

The Favor to Ask

Von abgemeldet

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 hitter 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 'businessman'. 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.“

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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.