

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 64

New York, FBI Building. 13/09/2012. 11:20.

"Sir, we found another one."

Hearing his subordinate the shoulders of special agent in charge, Tom Sarland, slumped a little.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes sir, the MO correspond exactly with the previous crime."

"Forward me the files then." He sighed.

"Right away sir." He replied before exiting the office.

Getting up of his chair, he stared longingly at the board. On the board were a few pieces of evidence stuck there with pins.

It started almost four weeks ago. At least the first body was found during that time but evidence showed that it was not the first, not by a long shot. All kills were the same. The victims were all kidnapped during the night, then tortured for two days until they would be put to death by cutting their head. Based on forensic evidence the torture had a pattern. It would start with physical beating using fists before continuing with tearing off their fingernails until no fingernails were left, which they would finish by cutting off the toes and fingers.

The last stage was of course the decapitation. CSI manage to find out that they were cut with a long and very sharp saber. That was the only thing that the CSI managed to find out. The perpetrator or perpetrators were ghosts and no physical evidence could be found despite extensive efforts. This was the first time in his thirty year long career that he was investigating a case like this. His only option at the moment was to wait for the next body and hope for a mistake that he could exploit.

Despite no evidence or signalement on the perpetrator, the higher ups were constantly demanding for updates. Even if they managed to hide it from the media so far it was a highly political case as every victim were Koreans. Despite deep investigation no correlation could be found between the victims except the time of their abduction and the fact that they were Korean. The theory that they had at the moment was a serial killer who was only killing Koreans. It was a textbook hate crime. If that story was to hit the media, it would be a PR nightmare and his bosses were trying to actively prevent that.

"Here sir the files." His subordinate came back into his office with a folder which he handed to him.

"Thanks."

Looking through it, he shook his head sadly. There was nothing new in there.

"Sir, did you already encounter something like this in your career?"

"No, never."

"When I was studying at Quantico I never even heard of any hate crimes being carried out so perfectly."

"I'm starting to feel that this is not a hate crime."

"What do you mean sir?" His subordinate asked, puzzled.

"Look at what we found so far. Nothing! That level of control and sophistication is not something a racist or political zealot could achieve. No, I believe someone powerful is tracking something."

"Something or someone sir?"

"Exactly Williams. I don't know either at that point."

"What will happen when they find what they are looking for?" He asked with a dreading voice.

"Dead bodies Williams. We are going to find a lot of dead bodies." He said

finally.

"Nathaniel?" Asked Karine, entering his room, followed closely by Mary.

Any teenager would have yelled seeing his mother entering the room without knocking, but Nathaniel wasn't like that. He had nothing to hide and was doing nothing reprehensible in his room like other teenagers. He was with a book in his hand busy studying. Spying the book, his mother's brow furrowed.

"Korean?" She asked, surprised.

"Yes, I'm curious about the language so I'm trying to learn it."

"Is it hard?"

"Not really, just different, but it had similarity with mandarin so it was not that hard. What is going on?" He questioned. He knew that since they were here they must have something to say.

"I found this in your jacket." Karine said, moving a piece of paper in front of him with a smile.

Looking at their smirk and the flyers in the hand of his mother, he knew he was going to be teased.

"It's an invitation for a welcome party in a sorority." He answered.

"And who is that Maddison who put her phone number on the back of the flyer?" Mary questioned with an even wider smirk.

"She did that in case I got lost and don't find her sorority house."

"I'm sure she hoped you will get lost alright." Mary said laughing out loud.

"Come on sweetie, you are not that clueless."

"I'm not mom, I was just being nice. I don't plan to go to that party anyway."

"Why is that?"

"Well they are sorority girls, I don't plan to become friends with them. These girls are problems." Nathaniel said. Just by talking to three of them, he had to beat up four guys to solve that problem.

"Oh come on sweetie, this is not that bad, I'm sure." Mary laughed.

"You know we were both in a sorority in college?"

"Wait! Really?" Nathaniel was shocked. He never thought that his mothers were like that.

"Yes really and we loved it. It's in one of those parties that we met each other. The only thing that I want to say is to give them a chance. They could surprise you." Mary said, trying to convince him.

"Mom, they were talking about taking 'turns' with me before even inviting me to that party." He said exasperated making his mothers laugh.

"Well, they are wild that's nothing new but they deserve a chance."

"Ok ok, I will go. At least I can start making a harem, based on the story I read it sounds fun. And grandma would loved it if I start making children three by three." He said ironically.

"Stop goofing around!" Karine asked tapping his shoulder with a smile.

"Maybe your grandma would loved it but I won't. I don't want my son to live that kind of life." Mary said seriously.

"Don't worry mom, I don't want to lived that kind of live either." He reassured her.

"Why did they invite you? That kind of party is usually reserved to fraternity and sorority. Did you join one without telling us?"

"Oh no, believe me, integrating a fraternity is not in any of my plans. Even if some are fun to be around. I played basketball with four of them not too long ago and we laughed so much that they all fell to the ground clutching their stomachs."

"I'm glad that you are making friends sweetie." Mary said, ruffling his hair.

"Come on, let's go eat."

"I'm coming."