

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 73

Using one of the ropes that they had used to make their descent from the rooftop, Nathaniel could descend to the floor below him without making any sounds. Arriving at the floor, he stealthily entered the suite behind them. Looking at the beam of light coming from their flashlights, Nathaniel could see that he was right to have exited before they arrived. He would have had a hard time to hide from them as they were moving quickly and efficiently between each room.

They took only a minute to inspect meticulously the entire suite which was impressive considering the size of it. Gathering up by the entrance they began talking in Korean, Nathaniel stalking them from behind stealthily, waiting for his chance.

"They already left." One of the masked assassins said.

"We are giving chase, they should not be that far. Our brothers will obstruct them for us."

The one in charge said before quickly being interrupted by the sound of gunfire. Their gun had suppressors on it so it was likely to be the security guard of their target. The one in charge opened the door, thankfully the emergency light in the hallway illuminated the entrance. Exiting the room running, his men quickly followed him.

It was at that moment that Nathaniel chose to act. Picking up speed he rapidly neared the last one who wanted to leave. Hearing a sound behind him, the assassin was in the process of turning around when a brutal chop crushed his windpipe. The killer crumbled to the ground where Nathaniel promptly took hold of him and broke his neck.

All of it took barely a second and thanks to the sound of gunfire, the other assassin did not hear the sound of the neck breaking. Picking up the gun of the guy he just killed he could see that it was a SA 1911. It was not his favorite weapon but it would do all the same. Arming the gun and verifying it was loaded and good to go, he swiftly exited the room. Looking both ways the corridor was clear except for the two killers.

The lack of movement behind him seemed to alert the second guy who turned around to know where his brother was when he heard three muffled sounds. The first bullet hit him square in the skull and he died instantly. The other two bullets sailed right past

him and hit the assassin in front in the back and the head, killing him instantly.

In a breath of time Nathaniel had already disposed of the three highly skilled assassins that were sent tonight. It was not that they were inadequate, it was just that Marc was that good. It was one of the reasons that he was chosen by the CIA to carry out elimination missions of highly valuable targets around the globe. He was an amazingly sharp shooter and had training in basically every firearm of the world.

Nathaniel was glad that he could dispose of these guys so efficiently but it was far from over. They still had men in the building and he needed to help his friends and bodyguards. Moving the first guy that he had killed to the center of the corridor, he turned him to the side to give the impression that he was attacked from his left. It was imperative to temper with the evidence for them to not pinpoint this direction.

Once done, he swiftly ran back to Na-Yungs apartment and to the balcony. Jumping to one of the ropes that were used to descend three floors down, he used it to follow the other three killers. Arriving in the suite three floors down the door was opened and he could see with the emergency light coming from the corridor that the occupant of the room had been killed. It was not a clean kill either, the guy had been cut by multiple sword strikes. Nathaniel could feel anger coursing through his veins. That guy was innocent and they still butchered him. He would show them the same ruthlessness that they had shown tonight. He took a lot of precautions to not step in any blood stains on the ground to not leave any evidence of his passing.

Still hearing the gun shots there was nobody left in the corridor or stairway. Anyone still in the hotel were hiding in their suits in fear. Picking up the pace and opening the door leading to the stairways, he had the unpleasant surprise of finding himself welcomed by a sword thrust directed to his heart. Quickly dodging to the side he brought his gun up but it was stopped by a chop to his hands which disarmed him. Spinning to the side, he swiftly dodged another strike which wanted to cut his head off.

Seizing the hand that held the sword, he twisted it and followed up with a kick to the assassin's chest, projecting him down the stairs. The killer quickly took out his knife while Nathaniel still had the sword in his hands. It was good thinking from the assassin to take out his knife and not his gun. In close quarter combat guns were very inefficient, the proof of which was the fact that he managed to disarm Nathaniel's gun when they were close.

Looking at him attentively the assassin could see that Nathaniel was quite young and above all, not Korean.

"Who are you foreigner?"

"Does it matter?" Nathaniel answered simply, twirling the sword in his hands.

"You will die for this." He threatened.

"You will die first." Nathaniel countered in Korean.

The assassin was clearly surprised to see him speak Korean and Nathaniel was waiting for this exact moment. He used that second to throw the sword that he held in his hand to the assassin's head. His opponent reacted swiftly, parrying the sword with his knife. That reaction gave exactly what he wanted as he closed the distance with his opponent to disarm him and punch him in the stomach. Following that a hard battle began with punches, chops and kicks between the two adversaries.

Even if Nathaniel was very good in hand to hand combat his opponent was experienced and swift, making it hard to deal with him. He got hit a couple of times in the chest and side making him wince a little, this guy packed a lot of power behind each of his strikes. Not to say that Nathaniel was not the same. He scored a few hits himself on his head and stomach. The battle kept increasing in intensity when Nathaniel managed to outpace his opponent and dislocate his shoulder.

To his credit, the guy did not even cry out when his shoulder was dislocated, proof that he was a hard SOB. No matter how much of a badass he was the next blow which broke his knee made him grunt in pain. Descending the stairs, Nathaniel picked his gun up and as if it was normal put a bullet to the downed assassin's head. Taking a second to calm his breath, the fight was intense and he needed a second to rest.

The reason that he had thrown the sword instead of using it was simple. He did not have any idea of how to use it. It was 2012 not 500 after JC. He never knew how to use a sword and truthfully, he did not need to. That was the first time that he even saw assassins using these weapons. He had encountered a couple of machete wielding people in Africa but that was it. The sound of gunshots coming from the floor above him was getting less and less. That was not a good sign at all as only the bodyguards of Na-Yung were using guns without suppressors.

"Well, no rest for the wicked it seems." He thought.

Running up the stairways, the gunshots suddenly stopped. He knew that time was short now. There were only two situations to explain why there was no more sound and it was if one of the two sides had won. He did not think that the three bodyguards were enough to stop the assassins so that left only one solution.

Opening the door, he could now see into the corridor and what was happening in it. In the middle of the hallway was one of the bodyguards who had been shot in the chest

and was now dead. Nathaniel could already deduce that he was killed by surprise. A little further behind, around the entrance of a suite, he could spot the two other bodyguards. One was dead and the head of security was on the ground bleeding but Nathaniel could still see his chest heave up and down.

What stopped him dead in his tracks was the two remaining assassin pointing their guns to someone in the suite. He reacted instantly, firing two bullets in quick succession. Their leader was in the middle of saying something when his head suddenly exploded in blood, quickly followed by his brother.

Hearing exclamations of surprise inside the room, Nathaniel immediately felt at ease. He wanted to see how they were doing but he could not for obvious reason. Looking down the window, he could now see at least ten patrol cars in front of the hotel and he noticed that there were no more shooting sounds inside the hotel. Everything was deadly silent.

Leaving the floor, he began to dismantle the gun that he had in hand, scattering pieces of it everywhere in the hotel. He could hear a lot of people coming up the stairway . Nathaniel needed to leave this floor and fast. He hoped that his friends and his bodyguard had survived the ordeal. He did everything to help tonight but now it was time to disappear.