

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 194

"Michael!" Robert shout when the doors of the elevator opened.

Seeing the CEO of the company exiting the elevator, follow by his daughter, the two security guard made way for them.

"Sir, Michael is outside of Miss Lyndon office and is waiting for you." the one on the right said.

"Alright, thank you."

Outside of Mary office, Michael was busy giving order to three others men's wearing the Lyndon security uniform and positioning them in an arc around Mary's door, a gun in their hands. A young brown haired girl was sitting behind the desk of Mary secretary typing furiously on her keyboard. Near michael was a forty years old man with civilian clothes and a shotgun between his hands, listening to what Michael was saying while keeping attention on the door.

"Sir, every personnel have been evacuated and all entrance and exit on this floor are being guarded." Another security guard said, running.

"Good, get back to your post." Michael said, nodding in his direction.

"Michael, can somebody tell me exactly what is going on here?" Robert demand.

"To be honest sir, I don't have much information myself. Nathaniel text me saying that he was with a dangerous person in Miss Lyndon's office and that I needed to initiate lockdown."

"Dangerous? That woman is a consultant! It have been almost two weeks since she start coming here and I never notice anything unusual." Mary exclaim.

"Ma'am, if I may, we both know that your son is rarely wrong in case like this. If he initiate lockdown, it mean he have a very good reason to do so." Scott butt in the

conversation, his attention still on the door, his hands firmly gripping his shotgun.

"I know that but that woman..."

"Is not Amanda Abernheim!" A beautiful blonde haired girl said, walking to them, a gun strap to her hips.

Looking critically at her for her a few seconds, Robert finally asked.

"And who the hell are you exactly?"

"She's with us." Scott answer quickly before focussing on her. "What did you learn Lucie?"

"I made a few calls and I found out that the real Amanda is having her honeymoon in Australia right now and it have been the case for a week now."

"How the hell did you find out already? It's barely been ten minutes!" Michael shout.

"I know people and my name can open a lot of usually closed door, especially in Europe. Where are you with the facial recognition software Lina? Do you have an ID?"

"I have nothing! I can't find any usable picture of her!" Lina answer unhappily.

"How is that possible? We have eight camera with different angle in the lobby!" Michael exclaim.

"Let me see." Lucie said, walking behind the desk and standing beside Lina.

"Here." Lina said, launching the video surveillance of this morning when the woman enter the lobby, Lucie looking with attention.

"That's not by accident that her face is not on the surveillance, she made it so on purpose. She know exactly where each camera is located and their line of sight and that's how each time she appeared on it, her face is obstructed. Look even here in the elevator she's turn on a side where we can't even use her reflection on the mirror. That's not easy to do, it demand some serious skills and experience."

"In the meantime we still have nothing to find out who she is exactly. Michael, did Nathaniel said anything else in the text you receive?" Scott asked.

"He did in fact. He just said that if he's not the one who passed that door, we must shoot on sight."

"Why would he say something like that?" Mary asked anxiously.

"I can think of only one reason, because he's not confident that he can take care of her on his own. It also mean that if he's not the one who come out of that room first, he's unconscious or dead." Lucie explain soberly.

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"You know, you would be prettier if you smile more." Nathaniel remark offhandedly.

A bullet whizzing near his right ear warn him that it was probably not the smartest thing to say to a woman who was calmly aiming a gun at you.

"The next one is going thru your head if you don't do exactly what I tell you to do, understood?" She warn coldly.

"Nope, I don't think I will Amanda. You really don't look like an Amanda, can I have your real name at least? It will be easier to talk with you if I have."

"You really are not afraid of me and you are way calmer than you should be in this situation." She remarked, looking him straight in the eyes. "Is this arrogance or just stupidity?"

"Do I look stupid?"

"Well, even after figuring out that I was fake, you still lock yourself in there with a cold stone killer, that's pretty stupid if you ask me. But on the other hand, you managed to get your mother out of harm way so you deserve some props for that. The CEO asking to see her was fake, right?"

"Indeed."

"I thought I saw a hint of recognition in your eyes when you enter the room but you hide it pretty well. The question I have now is how in the hell do you know me? Few people do and most of them are not even breathing anymore."

"I'm going to ask you to lower your gun before I answer that. Come on Ivania, you know what the situation is. If you kill me, you die. If you try to make a run for it, you die." Nathaniel answers seriously.

"Only four people knew that name and all four of them are dead now! Tell me how the fu\*\*ing hell you know that or I'm going to shoot you until you do." She threaten with agitation.

Nathaniel did not say anything and just give her a leveled stare before looking at her gun. The message was simple enough to understand. Lowering her gun and having her questions answered or killing him. For a moment she seem to really considering the second option but ultimately lower her gun to the floor.

"Start talking." She said, seething in anger.

"Marc Sanchez." Nathaniel answers simply.

Hearing that name, Ivania forgot her anger immediately and various emotion flicker on her face and in her eyes. They were too many to count but Nathaniel had seen sadness, a tinge of anguish, concern and something he had never seen before on her face, fear.

"Marc is dead and he would never have say anything about me to a stranger." Ivania said, sitting back down.

"Yes, he would never have but I wasn't a stranger. He trained me, taught me everything he knew before he past away. He talk about you, you know? Marc true love was always is country and the only time he did go against it was when he refused to take your life In Brazil, five years ago."

"And how much good did it do to him? He was betrayed by the country he loved and died as a result!" She shout angrily. "I couldn't even take my anger on the man who left him over there to die as he also died in a car crash before I could get to him. That bastard got off easy!"

"Yeah, who would have thought that someone who took the same road everyday could lost control of his car near that cliff edge like that." Nathaniel remark, making a point to keep his voice neutral.

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Staring at him long and hard, Ivania finally nodded almost imperceptibly.

"You know, I could have killed you or leave a dozen time already and I didn't. I didn't because the truth is that I don't want you to die. I owe my life to Marc and you were the closest thing to him that resemble family so I refused to kill you but I can't let you go either. I can easily guess for who you are working for and what is your mission here and I can't let you achieve it. I refused to let you harm my family."

"Wow, pretentious much kid?" Ivania smirk. "Even Marc had trouble facing me in hand to hand combat. Not even mentioning when I have a gun and you have no

weapon at all."

"No weapon?" It was Nathaniel turn to smirk this time.

Flicking his wrist, Nathaniel made his two throwing knives appear in his hands, which prompt Ivania to aim her gun right back at him. He then start doing his trademark trick of making them appear and disappear in turn, going so far at throwing them into the air, hitting each other and then falling back into his hands harmlessly. Once done, he make them disappear again like they were never here in the first place.

"Marc didn't taught you that." Ivania said, putting her gun back down.

"Well, I pick some things on my own." He shrugged.

"That was cute but it does not solve our problem. You won't kill me but you won't let me out of this room either and if I kill you, I'm dead."

"You could surrender yourself."

"And ending up in Guantanamo Prison, being tortured to give every contact I ever had? No thanks, I prefer death." She said, resolutely.

"I was not talking to the police or the feds. I was talking to me, personally. I'll treat you fairly that I can promise you and this is the only option that does not end up with either of us dying in this office. I have nothing else to say that you don't already know, just pick one of these option and let's be done with it."