

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 170

New York, JFK Airport. 15/12/2012, 11:45.

Sitting in one of the chair in the jet owned by his family company, Nathaniel was reading some personal files waiting for Scott to join him. He did not like to leave home just after coming back but he did not have any other choice in this instance. A man have to do whatever it takes to protect his family and he would do everything necessary for his. his hearing picking up foot steps, Nathaniel put the files he was reading on the table and look in the direction of the entry.

Running inside with sweat beading from his forehead, Scott enter the plane.

"Sorry I'm late, the circulation was a nightmare at this time of day." He justified himself, putting his travel bag in the storage.

Looking at his watch, Nathaniel look back at him with an eyebrow raised.

"You're two minutes late Scott, don't worry about it." Nathaniel wave that away.

"I was taught to consider myself late if I'm not ten minutes early at the minimum." He said, sitting in front of him.

"Don't mention it if anything I'm the one to blame to warn you this late about our departure."

"So, how was your trip to DC?" He asked.

"I got debriefed by the President and his pissed off head of Secret Service, I sleep in the Lincoln bedroom and I was asked to talk with his oldest son to help with his condition." Nathaniel summerize quickly.

"Ah, wait! The son of the President is sick?" Scott asked in surprised.

"No, he was just being kind of a dick with his family." Nathaniel answer with a smile, Scott laughing.

"Since when this is something that can be cured?" He smile back.

"Well, I tried anyway. Did you hear about the shootout in DC yesterday morning?"

"Yes, it was all over the news yesterday, something about all the gang members involve being shot in the same place..." He started to say before his eyes open wide. "You didn't!" He gasped the last bit.

"I did. Let's just say that the First Lady was not happy with me, not mentioning Tobias." Nathaniel laughed.

"And you would have deserved it. Did it worked at least?" He shake his head.

"Kind of, I did show him the way, it depend on him if he want to change now but I could tell he was less arrogant once I bring him back to the White House then earlier that day."

"That's good I guess. Did you give them the files that we took from Saudi Arabia?"

"Not all of them but yes."

"Do you think this is wise to hide the rest from the president?"

"I want to make sure to know what we are giving them and until Lina access the hard drive that we took from them, we won't. This is better this way Scott."

"You are the boss." He nodded. "So where are we going?"

"Here first." Nathaniel said, sliding a number of files in front of him.

Opening the first one on the pile, Scott start reading threw them an eyebrow raised, the motor of the jet starting to turn.

"Interesting." He finally said.

New Orleans, 13:50. 15/12/2012.

In a shabby pub near the shore in Little Wood district, seven men's could be found drinking and talking loudly in it around a table. On the wall of the pub, picture of medal and military men in deployment could be found with a smile on her face. The light were dimmed inside and beside the seven mens drinking, there was only two other customer sitting at another table, a waitress and a barman in the pub.

The sound of someone opening the front door gather the attention of everyone inside, plissing their eyes at the suddent light before the door closed behind them. Looking attentively at the two newcomers, they were surprised to see a young blond men follow by a thirty something years old men. Looking at the two new people inside, a lot of the people here start to sneer.

"Sir, we should leave." Scott said, picking up the mood inside the bar.

"No it's okay Scott." Nathaniel answers, walking to the counter.

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"What do you want son? We are not serving orange juice here and since you do not look old enough to drink, you should leave." The barman said with a condescending smile.

Nathaniel smile back, not bother by the barman remark since he loved orange juice. Turning to Scott, Nathaniel nodded.

"I'm not here to drink, sir." Nathaniel answer politely.

"I'm going to ask you to leave then."

"A beer please." Scott asked pushing a bill on the counter.

The barman was going to send him away when he noticed the army tattoo on Scott arm. Recognizing the Delta Force sign, he nodded with new found respect and get him a beer, not touching the bill still in the counter. Nathaniel notice the change of demeanor of the barman and nodded to himself until he heard movement behind him. The barman seeing two mens coming behind them sighed to himself and back off.

"Boy, this is a military bar here, you should leave before something happen to you." Someone said behind him, putting a hand on Nathaniel shoulder and starting to squeeze.