

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 67

Walking away from his friend, Nathaniel looked like everything was alright but the truth was very different from that. The reason that he froze was not because he had forgotten something, that was a lie. He did not have a habit to lie but in this case he did not have a choice.

The moment they had left the building and started walking, Nathaniel could feel people watching them. He had the habit to be watched but it was different that time. The people watching them were dangerous, they were killers. He could almost feel the coldness of steel on his neck while he was being spied on. To feel something that could give him that feeling was not ordinary by a long shot.

The reason that he separated himself from Na-Yung was to find out who these killers were after and he obtain that information when the feeling disappeared after he moved away from her. What he deducted of his first time with her was right. Some very dangerous people were after her and now they seem to have found her or decided to attack her. She was in grave danger.

He could choose to warn her but he knew that would not achieve anything good, even more considering that he could not really explain how he knew. He could take care of the assassin currently chasing her but there could possibly be other people nearby to ambush. Attacking a dangerous enemy without a plan or intel was the best way to end up dead.

He could already hear the cynical part of Marc inside his mind. This was a dangerous situation and that was not his problem. Moreover, if he involved himself he could end up exposed or even worse, dead. But this time, that cynical part was silent. Marc had his faults but one of his good points were that he would do anything for a friend of his. Na-Yung was his friend and he was going to help her.

"Even if I survive tonight, my moms are going to kill me." He muttered bitterly.

Fishing his secure phone from his interior pocket, he dialed the first number that it had in speed dial.

"Yes?" The voice of Amal answered after the second ring.

"I need you to find everything about Na-Yung Kim, born in Korea the 5th may 1994 and living in NY for the last five months. I also want to know what her family does."

"When do you need that information?" He said, not puzzled at all as if it was ordinary for him to have that kind of demand. Knowing his grandfather, it was a fair assumption.

"You have one hour, send me what you find on my phone. I'm going to turn my GPS on, take Jean with you and follow me."

"What is the situation?"

"Assassins are following her. I'm going to stay with her. I want you protecting my 6."

"Threat assessment?"

"Highly trained and highly dangerous, do not hesitate to bring some hardware even if it's loud."

"Your grandfather is not going to like this."

"I will take care of my grandfather once I'm finished here, in the meantime do not tell him anything about what is going on, it's an order."

"Roger that sir." Amal said before hanging up.

His conversation finished, Nathaniel pocketed his secure phone and took out his other phone. Having two phones were a must for him in these kind of situation. He needed to talk to Amal without being heard or tracked by some agency. On the other hand, he needed to have a life to appear as normal as possible if someone were to look into him in the future with a phone where he goes on twitter, talks to his friends and his family.

Pressing the call button on Na-Yungs contact, the line quickly went through.

"Nathaniel?" Na-Yung asked puzzled.

"Yes, I know, long time no see." He said, making her laugh.

"What is going on? Did you find what you forgot?"

"Yes I did. I was calling because I got an idea for the thesis, maybe we could start working on it tonight?"

"Already? We have a month to complete that assignment and you want to start tonight? I know you are serious but this is too much, even from you."

"I want us to do good so I thought maybe you will be willing to work with me, maybe in my parents home?"

"I have nothing planned for tonight so we could as well be working together but my parents will not accept that I pass time in the home of a man they never met before. What about you coming to my house?" She proposed instead.

"Your parents will be okay with that?" He asked.

"If it's for working they will but I warn you, we will be scrutinized closely." She warned with chagrin.

"It's not a problem, I'm used to being scrutinized."

"Well, in that case you will have fun. I'm in the exit of the campus with the car my parents sent me, come over."

"Alright, I'm coming!"

"Good."

A little earlier.

In the Lyndon label building, Amal pocketed his phone. He was in the President's office and Robert and Jean were looking at him intensely. Without looking at his boss, Amal turned his eyes on Jean.

"We have work, you need to prepare weapons. I want you ready in the parking lot with them in ten minutes."

"Alright." Jean said before leaving the office, doing what he was told. There were only two people that Amal respected enough to get orders from and one of them was with them, that left only one person left, Nathaniel. They both respected that kid and that's why Jean left the office without even inquiring about what was happening. It would be time for that later but now he needed to obey orders.

Thinking about what weapons to take Jean started smiling. They had a hidden armory in the building especially designed for the security personnel in case of large scale attacks against the building. He was even considering taking an RPG before reminding himself that he was in NY city and not in afghanistan.

While Jean was contemplating which weapon he was going to take with him, Amal and Robert were currently looking at each other.

"I presume it was my grandson." Robert said ironically.

"Yes, it was but I'm sorry he ordered that the rest must be kept secret. He is going to call you after everything is done."

"Do I need to remind you that you are working for me and not for my teenage grandson?" He exclaimed with an edge in his voice.

He did not know how that kid managed it but he successfully won the respect and even the loyalty of his two bodyguards. They were even more respectful to Nathaniel than they were to him. Seeing that Amal was not going to say anything because he had orders, he just sighed.

"Just make sure that he comes out of it alive. Now, move. You have your orders soldier."

Nodding his head, Amal quickly left the office. After he left, Robert got up from his chair and looked at the view of his window, overlooking manhattan with a complex look in his eyes. He hoped that everything would be alright.