

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 140

Rome. 09/12/2012. 23:45.

It was a long while later when Amal, Nathaniel and Scott finally came back to their hotel, tired. They had spent the whole day hunting dirty cops, interrogating them and killing them. It was an extremely gruesome task and upon arriving to his room, Nathaniel just wanted a long, hot shower. He was not physically tired but more like mentally and emotionally exhausted.

Even if he had shut down his emotions while doing the 'interrogation', He knew that he could only go so long before risking a breakdown. Considering the fact that he had the memories of two people inside his brain, he knew that his mental health was paramount to his survival and he could not slack off on that front. He was virtually the wet dream of every psy.

Taking his clothes off, Nathaniel slumped in the shower, using the hot water to wash the sweat and the tiredness off him. Clutching his knee, he let all the emotion that he held back from the moment he learn that his grandfather was kidnapped until now wash over him. Marc was a stone cold killer but Nathaniel was not and in no time, he was crying and shivering under the water.

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He knew deep down that the people he questioned and killed were bad people but still, they had family, loved ones and he ended their life. He had caused and would cause heartache to innocent people and he will have to live with that. He has been ruthless because the situation demand it but he was not like that, not really.

It was a long while before Nathaniel managed to leave the shower with red eyes and still lingering feelings of sadness in him but overall, he was feeling lighter and better. Putting on briefs, he sat on the couch of his hotel room and started looking through every piece of evidence that he found today. Karine had picked his hotel room personally and had chosen wisely what her son wanted. His room had a bathroom, bedroom and a living room where he had the place to work and receive a few people but no more than that. It was perfect for Nathaniel needs.

Hearing someone knock on the door, Nathaniel got to his feet not bothering to put a

shirt on as he thought it was Scott or Amal who were bunking together two floors down. Opening the door, Nathaniel realized he was wrong, it was none of his people, it was Valentina Lombardi. He seemed surprised to see her there as she was walking on him shirtless.

"Whoaaa." The women said admiratively, looking at his well defined muscles and chest, seemingly mesmerised.

"Miss Lombardi, my eyes are a little higher than that I believe." Nathaniel said with humor, making a hand motion in the direction of his head. That seemed to snap her out of it.

"Oh sorry, I tried to contact you over the phone but it was going through voicemail each time. We need to talk, this is important." She said seriously, her cheeks still a little red.

"Alright, come on in." Nathaniel said, moving to the side to let her walk in.

She had changed her outfit and was now wearing a knee length blue skirt with a white top and heels that were showing her form even more than her austere dress of this morning. Contrary to this morning, she was also wearing less makeup and her hair was not tied anymore and were flowing unbothered which Nathaniel found quite endearing.

"Please, sit on the couch, let me put something on. You caught me while I was just getting out of the shower." He said, ducking to his room.

Putting on a shirt and one of his pants he was using for running, not bothering to put on socks, he came back to the living room and found his lawyer on the couch, looking through the files with a bewildered expression on her face. Seeing him come back, dressed, she did not lose any more time before questioning him.

"How did you find that much information!? I investigated our corrupt police force for the last eight years and I never found more than a tenth of that!" She shouted.

"Non legal mean and let's leave it at that." Nathaniel answered, taking place beside her on the couch and keeping eye contact with her.

"That mean I can't use any of that." She said sadly, putting one of the file down on the coffee table.

"Yes, I'm afraid so but it can give you lead to track and dig up legit document you can use in court. Information is still information and will always be helpful. So, why did

you want to see me?"

"Ah yes, a lot of things happened today. A war is brewing between the Cosa Nostra, the mafia in Italy and the Police. A lot of officers and even people high up in the Police department have been found dead near the territory of the Cosa Nostra. You need to stay put or you could risk being caught in the crossfire. The Police is arresting everyone even remotely connected to the Cosa Nostra as we speak. You should avoid to go out in the meantime, if people were to know you are here, it could be bad for a lot of reason."

Nathaniel knew about this of course, as he was the one who had the idea to dump the body near the Casa Nostra territory to make a false trail that did not implicate him. He knew it was not perfect but it was the most he could do with the little time he had on hand.

"Oh, worried about me again? So cute." He smiles again.

"Stop goofing around! I'm serious."

"Ok, ok. I will be prudent, alright? Now, want to help me through these files? My investigation lead me to believe it is the head of the Police, Matteo Pirlini, is the boss of the corrupt cops. I need to find more evidence against him before I move against him."

"Wait! What? You think he's the one who leads them? This is crazy! He always voices his support to end the corruption in the department! I even talked to him a couple of times and he always was cooperative when I was digging against the Police, going so far as looking the other way when I was using not legal means. You are making a mistake here!"

"I told you only what I learned, now I'm trying to find evidence to confirm those rumors but if I were the leader of a bunch of corrupt cops, I would try to make a friendship with the best lawyer that is trying to bring me down. Even if I have to give up a couple of my people in the process, I could control the person in question to be able to move freely. Just look at it objectively."

Pausing for a second, Valentina was doing just that and realized what he says makes sense.

"Even if what you said makes sense, it doesn't mean it's the truth!" She said, stubbornly.

"Only on way to find out, let's find real hard evidence in there." Nathaniel says, designating the huge pile of files on the coffee table.

"Yes, let's." She answers, still feeling stubborn, picking one of the file up and starts reading it.

Nathaniel did not say anything after that as it would not have achieve much except making her even more stubborn. She needed to make her own conclusions to accept it. Taking the files that he was looking at before she interrupted him, they started working without exchanging no more than a few words. Her, trying to exonerate the man and Nathaniel searching for proof against him.

It was one and half hour later that Valentina starts to shout curses and hitting one of the pillows near her.

"That huge fu\*\*ing bastard! All this time he used me!" She shouted angrily.

"Sorry." Nathaniel smiled with compassion, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"Don't be! He will be the one who is sorry, I'm going to nail him to a wall!" She said, seethingly.

"Wow wow! Easy there. I will take care of it. It's best if you do not involve yourself in it anymore."

"What do you mean? You are only a teenager and you are not even from here! It's my job to take him down, you are the one who needs to back down!"

"Valentina." He starts, using her first name for the first time. "How do you think I acquired all of that?" Nathaniel asked, showing the pile of documents.

"You have money, I thought you bribed people and employed private detective to help you."

"No, I told you I was going to hunt and I did. None of the name of this files sound familiar to you?"

Frowning, she picked the files again and start reading the names and found out that yes, these were familiar. In fact, she read them not too long ago on TV.

"Wait! All these people were killed today by the Cosa... it was not the Cosa Nostra, was it?" She realized, looking at him.

"I'm afraid not. You know when you cooperate with a terrorist organization who make IED's to bomb soldiers and innocent civilians, you become a terrorist by association. I did what I had to do to find out where my grandfather is located. I do not have a big

family to start with, I can't risk losing one of them." Nathaniel said, looking at her intently.

"But you can't do that! There is a proper way to do things in this country! We could have arrested these cops, interrogate them and have justice! What you did is the work of a vigilante! I can't be associated to that!" She shouted, getting to her feet.

"And how long that would have take? How long before you would have realize that the head of the Police is the leader of that network? My grandfather has one day and a half left before his kidnapper are supposed to receive the money that I will not give to them. After that, they will torture him and kill him. Kill him Valentina! What will you do if you were in my position? what will you do if it was your own father that was taken or any member of you family?" He shouted back following her.

"That's not the question and this is not about me!"

"I'm making it about you! Now answer the question! What will you do if the situation were reversed?" He yelled.

"I don't know okay! I don't know! I'm not cutfor that kind of situation!" She yells back.

"This is the difference between us." Nathaniel said, his voice calm again. "I am. I will do anything to keep my people and my family safe, anything. If you can't handle that, you can leave right now, I will pay you for your time and this would be it. Or you can keep working for me and help me making thing right. This is your choice."

"I can't stay here. I need to leave." She said, taking her purse and leaving the hotel room, Nathaniel not making a move to stop her. She needed to make her own choice and he had already told her everything he wanted to say, the rest was on her.