

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 141

Rome. 10/12/2012. 03:20.

Squatting on one of the pillars making the fence around the villa, Nathaniel was attentively looking at his surroundings. Wearing black pants and a black hoodie, he was barely visible in the dark. There was an unexplainable calmness inside him when he was surrounded by darkness like that, almost as the shadow was an old friend, welcoming him back with warmness.

Looking downward at the two German shepherds asleep on the ground show that the sleeping pills he put in the food he gave them earlier was effective. Jumping down from the pillar and rolling to attenuate the steep fall, he made sure the two dogs were sleeping peacefully, passing his hands in their fur. He always liked dogs but he couldn't have one because of his mother's allergies to them.

Running low to the ground, he quickly approached the back of the house. Not bothering to try picking the lock as it was linked to a security alarm, Nathaniel started climbing the face of the house. The security alarm was not really a problem as he had the means to bypass it but it was the kind of things that leave a numeric trace and he wanted what was going to happen here tonight passing as anything but a murder even if anybody with a brain would find it weird if the head of the police were to drop dead the next day right after many cops were also found dead on the street.

Minding the beautiful sculpture on his climb to not damage them, Nathaniel could not help but shake his head. The villa was a 250 square miles property located in a rich neighborhood in the middle of Rome and nobody never asked how a public servant with a not impressive salary could afford it. Schooling his mind back on the topic, he jumped to the side, catching the edge of the roof and hissing himself on it.

Smiling, he starts taking off tiles on the edge of the roof, working efficiently and quietly. Security alarms were put on the door and perfected systems like the one the head of the police used had every window on the circuits, if one were to be opened it would triggered the alarm immediately. What people always forget was that there was a simpler entry then that and it was the roof. Granted, you had to get on it first and then enter without waking every living soul in the house but after that, you had nothing to worry about. Moreover, the rooftop was not where people were looking when walking on the street for obvious reasons.

Once he made a big enough hole in the roof, Nathaniel slipped inside and found himself in the attic. Walking with light steps to not make any noise, he quickly found the access trap, opening it and letting himself land on the floor with a little thud. Pausing long enough to make sure there was no movement in the villa, Nathaniel nodded, satisfied. Directing himself to the master bedroom, the door was already open and despite the darkness, Nathaniel could see his target.

He wasn't alone of course and in the bed beside him was a very attractive twenty-something years old brunette. There was something we had to say about fifty years old men's attraction to women being younger than half their age. Nathaniel had investigated him and found out he was blowing most of his illegal money on women, the brunette one in his bed right now and another one who just got eighteen years old which was even more NOT okay.

Taking out a syringe from his pockets with a clear solution inside it, Nathaniel pricks the sleeping girl behind the knee, making his utmost to not take a peek at her asset. Once injected with the sleeping agent, Nathaniel took her in his arm and put her on the chair in the room, taking a vest belonging to the head of the police to cover her privates. He had now five hours worth of time where she would not wake up no matter what.

Focusing his attention on the man in the bed, Nathaniel searched around the bed; not finding anything. Lifting his pillow lightly, Nathaniel shakes his head again. How cliché it was to hide a gun there. Taking it without waking him, he starts moving away every furniture close to the bed as he did not want to take an unnecessary risk. After the day they had yesterday and considering Scott was jetlagged and Amal had passed the day before on the run, he let them sleep as they needed it and go alone.

Once satisfied, Nathaniel pinches the nose of the man sleeping and then waited. He did not have to wait long before the man woke up abruptly feeling himself suffocate and thrashed in his bed.

"Oh sorry Matteo, did I wake you up?" Nathaniel said with a fake apologetic voice.

Realizing there was someone in his bedroom and shocking himself from the haze of sleep, the man hands drove beneath his pillow.

"Looking for that?" Nathaniel asks, showing the gun in his hand. "Sorry, I took it away. You were a bad boy, consider yourself punished."

"Who the fu** are you? Do you know who I am?" He shouts, angrily.

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"Yes, I know who you are. People with my kind of skill do not knock on the wrong door when they visit someone in the middle of the night you know."

"I don't fu**ing care! I will kill your entire family for this!" He yells again.

"Well, talking about family, Robert Lyndon is my grandfather, you know, the man that the terrorist organization you cooperate with kidnapped on your watch," Nathaniel said, his eyes turning cold.

"Haha! You the grandson of that fucker? Ah ah! You will never get him alive!" The man mocked.

That mocking sound cut off when Nathaniel took one of the man's fingers and started twisting it, making it bend at an unnatural angle making the man moan in pain.

"That was not very nice of you to say. I wanted this conversation to go with much more civility. I was going to ask questions and you were going to answer them. Now, it seems you do not feel very cooperating so..." He let his voice trail, twisting the finger with a sharp movement, turning it from his socket.

Nathaniel used his hand to muffle the scream he let out. At this point, he was so tired from torturing people that he did not lose time and cupped the man's balls through the cover and start squeezing. That gathers his attention and the man looked at Nathaniel with a terrified expression on his face.

"Please no! Not that! I will tell you everything you want!" He begged.

"I want everything you know about the man you talked with, and who approached you to cooperate in the kidnapping of Robert Lyndon. Lie to me, and you are going to lose one ball. Resist, and I will make you eat them. Are we clear?" He asked, icily.

"Yes! Yes! I will tell you everything you want! Please, let go of... me."

"Start talking." Squeezing a little, making his face turn pale.

Half an hour later, Nathaniel was exiting the villa the same way that he arrived. He had put the sleeping girl back in the bed with the now lifeless body of Matteo Pirlini and clean every evidence that someone enter the house. Looking at his watch, the time was ticking for his grandfather, and he had still a lot of work to be done before attempting to save him.

He knew now that the team in question had left Italy by boat and then took a plane in Corsica in the direction of Saudi Arabia. That means his grandfather was over there now and if his intuition was correct, that this is where the man is going to ask for his money to be brought up. Looking at the sky, he hoped he was okay and that everything was alright for him. He also hopes that everything was going well with the company and his grandmother and mother were dealing with the situation. He will call them later. He was feeling tired but knew sleep was out of the question for now. There was still much to be done.