

Immaculate Spirit

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Putting his hand on the doorknob, Nathaniel open the door and got inside before gathering the attention of Hotel Security or worse, the Secret Service who were already there to prepare for the President visit. So far they had leaved him alone but knowing Tobias, he was sure that he told his people to pay special attention to him and especially what he was doing.

He found that the door was leading to an hallway that was following the west side of the building. Walking in the hallway, looking for her, he glance sometimes by the windows to see what was happening outside but could see nothing of note. Passing the bend of the hallway going to the left, Nathaniel finally found her. She was alone and was looking outside of the window where one of her nail was tapping on the glass. No sign of the two mens who escort her earlier could be found.

"You shouldn't have followed me here." She said without turning in his direction.

Once again, Nathaniel was surprised by her. He had never heard someone with a voice like that. The way that she just told her phrase was so rich that he couldn't guess from where she was coming from in the US or if she was even american but the way that she pronounce the word 'here' seem almost ancient to him. There was even power in her voice, something almost regal that put pressure on anyone that could hear her. Nathaniel could feel the pressure but it did not have an effect on him beside that.

"I believe you are lost, the party is that way." Nathaniel said, pointing his thumb behind him.

"I'm never lost and you really shouldn't have followed me. I don't like people following me." She said, finally stopping her tapping on the glass of the window.

The next moment, the door behind her open and one of the two mens who escort her appear and took position behind her. A door ten feet behind Nathaniel also opened and he sense someone coming in his back but stopping well away from him. Nathaniel did not pay any attention to the two bodyguard and just focus on her.

"Who are you?" She asked her question like he should already have told her that without her needing to demand it.

"Why should I tell you?" Nathaniel answers in a neutral tone.

"You don't need to answers, I have a better way to determine who you are without you needing to talk." She said, looking at him.

"Are you going to read my hand palm or something?" Nathaniel asked cheekily.

For some reason, she seem really amused by that and a small smile graced her already stunning feature making her even more gorgeous. That's when Nathaniel realized that her two eyes were not of the same color. Her right was obsidian black while the left was golden.

"Or something." She answered before doing something that Nathaniel never expected in a million years.

She attacked him.

Seeing an opening in the barrage of attack that was coming his way, Nathaniel finally took the offensive and launch a jab to her face. He realized too late that it was a trap. His jab was deflected away, his others hand had to stop a knee that was coming to his groin, that leave him right open. The woman did not hesitate and a punch land on the right side of his jaw and an another came to his torso. Using the energy of the last punch, Nathaniel made some distance between them before tasting copper in his mouth. Touching his lips, his finger came back with a little blood on them.

"You hit me." Nathaniel was stunned.

"You didn't." She said confidently.

"I was raised better than that." He smiled before adding. "But since you seem like the type to go all out, I should do the same."

This time, it's Nathaniel that came at her hard. It matter not anymore if she was a woman, she was a fighter and he would treat her that way. Coming at her fast, Nathaniel engaged with a low kick follow by a jab to her forehead that transform mid air into a punch to her throat. She dodge everything and tried to used Nathaniel outstretched hand to make a power play. He didn't let her though, he move his elbow in a clockwise direction, using the movement to reorient his hand and made a punch at her. Surprised by the unorthodox move, she failed to move out of the way in time but the pain never come. Nathaniel stop his punch before it would land on her nose and just made two step back.

It was a mystery if it was the fact that he managed to land a blow on her or that he refused to hit her but she looked pissed off. Taking the belt that she had on her off, she took the larger piece of it in her hand and then press a button on it. With a noise of metal clicking on metal, the belt change form in front of his eyes and turn into a short sword with no guard. Lowering her center of gravity to the ground, she took position, the middle of the sword resting on the back on her left hand.

"Come on! Why this kind of thing always happen to me?"

Nathaniel wanted to shout to the sky, feeling wronged. That did not stop him from materializing two of his knives and handle them in a reverse grip. If she wanted to up the stakes, he was going to deliver. His fighting spirit was at a all time high and he wanted to know if he could beat her. With a shout, they came at each other with ferocity. In the first exchanged, the sound of metal on metal ring at least five times in the hallway.

The two bodyguard were looking at the fight stupefied, they knew how strong and skilled their boss was and more importantly, they knew why. To encounters someone who could compete with her outside of the Five, was a very rare occurrence, for him to be this young was something that they never thought would happen.

Nathaniel on his end was facing a difficult situation. He had no calm about saying that the woman was a better fighter than him. In term of battle experience, technique, decisions making and intuition she was leagues above him. The only reason as why he was still in the fight was because he was faster than her and his ability permit him to always knew where a weapon was. Despite this, he had a couple of close calls and even if her blade fail to draw blood, his once impeccable tuxedo was looking worse for wear at the moment.

The fight that was looking more and more like a dance abruptly stop, their bodies close to each others absolutely frozen as their eyes locked.

"You are trusting your eyes too much." Nathaniel said calmly.

Aware of what was happening around him, Nathaniel slowly move his knife away from her throat and took a couple of steps back. Making his knives disappear from his hands, he made a low bow to her as a sign of respect. Seeing that she was still frozen, Nathaniel turn back and head to leave the hallway when she finally found her voice again.

"I'am Brunhilde Herzog Von Bayern." She said.

Turning around, Nathaniel thought about it for a second before a smile made his way

to his face.

"A very apt name. My name is Nathaniel Abraham Lyndon."

"We will meet again Nathaniel Abraham Lyndon." She said, looking almost like a threat. "We are leaving." She order, making her way out without turning back to him, her two bodyguard doing the same thing.

It was only when they were out that Nathaniel collapsed to the floor, his face turning white. The fight was so taxing and the speed he had to maintain so great that he had torn almost every tendons in both of his arms and also most of his legs. That was the worst of his injury but the only ones, he had also a split lip from the punch that she give him and tear in a couple of muscles. Breathing slowly to keep the pain in check, he start healing his injuries one at a time until he was done. It was ten minutes later that he could get up again without having to held up a pained scream.

Looking at the state of his clothes, Nathaniel sighed. There was no way that he could go back to the party without raising more eyebrow than he could afford. Luckily, he had a very smart grandmother that knew him well. Taking his phone out, he called Jean who picked up immediately.

"Yes?"

"Jean, can you bring me my spare tuxedo please? I'm in a hallway on the ground floor, west side of the building."

"Ah ah! Pay up Amal, he need his spare suit! I won!" Nathaniel heard in the background.

"Jean." Nathaniel said patiently but with a tinge of annoyance.

"Yes sir, I bring it to you right now."

"Good man. And since you bet on me, I will take half of the winning." He answered before hanging up.