

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 237 - :

"Ah Ah Ah!" Robert starts laughing.

It was a little later after Nathaniel's little experiment and everyone was doing his own thing. Diane was reading a book while the TV was turned on in the background but no one was watching it. Nathaniel on his side was sitting around the table of the living room, in front of him two huge books were open, a number of pages were spread everywhere and he was busy typing on his laptop like crazy.

Upon hearing him laugh, Diane put her book down and threw him a curious look while Nathaniel moved his head fractionally to look at his grandfather.

"What do you find so funny?" Diane asked her husband.

"Do you know the Emerson family?" Robert asked the two of them.

"Never heard of it." Nathaniel answers, shaking his head.

"Wait, I do. Early nineties right? They made a fortune selling cameras and developing negative or something?" Diane answered.

"Yes they were, they just filed for bankruptcy. Their last stores are going to be sold to the highest bidder in order to sponge their debt. I can't believe someone could be so stupid as to never diversify." Robert shook his head.

"That is stupid." Nathaniel had to agree.

"Yes, especially now that the technology evolved enough to have a camera with higher definition in your own phone. They never try to invest in other areas?" Diane asked.

"They quote some failed ventures when they were at the end of the rope in the article but nothing more. That's not when your boat is sinking that you try to build a new one. Nathaniel, you should learn from them and invest your money, I saw that you barely touch what you own in your bank account. You are in fact losing money by making it sleep." Robert said, looking at his grandson, Diane doing the same.

"I know grandpa, I just haven't found something I want to invest on so far. Don't worry about me though, I have enough money stashed in diverse places that even if we were to have all of our assets frozen tomorrow, we could still live comfortably for the rest of our lives." Nathaniel answered in a distracted voice, his attention still on his exposé.

"Good to hear. Don't misunderstand me, we will always be there for you if you are in need of money but I want you to stand on your own feet. If you were to know the number of young people I know who passed their days just burning the money they inherited in our circle, you would be surprised. I even know some who gather so much debt that their family almost has to file for bankruptcy." Robert shook his head.

"Ah ah don't worry about this, I will never ask for more money than you have." Nathaniel started laughing before stopping rather abruptly, his expression turning from amused to thoughtful. "The money..." He murmured.

His grandparents notice the change.

"What's wrong dear?" Diane asked.

"Wait a second grandma, I need to check something." Nathaniel said, opening another window on his laptop and making a quick search. Luckily for him, what he was looking for was public information and so he didn't need to hack anything. The bad news was that his hunch was right. "I'm a freaking moron!" Nathaniel shouted.

Running to his bedroom he came back with his cellphone and quickly dialed a number.

"Hello." The person on the other side answered with a resigned tone.

"Lucie! Tell me that you are in New York right now." Nathaniel almost yells.

"I am, if it's about the Duchess, I know that you saw..." Lucie starts to say.

"No, I don't care the slightest bit about her. I'm calling about the Senator case, it's not over! I need you to grab Jon and go to their house in the Hamptons right now."

"Got it." Lucie answered, Nathaniel could hear her moving. "What's the address?"

"I'm going to text it to you right now. Listen to what I found out and what I want you to do." Nathaniel said before explaining.

A couple of hours later, Lucie and Jon were meeting in the Senator office in their mansion in the Hamptons. The Senator and his wife were behind the desk while on the other side, Lucie had Jon to her left and the brother of the Senator who was there and to her right.

"First, I would like to thank the both of you. You brought our daughters back and we will forever be in your debt for that."

"You don't have to thank us sir, we aren't here for that." Jon answered.

"I'm still curious as to how you found the girls so quickly and mounted an entire operation on a foreign country in but a few days." Marcus asked.

"We must have been lucky." Lucie answered not looking at him. "Senator, we have a few questions for you if you would care to answer them."

"Of course, fire away." The Senator said, making a motion with his right hand.

"Alright, I was made aware that you started organizing fundraisers for your reelection next year, is that true?"

"It's true." John nodded.

"Were your daughters supposed to attend one of those events?"

"Not really, we try to keep them away from those kinds of events." This time it was his wife who answered. "Though they were scheduled to come to a gala two weeks ago but never attended because they took off to go spring breaking in Mexico at the last minute."

Lucie and Jon exchanged a quick look before Lucie continued.

"So people working in your campaign were aware that the girls were away?"

"Yes, they were aware. We had to modify the entire setting arrangement two days before the event, it was a mess." She answered.

"How many people are working in your campaign exactly Senator?"

"A little more than fifteen as we are still early in the process. Why are you asking about this?" He asked, frowning.

"We believe that someone in your entourage was the instigator of the whole thing or at least complicit with it." Lucie broke them the news.

"What!? You better have some real evidence before throwing serious accusations like that!" He shouted.

"Before I answered that, I will ask you something. We saw that you already got more than sixty millions dollars to your reelection, why didn't you use the money to pay for your daughters? You have access to that account right?" Lucie asked.

"I do have access to it but it's not my money, it's party money and every access is highly regulated. If I were to take it, I'm sure I would be arrested before I even exit the bank with it. In fact, if I had been turned away by the President that day, I would have tried it. I had no other solution to get our daughters back." He confided.

"This is why we believe it was someone working for you. Your daughters were never the target, they were simply used to make you desperate enough to do something really stupid. The only people who would benefit from that would be someone under you and could use your fall as a stepping stone, maybe even catching you in the act of taking the money to get the credit. You must know that person, it would be arrogant and ruthless."

"We are working in politics, everyone we know is ruthless and arrogant! That could be anyone." The Senator shouted, feeling powerless.

"No no! I need you two to think carefully. He would be a male between twenty five and thirty five years old. He would never be the kind to reach out to people or even engage in pleasantries. Extremely paranoiac, he would often try to mask his own mistakes as being sabotaged by his coworker. He would never hesitate to go above party line if that would further his goals or benefit him. You definitely know him and would feel uneasy when you are talking to him."

Once finished, the Senator and her wife looked at each other, clearly having a person in mind. In the corner of her eyes, Lucie noticed Marcus getting out his cellphone from his pocket and typing something on it.

"Honey, she's describing Ryan." The wife of the Senator said in a weak voice.

"Ryan?" Lucie picked up.

"Ryan Welling, he's one of my assistants. Four weeks ago he made a mistake with a guest and I warned him that if that happened again I was going to fire him. He matches the profile that you just made almost perfectly."

"Does by chance he has a connection in Rikers?" Lucie remembered something Nathaniel had said the night before they left for Miami.

"Yes, his uncle is the director of that prison." The senator said.

"Thank you Senator and I'm afraid I'm going to have to apologize." Lucie nodded.

"What for?" John asked, knitting his eyebrow.

"For that."

Without waiting more time, Lucie threw her elbow to her right, breaking Marcus' nose. Following up, she kneed him in the gut and finished the move with a right hook to his temple. Marcus never saw it coming and was out cold before he could feel himself hit the ground. Surprised by the sudden explosion of violence, the Senator and his wife just look at the entire scene dumbfounded. Seeing the phone of Marcus on the ground, Lucie picks it up and shows it to the Livingstone couple.

"Your brother here was texting someone to kill your assistant. I may have broken his nose but I just saved him from death penalty so I believe we are even. Don't worry about your assistant, we will take care of it. I really hate morron from the CIA." Lucie shook her head before exiting the office.

Hesitating a bit, Jon finally took a knee and looked at Marcus' injuries. Seeing that everything was alright, Jon took Marcus' nose and put it back in place with a sickening sound, luckily, Marcus was still knocked out and never felt the pain. Wiping the blood on his hand on Marcus' shirt, Jon gets back up and looks at the couple.

"The break was clean and so I reduced the fracture just get him to the hospital and he will be alright. Goodbye Senator, Ma'am." Jon nodded in their direction before also leaving.

It was almost five minutes later before the Livingstone couple could finally use their voices.

"Just who the hell are those people?"

John Livingstone, one of the most influential Senators in the US and someone sitting in the intelligence committee had no answers to give to his wife.