

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 151

Italy, Ladispoli. 12/12/2012. 18:00.

Ladispoli was a little coastal town an hour away drive from Rome. With a population a little higher than forty five thousand people, it was a pretty calm town mostly inhabited outside of summer time. Piero Manaty was knowing this little town very well as it was where he was born and still today his grandparents were still living here even if they were not in contact anymore.

Having taken residence in one of the crappiest hotel in the city, Piero did not have a great view by the window as it was blocked by another building. Situated at the seventh floor of the hotel, Piero's room consists of an old bedroom with sheets that were white at one point in time but now were looking more brown than anything. There was also a tiny bathroom and an old kitchen who did not look like it was clean since a decade ago.

He had money of course, his dealing with the Crooked Moon and the corrupt cops made him a lot of money over the years, not even mentioning the contract that he had signed as an assistant for the Italian economic adviser and could divulge in exchange for money. Right now he had a bag of around two hundred thousand euros near his bed. It was enough money to buy a way nicer place than here but he knew that he needed to go underground for the heat to die down and that crappy hotel with no internet was the perfect place for that.

For the previous four hours the event that took place the last two days were turning inside of his head, trying to figure out what the hell exactly happened. Learning of the meeting between his boss and the CEO of the Lyndon label, he had communicated that information to Khalid and then shared the contact of one of his associates who was the boss of the Rome Police.

The kidnapping happened like it was planned to even if the security details of the Lyndon guy were more effective than expected and a couple of officers died as a result. And then everything started to go to shit. More cops belonging to his friend's organization in the Police were found dead over the next day, like someone was hunting them one by one. After that his friend was found dead in his bed from a heart attack based on the coroner's result but Piero knew it was bullshit, the timing was too suspicious to be anything other than a murder.

And then this morning he had watch the news and learn about the two explosions that shook the city of Riyadh in Saudi Arabia. Trying to call his contact, no one was responding anymore so he decided it was time for him to disappear. He could not comprehend who could have that type of skill and influence to hit in two different countries not even days but hours apart. Obviously, they had pick the wrong target and someone was hunting them to make them pay.

Throwing his shirt soaked in cold sweat, Piero could not endure being lock inside this crappy room any longer, he needed to go out. Putting a new shirt and making sure that his appearance did not gather attention outside by examining himself in the mirror, he exit the room. Locking his door, he go in the direction of the elevator. Piero always was thin without doing any sport and taking the staircase never even come to his mind.

Luckily he did not have to wait as the elevator was already on his floor. Entering the cabin and pressing the button to the ground floor, the door closed and then he heard the sound of cable snapping above him and the cabin start to free fall at a terrifying speed.

When the cabin hit the ground a thunderous crash echo in the entire building and even outside of it. People were already converging to the elevator and the people outside of the building were trying to figure out what the noise was. Already many people had their phone out and were calling the police, worried that it was a terrorist attack. In that tense atmosphere, nobody in the crowd notice the young blond teenager walking away from the hotel with a carefree attitude.

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An hour and a half later, Nathaniel had come back to Rome and was getting out of the shower still wet and wearing only underwear. He wanted to sleep but his mind was too worked up for that, it was okay, he could sleep when he will be home. In the meantime, he had still a lot of files he needed to look into from the one he took from Khalid home.

Unfortunately, someone was not in this opinion as he heard knocking on his door. Thinking to the last time when he opened to Valentina in underwear, he hastily put a sweat pants and shirt before opening the door. Except this time it was not a ravishingly

beautiful woman but a sixty years old man with anger issues.

"We need to talk." Robert demand.

"How did you know I was back?"

"I ask one of my men to let me know when you would be back."

Nathaniel sighed. He had made sure that his grandfather would be in the room next door in case of danger but it was turning into a nightmare. Passing his head to look at the highway, Nathaniel look at Jason who was guarding the door of his grandfather when he got back earlier.

"Jason, you and I are going to spar when we get back to New York, be sure of that." Jason try and fail to hide a grim expression to fill his face. Nathaniel let his grandfather enter before closing the door.

"So, what do you want to talk about loving grandpa?" Nathaniel ask, slumping on the couch.

"You know what I want to know!" He shout. "Tell me how the hell you could do what you did to get me back! I want to know everything and now!"

Not surprised in the slightest, Nathaniel made a show of thinking intensely before answering bluntly.

"Nope."

"I'm not asking." He said, his eyes shrinking dangerously.

"I know, this is one of the reason I told you nope. The other is because I already promised to grandma that I will wait for her to be here before saying everything. Now, you can go back to your room and rest or you can try to fight with me in order to force me into telling you everything, I don't advise you to go to this path." Nathaniel said, his eyes turning cold.

Robert stopped himself but barely into taking a step back. He recognize the way his eyes turn icy and that was the same thing that happen before he start killing terrorist. In his mind, each time he was thinking about his grandson, he was seeing only a young teenager without any experience and was forgetting all the thing that he see him do. Robert knew that he needed to change the way that they were interacting with each other or it could turn very bad for their relationship in the future.

"You are going to tell everything when we are home then?" He ask to be sure.

"Yes grandpa, I give my word to grandma and I keep my word, always." Nathaniel answers.

"Good, this our pride as Lyndon. We can be tough and ruthless but we keep our word, always." Robert said in a more calm voice.

"I know grandpa, grandma told me already."

"Alright, I'm going back to my room. I expect we are leaving first light tomorrow morning?" He ask.

"Yes, this is scheduled that way."

"Good." Robert said, exiting the room without adding anything else making Nathaniel sighed again before diving in the files that were on his coffee table.