

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 138

After parting with Valentina, Nathaniel met back with Scott who was acting as his back up. The truth was that Valentina was right, he was indeed a target for the cops and it could be really bad if he were to fall into their hands. He could fight if the circumstances were in his favor but if they were going to arrest him in a public setting, he could not risk endangering innocent civilians. That would never sit right with him. Not mentioning the fact that he would be exposed.

"That's the hottest lawyer I've ever seen." He said in an admiring voice.

"Keep it in your pants Scott, we have work to do." Nathaniel smiles ruefully.

"I wasn't..." He tried to justify himself but Nathaniel did not give him the time to do so.

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"Yeah yeah, keep it for the jury. I'm going to try to call Amal, it's been twelve hours now, he must have turned his phone back on."

Picking up his secure phone, Nathaniel dialed Amal and was glad to hear the line connecting.

"Sir."

"Glad to hear from you Amal. How are you?"

"As well as I can be. I'm being hunted."

"Yes, I heard. The cops put an arrest warrant on you. I'm trying to go after them legally to stop it but it will take some time."

"That's not what I mean. I know about the news outlet with a blurry photo of me on it but this is not my concern. There are three or four officers who are tracking me down. I tried to stay ahead but they are gaining ground. I don't know Italian and not many

people know english here so my options are limited."

"I see. Tell me where you are, we are coming to get you."

Noting the address down, Nathaniel stopped a cab coming nearby and ask to the conductor.

"How long to take us to this address? With a 100 euro bills if you drive like your life depends on it?" Nathaniel asked in Italian.

"Twenty minutes, this is outside of Rome and the traffic is horrible at this hour." He answers.

"Alright, Scott get in." Nathaniel said, making him seat first before closing the door. "Amal, we need at least twenty minutes to get to you, try moving the party in an isolated place and keep me posted of your location with the phone."

"No problem." Nathaniel hears him hesitate on the phone. "What about Jean? How is he doing?"

"The surgery did go well. Now, he has the control of his destiny, he will decide if he lives or not. I have faith he will get through. I hired a security team to keep him safe while he's busy resting."

"That's... that's good sir, thank you. I need to cut off now."

"No problem, just stay alive until I arrive and once I'm there, we will take care of it. STAY ALIVE Amal, this is an order."

"At your orders, sir." Amal said before hanging up.

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Twenty fives minutes later, the cab stopped in front of what looks like an abandoned industrial building. Fours stories tall and with broken window everywhere, it was quite a gruesome view. The driver of the cab watches the building in question turns to Nathaniel.

"Are you sure this is the right address?" he asked, doubtfully. He had seen the clothes that Nathaniel was wearing were top notch in quality and the man beside him was looking like a bodyguard if he ever saw one. That did not make any sense to him why his client wanted to go to a dumb place like that.

"Yes, thank you. We are leaving, here is your money." Nathaniel gave him the price of

the ride more the bill of 100 euros. It was the last address that Amal had send to him by text a few minutes earlier so he was sure it was the right place.

"Sir, if you need a ride while staying here, give me a call." The man said, giving his card to Nathaniel that he accept gladly. That could always be useful.

After saying his goodbye to the cab driver and waiting for him to move out, Nathaniel and Scott start running to the back of the building. Once there, they could see two cars parked there. Putting his hand on the hood of the car closest to him, he could feel it was still warm.

"The car just got there, they could not have gone far. Let's enter." He said, taking the gun that he stole of the cop he killed previously and took the safety off. Scott mirroring his movement. "Let's stay together. Amal said he thought he was being hunted down by three or four people but the car could have taken at least ten people here. Stay in tight formation."

"Got it, sir."

Entering the building by the torn up door, which looked like it was done recently. Amal must have entered by a broken window and the one chasing him choose to break the door. It was showing that they wanted to do this quick and Nathaniel could use that. An enemy pressing for time was more likely to commit mistakes. Looking on the floor, he could see shards of glass everywhere on the ground.

"Mind the piece of broken window on the ground." He says, Scott nodding his understanding.

Sweeping the first floor and finding it empty of people, Nathaniel and Scott could still see fresh footprints on the dust, making it clear that people walked here not to long ago. Unluckily, the dust was not thick enough to help him guess how many people walked there exactly. Going a floor up, they again start going room to room until Nathaniel stopped Scott on the hallway and put a knee on the ground. What they were doing albeit safe was taking too long and with Amal life on the line, Nathaniel could not put it off any longer.

Closing his eyes and keeping his breathing steady, Nathaniel expanded his senses outward scanning everything in his range. Opening his eyes a few seconds later, Nathaniel get back to his feet.

"They are on the fourth floor, we need to hurry!" He shout, starting to run in the direction of the staircase.

"Wait! What? How the hell do you know..." Scott asked, doing everything that he

could to not let himself distanced by his boss.

"Not now Scott!" Nathaniel shouted running on the stairs.

Once they arrived on the fourth floor, Nathaniel took a second to calm his breath.

"Scott, there are five in the eastern room, in addition to Amal. We are going in but we need to take some alive this time. Got it?"

Scott nodded, breathing heavily. Nathaniel was faster than he thought and he had to sprint to stay behind him.

Walking stealthily to the room in question, the door was closed but they could hear people yelling in Italian inside it. Taking position on each side of the door, the two looked at each other and nodded before Nathaniel kicked the door open. Entering the room, Nathaniel went left and Scottright, they sprang into action.

Nathaniel put a bullet through the man on the far side of the room as he was straining his gun on him. He slumped on the floor, a bullet between his eyes. Nathaniel did not lose time and jumped on the man closest to him, slapping him on the side of his head with the butt of his gun and watches him also going down. On Scotts side, Scott had put a bullet through a mans chest and another one in a man's knee. The only person left standing was the man who was yelling at Amal in Italian.

Seeing that he did not have a gun in his hand but that he was lounging for it, Nathaniel put a knee in the man guts and then followed up with a headbutt, dropping him on the floor. Once they were the only ones standing, Nathaniel turned to Amal who was showing signs of being beat up but nothing major.

"Happy to see me?" He asked with a smile.