

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 178

Wiping the smile from his face, Nathaniel school his face to look stern as Hans made his way to them, running in the escalator.

"Hey!" He said, smiling happily not bother by the fact he was sweating heavily.

"I told you to think long and hard about this decision Hans! Not to show in front of my plane eleven hours later!" Nathaniel rebuked.

"I speak to my family to let them know I got the opportunity of a lifetime and I could not waste it away! They were understanding and told me to go for it, even if it is on the other side of the atlantic and on a different continent."

Nathaniel was going to said something when his mother clear her throat.

"Sweetie." She said simply with a meaningful glance.

"Alright, come in." Nathaniel said, sighing.

"Yes! Where are we going? The US?" He asked excitedly, entering the jet with his suitcase.

"No, we are going to France, Bordeaux I believe if my memory is correct?" Nathaniel said, raising a questioning eyebrow in direction of his mother.

"Yes, close enough." She nodded, sitting back on the sofa near Mary.

"You will not follow us as it is a family thing but I have more fun in store for you. Scott the moment we touch the ground, take Hans and push him the harder you can until he pass out."

"Hey!" Hand shout.

"Don't 'Hey' me Hans. You barely run for four hundred yard and you are already beat. You not anywhere fit enough for any form of training. When is the last time you did anyform of physical training?" Nathaniel asked.

"I believe it was High School and I had my suitcase while I was running, It's why I'm exhausted!"

"Your suitcase as wheels, you were not caring it. Their is a shower in the room behind you, you should use it." Nathaniel advised.

"And you should stretch too, you are going to need it." Scott jump in the conversation with a sadistic smile.

Taking clothes from his suitcase, Hans walk into the shower. He was starting to regret his choice. He never catch the smile that travel between Scott, Karine, Mary and Nathaniel, seeing him sulk.

Saudi Arabia, Riyadh.

Al-Istikhbārāt Al A'amah was the name of Saudi Arabia intelligence agency created in 1955. Since then it got known for his implication in the Syrian conflict where they helped fragilize Bachar El Assad reign with the help of the CIA and the MI6. That agency had always kept a low profile in the international scene and it was by design. That lack of renown made them almost impossible to learn anything about them as they were answering to the royal family and only them.

"You called me, you better have something new to give me." The Head of the organisation asked to his agent.

They were meeting on a secure location outside of the city, away from prying eyes and ears.

"I do. I finally found out who was the person that Khalid Rahal kidnapped. Robert Amus Lyndon. A billionaire american, CEO of the Lyndon label." The agent said, sliding a file to his superior.

"Well, they really have outdone themselves this time." He said, looking at the files in question.

Khalid Rahal was well known by his service for a number of years. They were tool that they used often to give financial backing without being traced to them on various

location is the middle east. It was also a torn on his side but he could never done anything about them because he was giving a lot of 'protection money' to the royal family and they were beholden to the royal family.

"What else do you got?"

"Something interesting, while the man was captive, his personal jet land in Riyadh the day prior and took off exactly five second before the two bombs explode."

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"That's a very curious timeline indeed. Do we know who was in that plane?"

"That's where it get complicated, sir. We simply don't, the logs were tempered with, every camera in the airport were disconnected. This was done skillfully with not much time to plan. We also found the dead bodies of four security agent who were working in that time and that had disappeared that same day."

"Professional I see, that kind of skill is few and far between. The CIA?"

"I check with some of my informant and they assured me it was not them and I kind of believe them. They need our support right now more than ever, the State Department has still an interdiction to launch any kind of operation on our soil."

"That make sense. So who then? What country have that kind of trained and skilled people?"

"Half a dozen at least and a majority of them don't like us very much, I'm afraid. But I may have a lead. The jet is the personal possession of the Lyndon family and with the head of the family away, it leave us with those four that could have use it to come." The agent explain, sliding others files on the table.

Looking through them attentively, he sighed.

"So we have an old retired lady, a female executive of the company, a female prosecutor and a teenager popstar? None of them could have done it but I see where you are going with this. They must know something about the one who did."

"Yes, sir." The agent bow with deference before taking a few step back.

"I will send one of our best agent, I have the perfect person in mind." He nodded before leaving the place.