig producing something highly explosive, it was rather discomfoting to think that somebody who had been involved with a big explosion before – like Dacart – would be on that rig together with her.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]She gave Heidenstein a look and he looked back at her. He would go, she knew it, and she just could not let him do it alone.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]It was Murphy, though, who spoke first. “Well, I'd prefer to not go. It's the North Sea and... Let's just put it like this: There are a few spirits out there, that might not like me.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Pakhet gave him a look. She rather doubted, that his sweet talking would be worth anything out there, so she nodded. “Okay. No problem.” Then she looked back at Schmidt. “Well, I *guess* I'll go.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Well, I think the rest of us will go”, Slap said and looked at the others. “Or is there anyone of you, who won't go.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]Kah Pak and Silent shook their heads.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“What about you, Crash?”, Pakhet asked and looked over to the Minotaur, who nodded.[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“I guess, I can go”, he replied with his deep voice. “If I get a fair share of the reward.”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Of course”, Pakhet said and ignored Silent, who shouted out: “What?”[/JUSTIFY]

[JUSTIFY]“Good”, Crash replied and nodded.[/JUSTIFY]