

Cienie Zaginionego Skarbu

Characters: Klara Voss, Jax Rivera, Leon „Sparks” Kowalski

Author: demo | Created: 2026-09-16

Chapter 1

I push open the rusty access door to the rooftop, the metallic screech cutting through the damp night air as my boots crunch on loose gravel. The city sprawls below like a circuit board of flickering lights, and I spot Jax perched at the edge with his thermos and that familiar slouch. My earpiece crackles faintly with Leon's muttered progress from the base, pulling my focus back to the mission. I crouch beside Jax and whisper, "Target's moving—rear exit in fifteen, just like you predicted."

Jax's crooked grin flashes in the dim glow as he slides the thermos my way, his voice a lazy drawl that carries just enough warmth to cut the chill. "Hej, Klara... fifteen minutes, huh? My favorite partner for wicked smiles and even wickeder shots." I accept the warm metal container, twisting the cap off with my gloved fingers while Leon's voice pipes up urgently in my earpiece about the countdown ticking to thirteen minutes forty. The rooftop grit shifts under me as I settle closer, our shoulders brushing, and I take a quick sip before murmuring back to both of them.

The rooftop grit shifts under me as I settle closer, our shoulders brushing, and I take a quick sip before murmuring back.

My fingers brush Jax's longer than necessary when I hand the thermos over, catching the faint scent of rain on his jacket while Leon's voice spikes in my earpiece with the updated countdown. I scan the alley below through my scope, watching the target's shadow detach from the doorway with those two armed goons flanking him, their stances tense under the flickering security light. "Green route it is then," I mutter into the comms, adjusting my stance as the wind picks up and my glove tightens on the trigger guard.

and my glove tightens on the trigger. Leon's countdown drops to four in my earpiece while Jax's fingers linger on my wrist with that deliberate pressure that sends an old familiar spark up my arm. I nod once at his half-serious plea, my scope locking onto the target's left flank as the streetlights suddenly cut out in a perfect blackout orchestrated from the base. "Plans B only if you keep up, old man," I reply softly to Jax, already rising into a fluid sprint toward the fire escape ladder with my rifle slung tight across my back.

My boots hit the first rung of the fire escape with a hollow clang that vibrates up through my legs while I chamber a round in my pistol. Jax's footsteps land close behind me on the ladder, his low chuckle crackling through the comms as Leon's voice spikes with a frantic "ninety seconds clean, take the container left." The blackout swallows the alley in thick shadow broken only by distant neon bleed, and my scope sweeps the target's emerging silhouette flanked by those two goons. I drop the last two meters to the wet pavement, signaling Jax left with a quick hand chop while my free fingers brush the spare mag in my vest.