

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 71

A couple of minutes earlier.

In the faintly dim back alley of the hotel, a black sedan could be seen sandwiched between two dumpsters. The car seemed unoccupied but the reality was an entirely different thing. In that car were two very skilled and experienced bodyguards. They were positioned in that place to have a perfect view of the back entrance of the Hotel while being as hidden from it as possible.

These two bodyguards were of course, Jean and Amal. They were looking with rapt attention at the two Korean men who were manning the back door. Their attention was however not focused entirely on that door and was spread over the whole street, trying to find any signs of someone waiting there, but so far they had spotted no one.

"I'm hungry." Jean whined again.

Like the three other times before Amal just kept silent, his eyes moving everywhere with rapt attention. Although he was bitching non stop, the voice of Jean was never above a murmur. Despite his talkative nature he was a professional which showed through his every action. He was more of a soldier than a spy and bitching about was the sacred right of a soldier, more so for a French soldier.

"You realize that we are treating a sixteen year old like he is our senior officer?"

"His age is not what matters but his skills, and you know as well as I how skilled he is." Amal finally answered, keeping his eyes on the lookout.

"Yeah I know. I'm really curious about how he become that good."

"That's not our place to ask soldier."

"Bah. At least I'm glad to see that he can still be wrong. We have been here for more than three hours and nothing is happening."

The words just left his mouth when the secure phone of Amal vibrated, a sign that he just received a text. Looking at Jean, his eyes were telling him something very clearly. 'You had to say something didn't you?' Picking his phone up, he had configured it to barely light up the screen as to not being spotted because of it in case someone contacted him.

"What did it say?" Jean asked in a dreading voice.

"They are here." Amal read in a voice that Jean could barely heard.

"Who is there?" Jean asked puzzled.

His words did not exit his mouth for a second when the two security guys that were manning the back door suddenly crumbled to the ground with a knife embedded in their throats. Immediately after that, six guys wearing black attire appeared in the light and passed the back door. Two of them gathering back their knives from the now dead guys on the ground.

"Fuck! They are here!" Exclaimed Jean, fishing out his shotgun which was sitting between his legs.

The two of them were wearing their usual suit but today they had put kevlar vests beneath them. They had taken the warning of Nathaniel very seriously considering the threat they were facing. Jean had chosen to take a M4 tactical shotgun in addition of his usually glock 19 handgun. Amal on the other hand choose an MP5 in addition to his Sig Sauer P320 handgun. They had also brought much more ammunition than what they had usually and so the two cartridge clips turned into five.

"Wait, remember our instructions." Amal stopped Jean from coming out of

the car.

Stopping what he was doing he remembered that Nathaniel had already sent them instructions when the attack was going to happen. On it, he had formerly forbid them to engage in lvl fights with any of the attackers and to always move together when confronting them. The second point was to have Jean call 911 at the first moment to get back up as soon as possible. Dialing 911 something that he saw suddenly struck him.

"Wait, did I dream or did these guys had a fuck**g sword coming out of their back?" He asked Amal while waiting for the line to connect.

Amal did not respond. One of his instructions was to call Nathaniel to give him a situation report of the number of attackers who had entered the building. But despite trying to contact him on both of his phones the call was going to the voicemail right away each time. Taking his machine gun in hand and taking off the safety, he had only one thought in mind.

They needed to move fast.

Looking at his phone Nathaniel was frowning. Both of his phones did not have a signal anymore which was worrisome. Turning to his friend, he asked.

"Na-Yung, do you have signal on your phone?"

"This is weird, no I don't." She said after fishing up her own phone.

The next moment, they heard her father say something in the living room. Curious, they both left her room to know what was going on. They find him in front of his computer grumbling in Korean.

"What is he saying?" Nathaniel asked. The words were hard to decrypt when they were grumbled like that and he could not make out their meaning.

"The internet just crashed." She summarized with a frown on her beautiful face.

Nathaniel could see that she was starting to understand what was going on and what was going to happen. Her expression was getting paler by the second when suddenly the power died out and the living room plunged into total obscurity. A few moments later, the three bodyguards who were monitoring the outside corridor entered their suite with flashlights turned on, illuminating the room.

"Sir, we are under attack. We need to move you, right now!"

The head of security began yelling in Korean, pushing them to the entrance of the suite. They had all their guns drawn and were at the ready. Na-Yung was going to leave the hotel room when she saw that someone was missing.

"Wait! Where is Nathaniel?"