

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 198

"How can I trust you to do what you are proposing?" Ivania finally asked after staying silent for a couple of minutes.

"How could you not? I was very open with you from the start but I think the principal reason for you to trust me is easy. You are still alive right now which is more than you should be right now and honestly, more than you deserve. I even took the trouble to bring you here despite the many security issues than you poses for me and the rest of my team. I'm giving you a chance to turn your life around Ivania."

"What if I choose to refuse your offer?" She asked after procession what he said.

"Simple, I will take my phone, called the director of Homeland Security and tell him we have The Lark in custody. I don't think it will take them more than ten minutes before they come to take you from my hands and sedate you. You will wake up in Guantanamo Bay where they are going to told you to cooperate or your child will be left in front of the worst orphanage in Syria or something like that. I told you I will not kill you but I don't really care for you that much to be honest. I'm giving you a chance in the name of someone who saved my life, it's up to you if you are going to take it or not."

"And you would be willing to sit back and watch while your savior's child is being tortured to get me to talk!?" She shout, appalled.

"Of course not, I will intervene but you will have no way of knowing how and when or even if I can. Not knowing will eventually break you and at that point you will not be of used anymore and you will be disposed of. Ultimately what happen to you and Marc will happen to Nicholas as well, growing up without his parents around. I'm sure you don't want him to endure what you did in your childhood." Nathaniel add the last phrase with a neutral tone.

Hearing that, Ivania could not kept from shuddering at the thought. She still remember vividly how her life came crashing down that day. At the time she was only eleven, her parents were investigating ruin in the Sialk province when they were attacked by a gang that did not appreciate that a foreigner and his traitorous wife came to the region to desecrate their land. She had witnessed first hand her parents getting chopped down

before being taken by them. What follow for her was five years of hell where she was regularly abused, physically and sexually by the top members and the leader of the gang.

Despite being in a situation that would have broken everyone, she never did on the inside and inside the gang she found out a way to become strong, a way for that to never happen again. Using their resources, she learned how to fight, how to steal, how to shoot and how to move quietly in the shadow. That's how one morning when she was weeks away from turning sixteen years old, a horrific sight greet the city of Kashan. In a decrepit building in the slum of the city, forty two bodies where found dead.

Upon entering the building, the police were baffled by what they saw inside. It was not the amount of people who died but how they did that shocked them. None had died the same way. Some had gun wound, others where cut down using a long knife and other present sign of stangulation or had a broken neck but they all had one sign in common. To the basic grunt to the leader of the gang, they all had the same sign carved in their skin. A bird was on their forehead, a Lark to be exact. The police never found the group or the person involved in the killing but no one never notice that one body was not among the others members of that gang, the one belonging to a certain young girl.

That day, Ivania vanished but a legend was born, The Lark was born. The exact same woman was now sitting in front of Nathaniel, her eyes unfocused seemingly lost in some painful memories.

"Do you even have the authority to offer a deal like that?" She finally asked.

"I wouldn't be offering it if I didn't." He answers curtly.

"Before I'll accept, I'm going to need something from you."

"I'm listening." Nathaniel answer in a neutral voice.

"Because of my... let's just say occupation, there is a lot of people who are not really happy with me and are tracking me down as we speak. I'm going to need help in order to disappear, I already have a good plan in place but I could use some of your ressources."

"I have some thought about that subject but before I share them, I need information about your mission here. What was your mission for the Saudi's exactly?"

"It was pretty straightforward. Infiltrate the company to snoop around and in the case I find no intel on the people who enter Saudi Arabia using the company jet, I needed to lure one or more members of your family into an abandoned building where a team of

'investigators' is ready to interrogate them." She said.

"Where and how many people exactly?" Nathaniel asked, a plan starting to form in his mind.

"A standard interrogating team, five people at most but extremely well trained and the drop off is in a dockyard fifteen miles away from here."

"Alright, this is what we are going to do." Nathaniel start to say before explaining his plan to her.

"When did you come up with this?" She asked once he was done, looking at him with renewed respect in her eyes.

"Since the moment I learned that you and Marc had a son." He answers before putting the gun he took from her earlier on the desk, the handle facing her. "So, what do you think Ivania? One last mission before retiring?" He asked, giving her a smile.

"You would really trust me with a gun by your side?" She asked, looking at him like he was crazy.

"You are a pragmatic woman Ivania and right now I'm more useful to you alive than dead. I will trust that about you at least. Not mentioning the fact that I'm also the only one who want to help you on this planet."

"I'll do it but I'm warning you, I will not wait for you so you better keep up with me or you will be left behind." She finally said, taking her gun back.

Laughing, Nathaniel nodded his head before a beeping sound coming from his computer made him turn his head to his screen. Looking at it, his expression turn grave the more he looked at the information display by the screen. Getting to his feet, Nathaniel shout out loud.

"LINA!"

The door of his office open almost immediately, Scott seemingly taking upon itself to guard him in case of danger, his gun aimed right at Ivania. Waving to the ground in Scott's direction, Nathaniel made it clear that there was no immediate danger. Running, Lina appear on the door frame.

"What's going on?" She asked.

"Call everyone and if they don't pick up, track them down and bring them here ASAP." Nathaniel said before turning back to Scott. "This is happening."

Understanding immediately what Nathaniel was talking about, the face of Scott turn as solemn as his own a few moments ago.