

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 111

Washington DC, White House. 13/11/2012. 03:55.

William Matthew Hayes was the 44th President of the United States of America, going on his second mandat since he had win the national election to a landslide early this month. Ex republican senator in Texas, he had successfully managed to get the people recognition, passing diverse law in his circonscription that improve the life of his constituent like restricting search and frisk against minorities. Fighting against conservative official to stop bills against LGBT right and reforming municipal law to create job in his district.

Pro-military, he had use his influence in the Senate and Congress to keep open a number of military base in his states, going so far has augmenting their spending. He was also know to be anti immigration, voting on a lot of law to stop them from entering the country. He was targeting especially immigrant coming from South America or Islam pro nations.

With a profile like that, it was not surprising that he was mock by conservative and liberal to be 'Too Democrat to be a Republican and too Republican to be a Democrat.' Even with a significant portion of the officials against him, he had still managed to win the second election, their party getting not even 15% of votes. At fifty two years old today, he was at the top of his power, having won the Nobel Peace prize last year.

Getting out of bed silently to not wake up his wife and putting a bathrobe on, the president exit his bedroom and start making his way to the kitchen on the first floor. He knew that there was a chef that could make him something at every hours of the days and nights but he prefer to let that man sleep as he just wanted to eat something before taking his painkiller drug. Taking painkiller with an empty stomach was never a good idea.

Descending the stairs, a man in a suit was there, inspecting his surrounding.

"Mr President." The man salute.

"Hello Mike."

Walking past the secret service agent William was going to the kitchen when he notice Mike wanting to follow him. Stopping, he made a hand motion that stop Mike in his track.

"I'm just going to the kitchen to eat something and then took my meds. My arthritis is acting up again. No need to follow me, i will be right back."

"At your command Mr President." The secret service agent answer.

"Just one piece of advice. Do not get old." The president said, making the secret service agent chuckle.

"I don't know sir, my wife keep telling me to grow old with her. I think i'm gonna try it."

"Good man." William said before walking away.

Resuming his walk to the kitchen and getting there, he open one of the three fridges there to find something to eat. Finding leftover of a cake, he cut himself a part and start eating. It was a delicious cake but that was not surprising. The white house only hire the best chef and they were proving their worth each day.

Finishing his cake and taking his meds with a glass of water, he put everything in the dishwasher when he heard the door of the kitchen open behind him.

"Mike, i said i wanted to be alone." The president sighed.

"Sorry Mr President but I'm not Mike." An unknown youthful voice answer.

Surprised to hear that and turning around he could see a young man leaning against the doorway casually. Blond haired, around 6 foot tall and looking around eighteen years old. The president was sure they were no dignitaries in the house tonight so he had no idea where that kid was coming from even if his face look familiar.

"I demand to know who are you and how you got here. Now!"

"Let's sit first Mr President, we have a lot to talk about." The youth said, taking sit around one of the table in the kitchen and pointing to the chair on the other side of the table.

"Like hell i will! You have five seconds to tell me what i want to know or I'm going to yell out and then some very angry secret service agent are going to arrest you in the best case, or shoot you outright if you are not." The President order coldly.

"Sir, if you were going to do it, you would have already. Let's just sit and talk like two civilise people. Moreover your arthritis is probably killing you right now by staying up that much."

Staring down at the youth, it did not appear to affect him in any way and he just kept looking at William with a level stare. Sighing, the president decide to sit in another seat than the one the youth designed to make a point.

"Start talking." The President order, once seated.

"I'm Nathaniel Lyndon." The blond youth said.

"Lyndon? Are you maybe related to Robert Lyndon?" He ask with furrowed eyebrow, a hint of recognition in his eyes.

"Yes, it's my grandfather." Nathaniel nodded.

"I know your grandfather young man. He's a decent human being contrary to many of the CEO I know. How did you get here?"

"That's the difficult point. I kind of... sneak into the house." Nathaniel said with a sly smile.

"This is not funny." William said with a solemn expression on his face.

"This is only the truth, you can believe it or not as you wish." He shrugged.

"Boy, we have cops and black ops on the perimeter exterior with dogs and security camera, motion sensor and inside, highly qualified secret service agents. You are saying that you managed to dodge every single one for them to arrive here without raising a single alarm? This is preposterous."

"You are talking about the fifteen cops patrolling near the barrier with 5 K9 dogs, the four sniper on the roof, the two SWAT teams ready to go in the left wing. After that, there is 8 secret service agent on duty tonight including Mike. Without even mentioning the 5 directional infrared camera in the hallways and yes the motions sensors everywhere in the garden. Yes, i did notice."

"How the hell do you know that kind of information? It's classified! And are you fuc\*\*ng stupid? You broke into the White House! You are going to be in jail for the rest of your life!" Shout the President angrily.

"And who would believe you? I mean, who would believe than a sixteen years old manage to broke into one of the most secure building in the world? It would launch a

real debate if you are starting to get senile in the media. And then it lead us to our enemy, if they learn than a kid manage to broke into the White House, what would stop them for trying the same thing?"

Taken aback by this, the President think it over. The kid was right, literally nobody would believe something like that. The only thing that could make it happen if it were to take him alive as proof but he had a hunch that if the kid succeed in entering here, he will managed to get out too.

"Let's just cut to the chase. Why did you do all of this to meet with me? What do you want?"

"Me? Nothing. I came to you because i'm starting a company and a team. Individual with unique skills that could be very useful to you."

"I'm the President of the United States of America. I have the best people and organisation under my command. What can you add to that and why would i be interested?" He ask cynically.

"You know why. Yes you have the best organisation under your command but they are not all loyal to you but to themselves and it is impossible for you to find out which one. That's why you already form a team using secret service agent to have an another source of renseignement on the ground that you could trust. I know it ended badly for them, I'm sorry for that." He finish sadly.

"This is top secret information! How the hell do you know that?" The President shout anxiously.

He had ask his long time friend and chief of the secret service a year ago to assemble of team of the best in their rank to have his own eyes on the ground to have an unbiased perspective. It had achieve some good results at first until a fail assignment in South America wiped the entire team down. As of now, they had still little information on what happened that day and despite all of his ressources, no additional intel had come up.

"This is not the time to tell you. I'm hearing someone coming, probably Mike trying to figure out why you took so much time to eat a piece of cake. Before leaving i will give you a gift. I'm sure you will find the information in there very interesting." Nathaniel said, getting to his feet and dropping a file on the table.

"Wait! That's it? You are just gonna leave?" He ask, puzzled.

"Yes, like that it will let you time to deal with what is on the file and to consider my proposition. I'm a very public person, i'm sure you will find me easily as i have

nothing to hide. Until next time, it was a pleasure to meet with you sir." Nathaniel make an half bow with a smile on his face before exiting by the back door of the kitchen.

It was not long before Mike arrive in the kitchen and notice the pensive mood of the President face.

"Mr President, everything alright?" He ask, concern.

"There was a man here." The President answer pensively, putting a hand on the file.

"What?" The agent ask, taking his gun.

"There is an intruder in the building." He repeat making Mike swore quietly before talking in his earpiece furiously.

Two hours and a half later, the entire building had been swipe clean by secret service agents and SWAT teams but no trace of anyone being here could be found. As if the intruder was a ghost.