

《Immaculate Spirit》

Chapter 23

Hampton, 11/05/2012. 22:00.

His entire family was gathered in the living room, sitting on the sofa and the numerous chairs present around a coffee table. In the middle of the table was a closed folder about three inches thick. At the entrance of the living room were Amal and Jean. When Nathaniel asked for a family meeting, his grandfather was about to dismiss them when his grandson stopped him in his tracks. With a frown more pronounced after each minute that passed, Nathaniel finally started speaking when Karine gave him a nod of encouragement.

"Okay guys, first you need to turn off your phones and take off the batteries." Said Nathaniel in a austere voice.

"You watched too much movie kid! What the f*ck is going on here!" Said Robert with anger.

"Robert shut it and do what we tell you." Rebuked Diane in a harsh voice.

Looking in shock at his wife, he was going to respond when he noticed something in her eyes. She was scared, scared and angry but that was not directed to him. He decided at that moment to listen to his grandson's directives. Diane was with him for many decades and they had faced powerful people in their times; You could not create one of the best companies in the country without people ready to take it from you with any means at their disposal. Intimidation and threat was the best of their tool.

In this time, there was a period very dangerous for them and they faced it together but in any of this situation Diane was not as scared as she was now. He did as he was told and shut off his phone completely. Nathaniel paid attention that everyone do it correctly or it could be bad. Mary was looking extremely worried but didn't make a fuss. He had also made the maids and everyone who worked on the mansion take a day off for fear of being heard.

"Okay now we can talk. Sorry for the paranoia but I prefer to be safe than sorry."

He then started to explain to his mom, grandfather and his bodyguards what happened last

week and what the three of them decide to do in the past week.

"Judging by the solemn face that you three have and the fact that we are talking about it seems to indicate that this hunch of yours seem to have pay off."

"Indeed grandfather. Mom find nothing wrong with his taxes and he have a criminal record clean, not even a parking ticket. On the paper he make his money with consultant service to very powerful people in the gouvernement, mostly in the military. He make around 5 millions a year however we found several bank account in Switzerland and Panama where he has close to 1 billions dollars."

"The PI that grandma hired was investigating his identity. The orphanage who supposed to have raised him burn a few months after his fondation start to be known. Conveniently, no hard records could be found despite having regularly update on an external server daily, that server mysteriously disappeared. The PI finally found trace of Bill Cadwell who has been in the orphanage in the period crossing with his history, but the news in question say he drowned at 8 years old. He obviously stole that identity and at this time we can't find his real one."

"Finally, we looked into his fondations work and especially in africa. The villages he claims to have build does not exists, the photo that he have on his website where taken from a studio in california. The money that he receive from his fondation go really to Africa but not use like he said he would. He use it to buy people from warlord and sell them as cheap work force or sexe slave for the women. That's how he really make his money, he's a fucking slave trader." Said Nathaniel with a disgusted voice.

On the last part, everybody froze and horrified expression painted themself on their faces. That was even true for robert who was livid. He was among those who donate often and it always come from his wife. He's was a hard man but something like this disgust him to no end.

"Nathaniel, est-ce que je peux voir ce dossier?" (Nathaniel, can i see this file?) Jean asked him french.

"Bien sur Jean." (Of course Jean) Nathaniel answer likewise.

Jean then started to read through it, Amal silently watching behind his shoulder. Few minutes later, they finally nodded and give back the folder to him.

"So now guys we have a decision to make and a select a few choices for us. First one, we give the file to mom and bring it to the attorney general as the law would demand it. Knowing that the campaign of her boss was partly funded by Caldwell, we would make literally a leap of faith. Playing or live in the balance."

"Second one, we send this file to the fbi, every prosecutor in NY and to News Station and Newspaper. Spread the story to destroy him publicly and forcing the fbi and court of justice to pursue him."

"Third one, we deal with it ourself and we take care of him... permanently." He said in a cold voice, giving an unyielding and piercing stare to Jean and Amal. The two of them even make a step back when confronting his stare, intimidated.

"Sweetie... you mean... killing him?" Said Mary, her voice breaking. She never met that side of her son and that scared her.

"Mommy, you know me, i'm the most kind people in this planet. But this man broke every human rules of our species. I see him as a rabbit dog and that would be unfair to dog. He need to be put away or put down. The thing is while what he do is horrifying, it's happening in Africa and no court in this country have the power to condemn him for that. He could at most be judged for fraud and be jailed for 10 years... and that's the maximum."

"Karine, is that true?" Ask Robert in a bewilder voice.

"Sadly Yes, Africa is not in our jurisdiction. With a expensive enough lawyer he could even escape jail and be home jailed with a tracking bracelet. We know he has money and lot of influence, that would not even be that hard for him."

"Yes, so what would you choose guys?" Ask Nathaniel.

In the end everyone in the room exempt for the bodyguard who didn't get a vote because they were not family vote for the second option. Even if he was a piece of shit, nobody wanted to be associated with a murder which Nathaniel totally understand. After that, everybody excuse themselves, they needed calm to come to terms with what they had heard. That left Nathaniel alone in the living room with Amal and Jean. Turning to them, he handed a note to Amal.

"There is a box in the garage with a dozen of letter in them. I write in this note your itinerary to mail this letters where you would not get noticed or filmed by camera surveillance. Amal you are in charge of this, Jean you are is back up. I need you to be a ghost tonight or my family will be in trouble. Do not take your phones with you and if your car has a GPS, disable it. Questions?"

Amal just stared deeply into his eyes, seemingly searching for something which Nathaniel respond by just looking at him coldly, unwavering. Nodding, he seems to have found what he was looking for and finally answer.

"No sir." He said, thing that Jean echo a second later.

"Good man. Now you need to get moving. I have things to do too. Neither of us would get any sleep tonight." He said, turning and dismissing them.