

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 139

Not waiting for an answer, Nathaniel knelt behind the chair of Amal and start untying the rope around him. Luckily they had managed to get to him before he could receive much of a beating.

"Are you alright?" Nathaniel asked once Amal was on his feet.

"Yeah, I'm good. You came before they could put the interrogation a notch higher." He said, trying to restore the blood flow on his hands, they had tied his hands extremely tight.

"What did they want?"

"If I talked to anyone about what happened and their involvement to your grandfather's kidnapping. They were going to kill me the second they got that information out of me so I was not feeling very cooperative." He said dryly.

"I bet. Ok boys, let's bring two more chairs and more rope. It's time to turn things around. Leave the two dead bodies here, that could motivate them to tell us the truth. Think about putting a tourniquet on the leg of the one you shot in the knee Scott, I don't want him to die before he gives me everything I need."

"Yes, sir." Scott obeys, taking off his own belt to stop the bleeding.

It was a little later that the three still alive cops were tied to a chair, two of them got forcefully awoken from when they were knocked-out.. Nathaniel was sitting in an another chair, the one the least dirty and broken down they could find in the building. Amal was posted behind him and Scott behind the three Italian cops. Each a gun in his hand. Amal had helped himself to a handgun, a Beretta 92fs, the same one that Nathaniel and Scott have. Not the best gun out there but no doubt one of the more reliable ones.

"Which one of you has a knife?" Nathaniel asked Scott and Amal.

The two men as an answer drew a knife, handle first from their person. The one that Amal drew looked like a kitchen knife, he must have stolen it from someplace while he was running away. What was not expected that Scott drew a tactical knife with a fifteen centimeter serrated blade.

"How the hell did you pass airport security with that?" Nathaniel asked, surprised.

"You are not the only one with skills, sir." He answers respectfully but with a smirk on his face.

"Fair enough." He smiles, taking the knife that Amal was holding out to him.

The serrated blade was a little too specific for his taste and could leave evidence he would rather not leave. The kitchen blade on the other hand was very generic and not the thing you would want to track down as you could find them in million of household in the country. That was perfect for his purpose. Looking at each Italian men in turn, Nathaniel started speaking.

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"Do you know anatomy guys?" He asked in Italian.

"Yes, I know that, especially when I'm fu**ing your bitch of a moth...." The one who seemed to be the leader start to speak when he was stopped by a knife that lodged itself beneath his mouth and into his brain, killing him instantly. Seeing their comrade die like that in front of them, the two corrupted Italian cops started yelling, terrified.

"Sorry guys but since I arrived in this country, I keep meeting corrupt cops beating my people so I don't have much of a mind to laugh. Let me repeat my question, do you know anatomy?" Nathaniel questioned, cleaning the knife on the dead man before making it twirl between his fingers.

Mesmerized by the twirling knife and to scared to answer of fear to become like their dead camarade, the two simply nodded.

"I always liked learning about anatomy, it's so passionating to know about our own body. Did you know there's more than two hundred bones in the human body? And five major tendon? Interesting isn't it? Now, I'm going to ask you some questions, answer them truthfully and everything will be alright. Refusing to answer or lying to me will make me break your bones one by one. I will advise you to talk." Nathaniel said with a cold voice.

"For who are you working for?" Nathaniel asked after leaving a little time to the both

of them to understand their situation.

Looking at the two of them for an answer, Nathaniel counted to five and when nobody talked, his hand moved so fast that they did not even see what he did but the cop on the right started screaming. Nathaniel had cut one finger of the more stubborn of the two seeing the expression in their eyes.

"One." said Nathaniel. Even Amal and Scott were starting to get creeped out by Nathaniel at this time. They knew the Lyndons were ruthless when you were hurting their family but he had just killed a man and cut a finger like it was not even worth his attention. That was not normal.

"Your turn, start talking." Nathaniel turned to the one on the left, leaving the other whimpering, his face as white as a sheet.

"Matteo Pirlini! Don't hurt me please!" He cowered.

"Ah good, now we are going somewhere. Everything depends on you, talk and I will not make you suffer. Who is he?"

"He's the head of the Rome Police! He's our boss!"

"Why did you collaborate with a terrorist organization to kidnap my grandfather?" Nathaniel questioned.

"They pay us a lot of money to turn a blind eye on the whole event. It was after we realize they did not killed everyone of your people so we needed to killed them before they could testify against us!"

"Shut up! You don't realize that ..." The one on the right cut off abruptly when the knife in Nathaniel hand moved swiftly and one of the man ear fall on the ground and he start yelling in pain again.

"Do you know this is impolite to interrupt a conversation between gentleman?" Nathaniel frowned, that was at this moment that a nauseating smell catch his nose and he realized the one on the left had pee on himself.

"Give me the names of everyone who is in your little band and do it now or I'm going to cut off your balls, one at a time." Nathaniel threaten, his eyes cold.

The man hurriedly start giving a dozen of names and then people he thought were corrupt but was not entirely sure. That list was huge and many of them were not officer but sergeant and lieutenant. People high up in the departement and not easily accessible to civilian. Luckily he was not a civilian.

"That's it?" Nathaniel asked once they were no name left to write down.

"Yes! I swear on my life this is all. Can you let me go now, please?" He begged.

"Sorry but it was never in the equation. I told you you will not suffer if you talk and so you won't but this is the end of the road for you." Nathaniel said, getting to his feet.

"No! Please no! Let me live, I begged you, please..." His voice died down when a knife enter one of his eyes, killing him.

Making short work, he also killed the last man tied up and look at his people.

"We got everything we needed, let's get rid of the body and go back to Rome. We still have work to do. I also want to go see Jean in the hospital. You take the bodies down, I'm going to watch our surrounding in case of other people showing up."

"Yes, sir." The two were bitter, having to clean the mess their boss created.

"What? Do you have any idea how much the clothes I wear cost? Not a change that would stain them with blood." Nathaniel smile.

Looking attentively at their boss, they realize indeed he had not even a drop of blood on himself! He had cut off body parts and manage to not even stain his clothes. That was unbelievable.

"Come on guys, let's go. We don't have much time!" Nathaniel order, getting serious again, Scott and Amal starting to pick people up.