

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 177

Germany, Munich. 17/12/2012. 23:15.

In an internet cafe on the northside of the city, a young man who was nineteen years old at best was busy playing, his finger flashing on the keyboard with swift and precise motion. Killing his adversary on the screen for the third times in a row, Hans quickly write something in chat all to spite him. He knew better than anyone that this game was more of a mental one than a mechanical one and than a tilted ally could tilt his entire team.

Smiling seeing the insult that was send his way as an answer, he didn't even bother replying which he knew would tilt him even more. He let him rant in all chat while he was busy roaming around the map, helping his team. Fives minutes later, the screen had a big 'Victory' on it making him smile.

"Wow, nicely done!" A voice said coming to his left.

He had heard someone seat near him while he was playing but was too busy at the time to see who it was. Turning his head, He could now see that it was a man looking around his age. Blond mid long hair, blue sparkling eyes and handsome face. He was the textbook pretty boy that woman fall heels over on witch made his smirk inside. He was not handsome like him but he was sure he was better, he had a secret that nobody could guess and that made him feel superior to the person around him. Beside that, the youth face had a familiar impression to him, like he had seen him somewhere before.

"Thanks, it was relatively easy. Strip them of their will to fight and they would give you the victory without even fighting back."

Hans was one of the best player in the world on League of Legend, ranking challenger each season without effort. He was among the 0.001% in a cesspool of millions of others players in EU and in the world.

"That's quite true but I was not talking about the game." The youth said in a perfect german accent.

"What are you talking about then?" Hans asked, frowning.

"I was talking about the five millions of euros in found who curiously disappear from

BMW bank account four month ago." Nathaniel said softly with a knowing smile.

Hans try everything he could to keep his face neutral but he was taken completely by surprised and so failed miserably. His body lockdown in a fight or flight state, adrenaline coursing through his veins.

"I believe you are mistaking, the culprit was a BMW executive who even plead guilty." Hans said weakly, his eyes darting everywhere around him to fight an escape route.

"And curiously none of the money was found anywhere in his home or account. Don't try to escape Hans Fuchs, I'm not a cop, I just want to talk with you." Nathaniel said calmly.

"You know my name but I don't know yours."

"My name is Nathaniel Lyndon." He give a little smile.

That's in that moment that Hans brain finally get why the person in front of him was so familiar.

"I know you! I saw your movie, you are an american actor!" Hans almost shout in realisation.

"I was sure you were going to recognize me eventually, I saw your downloading history. You still could have go to the theater to see it." Nathaniel said, displeased.

"Bullshit! My system is secure!"

"Well, you are an amazing engineer but I have someone with me who is way stronger than you in term of coding. If you need more proof, I also know that you have a soft spot for red head with ample bosom."

Feeling his face heat up significantly, Hans choose wisely to change the subject.

"What an american actor is doing in a sordid internet cafe in Germany? Why are you here to talk with me?" He asked.

"Well that's an easy question to answer. You and me are quite the same deep down, we have a part of our life who is hidden and secret. The only reason why we are talking right now is because you did not keep even a cent from the five millions that you stole and god know that could have made your life easier."

"Bah, who want an easy life?" He said, defiantly.

"A man after my own heart." Nathaniel smile warmly. "I want you to come working for me Hans."

"In what capacity? I don't understand."

"I'm just offering you the chance to keep doing what you are already doing but better and at a much bigger scale but I'm warning you. This is going to take everything you got. This will not be easy for you. You will start behind comparing to the others." Nathaniel warn with gravity.

"I'm not afraid of working hard. I'll accept." He said excitedly.

"You should think about it before you do. The work will be in New York, you will need to move from Munich and this is going to be dangerous. You could end up hurt or even dead, you have friends and family." Nathaniel said seriously, his eyes stern.

"I understand." Hand nodded, chastised.

"Just take that letter and follow the instruction and you will find me. Think about it long and hard, it's not the kind of activity you should launch yourself without consideration." Nathaniel said, getting up.

"I will." He nodded, deep in thought.

"Goodbye Hans, I hope we will see each other next year." Nathaniel smile, leaving the internet cafe behind him without even looking back.

"Sweetie, you are working too hard." Karine said the next day while they were busy embarking in the jet.

"I don't have a choice mom, we are pressed for time." Nathaniel answer.

It had passed more than 40 hours inside of a plane in four days. That was maybe why his mothers had insisted to come with him on his european trip. Or they just wanted some time off from New York.

"We always have a choice and now I'm going to decide for you. No work today, we are going to go visit your aunt in France. You were going to go there to pick the last member of your team, right?"

"Yes." He sighed.

"This is done then. Let's go inside, I want to surprise my sister with a visit, I'm dying to see her face when she's going to see us on her doorstep." She said with a playful smile.

Nodding, he followed his mother along when he heard the shout of someone coming from the tarmac.

"Hey wait! Wait! I'm here!" A disheveled youth shouted.

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"Who is that, sweetie?" Karine asked curiously.

"That is Hans." Nathaniel laughed.