

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 135

"Sir, can I ask you some questions?" Scott questioned.

"Scott, we are on a plane for the next eight hours so I can't just leaved if you start bothering me." Nathaniel answer, his eyes still on the book he was reading. "Ask away but drop the 'sir', we are in a public setting, I don't want to gather unwanted attention."

Nathaniel had successfully found a direct flight to Rome and had pay for two tickets in business class. He was pleasantly surprised once they board that they were only five others people in the business class while the rest of the plane was at full capacity. It was also the reason why Scott was taking the liberty to talk to him as he used a voice that could not carry to the other people sitting here.

"Understood. Can I know what are you skills exactly? Since I will be the team leader and we are going to picked fight on another country, I need to know that kind of information to determine who to assign and where."

"Valid concern. Let's just say that I was highly trained by an ex Seals who was sidetracked by the CIA and used as an assassin in various continent by the agency. I'm the kind of people you can dump naked in the middle of the Amazon rainforest on night time and still find me two days later in Florida drinking an orange juice, the pockets full of dollars. My specialty are infiltration and assassination with basic computer hacking skill." Nathaniel explain, his eyes not leaving his book.

"I see, I saw that kind of people in country we were not supposed to be and they were scary but still, you are so young...For what purpose did he put you through that harsh training exactly?"

"To be honest, he did not planned to. At first, he was just trying to help me... but I ended up incorporating almost all his knowledge."

"Where is he now? I would like to talk to him." Scott asked.

"Dead while on a mission, he was abandoned by the CIA as he knew too much. He blow himself up with a hand grenade to avoid being captured."

"It took some balls to do that." Scott nodded.

"The thing is, he did not even blow himself up because he didn't want to be taken but because he did not know what to do with his life anymore. He could have tried to shoot his way out, he had the skill to do it but in that moment, he had no will to live anymore. His whole life, he fight for his country, bled for it and in the end, got abandoned by it. Without any family left and no family of his own, he had nothing to fight for, lived for anymore." Nathaniel said sadly. He had the memories of Marc inside of him and that particular moment was so sad that he wanted to cry.

"How do you know that?" Scott ask, surprised.

"I just do." Nathaniel answer without forwarding an explanation. "You should sleep Scott, Once we land, we will not sleep much."

"You should too, Nathaniel. Moreover, I don't believe you can learn to speak Italian in our eight hours flight." Scott said, designating the book in Nathaniel's hands.

"You never know until you try." Nathaniel smile cheekily. "Sleep, Scott."

"Yes, sir." Scott said, moving is seat in a sleep position. A few minutes later, he was already sleeping. Soldier and especially highly trained one like Scott were very good to catch sleep when they could.

Leonardo da Vinci-Fiumicino Airport, Rome. 09/12/2012. 08:45.

After passing the security screening, Scott was walking in the direction of the exit of the Airport when he was suddenly stirred away from it by Nathaniel who lead him into a different direction.

"Where are we going, sir?" He asked.

"Private charter section. Lina got me the place where our jet is located while you were asleep. Let's go check it out. I want to make sure everything is in order with the pilot and the member of security Jean always leave here."

They were arrested a couple of time by airport security check in but they passed through it each time easily as Nathaniel had all the proper paperwork attesting it was indeed his family property and so had access to the jet.

They were going to enter in the hangar when Nathaniel heard the distinct sound of someone taking a punch in the gut and he hastily stop Scott from passing the threshold

of the door slightly ajar.

"Trouble." Nathaniel said as an explanation.

Luckily Scott was a professional and just stay here, not making a move or sound, trying to figure out what was going on. Pushing the door slightly to have a better look, taking attention to not make a noise, Nathaniel could see what was going on. Two cop were in front of the jet, facing the two pilots and the member of security. One of them had his gun strain on the two pilot while the other was beating the security guard on the floor.

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Nathaniel make a few hand motions, telling Scott they were two people armed inside. Scott nodded as a confirmation that he understood. Opening the door wider, Nathaniel passed first, Scott following him closely. Nathaniel make a hand motion, saying that he was going to take care of the one with the gun and finish with the move signifying silent execution. Scott frowned slightly seeing that sign but he still nodded and make his way silently in the direction of the cop beating the security guard.

"Where is he? I will not asked again! Start speaking or he will die!" The one with the gun shout in a broken up english.

That's in that moment that one of the pilot make the mistake of looking directly at Nathaniel, surprised. Picking up on the expression, the cop start turning around. He was quite fast but bad luck for him, Nathaniel was way faster. In a burst of power, the distance between him and the cop disappear. With a chop on the hand that was holding the gun, the man spun on the side, surprised of the force being that chop before Nathaniel in a fluid motion had is elbow around the man neck and twisted on the side. With a terrifying crack, the man fall on the ground, lifeless.

Checking on Scott, Nathaniel was satisfied to see the other cop, already dead on the ground, His head turn at an impossible angle. He was already helping the security guard to get up from the floor. The man seem to have passed a difficult time in the hand of the cop but Nathaniel could not see any life threatening injury which was a good news.

"Mis... mister Lyndon?" The pilot stammered, having a difficult time accepting what just happened in front of his eyes.

"No, I'm just Nathaniel. Mister Lyndon is my grandfather. Are you okay?" He asked.

"Euh yes but but... they were cops and you kil... killed them?"

"Dirty cops, they were involved in my grandfather kidnapping, they deserved no mercy." Nathaniel said coldly.

"Your grandfather have been kidnapped?" The other pilot said surprised. "We could not joined him and then the cops arrived. We thought he was arrested at first and then they start torturing Matthew here."

"Yes, I heard what the one with the gun asked. Who they were looking for by the way?" Nathaniel asked.

"Sir, they are looking for Amal."