

Immaculate Spirit

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"Just like that hum?" Nathaniel asked bitterly.

"You had your chance kid, now it's over. Can someone please kill pretty boy over here?" He order aggressively, not bothering to look at Nathaniel anymore.

"I see so I should try to return the favor you gave me. Drop your weapon on the ground, get to your knees and put your hands behind you head in the next twenty seconds or you are all going to die." Nathaniel said in a placid, calm voice, like he was talking of the weather.

This time, Nathaniel managed to get the attention of Bernard and in fact even the one who was going to shot him stop himself from pressing the trigger. Looking at his leader for order, Bernard made a sign to tell him to wait and start laughing.

"This is where you try a bluff and tell us that the cops are on their way there? We have been monitoring the police frequencies since we got there and we didn't hear anything about this on it. You know, you are not the first genius I met and curiously you are all the same. It seem to be when you are in danger, your big intellect just froze and you become like a deer in the headlight."

"Yes, I saw the same thing on multiple occasion. In fact, many studies were published that prove your point, it seem that people with lower IQ react more quickly in case of danger. By the way, you still have six second to surrender yourself or you will die." He said casually.

"You are delusional kid, do you know what is going to happen in six second? Nothing, absolutely nothing beside you dying, us taking the two animals and maybe looting the house for some easy money. You know what, the more I think about it, the more I think that we should take you as well for some juicy ransom money, after all, you stole my property I need some compensation." He said greedily, looking at the house with interest.

"Why they never listen?" Nathaniel said out loud to no one in particular, scratching Andy behind his ear. "Ethan, you have a go."

Once the signal was given, everything happen very fast. One second Bernard and his people were sneering at Nathaniel face when the next eight mens with tactical gear

came from every direction with M4 and flashlight aiming them right at Bernard and his people faces.

"PUT YOUR WEAPON DOWN AND GET TO YOUR KNEES!" The eight start yelling.

It happen so fast that they did not have the time to defend themselves that they were put to their knees and strip of every weapon they had. Once it was done, they all turn to Nathaniel who absentmindedly nodded his head. Understanding the movement, they knock them out using the cross of their M4 to the back of their head.

"What do you think Ethan? Why they never take me seriously?" Nathaniel asked once he was sure that they were all out.

"I believe you age and your face is the reason, sir." Ethan answers respectfully, his eyes twinkling behind his hood.

"Hum, I would say that you look like a pretty boy and people in our line of work don't have respect for pretty young boy."

"I see, it doesn't look like there's something I can do to change that. Do you have your itinerary?"

"Yes, sir." He nodded.

"Good, take also their car, Matthew, you're driving. Follow the itinerary to the letter, it will make you pass through the city without being picked by CCTV surveillance. I'm coming with you, let me a second to put these two furballs back into their rooms."

A chorus of 'Yes, sir' echo again across the room and they immediately pick the unconscious people on the ground and carry them out of the house.

One hour later, the two cars finally arrived in front of an old ranch ten miles outside of the city. The particular ranch was foreclose until he was recently buy anonymously by a shell company that quickly closed once the purchase was done. Even if the ranch was in an administrative limbo, the owner of this piece of land was none other than Nathaniel. He had pick it because the price was good, it was also so far away from the road that it was peaceful and the neighbor were too far away to hear anything happening here. After looking at the perimeter, Ethan came back still wearing his hood.

"Sir, the prisoner are secured inside." He said.

Nathaniel nodded appreciatively, Seals were really something else entirely and their training were nearly perfect. Since they accept his offer to work for him late last year, they had moved to New York and had start tailing his grandfather everywhere he was going. The Lyndon security was busy protecting him while he put them in observation. Their job was simple, following and looking around his grandfather from far away and pick if someone was tailing him or preparing an ambush on them.

Since what happened in Italy last year, Nathaniel choose to not take any risk and was willing to do everything to protect his annoying grandfather. That was why he hired them in New Orleans last december. They were only seven at that time and Ethan quickly proposed someone who was also an Ex Seals to fill the eighth place. It was also a nice thing to have some back up if his team needed more bodies for a special operation. He was also thinking to organize training session with them but it was still too early as their weakest members were not in that level yet. Based on what he heard, Hans and Lina were progressing nicely under Scott training.

"Good, I need two with strong stomach inside with me, the others start patrolling around the ranch in pair, Ethan put that in place please, I'm going in." Nathaniel order before walking in the ranch direction. Before passing the door, Ethan was already behind him with an another that Nathaniel recognize.

"Oh, hi Keith." Nathaniel smile.

"How can you know it's me? We are all wearing camo, we have the same built and it's too dark to see my eyes. I didn't even talk yet and you still guess that it was me."

"You have a slight nasal deviation that made you whistle quietly when you breath by the nose. Nothing life threatening, but I guess if you were to marry, your wife to be would be annoyed by this." Nathaniel answers with amusement.

"Oh."

"I told you you were making nose when you are sleeping." Ethan laughed, they had bunked a lot together when they were in the army and in operation.

Hearing Keith cursed under his breath, Nathaniel laugh before focusing on the five people tied to the chair, gradually losing his smile.

"Let's wake them up shall we?" Nathaniel said, taking a bucket filled with cold, stalled water and throwing it at them.

Waking with a jerk, they took a few seconds to realized where they were and what was

their current situation. In the meantime, with a simple hand signal made by Nathaniel, Ethan and Keith walk away from him and took position respectively on his far right and on his far left. Even if their weapon were pointed to the ground, they leaved no doubt that they were watching with attention and they could use them quickly in case of danger.

"So, you buy yourself a nice mercenary team heh? I should have expected it coming from a rich brat with a foul mouth like you. Tired of getting beat up by everyone?" Bernard sneer.

"Not really, I mean that was so obvious I can't believe you fall for that. No grandparents, no security, the gate and the front door open almost waiting for you. At least, I can say you are not the type of people guilty to overthink things." Nathaniel mock.

"What do you want?" He growled angrily.

"I have questions, you have answers." Nathaniel said simply.

"Let me guess, if we talked, you let us go and if we don't, these two over here are going to start torturing us?" He laughed.

"Wrong on both count, that ship already sailed. You are all going to die here, the only question is if you want to leave this world peacefully or beg to be finish off. And no, these two are here just to observe, I will do the torturing all by myself."

This time, all five of them start laughing out loud and mocking him openly. Nathaniel just ignored it and pick a wooden axe that was embedded into a support beam and start walking in front of them. Making the axe turn between his finger to get a feel for it, Nathaniel keep walking under the increasing cursing coming his way.

"You should drop the axe before you cut your own di** off pretty boy. Ah ah ah." The woman who was in the second chairs to the right was the first to mock.

"Yeah, just free us and we will maybe not kill you outright." The man on the chair to the far left jeered.

Nathaniel just let them talk with a little smile on his face when the man on the far right decide to take thing up a notch to get a reaction.

"And when we will be done with you and the others pussies here, we are going to find you two pretty mothers en **** them until they are too broken to care and then we will kill them as well!"

That's when Nathaniel finally made a move. He turn back to the one who had just talk, his entire body spinning to the left, his left arm with the axe extended forward. The axe cut through the man neck with enough force that it continue his way and finally took the entire man head off from his body. The head rolled to the floor and finally stop a few feet away from Bernard, the eyes and mouth of the dead man still open in surprised. The attack was so sudden and brutal than there was only silence now while Nathaniel kept walking a few steps.

"You know, people don't react to the same stimulus the same way. For some people, the first insult on their intelligence or appearance will suffice to get a reaction, for others, only specified attack on their family, friends or love ones will get someone mad. Me? I'm a mommy's boy, I could go to war with entire country if they were to harm them. Now, I have questions and you are going to give me the answers I want."