

CHAPTER 3

There was a loud *bang* from outside and we all stopped to sense what is happening. Nothing. I filled up my gun and put in on my pocket.

"You think we can pass this test?"

Lu zipped her bag closed and carried it to her back. She neatly pinned her hair up now, not a strand sticking up on her head. Her face was back to its normal figure since yesterday. It's been a week since her tragedy happened.

"I don't know. But *we* must."

I have no idea why I emphasized that word but somehow it made her smile.

She offered her left hand. I gave mine and we shook hands. I didn't know if we're good or not. Human Nature is so confusing.

"To be honest. I don't like you."

"Neither do I."

"*We* better win this thing."

We stood up and followed the others walking outside the gate.

The field was scarier than it was during the night. I can't see anything except the red lights in the guard house from afar. Paul threw a lightball and it lit up the field. There are wire fences, sacks and rubber wheels arranged in the field. Our opponents may be hiding behind each one of them.

"Is that even necessary?"

I gave Paul a look. He sniffed and smiled.

"I thought so. Just go with the flow, number."

"Yeah, great. Too bad we already gave them cue that we're here."

I rolled my eyes and gave my signal. The troop advanced.

Chris and his team stealthily guarded Lu who cautiously hugged the cube in her arms. They made a five-person sphere around Lu with their eyes and weapons alert for the enemy. We made another circle around them with our arms clasped on each other while holding the guns aimed at front.

"I just hope this'll work."

Chris muttered words I didn't understand but I let him.

We rotated clockwise while advancing to the centre field as a strategy. It was a strong defense.

I heard a scuff on the first fence.

"Don't fire."

I heard another scuff but it was louder this time. Chris waited and another scuff was made. I signalled Bill on the gate indicating the first fence and he fired.

Unceasing firing followed and we held up our weapons shooting the enemies while keeping our guard safe. Bill and his team scattered and fired. We were almost in the centre when the outer sphere broke down. Paul was hit on the foot.

"Oh great! B! Plan B!"

Chris signalled and the exterior scattered running toward and away the opponent.

We made another sphere with Lu inside and advanced another time to the centre field. Lu found the entrance and went to break the code.

"You better hurry up there, sweetie. We've got the chocolates getting closer."

I hid behind Chris while refilling my gun. It took me another second to finish it all up and Chris was almost out of it too.

"Better let the burgers wait, then."

I fired the nearing opponent. Chris was out of his bullets and hid behind me.

"You should drink milk, number. You're getting smaller by the minute."

"Sorry for being sexy."

There were five men down when Chris was back in action. Since there's only two of us guarding Lu's back, it made a bigger problem. I heard a shot on a metal and looked at Lu.

"I'm fine! I'm fine! I'm not hit! Keep your guard!"

Lu opened her pack and took out a device. It must be difficult to break the code. I covered Lu on her front and fired the nearing opponents.

"Hey, candy! Call your babes I need support here!"

I shouted at Chris and he signalled the others. Paul was finally back in the game with his gun firing the rest of the opponents.

"How's itching?"

Paul laughed but kept the fire going.

"Wished I've never been part of this crap."

Lu called on us and I fired another man down and another then looked at Paul.

"Happy sweet tooth, itch."

Chris and the rest were jumping down the entrance and I followed. Paul was after me and I knew the game was over. And we passed.

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"I can't believe I'm the only one who's hit."

Paul took a bite of his burger and made a face.

"You're too sweet for a candy, itch. That's why."

I took his beans and gobbled it all up. He just looked at me for a moment then sighed.

"You're too comfortable with my beans, number."

Bill choked. Chris helped, patted his back and offered a glass of water. But it only made it worst.

"Why don't you try punching papa bear's stomach?"

Paul joked but no one laughed. I hate it when he does that.

Stan finished his drink and assisted Bill. He hugged Bill, put his fist below his temple and did what he did. I want to vomit the moment Bill barfed a big piece burger he accidentally swallowed. Everyone looked away.

"Thanks, man."

"No problem, dude."

Everyone was back to their business trying to look away from Bill's burger piece on the corner of the table.

"So listen. I wonder what the result would be."