

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 126

"Hi guys." Nathaniel said to Jean and Amal who were in the lobby of the tower.

"Sir." They answered respectfully.

"What are you doing in the lobby?" Nathaniel asked curiously.

"The man who asked to see you, he's dangerous sir. He's a killer." Jean said, the two men's eyes were focused on Scott who was sitting in the lobby, waiting.

It was at that moment that Nathaniel realized they were five more security agents than usual in the lobby, all some distance away from Scott but close enough to intervene fast in case of danger. All security agents that were employed by the Lyndon company were ex-cops or ex-FBI and then trained by Jean to make a cohesive force. They were all professionals and it was showing in case like this.

"Oh I know that guys, don't worry about it. I'm going to say Hi, want to come along?"

"It would be preferable, sir." Amal said.

"Alright, follow me then."

Walking in Scott's direction, Jean and Amal took position on each side of him, two steps behind. Noticing people coming in his direction and recognizing Nathaniel, Scott got to his feet. Nathaniel could see that his leg was still a little stiff even if Scott's face showed no sign of pain. It did not surprise him.

"Hello Scott, glad to see you on your feet for a change." Nathaniel smiled.

"Glad to be on my feet also, sir." Scott said before examining both men behind Nathaniel.

"Ah, let me introduce you." Nathaniel said, noticing the exchange of stares between the two groups. "On my right is Jean, ex-legionnaire and on my left is Amal, ex-

Mossad. Both of them are the personal bodyguards of my grandfather, the CEO of the Lyndon label and are in charge of the security here. Guys, this is ex Colonel Scott McCornaig, Delta Force."

Exchanging handshakes, the tension between the three men gradually died down.

"Legionnaires hein?" Scott said with a veteran smile.

"Is there a joke coming up about French military?" Jean asked with a frown.

"Not coming from me. I did some joint mission with Legionnaires in Afghanistan, you guys are tough SOB. Not as trained as UK SAS but you have way more balls and you are much more crazy than them. I once saw a Legionnaire taking a bullet in his shoulder and just laughed it out, keeping his position and shooting on Taliban. That was one of the most funny and creepy things I ever witnessed in combat." Scott said, shaking his head at the memories, a hint of a smile on his lips.

Jean had a good laugh hearing that and even the usually stone-faced Amal broke into a little bit of a smile.

"I will love to show you where we are going to work but this is not ready yet and actually, that is something you could help me with. Anyway, this is a conversation from another time." Nathaniel nodded to himself before turning in Jean's direction. "I hear we have a shooting range in the building. I never had the time to check it out. How about we go there having fun?"

"It would be my pleasure, sir. Follow me." Jean answered, turning around and leading everyone away from the lobby. Recognizing one of the security agents, Nathaniel called out.

"Michael, come along please."

Surprised to be singled out like that, Lina's father hurriedly made his way over to Nathaniel and took position on his left. The walking arrangement was Jean in the lead, Nathaniel following him a step back, Michael and Scott on each side and Amal closing the march behind them.

"So Michael, I hear you are adapting quite well to your new job." Nathaniel said. It was true that he had heard Jean compliment Michael a few times on his work since he had started.

"I like to think so, sir. It's certainly more tame than my old job but more interesting in more ways than one." Michael answered curtly.

"Glad to hear it. Do you maybe have some questions for me about the company that you are curious to know?"

"I have indeed a question and it's concerning you, sir. Of all the Lyndon family, you are the only one who do not have security protection. Even your mother, the prosecutor agreed about having one of our guys to protect her. This does not make any sense for me as in my opinion you are by far the one of the family who are the most at risk. You are a singer and actor well know, you have more than 3 millions follower on twitter and you are the only descendant of the family. All of that could make you a very valuable target especially considering you have no security around you. And to top it off, you are still a teenager."

"Very apt of you to notice this Michael." Nathaniel compliment, nodding his head.

He could notice that Jean and Amal were doing their utmost to not let anything about they thought showing on their body or face. Scott in his case seem to be interested by the conversation but did not appear to want to participate in it. That was making sense since he just got there and wanted to know who knew what exactly before talking to avoid making a mistake.

"Are you a good shot Michael?" Nathaniel ask.

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Surprised by the change of subject, Michael still respond.

"Yes, I'm pretty good. I was the shooting instructor for the Seattle Police for a few years before going back on the street."

Entering the room in question, Nathaniel could see there was already three people in here, busy shooting behind bullet proof glass. On the wall, a lot of weapon were there, ranging from handgun to automatic weapon, all behind protected glass and secured by electronic lock. Nathaniel even heard Scott whistling appreciatively watching the row of weapons on the walls.

"Jean can you please tell your guys to give us the shooting range and start to install the new target I bring the other day at a fifty yard distance? You can tell your guys they can stay here and watch if they want. It would be interesting I believe." Nathaniel smile.

"On it, sir." Jean obey without losing time.

Not long after the three security agents secured their gun on the holster on their hips,

they exit the shooting range and notice the number of people in the armory and realize one of them was important.

"Sir." They said respectfully.

"At ease guys, in this room I'm only Nathaniel with no last name. Sorry to cut short your shooting activity but this will not take long."

Turning to Scott, Nathaniel ask him a question..

"What gun do you want Scott?"