

## The Live Forever Job

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# The Live Forever Job

by [jessikast](#)

## Summary

*“Fuck, three more?” Nile rubbed her face, trying to recall the details. Now she thought about it, yeah, there was a third point of view, another guy, maybe?*

*Andy was frowning, eyes moving behind her closed eyelids as if she were searching her memories. Suddenly she sighed. “Damnit. I know him.”*

Hardison, Parker and Spencer gain immortality; no one gives Hardison a sword; considering immortality together is enough to get Parker and Hardison to *make their move*.

## Notes

Un-beta'd, extremely self-indulgent, very much "who needs a consistent POV character or style of writing when you want to both tell a whole story but also have some very funny\* ideas about how this is gonna go down".

\*Well, *I* think they're funny.

Timelines have been yanked a little - this is AU from The Long Goodbye Job, and assumes that scene in the van which makes me cry EVERY TIME actually happened, but...they got better. It also assumes that that episode takes place after the end of The Old Guard movie.

Andy is immortal again, no explanation. Shhh. Just go with it.

Nate and Sophie are...mysteriously away somewhere.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Nile woke from the sepia-toned dream with a gasp, and sat for a long moment, heels of her hands pressed against her eyes, just trying to breathe and remember the flashes of images she'd seen. Their accommodation was a compact three-bedroom house somewhere in the middle of Germany, and she could hear through the walls as the others woke too, and the hallway light was flicked on.

"You guys got that too, right?" called Joe.

Nile groaned and shuffled out of bed, grabbing an oversized hoodie to wrap around the t-shirt and soft shorts she slept in. She opened her door and blinked at the light. "That was a new one, right?"

Nicky stepped up behind Joe, wrapping his arms around his waist and burying his face in Joe's shoulder. It was late enough that they'd all only *just* fallen deeply asleep, the groggiest time to be woken, before you'd had anywhere enough sleep to feel rested. Even Andy looked cross, short hair tousled and messy in a way she never let it when she was awake.

"It was," Nicky said into Joe's shirt.

"More than one, though, right boss?" Joe said, wrapping his arms over Nicky's.

Andy nodded, eyes closed and brows furrowed. "A blonde woman, and a Black man and--"

"Did we all see the same thing?" asked Nile.

"Mostly. But we might have noticed different things, different viewpoints or details. It's easiest if we can figure it all out together, see if we can tell where they are," explained Joe. "Habibi, could you grab my sketchbook?"

Nicky mumbled something vaguely agreeable and went back into the master bedroom he and Joe were sharing, returning with sketchbook and soft pencil. Joe opened and immediately started drawing.

"All right," said Nile. "There was the blonde woman, white shirt. Black guy in something like a vest, security guard maybe."

Joe was nodding as he sketched. "In a van, or a truck. She was shot, he was injured some other way...."

"There was another," said Nicky.

"Fuck, *three* more?" Nile rubbed her face, trying to recall the details. Now she thought about it, yeah, there was a third point of view, another guy, maybe?

Andy was frowning, eyes moving behind her closed eyelids as if she were searching her memories. Suddenly she sighed. "Damn it. I know him."

The other three straightened to look at her. "What, really? What are the odds?"

Andy ignored Joe's question, peering at his sketchbook. "Him. The white guy."

Nicky tilted his head to look at the picture. "He's doesn't look familiar to me. Someone you met in your travels?"

"We fought. Couple of times, actually. First time he was working for Damien Moreau—"

Nicky sniffed in disgust and Joe spat. "Bastard."

"—and he killed me, actually. Next time, it turned out we were fighting on the same side, messy situation in Bolivia. He recognised me, and I thought I was going to have to take *him* out, but he just gave me his spare knife and took out a guy who was going for my back. So..." Andy shrugged. "I owe him one."

The others stared at her. She smirked a little. "More importantly, I have his phone number."

Five minutes later, all four members of the team were crowded around Andy's phone, the call ringing on speaker. It didn't ring for long. "Andy, what the *hell* is going on?" a voice growled, apropos of any kind of greeting.

"Eliot," Andy said calmly. "You must have questions."

"Damn right, I have questions!"

There was a little scuffle, a tinny voice saying "Elliot, put the phone on *speaker* like a—" then abruptly clearer, "—civilised person!"

"Damnit, Hardison," Elliot said, but it had a well-worn fondness to it.

Andy cleared her throat. "We saw...are there three of you? Are they your team?"

"They are," said Elliot, warily. "We all had...an unexpected experience. Is this line secure?"

"This isn't something we should talk about over the phone," said Andy. "Where are you? We'll come to you."

"Hang on," said Eliot and the line muted. A moment later he was back on. "Yeah, the others say that if I vouch for you, you can come. Portland. I'll text you the address, but you'd better be here fast."

"Yeah," said the other man's voice. "I gotta know — is this some Highland shit? Because I am *down* with a sword, but I'll need lessons. Is it a one-time thing or—"

The call was ended. A second later, Andy's phone beeped with an incoming message, and she read the address, eyebrows rising. "A brewpub? Really? All right, guys, get out your passports. We're going to the States."

Nile felt something in her spine relax the moment she was on American soil. It hadn't been like this when she'd just come home from deployment. She'd certainly *enjoyed* her time pottering around with the team these past few years — they'd mostly stuck to Europe and the

areas around the Mediterranean so far, but she had, reluctantly agreed that it made sense for her to avoid the US for a few decades, at least, until the memories of people who might have known her had faded.

This was an unexpected reprieve; she hadn't realised how at-sea she still felt, acclimating to all the elements of her new life, until she was in an environment that was deep-down familiar in her bones.

Nile wasn't the only one with an unexpected reprieve. Booker was following her, Andy and Joe and Nicky out of the airport, both hands clutching tight to the strap of his bag across his chest like he was afraid to touch anything. They'd decided, after a short, furious argument, that he should come too; both because whoever these new immortals were they were going to be family, of a kind, and also because it was the easiest way to get the dreams to stop for everyone. Booker was saying little. The others had accepted his one attempt at a stumbling but clearly heartfelt apology (well, Andy had gripped the back of his neck and pulled him into a rough, quick hug; Nicky had glared at him, then shrugged; Joe had accepted it stony-faced then stormed off, but he'd come back with five takeaway coffees, even if Booker's was pointedly made with too much milk and sugar.) Since then Booker had been cautious, afraid of saying anything wrong, but wide-eyed and drinking in every moment with pathetic gratitude.

They arrived at the brewpup early in the morning, before it would have been open for business. A well-built man was waiting for them outside, leaning on the railing. He moved like a fighter, and had the shiniest, swishiest hair Nile had ever seen. He nodded at them. "Andy."

"Elliot," she said.

"Come in. Breakfast is ready."

"We get breakfast?" Joe whispered to Nicky.

Nile smelled it as soon as she walked in. Waffles and bacon – *proper* American bacon – and coffee and grits. The other two people she'd seen in her dreams were already sitting at a big table, helping themselves from large communal platters. Eliot introduced them briefly – Parker and Hardison, then Nile and her team obediently took the plates they were handed and helped themselves, sitting around the table and looking warily at each other – or at least as much as you can while also eating an *amazing* breakfast.

"My compliments to the cook," Nicky said eventually.

"Thanks," Eliot said casually.

Andy dapped her lips politely with a napkin, and sat back, regarding the three frankly. Nile had been watching them too – they obviously were a team of their own, passing items without needing to be asked, speaking in shorthand. Parker and Hardison were definitely a couple, but she wasn't sure how Eliot fit in. As much as she could observe, though, she was sure Andy was gleaning so much more.

Eliot regarded her back. “Give it to us straight. All of it.”

“All right,” Andy said evenly. “You, like ourselves, are immortal. You heal fast and can’t die.”

Eliot leaned forward and put his face in his hands for a second, taking a deep breath. Hardison reached out and gripped Parker’s hand. He looked like he wanted to ask questions, but he and Parker were looking at Eliot, letting him take the lead.

Eliot sat back up. “And where do you lot fit into it? I can tell she’s-“ he indicated Nile – “a Marine – it’s a very distinctive walk – but not the others, except that you’re all fighters.”

“You know the kind of jobs I was doing when we met,” said Andy. “We’re an army-“

“Of *four*?”

“-an *army*. We fight for what’s right, try to stop the bad in the world. You’re welcome to join us, I know your skills would be an asset. I assume your...associates would have their own skills to bring to the table.”

Parker brightened. “Oh, you fight bad guys? That’s what we do, too!”

Hardison had pulled out a tablet and was tapping away at it. “Ohh, now I know where to look, I gotcha now. Nice, nice work.”

Andy’s phone dinged – a message from Copley. “*Urgent. Firewall has been breached, data scraped by unknown third party. Recommend going to ground immediately, all known safehouses compromised.*”

She looked at Hardison and cleared her throat. “Computers your thing?” she asked.

He beamed at her. “They sure are, ma’am. By the way, you might want to look at upgrading your phone security.”

“Why?”

He held up his own phone. “Just cloned yours. All of them, actually.”

“Hardison,” Eliot growled, but he didn’t really look annoyed.

“Look,” Nicky said. “I know that you must feel scared and more alone than-“

The other three looked at one another in bemusement, then back at him. “What?”

“No?”

“You...don’t want to talk to your families?” Booker suggested.

Parker shrugged. “This *is* our family. Well, Nate and Sophie already know, you can’t keep *anything* from them. And there’s Archie, but he’ll probably be dead in, like, a decade

anyway. And Hardison's Nana—"

"She'll be cool. Hey, Eliot, what about your Dad?"

Eliot's jaw tightened. "Not a problem."

"There you go!" said Parker. She leaned over to Hardison and said in a loud whisper, "Are they a team like us? Conning the bad guys?"

"Naw, babe, I think they're all fighters."

Parker's eyes widened and she looked over at them. "They're *all Elliots*?"

Eliot snorted, and covered his sudden grin with one hand. "Look, we have a lot of questions. How about another round of coffee and we'll talk through it, okay?"

Andy nodded. Nile helped herself to another waffle.

Hardison was handing over a tablet. "I've got some questions here, just working through some of the common theories about immortality, if you wouldn't mind taking a look. Like — *is* this some Highlander kind of vibe, or is it more Deadpool or Captain Jack?"

Andy warily accepted the tablet. The list was long. There were sub-categories. "Got anything stronger back there?" she called out to Eliot.

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Parker was looking confused. "So...you just *fight* people?"

"Yes."

"But...how do you stop them?"

"We...we're fighting them."

"No, no, I see what she's getting at," said Hardison. "Like that job Eliot told us about, in Bolivia. You took down they guys doing the drug smuggling, but what about the money behind it all? The people who hired them? The corrupt politicians taking bribes to let it happen?"

"Uh..."

"Are you saying that the real enemy is *capitalism*? It's all capitalism?"

Hardison looked solemn. "Always has been."

Nile snorted, and Hardison looked pleased even as the others on her team looked blank. He leaned over to give her a high five.

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Hardison and Booker were in front of the frankly embarrassingly huge display in the room behind the pub where, evidently, the *crusade against the rich and powerful* was being waged. They were going over some of the new biometrics in passports and how to circumvent them.

Nile looked up in alarm when Hardison yelled suddenly. “Oh, *shit*, you’re TheBookman!”

“Well....”

“You are! That was you, right? Late nineties, that IRL chatroom for forgeries and counterfeits?” Alec held up his hand. “HardyBoyzCool, at your service. Man, I learned so *much* from you!”

Booker made one of his particularly Gallic sounds of delight, and the two were embracing with hearty back slaps.

God, they were weird.

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A quiet moment at the bar, Eliot and Andy both nursing whiskies. “I promised them, *til my dying day*,” he said.

“Promises like that can be hard to keep,” said Andy, looking into her whiskey.

Eliot looked over to where Hardison and Parker were laughing with Nicky and Joe, both couples leaning against one another. His lips twitched. “I don’t think that’s going to be a problem.”

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Nile was carefully following the architectural plans on the big screen. They’d decided to do one job while here in the States – to follow Eliot, Hardison and Parker’s leads and see how they did what they did.

Andy had just finished laying out *her* plan for accessing the building. Parker was looking at her pityingly. “You’d just go in through the *door*?”

“It’s a side-entrance,” Andy said stiffly. “It’s not the *front* door, there’s only one guard and no surveillance. It’s a perfectly valid option.”

Parker patted Andy’s cheek. “You’re *adorable*.”

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Joe had a pair of handcuffs on. Nile winced as she heard the faint pop of dislocation, but watched in horrified fascination as he drew his hands out of the cuffs and pulled his thumb back into place. “See? Easy.”

Parker looked interested. “I’ll have to think about this. This does open up a whole new scope for ways to escape...”

“Body parts are not optional, Parker!” Hardison called.

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“Do I get a sword?”

“No.”

“Why not? Nicky and Joe have sword, Andy has that sweet-ass axe. Wouldn’t I look cool with a sword?”

“Damnit, Hardison. You’d cut your own foot off!”

“Buuuut, consider this: it would heal. No harm, no foul, right?”

“All right, new rule,” said Eliot loudly. “*No one* buys Hardison a sword, all right?”

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“Fuck, where’s my wallet?”

“It’s right...hang on, I’m missing mine too.”

“Hey, can someone ring my phone for me? I thought I’d left it right here...”

“Oh man, my watch! I’ve had it for eighty years, where did it go?”

“PAAAAARKER!”

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“You know you’re stuck with us now, right?” Alec said softly, after the team of *immortal warriors*, *Jesus this was mindblowing*, had been packed off to a hotel (after Alec made the

bookings with an all-new set of identities for them – Booker and that Copley guy had been good, but Alec was better). He and *his* team, *his* people, were in his apartment above the pub, feeling mentally exhausted. Alec’s brain was whirring, trying to take in what this all *meant*, figuring out the rules, trying to make plans – he was going to have to *completely* update his stock portfolio to take advantage of much longer returns. There was one plan, though, that he and Parker were in agreement on.

Eliot had tried to sit in an armchair and leave the sofa to him and Parker. Nuh uh. He’d pulled Eliot down between them.

“I thought I already was,” said Eliot, in that way that sounded grouchy but meant he was actually pleased.

“Yeah, but that was only ‘forever’” said Parker, making air quotes with her fingers. “Now it’s really, *really* forever.”

“I already said, til my dying day.”

“Yes, and we *died*, Eliot,” said Alec. Eliot flinched. Alec continued, relentlessly. “We died holding hands, and that sucked, a *lot*. It hurt and I was scared, I was *really* scared, but I was with you and Parker, and that was okay, you know? Except that I kept on thinking that I was such an idiot, I never said how I felt, never took that risk. Then it was too late.”

Parker was nodding. “Second chances, Eliot.” She reached out, slowly, telegraphing her movements, and picked up his hand, holding it in both of hers. She looked over at Alec, who gave her a little nod. They’d talked about this. “Eliot Spencer, I like you. A lot.”

“Well, sure, Parker, I like you too, you know that. You guys mean everything to me.”

“No! I mean, yes, obviously, that too. But you’re *pretzels*.” Alec nodded. Eliot looked confused.

“She means, we love you.” A blush was rising on Eliot’s cheeks, but he didn’t say anything. “We love you, like we love each other.”

“*Just* like,” Parker interrupted. “Sophie told me about the different kinds of love, so we need to be *specific*.”

“Look, I know we’re all dealing with some pretty big life changes right now, wrestling with some major questions about life, the universe and everything, emotional upheaval to be addressed but – if you wanted to just...add something else to it all while we’re at it, you need to know that if you wanted to join me and Parker, we’d really like that.”

“By *join*, you mean-“ Eliot said in a strangled tone, looking fiercely down at his lap instead at the others on either side of him. Parker turned his hand over in hers and ran her fingers – god, Alec loved her clever, sensitive fingers – lightly over Eliot’s palm. Eliot twitched, so Alec put one of his hands firmly on the back of Eliot’s neck. He felt Eliot shiver under his hand.

“We mean *join*. In anyway you would want, we want to have you.”

“But if you don’t, that’s okay!” said Parker. Sophie had been teaching her about *expressing clear boundaries and articulating consent*. “If that’s not what you want, then that’s fine too. We’d be happy with keeping going like we are. But Alec was right, when we died it was *awful*, and you’re my pretzels too.”

“We’re going to die again, Eliot. And sure, we’ll come back, but I just didn’t want to feel this same regret that I didn’t say anything *every* time.”

Eliot took a shaky breath, but didn’t say anything. Alec caught Parker’s eye over Eliot’s bowed head, and nodded his head towards their bedroom. She nodded back, and gave Eliot’s hand a squeeze before releasing it, both of them leaning in to give Eliot a quick, heartfelt hug.

“We’ll be in our room,” said Alec, “if you want to think it over. Let us know whatever you decide, okay?” Impulsively he pressed a kiss to Eliot’s temple, and he and Parker went into their room, stripping quickly without bothering to turn on the lights and curling up together in soft t-shirts under the covers. Alec just let Parker hold him, neither saying anything but exchanging the occasional quiet, reassuring kiss and both listening intently for any sound from the living room.

Parker heard something first, and he felt her tense for a second then relax more than she had all evening. She was already pulling back the blankets when Eliot appeared next to their bed, scowling to cover what Alec could tell was nerves. Parker was already crawling over Alec to take the space on his other side when Eliot said, “I want the space nearest the door.”

“Of course, man, whatever you need,” said Alec, trying his hardest to project *cool adult dude who is mature and competent about relationship stuff*, when inside he was just absolutely *buzzing* because *Eliot was getting into their bed* – and not in a ‘there’s only one bed and we have to share because of the mission’ way (and had Alec ever been disappointed about how *that* trope played out in real life), but because Eliot was *getting into their bed*. Parker goosed him as she settled in as big spoon on his other side, and Alec sighed internally. He needed to accept that the people he loved knew he was a giant dork and liked him anyway.

Even though it was dark, he could tell Eliot was still blushing and avoiding eye contact, settling down with his back to Alec – but definitely within cuddling distance. Alec took that as tacit permission to tuck his knees up under Eliot’s and put an arm over his waist, Parker reaching over to rest her fingers on Eliot’s hip. “And I want to- can we take it slow?” said Eliot.

“Of course,” said Alec, pressing a gentle kiss to the knob of Eliot’s spine just above the neck of Eliot’s tank. He didn’t do anything else, but let his forehead rest there, and gave a satisfied sigh. Behind him he felt Parker nuzzle the back of *his* neck, and he smiled into the dark. “We’ve got all the time in the world.”

## End Notes

I know I focussed on how The Old Guard team fight baddies here, where a lot of what they do seems to be things like run rescue missions, or disaster recovery. I feel like it still boils down to capitalism - i.e. they wouldn't need to rescue people from a fallen building if the rich owner hadn't cut corners on construction! They wouldn't need to help with disaster or war recovery if the governments had proper welfare or civil services in place!

i.e. it's all capitalism. *It always has been.*

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