

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 147

"This... this... they..." Khalid stutter having trouble forming a sentence with his voice quivering.

"This is your entire family, yes. Your uncle, neview, father, wife and your two sons, and yes, they are wearing the same suicide vest that you are making. Thanks for having some on the side, it was really helpful." Nathaniel said with an emotionless voice.

"Please, don't do any harm to them, they are innocent!" He shout.

"Like hell they are, I made some investigation and the whole lot is as rotten as you are." He answers coldly.

"No, listen please. Let's make a trade, I will give you your grandfather and your money back and you just let my family go! What do you think?"

"No, this is too late for that. I will give you one and only chance. Take the gun you have in your back and put a bullet through your head and they will get to live. Otherwise, you will all die." Nathaniel said icily.

"WHAT? How is that even a deal? You... You are a lunatic!" He shout angrily.

"That's my final offer, take it or leave it, one way or the other, you will not leave this building alive."

"Yeah we will see about that! Do I need to remind you you are all alone and this building is crawling with my mens? I'm going to torture you until you tell me where they are, after that I will torture and kill your grandfather in front of your eyes and after I cut each of your fingers, I will give you a horrific death!" He yell.

"So you choose, so be it. Guys, you have a go." He said, shaking his head.

The last part made Khalid and Robert frown until Khalid understood and an expression of alarm fill his face. Nathaniel then focus his attention on the right hand of Khalid, seeing the situation unfolding with a lost face.

Nathaniel had test the people who was around him now in english and beside the right hand man, the other did not know anything about english. The right hand had basic knowledge, that's why for the couple minutes, he had used a slightly slurred accent to make difficult for him to be understood and his boss yelling had not help him either understanding what was going on either.

Locking eyes with the mountain of a man, Nathaniel said slowly and clearly.

"You really should have search me before letting me in."

The man finally understanding what was going on shout in alarm but it was abruptly cut off when a small throwing knife lodge itself in his throat. At the same time, the backdoor of the warehouse swung open and the man beside it was shot down. Nathaniel using the noise as a distraction, turn to the three others people who were fumbling to get their gun from their body. They never had the chance to do it.

Using the only throwing knife left, he jump on the closest man from him and slash his throat wide open, a fountain of blood bursting from the large cut as he fall on the floor, clutching his throat. In the same fluid motion, his knife left his hand and lodge itself in the hand of the terrorist who just got his gun and was aiming it at Nathaniel. Dashing in the direction of the left member on his escort who was not injured, Nathaniel knee him in the groin and follow with two quick jab on the side of the head.

Taking the gun from the terrorist, he quickly put a bullet in the head of the terrorist who was getting to his feet with his knife still lodge in his hand and taking his gun in the other. Following that, he thoroughly put a bullet in the head of each terrorist, even the one with the throwing knife in his throat who was still moving weakly on the floor.

Looking at Khalid who wore a terrified expression on his face, Nathaniel shook his head.

"You should had known better than trying to hurt my family." He said, putting two bullets in Khalid forehead, killing him instantly.

"Sir! Sir! Are you alright?" The voice of Scott echo in the empty warehouse.

"Yes Scott, I'm good. Situation of the men on the roof?"

"All dead, sir." Scott said, straining his gun and searching if they were more terrorist alive.

"Amal, please free my grandfather hands and help him walk out." Nathaniel order, Robert being out of it with a lost expression. What he had just seen his grandson doing

and the lack of sleep was impending him greatly.

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"Yes sir." Amal said obediently, taking his knife and cutting the rope.

"Scott, you are with me." Nathaniel said, picking the bag that Scott had bring and moving into the warehouse. "I want us out of that warehouse in sixty seconds!"

"Yes sir."

Forty seconds later, they were hurrying out of the warehouse, Amal having to lift Robert up as he was too tired to even walk. Getting into the car that Amal and Scott had used to trail him earlier; Amal got behind the wheel while Scott took care of Robert in the back seat. Driving swiftly but not so fast as it would attract attention, Amal lead them to the airport.

They had made sure that the jet was fuel up and has the authorization to leave the airport so they did not have to wait. That's why upon getting into the Lyndon jet, the pilot steer the plane in the airstrip assign to them and took off. Meanwhile, Robert Lyndon was being seated in the most comfortable couch and was being looked at by the doctor that Nathaniel hired in Italy and had bring over for that purpose.

Taking a random seat near the window, Nathaniel was glad that everything had gone according to plan. Looking by the window, he could see two column of smoke coming from downtown and the outskirt of the city. Exhausted, his eyes closed on their own and oblivion took him.