

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 196

After asking where his family was to Michael, Nathaniel made his way to the elevator spotting them easily in the hallway. Upon seeing him walk in their direction, an expression of relief paint itself on their faces even if his grandfather tried to hide it.

"Sweetie!" Mary shout joyfully, running in his direction before embracing him lovingly.

"I'm sorry I had to lie to you Mom." Nathaniel whisper in her ear.

"Don't worry I understand." She answers patting his cheek.

"You have some explaining to do young man." His grandfather butt in.

"Yes, I know. Bryan, James, thanks for keeping my family safe, knowing my grandfather he didn't even tried to stop you from doing your job." Nathaniel said with a smirk in the direction of the two guard who were trying very hard to keep a straight face, his grandfather frowning at him. "You can go back to your post, we are done here."

"Yes sir." They nodded in unisson before walking away.

"Let's go in that office just so I can give you a brief recap but I'm warning you to mind what you are going to say and ask in case we are being listen to."

Looking at her father for confirmation, Mary voice her assent.

"We understand sweetie. Who was that woman?"

"I can't give you her real name because it would be too dangerous to say it out loud but I can tell you what her real job is. She is the equivalent of Marc except that she's doing it freelance and yes, I'm talking about that Marc." Nathaniel said, putting emphasis on the word 'that'.

Realizing from where the information was coming, their expression instantly become guarded and apprehensive. The both of them seem to struggle for a good minute,

finding it difficult to find a question without saying too much.

"Did they knew each other?" Mary finally asked.

"They did, in fact more than that, they had a relationship of sort that was revolving principally around trying to kill each other and sex. Generally, the second option was the most pick of these two." Nathaniel answer with a grimace.

"Why would such a woman would be here?" His grandfather asked.

"Grandpa, you should know why better than everyone else in this room." Nathaniel answer, looking pointedly at him until he saw a hint of realisation in his eyes. "I'm sorry but I need to go back to her now. I will tell you everything later at home. I will have a plan ready to tackle this situation by now I hope."

"Of course sweetie. We also have work to do, that's why I want that woman out of here in the next thirty minutes. We have some important meeting later today and we can't risk having rumors circulating around about the tower not being safe to conduct business."

"She's right, we will discuss about it tonight fully." His grandfather added.

"I can work with that timeline. I'm going now, I'll see you later. Love you guys." Nathaniel said, kissing his mother cheek before patting his grandfather on the shoulder.

Walking back to his mother office, Nathaniel was surprised to see Lucie was waiting for him near the door.

"You already find something?"

"No but I realised I will be more useful in there with you than with Lina, checking names. The fact is Lina doesn't need my help, she's ten times faster than me in these sort of research."

"And you think you will be more useful with her?" Nathaniel asked with a neutral tone.

"I think I can convince you of that. I have a master in Psychology after all." She smile at him.

"Alright, you can come." Nathaniel shook his head with a faint smile. "But what I said to Scott and Camilla also apply to you. Let me do the talking, focus on her and keep your face as blank as possible. The less you give, the less she can use against you."

Pushing the door open, Nathaniel walk inside follow closely by Lucie. Ivania was still

sitting on the chair that she was occupying before, Scott was positioned to the door while Camilla was near the window to the side. Walking past her, Nathaniel chose to sit on the desk, his legs under him while Lucie chose to stand behind the desk barely holding a rolling of her eyes at her employer's choice of position.

"Glad that you choose to play nice in there while I was away posting my new Instagram story. I very much appreciate that." He made a silly smile.

"Well, it wasn't like I had much choice. These two were ready to shoot me each time I move an inch in my seat and they are not even talking to me." She made a pout.

"I believe you move more than an inch, Amanda. There is a pair of scissors and a letter opener that is now missing from the desk. You wouldn't know where they disappeared by any chance?" Nathaniel lifted an eyebrow in her direction.

Hearing what Nathaniel just said, Camilla and Scott raised their guns back at her at the same time. They had kept their eyes on her the entire time and they never had seen her moving closer to the desk at any point. Staring intensely at her for a moment longer, Nathaniel's face suddenly split into a huge smile.

"Oh it's no big deal, I'm sure they are going to resurface another time." He said, waving to the side to dismiss the problem entirely and also a cue to Scott and Camilla to put their weapons back down.

"You are keeping some interesting company, Nathaniel." Ivania said.

"Hum? How so?" Nathaniel asked almost absently.

"First, there is that man near the door, military no doubt and a highly trained one, I will be willing to bet on Delta Force based on his demeanor and the way he holds his weapon. He suffered a severe injury on his back which is healed now but there is still residual pain some time that he tries to mask. Interesting fellow. Then there is the Latina which was also military but I very much so doubt that she still is, way too strong-headed to follow orders. She's also crazy and has been watching me for the last ten minutes straight trying to figure out if she can take me on. Word of advice girl, you just can't. And now the pretty blonde behind you who is wearing designer clothes and would be much more in her place at a fashion show than here. But behind that pretty face is an even more impressive intellect that wants to prove herself to you. Definitely not American, I'm betting on an Western European old and wealthy family. And finally, they all seem way more competent in the craft than their years or upbringing suggest. They also all respect you, even the crazy Latina, which is curious considering your age but something I kind of understand. You have been training them all."

"Very good." Nathaniel nodded faintly in her direction. "What other things did you

learn while investigating my family for the Saudi's?"

"I learn that all of your family except you were in the city here while your grandfather was abducted. That none of them seem to have the connections or the willingness to orchestrate something on that scale. I also learn that the sub basement of the tower have been renovated recently to straighten the foundation but curiously, I could find no permit or blueprint of the work that have been done underneath it, almost like they vanished into thin air. To top it off, the only stairs that was going down here have been sealed shut. That look like a lot of work just for some basic renovation. So I made my own research using other database and learn that there was an old anti aerial bunking under that tower that was abandoned almost five decades ago. I try to find an entree to that bunker but so far I end up empty ended. I also couldn't figure out from whom that was coming from, the answer was just under my eyes I just couldn't bring myself to think that an old comatose kid had the skill, intelligence and the motivation to do something like this. I can't even fathom the why." She shook her head.

"Effective as always I see Amanda."

"So now than you know everything, you are going to kill me. I know too much now."

"We've been through this Amanda, I will not kill you unless you give me a reason to do so. No. I want to know what change in you. Two years ago you would have use the first moment I was out of that room to kill Scott and Camilla with the cut opener hide under your left leg and then start making your exit with blazing gun. Best case scenario, you will manage to get out of here, in the worst case you will end up dead which is better than being captured and then tortured. Why didn't you?"

Looking at him, she purse her lips and turn her head away, refusing to answer. In that moment some furious knocking start to echo in the office.

"Right on time." He smile, getting to his feet and walking to the door.

Seeing the excited face of Lina, Nathaniel raise a finger to delay the torrent of information that was coming enough to close the door behind him.

"Now, go. What did you find Lina?"

"I found it! I found what change!" I almost missed it considering how well it was hidden! That woman is a genius but I'm better!" She shout excitedly. "Just look!"

Taking the piece of paper that was almost throw at him, Nathaniel brain seem to freeze for a second realizing what he was seeing. It was a certificate of birth dating from the ninth of september of last year. But that was not the thing that made him freeze. It was the name of the father put on the birth certificate.

The name was Marc Sanchez.