

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 133

"Mister President, we need now more than ever the Saudi Arabia support to resolve the crisis in Yemen, that's why our department forbid any black ops operation to be conducted on their soil. The consequence would be dire for us if it were to happen." The Secretary of State, Carolynn Crown warns.

The US needed the local and political support the Saudi Arabia was providing to operate in Yemen, without it they could not go in as easily and will have to spend billions of dollars to relocate one of their fleet in the Mediterranean. That much spending will never be approved by the congress. And more, the US needs to keep good relations with the Saudis for other reasons than the crisis ongoing in Yemen, Oil as an example.

"Then what? If we can't go in to save Robert Lyndon and we can't pay to get him back, what are we going to do? And just for you to know, nothing is not a viable answer." The President says, making eye contact with each person present in the room.

"Maybe ask the Saudi Arabia government to cooperate with us in bringing down a terrorist organization and get back Robert Lyndon in the process? Trying to be diplomatic about it?" The Secretary of Defense, Matthew Pills proposes.

"Yeah, right." The Secretary of State snorts. "You really believe they are going to recognize that their country harbors terrorists and then accept to make a joint force with us to deal with it? They never did it in the past and they are not going to do it now."

"She's right, they will never go for it even if we bribe every official in the country. Any other ideas?" The President butts in.

Looking at each member of his cabinet in turn waiting for an answer, the President finally sighed.

"Alright, I need every intel that we've got about the 'Crooked Moon' organization and Khalid Rahal's character in the next forty-five minutes." The President orders, looking at his Secretary of Defense and the Director of the NSA.

The two men in question exchange a stare before turning back to the President.

"Can I ask why, sir?" The Secretary of Defense asks prudently.

"Since no one in this room can provide me with a solution, I'm going to find someone who will and before you ask, no. You can't ask who this person is. Just give me the information I ask."

"At your command Mister President." The man answers respectfully, he knew to back down when the situation demanded it.

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At the Lyndon Tower, in a meeting room, around thirty people were waiting for someone, a couple of familiar faces could be found among the people waiting. They were forming little groups, wondering why some of them have been called as they were not even working today. Those clusters of conversations died down when a young blond man entered the room and took position in front of the many men and women in the room.

"Hello, for the ones who don't know me, my name is Nathaniel Lyndon." Nathaniel introduced himself in front of the crowd.

Immediately a few whispers started to echo in the room. Unbeknownst to him, Nathaniel was well known by the security personnel working for the Lyndon label. Since Jean had framed the shooting target of Nathaniel in the shooting range and used it to motivate his people into working harder, Nathaniel had turned into a small urban legend among them. Ignoring the whispers, Nathaniel continued.

"I'm sorry to disturb you from your duties or day of rest but as you thought, something happened. I'm not going to beat around the bush as we are all professionals around here. My grandfather and CEO of the Lyndon Label have been kidnapped two hours ago in Italy. Two of our people are dead and Jean has been shot twice and is in critical condition. Luckily, Amal is okay and pulled through unharmed."

Hearing what happened, an expression of gravity painted itself on the face of everyone present in the room. As their job was to protect the label and the CEO, hearing that

they failed was enough to have a deep impact on each of the people here. More, they all have affection for Jean and learning that he could die was enough to piss each of them equally.

"Do we know who did this, sir?" One of the older man present in the room ask with some anger in his voice.

"Yes we do, they already revendicate the kidnapping and put a ransom for my grandfather release. But this is not your concern, I will deal with it. Starting now, I want a five people team as security around Karine Lyndon, Mary Lyndon and Diane Lyndon at all time. You are Jean second hand I believe?" Nathaniel answer.

"Yes, I am. You believe your entire family is a possible target? If it's the case, you should be on that list as well sir."The man in question say.

"No I don't believe it is but i want to be prudent. Don't worry about me, I can take care of myself. Take Michael Campbell to help you organize thing here with the different team. No more day of rest until the crisis is resolve for any of you."

"That's understandable sir. But if I may, your mothers always have been rather... opposed to our presence in the past and it was with only one security with them, do you believe they will accept five of us now?"

"I already arranged it, they know what is at stakes, they will not oppose you anymore." Nathaniel explained.

"That's good to hear." The man nodded. It was always a pain when your job was to protect someone who did not want to be protected.

"Ah yes, one more thing. This is for everyone in this room. What I just told you is Confidential Information. Do not talk about it with anyone or it will be considered a breach of your contract. I know people could be tempted to trade that information for money but I will pointed out that you can't spend money if you are dead or wishing you were." Nathaniel said with a chilling voice, his blue eyes cold.

Scrutinizing the crowd and making some of them flinch with the chill of his stare, Nathaniel talk again.

"I'll leave you to it. Scott, Lina, follow me." Nathaniel said before exiting the room.