

The Favor to Ask

Von abgemeldet

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Prolog:	2
Kapitel 1:	5

Prolog:

„Damn it, someone is tryin' to kill me. Bastard pays good money, too. Those guys knew exactly what they were doing,” Quinn didn't even try to hide the pride in his voice, when he remembered knocking those guys out. Definately Russians, definately not the stupid kind, too. Those guys weren't cheap and he already had an idea about who had told them to get him. Quinn felt almost honored that someone would send those kind of guys to kill him. Not that it was the first time.

„Knocked `em out anyways,” he added to make sure Eliot knew he won the fight. „They didn't talk, though.”

„So what? You call me to tell me ya beat someone up? I ain't your momma, Quinn”, Eliot sounded annoyed. Well, when did he not sound annoyed?

„Could be, with that hair.”

Quinn heard Eliot growl. Time to get to the point before the other hitter would cut him off.

„Well, anyways,” he said and paused, as if he had to think of what to say. Oh, the joy of having that man wait. „Remember when I helped you with that job? You owe me one and I am on my way to Boston.”

„We are in Portland now.”

„Could've told me earlier.”

„I ain't your momma, Quinn,” Spencer sounded almost the way he sounded when talking to that computer geek guy and Quinn grinned. Man, this was going to be no fun at all. However, he didn't fell like dying just now, so he'd just have to deal with it. Maybe get rid of that freak later. Sounded like a plan.

„You heard me?” Eliot almost yelled into the phone.

„Yeah, man. Hope you man up and cut your damn sissy-hair before I get there. Guess you got some cute little hairdresser around there somewhere.”

„As a matter of fact, I do,” said Eliot with a voice much more conciliatory than before. Quinn nodded to himself, turned the phone off, and threw it into the backseat. Portland, huh. Time to hit the airport.

...

The flight was not comfortable at all and the stewardess was in her late thirties and needed to lose some weight. Not Quinns type. He was a ladies' man alright, as long as those ladies were at least somewhat attractive.

He was suprised that that woman was allowed to work on a plane. With her grumpy tone and those eyes she rolled at everyone who wanted a drink, she was the opposite of customer friendly. Quinn tried to ignore her most of the time, but her snorring voice cut right into his head. Needless to say that he had the worst headache when the plane landed.

The last thing Quinn wanted to do was go to that brewery of Spencer's little nerd friend. Beer though sounded good, very good.

Too bad the beer that was handed to him smelled like that stewardess' perfume and tasted like long rotten blueberries. Shitty hipster stuff, anyways.

„So,” Nate said, sitting down in front of him. „I understand someone is trying to kill you.”

„Not right now. Took care of 'em alright.“

He could hear Eliot growling, „Told ya, Nate.“

„Oh, come on. You're not my momma!“

„Alright, alright,“ Nate said calmly. „If you took care of them, then what is it you want from us?“

Quinn let out a harsh exhaling laugh and he could even see Spencer's lips twitch a little, as he said, „Yeah, I don't remember everyone, but I could tell you about twenty people who'd rather see me dead than alive off the top of my head. I just don't know why they underestimate me. That's ridiculous.“

„Yeah! I mean ‚Do your job' right?“ Parker shouted way too loud.

„How do you do it?“ Quinn asked, looking at Eliot. The other hitter just shrugged and rolled his eyes. Man, he had gotten soft. Quinn took a deep breath and looked at Ford, who seemed rather unimpressed by his story. He was probably just playing.

„Obviously I'm not stupid,“ Quinn heard Eliot chuckle, but he decided to be the smart one and not say anything. „They were definately Russians, might have something to do with Sergei Mikhailov. I might have broken his daughter's heart. Might.“

That grifter woman, who was standing behind Ford gasped and Eliot shook his head furiously. „Dude, Mikhas' daughter? He introduces his daughter to every guy who could be worth it.“

„And every man knows to stay away from her,“ Sophie said, her eyebrows puckered in worry. „You didn't actually...“

„It doesn't matter if he did or didn't,“ Eliot cut Sophie off. „If she says he did Mikhas will believe it.“

„Wait,“ that computer geek guy said from behind his laptop. Well, where else would he sit? „Sergei Mikhailov, like the boss of the Solntsevskaya Brotherhood?“

„No, like the comedian,“ Quinn said, rolling his eyes at Hardison's question. Coming here was a bad idea, he was surrounded by stupid people who'd never be able to do a damn thing about this. He might as well go to Russia and set things straight himself. That might actually be the best way to deal with the situation.

„What did you do to her?“, Ford asked, his eyes fixated on Quinn in a way that made the hitter feel really uncomfortable. Seriously, how was Eliot doing this?

„Went out with her and told her I wasn't going to marry her like a gentleman.“ He really could not remember treating Mikhas' daughter wrong in any way. He hadn't cussed, he had paid the riddiculously high restaurant bill without saying a thing, damn, he had even brought her home and kissed her goodbye under the street light in front of Mikhailov's apartment in Moscow. He knew women dug that shit. After a few dates he had told the seriously annoying girl that he was not interested and that she deserved better. Quinn had thought that Marija understood. After all he was a hitter and didn't really care for Russia too much. He preferred Itanians. For one night stands that was.

Spencer's team exchanged looks like some secret code and Ford took a deep breath.

„We'll have to discuss this, if you could wait here.“

Quinn shrugged and took a sip of Hardison's beer. Still tasted like crap but he doubted it was going to taste better after standing around for too long so he drowned it anyways. That nerd better get him some gum real quick.

„Y'all better hurry that up. Got better things to do than to wait on your sorry asses.“

Making the decision seemed to be awfully hard. Quinn had ordered and eaten a really good lunch before Eliot sat down in front of him.

„Enjoyed your meal?“

„Was better than the beer“, Quinn said, not willing to give this one to Eliot. „The fuck was that anyways? Poison? Ya tryin’ to kill me too?“

Spencer grinned. „If I wanted to I’d be smarter than that.“

„I hope you are. Killing a man with the taste of that shit in his mouth would be inhuman, even for you.“

Eliot scowled at him but Quinn just shrugged, smiling. „Yeah, man. Time to face that.“

„Faced it many times, Quinn.“

„We all do, but your crappy beer doesn’t make it better“, Quinn said and grinned. Eliot shot him a glare and folded his arms, which made Quinn’s grin even more.

„Reach must be a bitch with your little arms. I never realized.“

„Shut up, Quinn“, Eliot looked seriously mad now, but Quinn had been drinking shitty beer all by himself for about two hours. Revenge was crucial.

„Nah. You know they have surgeries in Russia that’ll make your legs longer? Might wanna give `em a try on your arms when we get there.“

„How do ya know we’re gonna help you, Quinn?“

„Still owe me that favor, remember?“

Kapitel 1:

„Mr. And Mrs. Filipp Yermakov,“ Hardison said and handed passports and plane tickets to Nate and Sophie who looked like the perfect example of someone from Russia, complete with fur hats. Quinn was surprised how fast everyone had gotten their stuff together. It had taken Hardison no time to get passports and tickets for the whole group.

With him being chased after the team (and Quinn, because, no, he wasn't ready to run into the arms of Mikhas just yet) had decided to move into Sophie's safe house in the city center. Quinn would have liked to stay in his own apartment, but a friend had informed him that the house it was in had been burned down only a few days ago. Well, he hadn't really cared for the interior anyways.

His legs felt stiff and his feet were so cold, they felt like they were about to fall off when they landed. The stewardess had been nice, prettier than the one on his last flight but she had had the worst Russian accent. At least the woman next to Quinn had made the flight comfortable. Long hair, pretty face, absolutely his type. Absolutely charmed by his Russian, too. Luckily for Quinn she had been born in the same region he had learned Russian in, the circumstances of his learning Russian being the reason why she now lived in Moscow. Small world. Quinn knew better than to tell her about his involvement in her country's affairs and ended up leaving the plane with her name and number. Since he was going to stay low, Quinn thought, making friends with this pretty girl would play out nicely during lonely and boring hours which were sure to come.

Each one of them took their own rides to the safe house, Quinn sharing a cab with the woman from the plane to which she had agreed hesitantly. However, they lived in the same part of Moscow, she a little bit further out than he did, so there was no sense in telling him no.

Quinn got out of the car earlier than he had to. He didn't expect sweet Nastya to belong to Mikhas, but he was probably better off being careful. He was well known in Moscow, better than he would wish himself to be known, he thought. Well, with the line of work he was in not many of the people he had gotten to know in Russia would want to get too close to him. With the most charming smile and a few sweet words Quinn said goodbye to Nastya and made his way to Sophie's apartment.

The house it was in was huge, old and very classy. Polished marble floors and walls reflected the light of low hanging chandeliers and the porter wore a black uniform and white gloves. He greeted Quinn with a smile, but did not let the man pass into the elevator until he had called Sophie's apartment and confirmed that Quinn was, indeed, her guest. With a long winded apology the elderly man held the elevator doors open and pressed the button for Quinn, smiling and nodding, as the elevator was slowly lifted upwards. He already felt at home.

Sophie's apartment was on the fourth floor. When Quinn stepped out of the elevator into another, smaller hall full of marble and shimmer with high windows and even higher doorframes, he could already see Parker standing in one of the doors.

The blonde thief didn't smile but looked at him with an attitude Quinn wanted to smack right off of her face. „Late.“ Stupid bitch.

She turned around and stepped into the apartment and Quinn followed her. The inside of the apartment was very... Sophie. High walls in light colors, almost too light to even

identify them, white stucco ceilings and dark wooden floors with a huge, luscious carpet. In the midst of all that decadence antique furniture, dark, wooden, with motives carved into the wood of the arm rests, the silky looking cover of couch and chairs in the same light coloring that matched the walls perfectly. The sun shone through light curtains that covered the windows just enough to give an illusion of privacy but did not hide the stunning view of the city enough to make Quinn feel trapped in a closed up room. Priceless paintings decorated the walls, all of them in heavy frames. It didn't look very much like an apartment Quinn would have wanted, but he could not deny that it had class.

„Very nice, very nice,“ he said, letting his bag fall next to the door, which earned him a glare from Sophie. Oh, well. „So, what's the plan? Are we gonna burst into Mikhas' apartment and kill him? Make him kill himself?“

„Why does it have to involve killing?“, Sophie asked, clearly unhappy with the whole situation. Understandable, Quinn thought. He surely wouldn't throw the grifter off his bed, but let her live in one of his safe houses? No way in hell. He'd rather spend some more time with Eliot. Ugh.

„No, no. We are going to do it differently,“ Nate intervened, before Quinn could even think of how to tell Sophie to fuck off. „But let's share the basics first, Hardison?“

Everyone turned to the hacker, who was standing in front of a huge screen. „Got it,“ he said to Nate, before turning to face all of them with a very serious expression. Drama queen.

„Sergei Mikhailov,“ Hardison finally said, letting a picture of the plump man appear on the screen. „Usually he is called Mikhas, and he likes to call himself 'bussinessman'. He founded the Solntsevskaya Brotherhood in the eighties. Got ties to basically everyone. Damn, man, I don't know. The Solnetsevskaya Brotherhood is pretty dangerous. Do we really wanna do this?“

Quinn was getting ready to give that hacker guy what for, but again Nate was faster, shaking his head and saying: „We are here now, we'll do it. Go on.“

Everyone could tell Hardison was not happy with Nate's words, but he kept quiet and went on with his little presentation of obvious facts about Mikhas. Why was he here again? Eliot sure made a pretty good hitman (not as good as Quinn did, but unfortunately his charm and good looks had trapped him in a situation he would not be able to change on his own, therefore Spencer made the best hitter available), Parker, though crazy and.. well, crazy and seemed to be doing really well. Sophie knew her Russian and Quinn remembered just how good she was at what she did, and Nate with his masterplan would probably be doing his job the way he was supposed to. Hardison, however, did not seem very capable of anything. Scared of Mikhas? Oh, please. If geek guy was scared of Mikhailov he better be scared of him as well. Pussy. „Mikhas killed his partner because he got too annoying and two of his daughter's boyfriends vanished mysteriously,“ Hardison finally said flashing pictures of the missing men on the screen. „Another one reportedly went to the police and told them he was scared, but was rejected and found dead the next morning.“

„And they didn't make the link? Pffft. Stupid,“ Quinn heard Parker next to him. God, did she always have to talk that loud?

„The guy who killed him was another suitor and got life in prison.“ Hardison flashed the mugshot of the killer over the screen. Damn, Quinn remembered that guy from years back when.

„Mikhailov is extremely protective of his family,“ Nate took over, nodding thanks to Hardison. „Especially after his wife died just after his son's birth. The son has down

syndrome and is kept away from everyone most of the time, but he likes to present Marija to the world, but Mikhas never liked anyone of her boyfriends and the men he wanted her to marry never liked her."

„So why would he want him," Parker pointed at Quinn. „Why would he want him dead?"

Sophie sat up and shook her head a little. „Mikhailov's sense of honor lets him believe that refusing to marry his daughter is an insult. If she really loves Quinn, she must be heart broken and he can't see his little girl hurt."

Nate simply smiled. „Lets steal a heart."

* * *

But how are they going to do it?!

No, they probably should just hand Quinn over to Mikhas. Who cares.

You may have noticed that it took me a while to write this short chapter. I've got a lot to do with school and work so there won't be another update this year, but I'll try and write as much as I can. I do love Quinn.