

# The Favor to Ask

Von abgemeldet

## 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.

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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 snoring 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?“