

Leverage Foxstyle

Von Lyndis

Kapitel 3: The Nigerian job - Teambuilding I

Only a few hours after they parted, Andrew found himself in a bar.

The rush of the job was still lasting, so with the alcohol he could live in a state of mind, where there wasn't the sound of a heartmonitor. Where he didn't see Nicky in front of his eyes still smiling in the last hours of his live, apologizing for never doing a good enough job as a legal guardian and thanking Andrew for being there. Saying that he hoped he would be happy one day, that he hoped he and Aaron would find a way to finally be a family and that he would look down from the clouds, looking over them, while screwing every single one of the hot angels he would meet.

Andrew didn't remember even one of the syllables. Not one. Not now. No...

He felt dazed, when someone sat beside him.

"It is only ten o'clock. I didn't know they served alkohol at this time of the day."

They didn't but it wasn't impossible to spike drinks.

"What do you want?"

Walker smiled at him, patient and warm like she talked to a kid. He hated her.

"I saw the darkness in your eyes and I thought you could need someone to talk to."

"Fuck off. I don't need anything. Espacially not your pity, Walker."

As if Renee Walker hadn't her own share of problems and darkness. Every one in the Crew had it.

"We wouldn't have been able to go through with the job without you. Thank you for keeping an eye out for us."

Andrew just grunted. It had been his job, he had been supposed to be the good one, the honest one. So he got everyone out alive and in one piece.

"I said I would."

"So you did.", she hummed joyfully. "Andrew... the scars on Jeans body-"

"Not my story to tell", he interrupted her. He wouldn't betray someone's privacy. Bad enough he had to expose Morreau's scars.

"Okay, right, sorry."

"You are still here.", Andrew stated indifferently.

"Yes, Andrew. And I will stay. We don't need to talk, of course. But I will sit here and drink a soda or ten, until you feel comfortable enough to go home."

Go home. There was no home. His home was in Columbia and he wouldn't get near that house anytime soon.

"Whatever."