

See Me Again

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See Me Again

by [64_words](#)

Summary

“Why, Martin? Why would you do this to yourself? You can’t leave me here... we’re so close... 10 years, Martin. 10 years of working on the plan, remember how Sergio reacted when we told him?” Andres chuckled to himself, almost expecting to see Martin’s beautiful smile light up his features. He swallowed drily.

or a suicidal martin au with a side of good old fashioned berlermo love
!!! i need everyone who reads this to be aware that there are strong suicide themes in this fic
!!!

Notes

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

To Deal With Me

PALERMO

Martin dragged the blade across his arm. From his wrist to his elbow, he watched his skin split and the blood bead. His first thought was of the beauty of the blood. The way it flowed, slowly first, but gaining in both speed and rhythm.

As his heart beat faster, he could almost see the blood surging out of him in waves, dying down for a second before shooting back up. He noticed his vision darkening, only small spots disappearing at a time, and thought about Andres. About what he had said, Martin focused, the words ringing in his head again.

“Palermo? HA! Really Nairobi, what do you take me for?” Martin felt tears escape his eyes. “No, I don’t love him, I don’t even like him.” His words hurt more than any blade. “I just need to keep him here, then I’ll never have to see his face again. I can’t wait.” Martin felt his heart beat slow, his vision fade completely.

He closed his eyes. All he could see was Andres.

All he could feel was pain. The pain that Andres had caused, the pain that Andres had woven into him, the pain that Martin had once pretended was love, but now? Now, he saw what it was, and it was pain. the same pain that tore it’s way through his arm was the same pain that tore its way through his heart.

“Don’t worry Andres. You won’t have to deal with me anymore. *Lo siento*” he whispered, and he collapsed.

Everything was gone, even Andres was beginning to fade. Slowly, his fine suit vanished. Then, the darkness melted onto his neck, slowly claiming his face until all that was left was Andres’ smile and his eyes. When they disappeared, Martin felt nothing anymore.

Barely Here

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

BERLIN

Andes swung Martin's door open. He felt sick, dirty. His conversation with Nairobi had left him feeling as though he had betrayed Martin. True, he was only making sure nobody suspected anything, the Professor's orders, but he still felt guilty. The way he had admonished Martin felt all too familiar, old memories resurfacing at Nairobi's lines of questioning.

"Martin?" the room was dark, the curtains drawn. He frowned at the unusual scene. Martin liked having his curtains opened wide, always insisting on occupying a room that would be hit with the most direct sunlight.

He heard shallow breathing. His pulse quickened as he realized that the bed was empty, and that there was a misshapen husk lying on the floor. "Martin?" he repeated, more urgency in his voice. He reached over to the curtains and pushed them open, gasping at the sight.

There was blood all over the floor. Hands shaking, he looked up from the floor back around the room and shouted "Martin!" when he saw his best friend's unconscious form slumped on the floor. He ran to him, dropping on his knees and skidding slightly on the stone floor. "HELP!" he shouted, dignity and all else forgotten. He felt tears prick his eyes, seeing the deep cut in Martin's arm. Martin had done this to himself. Sergio, Nairobi, Denver and Stockholm were all at the door in no time.

"Palermo!" Nairobi rushed to Martin's side. Sergio gently pushed Andres away, Denver rushing out of the room to get a first-aid kit. Andres barely heard Stockholm's instructions, barely heard Helsinki arrive with Denver, barely heard Nairobi scream at him to get out of the way.

All he could feel was pain. His heart being torn further with every breathe he took, every breathe that could've gone to Martin. He barely felt Sergio push him out of the room.

"Andres." His quiet whisper made Andres look up. "He's going to be fine. Stockholm and Helsinki are operating on him, but he's going to be fine. Go get cleaned up." Andres nodded mutely, turning away and going to his room. The second he closed the door, he burst into tears, choked sobs tearing their way out of him. He stumbled to his bathroom, desperate to wash the blood away. Martin's blood.

He drew in shaky, uneven breaths, sobs impeding his every action. The water turned red and yet, Andres couldn't wash away Martin's blood. After 10 minutes of washing and desperate scrubbing, Andres realized that it was no longer Martin's blood colouring the water, but his own. He drew in a shuddering breath, weakly closing the tap and going back into his room. He looked down at himself and noticed that his clothes were covered in blood.

He carelessly threw them away and pulled on whatever was nearest. He heard the muffled noise of shouting and made his way back to Martin's room. The gang had laid him out across a table, each person doing something, each so engrossed in their task that they didn't notice him enter. He watched as Sergio began compressions on his chest. He watched as Tokyo attached a blood bag to his arm. He watched as Helsinki prepared the needle.

"BERLIN! GET OFF YOU'RE A*S AND COME HELP!" Nairobi's voice snapped him into action, and he rushed to Martin's side, preparing his wound to be sewn up, cleaning around it and moving away any obstruction. Sergio pulled away from Martin. the entire gang held their breath in the 30 seconds Sergio had to give Martin. Martin drew in a shuddery, shaky breath. barely there, barely heard, but enough.

They all leapt into action once more, and Helsinki began sewing. Andres felt bile rise in his throat as he watched the needle disappear into his soulmate's skin, only to dive right back up and through him again. He felt lightheaded as he saw the blood bags drain into Martin, but he stayed. Never, never again would he leave Martin alone, not awake, not asleep. He watched Martin's chest to ensure it was still rising and falling. He looked to Martin's face, swept a hand over his forehead, ran his hands through his hair.

Andres watched as Helsinki finished sewing up Martin's arm, as he tied the end of the stitch, and as he pulled away. He saw Tokyo detach the blood bag, and breathed a sigh of relief when they all stepped back.

"He's stable." Helsinki said, smiling in relief. "Now we just need to watch him and make sure that there's someone here when he wakes up, he needs to eat. By the looks of it, he hasn't been doing much." Helsinki gestured to Martin's waist, where the shirt he was wearing hung looser than it should've. Seeing him lying on the bench, Andres could clearly see where Martin's ribs ended. He also noticed the heavy bags that could be seen under his eyes in the sideways lighting. It was chilling.

"I'll stay with him. You all go rest." He said, not looking away from Martin. Denver pulled up a chair for him, and Andres thanked him.

They all left one by one, leaving Andres alone with Martin. Once Andres was sure they were all gone, he let the tears return.

"Why, Martin? Why would you do this to yourself? You can't leave me here... we're so close... 10 years, Martin. 10 years of working on the plan, remember how Sergio reacted when we told him?" Andres chuckled to himself, almost expecting to see Martin's beautiful smile light up his features.

He swallowed drily. "But don't worry. We'll go print money with Sergio, and then we'll find all the right people, hell, maybe even these ones, if everything goes well, and we will complete our poem. Our final masterpiece. We'll get a beautiful beach-side home, elegant and large enough to fit a football stadium. You'll learn how to sail, or maybe how to build boat engines, and I'll paint. And we'll use all that gold that we got, together, *quierdo*, we'll throw it all in their faces, hell, maybe put it into South America, one final giant f*ck you, you know?" Andres stopped, smiling at the thought of spending the rest of his life with Martin. Try as he might, he couldn't imagine any other way he'd rather live. Not with a wife, not

with Sergio, only Martin. Only once he'd finished he realized that he'd called Martin *quierdo* during his monologue.

He ran his finger's through Martin's hair again, and then again, and again and again, slowly realizing just how much this man meant to him.

“What have you done to me, Martin? Huh?” He chuckled, imagining Martin's indignant scowl at his words. “*Te quiero mucho, mi amor. Te quiero.*” Andres smiled softly. He ran his fingers across Martin's face, framing it. He softly stroked Martin's small scar on his right cheek, a reminder of their past.

He drew his hands back in surprise when Martin started coughing violently. He watched, mesmerized, as Martin's eyes fluttered open.

Chapter End Notes

gasp cliffhanger!!!!

what do you guys think of andres coming to terms with his love for martin. i haven't decided if he was in denial or if the monastery scene even happened, but just so we r clear, this is when andres realises his love for martin is more than platonic.

Love all 5 people who read this fic 😊😘💕💕

Fool Me Once, Twice, Never Again

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“The f*ck?” he croaked, eyes adjusting to the bright lighting of the room. “Goddamn it.” Martin sat up, looking around the room, before he turned enough to see Andres. “What the hell do you want?” he snapped, pulling away. Andres was shocked at the sudden venom in his voice.

“Martin, take it easy, you lost a lot of blood.” Andres tried to calm him down, knowing how wild he could be when he was like this.

“No f*cking sh*t, what the f*ck did you think I was trying to do?” A new fire was blazing in his eyes, the usually calm blue turning into a deep icy storm of emotions. Andres recognised the anger and the pain in them, and his heart ached.

“*Por favor*, Martin, please, calm down.”

“No I f*cking will not!” Then, almost as an afterthought, “F*ck you.”

“Martin.” he made his voice sound stern, and, out of habit of listening to Andres, Martin shut up. “I’m sorry.”

“Y-You can’t keep doing this to me. Y-You can’t keep pretending to care.” Martin’s voice broke, and he visibly deflated, all anger gone and the pain they were hiding more visible than ever. Andres felt his eyes fill with tears. He reached over to Martin, pulling him into a tight embrace. He felt Martin stiffen slightly at his touch. “Ndres... my ‘rm” Martin’s muffled complaints did nothing but strength his resolve.

“Martin... I am so sorry. I’m sorry for what I’ve done to you, what I’ve made you do, what I’m probably doing right now...” Martin pulled away, expression unreadable.

“I’m not. I’m not sorry for wanting to die. I’m not sorry for not taking care of myself. the only thing I’m sorry for, Berlin, is being so f*cking predictable.” Andres watched, tears streaming down his own face. “I’m not just a doll Andres. You can’t pick me up and throw me away. Fool me once, shame on you. fool me twice, shame on me. This time, it was my f*cking fault. There doesn’t need to be a third. I’ll see you later. And after the heist, you’ll never see me again.” Martin tried to stand up, apparently forgetting that he had just regained consciousness, and fell over.

“Martin!” Andres rushed to his side, pushing away Martin’s cold words. He helped him up, getting him to his bed before the other collapsed, exhausted. “Martin,” Martin purposefully turned his head away from Andres.

“I don’t really feel like talking, **Berlin.**” Andres flinched at the way Martin spat the code name out like an insult.

“Alright then. Listen.” Martin huffed into his pillow, and Andres took that as an invitation to sit down and continue. “I’m sorry for how much of an idiot I was in Florence. How couldn’t I have seen how much it would’ve hurt you for me to leave. I thought it would be for the best, but I was wrong, Martin. I was so, so, so wrong. I thought I could move on, as I had told you to, but I couldn’t. I almost stayed behind in the Mint, you know?” At this Martin looked up, concern and fear flashing in his eyes, before he remembered himself and turned away, “but I didn’t. I decided to go back, because I couldn’t die without you knowing.”

“Knowing what?” Martin turned to him again, sitting up.

“That I love you. *Te quiero mucho, mi amor*. I want to grow old with you, in a little hut or in a huge mansion. I want to spend the rest of my days with you, in a forest or in a desert. I love you, Martin. I love you enough to understand that you may not love me anymore. Not after everything I’ve done. I’m sorry, Martin. I’m sorry for everything.” Andres drew a hand up to wipe at his eyes, not wanting his vision of Martin impeded by tears. Martin drew a shaky breath.

“Andres... I-I can’t lie and say I don’t love you, because I do. I love you more than I love myself, more than I love life. And it’s scary. I heard you talking to Nairobi, and I heard that all you wanted to do was leave me. The only thing I felt was guilt. Not anger. Not hate. Guilt. I thought “how could I put Andres through this?” Not “that *hijo de puta* is the one who brought me here”, and that scares me. I’m not sure I believe your word anymore, Andres. I need proof. One word answer. Would you, or would you not, kiss me in public? I know that you never did that with your wives, other than on the wedding, and you divorced every single one of them.” Martin finished his tirade, looking to Andres imploringly. Andres felt his heart split in two. He had done that to Martin. Martin’s distrust was his fault.

“Anything for you, *mi querido*. I’d kiss you on national news if you so wished.” Andres realised that these weren’t empty words, not like with his wives. He suddenly realised that none of what he had said to Martin had been a lie. “And I really do love you Martin. I’ll wait until you’re ready to take my hand, and when you are, I’ll be there.” Martin grinned at him.

“Alright, enough, you’re starting to sound like me.” Andres laughed, glad to see Martin returning to his previous self. His features turned serious again.

“*Quiero*, I hate to ask this... but... have you been eating?” He noticed how Martin flushed slightly, looking away again.

“I wasn’t really hungry... It wasn’t on purpose or anything, I’m not some teenage girl posing for a picture, I just... forgot.” Martin shrunk in on himself slightly, “I’m sorry.”

“Hey, hey, no, *carino*, it’s alright... I’m just going to need to remind you.”

“Alright...”

“Come on, I’ll start by feeding you.” This time, Martin blushed properly.

“I-what?” Andres chuckled at Martin’s expression.

“I’ll feed you like Stockholm and Denver feed little Cincinnati, and I’ll sit you up in the highchair and play the airplane game with the spoon.”

“Andres, I swear to god, if you ever mention a high chair while you’re talking to me again I’ll…” Martin paused, “well… I don’t know yet, but its not going to be pretty!” Martin’s mock outrage amused Andres to no end.

“Come on *mi querido*, let’s get you downstairs.” Andres grabbed hold of Martin’s hand, giving him a soft look, full of understanding.

“Can… Can I sleep for a bit first?” Martin looked down, and Andres was once more drawn to the deep bags under his eyes.

“Yea, the others can wait. Let’s take a nap.” Andres smiled at him, tugging at his hand.

“Let’s?” Martin asked, confused.

“Let’s.” Andres lay down, opening his arms in a perfect Martin-shaped nook. Martin gratefully lay down, and Andres enclosed himself around the younger man, letting one hand rest over his waist, while the other tangled fingers in Martin’s hair, “sleep now, *querido*, we’ll talk later.” Martin nuzzled into Andres’ chest, bringing his forehead to rest right up against Andres’ shoulder.

“*Te quiero*, Andres,” Martin mumbled. Moments later, his light snores assured Andres that he was asleep once again.


“Me too.”

Chapter End Notes

aha 3 chapters lets go guys!

ok so im gonna upload chapter 4 asap, because screw timing or whatever, martin and andres need their happily ever after (even if it's going to take a few more chapters).

as always, i'd love to hear what you guys think, thoughts, feedback, anything.

love you all 

Spiky

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Nairobi walked up the stairs to the room they had been keeping Palermo.

It had been 3 hours since the incident, and she thought that she should come and check up on him. Her mind drifted to the way Berlin had acted during the whole operation. She hazily remembered his shocked face, hiding a quiet determination, from the way he had cleaned Palermo's cut, to the way he had moved the hairs out of Palermo's closed eyes. The revelation hit her harder than a ton of bricks.

Berlin was in love. Not something she'd ever thought she'd see, especially not with a man. She didn't have anything wrong with homosexuality in general – or here -, it only surprised her that **Berlin**, Mr. Code of Ethics himself, would embrace it the same way. She recalled her earlier conversation with the man before the... incident. She had asked him how long he'd known Palermo, if he would be his partner when the robbery was finished and Rio was safe. She recalled how he'd laughed, telling her that he'd rather be anywhere else. She frowned, hoping he'd get over himself in time to realize his own feelings.

She entered the room, not bothering to knock. The picture before her made her heart warm. Berlin and Palermo were sleeping together on the bed, Berlin all but draped across Palermo, shielding him from the world, while Palermo was tucked into Berlin's chest, looking more peaceful than Nairobi had ever seen him.

She chuckled lightly, and Palermo stirred, mumbling something into Berlin's chest. She watched as Berlin ran his hand through Palermo's hair, before lazily opening one eye. His eyes widened, before darting down to Palermo's sleeping form. He closed his eyes for a moment before sighing.

"What do you want Nairobi?"

"M not Nairobi, bastard." Palermo muttered, voice muffled with sleep.

"No, *Corazon*, you certainly aren't. but she is." Nairobi watched in disbelief as Berlin's usual smirk was replaced with a soft smile. Palermo shot up, only wincing slightly. With a small squeak, he fell off the bed, only to be caught by Berlin, causing the both of them to tumble down. Nairobi laughed out loud, before clamping her mouth shut and rushing over to help them up.

"Ow."

"Shut up. You landed on me."

"You're spiky." Nairobi watched, amused, as Palermo rolled off of Berlin and sat up, glaring playfully at him. Nairobi leaned down and helped Berlin up, smiling at Palermo.

“Glad to see you’re feeling better.” He looked at her with a single brow raised.

“And why is that?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well you all hate me anyway... I don’t even know why I’m still around. Honestly, I figured Berlin would just throw me out the window or hide me in a bush if he found me.” Palermo shrugged lightly, frowning slightly.

“Is that really what you thought I’d do?” Berlin’s shocked voice came from somewhere next to her, but Nairobi didn’t care. She and Berlin were going to have a very long talk later.

“What did you do?”

“Called for help.”

“You?” disbelief laced Palermo’s voice.

“Screamed like a little girl,” Berlin chuckled.

“It’s true.” Nairobi added, “then he left, and came back like 10 minutes later, looking pale as f*ck, and cleaned you while Helsinki sewed you up.” Nairobi gave him a half-smile, “then he didn’t leave your side for 3 hours.” Palermo chuckled.

“Always so dramatic, Berlin?” Palermo laughed

“Always so descriptive, Nairobi?” Berlin accused

“Always so F*cking stupid Berlin?” Nairobi shot back

“You both are teaming up!” Berlin glared at them both, before breaking into laughter. Nairobi and Palermo joined in. They all stopped when they heard the door swing open and watched as Helsinki, Rio, Denver, Stockholm, Tokyo and the Professor tumbled in as one.

“We heard a bang.” The Professor started

“Figured Berlin had killed someone.” Denver continued

“Or tried to.” Tokyo finished, smirking around at the scene before her.

“Palermo!” Helsinki smiled and threw his arms up into the air, “you’re awake!”

“Hey big guy.” Palermo smiled lazily around to team, “Hey guys.”

“Dinner’s ready!” Stockholm announced, met with cheers of the gang, “we’ll go set up the table, I expect to see you downstairs in 5 minutes. Berlin?”

“Alright Stockholm, I’ll make sure he brushes his teeth.” Berlin rolled his eyes, giving Martin a look.

“Aye aye, *capitana*,” Martin gave Stockholm and Nairobi a fake salute, before giving them a lopsided smirk, “see you in 10 minutes.” Nairobi laughed as Berlin shooed her and Stockholm out of the room.

Maybe the idiot had woken up to himself.

Chapter End Notes

aha my heart in this chapter 💕💕💕💕

anyway, thx for reading and getting this far, i'd really appreciate comments or kudos 🙏



The Store

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

PALERMO

Martin grinned at Andres.

“Screamed like a girl?” He watched as Andres’ expression turned from fondness to mock annoyance.

“Shut up.”

“I wonder what they made...”

“Probably burned the kitchen down...” Martin felt his lips tug up into a smile.

“We should run while we still can”

“Sergio’s probably coming to get us right now.”

“Zombies would have eaten his brain first...”

“I... zombies?”

“I don’t know” Martin chuckled, standing up. He turned his arm around so it faced upwards, taking a tentative peek.

He winced as he saw the stitches lining the inside of his arm. He moved his arm slightly, bending his arm back and forth trying to figure out what hurt and what didn’t.

“Martin. enough, you’ll tear the stitches.” Andres frowned at him, and Martin bit his lip, shame burning through him. Andres must have realised, because he walked over to Martin and gave him a hug. “I’m here for you Martin. please, I don’t want you to do this again.”

“I...” Martin sighed. “You saw the scars?” His mind drifted back to when he was young, cutting himself when things became too much to handle, he had been able to stop since moving into adulthood, but Andres leaving had reopened old wounds. In more ways than one. Andres nodded.

“I saw the scars.” Andres confirmed, “Martin, I’m here for you and I’m never leaving again.” He paused, before adding, “Not even to go to the store, or a walk. Once we get out, consider us connected at the hip.” Andres gave him a soft smile. “Leaving you almost killed me in the Mint; I’m used to having you covering my back in a fight. Imagine if you left me.” Andres’ eyes welled with tears that threatened to spill. “I can’t Martin; you should’ve seen the person I became in the Mint. A monster. A psychopath. Martin, you are my humanity, *te quiero*.” Martin let out the shaky breathe he’d been holding.

“Not even to go to the store?” he asked, raising an eyebrow. Andres let out a breathless chuckle.

“Never. Now let’s go downstairs and pretend to enjoy Lisbon’s cooking.”

“I know you like it. You just won’t admit that anyone other than you can cook.” Andres made a face of mock outrage.

“Nobody has such a refined pallet as mine.” Martin rolled his eyes playfully.

“Let’s go.”

"Let's."

Chapter End Notes

ok, so super short chapter, but in my defense, its bloody 1:40 am (no prizes for guessing where)

hope u guys like it, i really love having these soft scenes between the two of them



Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

BERLIN

Hand over Martin's shoulder, I lead him down the stairs.

"Palermo." Nairobi smiled warmly at Martin. I watched as she pursed her lips. "Berlin." She turned and left to the kitchen. Moments later, I heard her shout "THEY'RE HERE!" Martin looked at me.

"What's her problem?"

"With you or me, *quierdo*?" Martin gave me a look.

"She's being too nice to me and not very nice to you." I chuckled.

"It's only fair. She's always liked you," Martin's head snapped to me, and I nodded, "after all, I almost killed you." I fought the urge to laugh as I heard Martin's indignant splutter.

"I almost killed me. You didn't do sh*t." Martin shrugged my arm off, taking a step down the stairs and almost immediately falling over. I shot towards him, grabbing him and spinning him so his momentum brought him crashing into my chest.

"*Pendejo*," I muttered affectionately, "you lost a lot of blood *quierdo*, take it easy." Martin sighed.

"I'm sorry. I just... I'm pathetic."

"It's not pathetic to need help. you taught me that when I was getting over the myopathy, remember?" I securely wrapped my arm around his shoulders again, holding him close.

"I... I know. I'm sorry."

"You don't need to keep apologizing, *carino*."

"I, um, alright."

"And it was my fault. I almost killed you." I looked down at Martin again. "I never should have said what I did. At first, Sergio was convinced that we wouldn't need you for the plan, but I insisted, and he agreed. But he said we needed to keep our past relationship a secret." Martin nodded to my words.

So Sergio had told him as well. "Nairobi asked me if I was in love with you... I didn't know what to say, so I resorted to what I used to say--"

“Before.” Martin finished my sentence. “I-I’m sorry Andres, I should’ve realised.” Martin looked up at me, “I-I didn’t think... I-I knew I’d heard you say something like that before, I just-“

“Martin, it’s okay. It’s all my fault, I shouldn’t have said that anyway. Because I *do* love you, and I *can’t wait* to spend the rest of my life with you. I shouldn’t have laughed, I shouldn’t have insulted you, I shouldn’t have lied. I shouldn’t have left.” Martin and I had stopped walking in the middle of the stairwell, each of us staring into the other’s eyes.

I drew him close to me for a quick hug. “*Te quiero, mi amor*. I’ll do everything I can to make what I said up to you.” We both looked up when we heard someone clear their throat.

Chapter End Notes

ok, i know it's been a while (i think it was actually 2 days but idk), this chapter was really short but i rly wanted to have this part end on a cliff-hanger. i wonder who it could've been...

Humanity

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

BERLIN

“Alright guys?” Denver asked, smirking slightly.

“F*ck off, Denver.” I muttered, earning a chuckle from Martin, who’d managed to slip out of my hold.

“He’s fine Denver. We’ll be right down.” Denver pulled a face.

“Nairobi said I have to escort you, because she didn’t –and I quote- ‘want to see the asshole who almost killed my poor baby’.” He cringed slightly. Martin huffed, cheeks burning red.

“Lead the way.” I resisted the urge to laugh at loud as Martin resolutely took a step forward, only to have his legs give out and to be caught by Denver. I stretched an arm out and Martin took it, trying to maintain as much dignity as possible as he stumbled down every step. By the time we entered the room, Martin was bright red with embarrassment and was being securely held up by my one arm secured around his waist.

“PALERMO!” everybody cheered when we entered.

“Um, hey guys.” Martin smiled sheepishly at them. Nairobi rushed forward, taking Martin into her arms.

“You really did have us worried *quierdo*.” She grinned at Martin, holding him in front of her by his shoulders.

“Hey Nairobi.” He chuckled, as she set him down. He swayed slightly where he stood, but moved to the side when I tried to come to his aid.

“Alright, so, we have pasta, pizza, chicken, steak, broccoli, cupcakes, burgers, bread, wine, juice, water, sandwiches, pota-“

“When did you guys even make all this?” Martin laughed.

“And who lists water as an item on a menu?” I countered, amused to no end by the gang’s feast. Nairobi laughed.

“Come on, Palermo. Let’s get you in a seat.” She lead him to the closest chair, and I stayed close behind, ensuring that he didn’t stumble. “Alright everyone! Food time!” As one, the team rushed to the table, each taking a seat. Nairobi sat on Martin’s other side, next to Helsinki, while I took the chair on his closer side. Nairobi stood up once everyone was seated, excusing herself. She gave me a light slap on the back of my head to signal she wanted to talk to me, and I excused myself after her, giving Martin an apologetic look.

It killed me to be leaving him, alone at the table, especially after everything that had happened.

“What do you want?” I asked, after Nairobi had pushed me into some room off of the hallway.

“How. Dare. You.” She hissed, anger making her terrifying.

“Wha-“

“Don’t you dare say you don’t know what you did!”

“I-“

“How could you do that to Palermo? His arms were covered in scars!”

“I... what are we talking about right now? I thought you were talking about-“

“What. did. You. do.” she growled, her voice dangerously soft.

“I thought you were talking about before...” I cringed slightly, genuinely scared of the she-beast before me.

“That wasn’t acceptable either. He probably heard you when you said that you were excited to never see him again.” she looked at him in disgust, “you’re lucky Palermo loves you. Now answer me. Why. Were. There. scars. And. Cuts. All. Over. His. Arm.” I sighed.

“I can’t tell you everything, but I’ve known Palermo for a long time.” Nairobi scoffed.

"No sh*t."

"10 years." I continued, "When we needed to do the Mint heist, I was under the impression that I would be dying in less than 3 years, of a disease. Helmer’s Myopathy.” I nodded at her, “you remember. Anyway, after the heist the Professor convinced me to undergo some experimental treatment in Hong Kong, which worked." he shook his head, "Back to before. I had been unaware of Palermo’s feelings towards me, unaware of the fact that I had reciprocated them –mainly because I thought I was straight-. The Professor told me that Marti-Palermo was in love with me, and I took it upon myself to break him. Because it scared me. It scared me that the one person I loved just as much as Sergio would see me in my final years, weak and pathetic. So I broke him. I made him hate me so he could move on. But then I couldn’t.”

“That’s why you were going to sacrifice yourself in the Mint?”

“That’s why I *tried* to. But then Palermo’s voice was in my mind, yelling at me to stop being an idiot and live, myopathy be damned.” I paused, “I thought Martin, uh, Palermo would have moved on, so I didn’t go back to him. When Rio got taken I had to go back, and when I did? I realised just how wrong I’d been.” I swallowed heavily, “Palermo had a history of depression; growing up in a religious household with an alcoholic father hadn’t been the best for his mental health.” I looked at her, seeing pity and understanding dawn on her. “I guess

when I left him, I affected him more than I meant to.” I blinked back tears that had welled in my eyes, the thought of Martin, alone and heartbroken hurting more than any wound. I felt a stinging on my cheek and realised that Nairobi had just slapped me. Raising a hand to my cheek, I glared at her.

“For being a dumbass that almost killed the love of his life.” My protests were cut short by a squeezing to my middle. She was hugging me. “For having enough humanity in you to see that yourself.” I reluctantly returned the hug, pulling away as quick as I could’ve.

“I... I just didn’t realise” Nairobi sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“Berlin, I swear to god, take care of Palermo or I **will** find you.” Nairobi gave me a somewhat threatening look before softening her gaze, “and don’t forget to show him you love him.” I nodded mutely, too exhausted to keep up with her. “Come on, let’s get you back to the true love of your life.”

Chapter End Notes

almost done!

thoughts? comments? love? hate?

idc, just throw it at me, im lonely 🙄✌️

Lunch

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

PALERMO

I felt relief wash over me as Andres returned.

Talking to the team was nice and all, but I felt anxious, feeling my pulse quicken at random intervals. I silently sighed as I looked down at my plate.

I had tried to eat as much as possible, but nausea would wash over me every time I tried. I had managed to finish about half the plate before Andres began filling it again. I shot him a sideways glare, hoping that he somehow got the message.

Whether he did or not, I never found out. He placed the plate in front of me with a chaste kiss on my lips.

The table fell into silence and I could feel the team's stares burning holes into me. Meanwhile, Andres continued with his own food, as if nothing had happened. I could feel the colour rise into my cheeks as the silence settled.

"F*cking finally." Nairobi chuckled, breaking the silence, and Tokyo cheered. Helsinki and Denver laughed while Stockholm and the Professor both nodded their agreement.

As the table fell back into the conversation, I looked to Andres. I was surprised to see him openly staring at me, before reminding myself that we were 'together'. God, that's going to take some getting used to, not that I'm complaining. He gave me a small smile, nudging my side affectionately.

"No need to look so shell-shocked, *querido*."

"I didn't think you'd actually do it." I mumbled quietly, embarrassment fading into amusement, "especially not at dinner."

"Lunch" Nairobi corrected, grinning from ear-to-ear at me and then giving Andres a pointed look.

"Lunch?" I looked to her, bemused.

"Lunch." Andres confirmed, his tone leaving no room for argument. I sighed dramatically, rolling my eyes.

"Lunch." I conceded.

Chapter End Notes

So that was my ending to this fic. Hoped you guys liked it. I made it as part of a series so i guess past me is trying to make future me continue the story (we'll see where it goes) 😊

I would love to hear your thoughts about the fic, even if it's to say you didn't like it, I appreciate constructive criticism, but if you did like it, I'd love to know 💕💕💕

Love you all so so so much, stay safe and wear a mask 😊🧡😊

End Notes

Alright, I know this was a short chapter but the next one will be up soon (i promise).

I would genuinely love to hear what you guys think about the fic, or just some general feedback.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!