

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 146

Saudi Arabia, Riyadh. 11/12/2012. 10:00.

Walking out of the arrivals terminal of the airport, a young blond man could be seen with a yellow suitcase in his hands. Among the crowd of dark/brown hair and arabic looking people walking here, this young occidental was gathering a fair amount of attention and yet no cops or airport security stop even once to control him or the suitcase. It seems that whatever Khalid Rahal had done, it was effective.

Walking in the direction of the exit with a carefree gait, Nathaniel could sense someone was following him and two others post near the exit were examining him with a little too much attention to be normal. He just kept walking, looking like he was oblivious to everything happening around him. It was paramount that these people look down on him for the next step.

So far, everything happened like he had planned it would with Amal and Scott yesterday. They had managed to get the security guard sent by Jean second in command right after he passed security check and made the swap here. After that, Amal and the man called Jordan leave using service corridor while Nathaniel took the man's place and suitcase.

Nathaniel was passing the door of the exit when the two men by the door got in his way and stopped him.

"Lyndon people?" The biggest of the two asked with an atrocious English accent.

"Yes." Nathaniel answered simply.

"Come with us and do not make a fuss." He said, the one guy who was following him earlier putting a hand on his shoulder and leading him away.

A car park in front of the exit while they walk out and the three people ushered Nathaniel inside, one taking position in the front passenger seat and the two others on each side of him., curiously they let him keep the suitcase without making a move for it knowing what was inside or more like thinking they knew what was inside.

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The car then start to speed away from the airport and start to dash into multiple back alley as if they had practiced the moove a thousand times to avoid being tail. Making a clueless face, he asked.

"Why are you driving so fast? We are going to have an accident if you continue like this!" He shout worriedly.

"Shut up kid!" The man who talk previously said in contempt and then add something in arabic that made the others people in the car laugh mockingly. Nathaniel did not know what he said but he could easily guess that he was insulted. He let it slide and continue looking at the road with a fearful expression, his hands lock around the suitcase as thought it was a life buoy.

Past the fake stupor on his face, Nathaniel could see that they were going away from downtown in the direction of the outskirt of the city. Nathaniel was okay with that as an isolated place mean more freedom to do what they wanted. Ten minutes of furious drive later the car finally stopped in front of a two stories warehouse.

His escort start to get off of the car and Nathaniel was asked firmly to follow them. Escorted to the door, Nathaniel spot three man with machine gun on the roof of the building plus one more by the back door where Nathaniel was going with his escort. Entering the warehouse, Nathaniel could see one more people with a handgun by the door. Walking past him, Nathaniel was lead to the only office in the building.

Knocking once at the door, the only one who Nathaniel talk to wait until the man inside said something in arabic and then open the door. Nathaniel had of course see the picture of Khalid Rahal in the file he was given by Tobias but it was the first time seeing him in the flesh.

Black, short hair and around 5'8", he had a vicious looking face and a thin scar running from his left eye to his cheek. His file said he was 44 years old but he was looking older sign that he had a hard life which was not surprising considering he live on the street until fifteen years old when he start killing tourist coming in Saudi Arabia and taking their belongings.

Nathaniel was not the only one looking attentively at the other as the man was wearing a frown as he look attentively at Nathaniel face, convince he had seen him before. He took him a full minute before he remember where he had seen this face and an expression of surprise paint itself on his face follow by raucous laughter.

"I was expecting the usual forty something negotiator that you people seem to like

sending to their death but lo and behold we have a celebrity here. The own grandson of the man I hold captive here." He said, smirking. He then add something in arabic and the other people in the room start to laugh. Nathaniel realize that from the four mens who took him here, the biggest was beside Khalid while the three others were behind him, preventing him from leaving the office.

"I wanted to make sure everything was going to be okay and sometimes it's better to do the job yourself if you want it done well." He said politely.

"Ah ah!" He laughed menacingly. "I don't know if you are stupid or if you have gigantic balls but you being there, it's crazy. You know when I done my research to prepare the kidnapping of your grandfather I read many article praising your intelligence, it's a pity seeing that was all bullshit." He shake his head with greed in his eyes. Nathaniel could almost see the wheels spinning in his head.

"Whatever, I bring the money." Nathaniel said seemingly unbothered by what Khalid said, putting the suitcase on the desk.

Laughing again, Khalid made a move to open the suitcase until he realize that it was protected by a four number password. Frowning, he look at Nathaniel.

"What is the code?"

"I will give you the code when I will see that my grandfather is alright." Nathaniel said.

Khalid was going to rebuked that pretentious kid for talking back to him in his own place when he realize he did not matter. He was already planning to keep the kid and then ask eighty million for their release. That stupid kid just made him a rich man with his reckless actions, humoring him a little longer to get that code did not cost him anything. Ordering his right hand beside him to get the old man, Khalid answer.

"You are going to see your grandfather right now." Khalid smirk, the moment he get that code he will made that arrogant kid pay.

It did not take long until the man came back to the office, almost carrying Robert Lyndon into the room and drop him on a chair. Nathaniel could see that his grandfather was ragged, exhausted and tied down with rope but did not appear to have any injury sustained from a beating. He also realized that he was quite smelly, the people here not offering him the basic necessity it seems. Nathaniel could feel a blinding white rage seeing his grandfather in this state and he took everything that he got to control himself. It was not the time to kill everyone here but soon, soon, he told himself.

Seeing his grandson here, Robert thought he was hallucinating because of the lack of

sleep until he pinch himself. Realizing he was awake and that was really happening, he start yelling.

"Are you a fu**ing moron? What the hell are you doing here? Now, none of us is going to go home! What did I do to have such a stupid grandson!"

"Well, glad that I did eighteen hours in a cramped airplane to hear that." Nathaniel said bitterly at which Khalid start laughing.

"Blood cannot be denied. I'm not surprise you made the mistakes to come here, we will do everything to make sure our family is alright." Khalid said, making Nathaniel smile brightly. Looking at that smile, Khalid start feeling uneasy as if he had missed something important until now.

"I'm glad that you think that Khalid. You know, I have a surprised for you. Can I take a picture in my pocket without getting shot?" Nathaniel asked.

Looking suspiciously at Nathaniel for a second, the man nodded slowly saying something short in arabic. Seeing that he was not going to get shot, he took a folded picture in his right pocket with two fingers and with slow movement put it on the desk. Lifting an eyebrow, Khalid took the picture and open it. Seeing what was on the picture, his face drained of blood instantly and he turn pale as a ghost.