

Leverage Foxstyle

Von Lyndis

Kapitel 1: The Nigerian job - Part I: The Pitch

"I checked, Sir. The airport shuttle goes in fifteen minutes."

The barkeeper sat down the iced tea in front of him and left. From the inner pocket of his jacket he produced a tiny flask, opened it and poured the clear liquid into the glass, trying desperately to tune out the sound of a failing heart monitor.

"I'm sorry. Mister Minyard? Sorry..."

He looked up to find a man stumbling toward him. He looked nervous and kind of tired. Not that 'Mister Minyard' cared. "I know who you are." The man placed his cup of to-go coffee on the counter, "Excuse me." and sat down beside him.

"Andrew Minyard. I know all about you." Why didn't he go away? He was losing his touch if people found him approachable. "For example I know about the Monet painting in Florence and that you saved your insurance company... what? Twenty... twenty-five million Dollars? Then there was the identity theft thing. You saved the company... I don't know how many millions of Dollars."

Why was he still talking? If he wouldn't stop, Andrew would him.

"I just know... when you needed them... what happened to your family"

That was enough. Andrew slammed his glass down and turned to the pest: "You know this part of the conversation where I stab you in the chest one or ten times is coming up really quick."

That shut the prick up for about half a second. "I just want to offer you a job."

A job. He wanted to offer him a job? Andrew sneered. "Yeah, of course. What you got?"

If this asshole was leaning in any further, the stabbing part would come much quicker. No one invaded his space and lived to tell the story.

"Do you know anything about airplane design?"

For a second Andrew wanted to laugh. Airplane design, this was hilarious.

"I can give it a shot", he grinned wide but definitely not friendly. It was the manic smile he learned while on mood altering drugs in college. "Just give me pencil and one of these little rulers..."

Again, the man in front of him, just wouldn't shut up or go away. Instead, he still spoke!

"Somebody stole my airplane designs..."

"Ah... I see. And you'd like me to find them, right?"

He wasn't a fucking insurance employee anymore. Andrew was just about telling this ass that he could go fuck himself, when he spoke again!

"No! No, I know where they are. I want you to steal them back."

That got his interest at last and brought out the laugh which was bubbling up since

the beginning of this insane conversation. Of course. Because every human being on this planet thought he was some kind of immoral monster. There had been only one person who put up with him despite everything. Who believed in him, who tried to break through all this emptiness inside him. But he was gone now. He was gone because Andrew hadn't been able to save him.

"IYS is their insurance company."

Oh. Oh finally, this was becoming interesting.

They settled at a round table and Dubenich – the really desperate but also very clingy and annoying man – spread out everything he got on the man who had his designs.

"What makes you so sure Pearson Aeronautics stole them?"

"Only five weeks after the designs went missing they came up with a similar project. I mean... please, this is too obvious."

It was indeed, but then again humans were stupid like this. He didn't catch thieves because they worked perfect.

"I don't know. I'm not a thief."

"That's not why I'm here, Mister Minyard. I have thieves. I just need one honest man who watches over them."

One honest... this man thought he was honest? Something in Andrew's chest stung at that. He hadn't even been hired because his employer had thought he was honest. He had been hired, because he was good and wasn't interested in paintings or money. He had been hired because he loved the thrill of a plan going right. Because the triumph over a competitor made him feel something more than endless emptiness.

"Look at whom I've got. You sure recognize some of the names."

Andrew took the file with the profiles of the three hired thieves and stopped for a second, taking in all the names. Of course he knew them. He hunted each one of them at some point of his career. They were the best of the best.

Kevin Day – Hacker

He was an absolute 'behind the scenes' guy. Recognized mainly because of the '2' tattooed on his left cheek. Before he went solo he worked together with Riko Moriyama and never took another partner after Riko died when one heist went horribly wrong.

Renee Walker – Hitter

A very christian girl and one of the deadliest persons Andrew knows. Rumor had it, that she found her faith somewhere a few years back and never killed another person. Before that she worked mainly for the government.

Jean Moreau – Thief

Nothing much was known about the Frenchman. Orphaned at birth, he went into the underground pretty young. No one really knows what stolen pieces he is responsible for.

"These three?", Andrew asked with doubt in his voice.

"Yes. There isn't anyone better, is there?"

"No... but they are all insane."

Every single one of them would be able to bring down an entire country singlehandedly. They only didn't because they weren't interested in this kind of stuff.

"So, are you in?"

"They have all the same rep. I don't think this will work. They all do jobs alone and only alone. They won't work for you."

"Oh, they will. Trust me, for three hundred thousand each they will. And for you leading the operation it will be double. And don't forget your bonus. Pearson Aeronautics is insured by 50 Million Dollars by IYS. Mister Minyard, how badly do you want to screw the insurance company that let your cousin die?"