

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 128

Leading to this point, Jean and Amal had a pretty good idea of how good of a shot Nathaniel was. After all, they were in the hotel the night on the attack by the assassins and they knew how efficient he had been, especially with a gun. That was why they were so surprised to see the target now.

"One? You only touch the target once?" Jean ask surprised.

Sitting on the table, the target of Nathaniel was looking rather lonely with a single shot in the head compared to the others with multiple gunshot in it.

"Maybe you should have shoot more with the gun instead of keeping yourself with assembling and disassembling it." Michael jokingly said.

"Wow, are you teasing me Michael?" Nathaniel smile.

"Well, you said it yourself. In here, you are not my boss, just Nathaniel." He smirk.

"Fair enough." Nathaniel let out a laugh. "Amal, you can count."

"One tiny circle, 35 points." Amal start to write down before he was stop.

"I believe you are wrong Amal." Nathaniel interrupt him.

"No, I'm not." Amal answer, frowning.

"You should look more closely." Nathaniel advice.

Not understanding where he was going with this, the group start looking more closely but they could not find any other gunshot on the target. It's Scott who was suspicious of the entire event who notice something weird on the target.

"Look at the gunshot on the head, the hole is weird." Scott said.

Looking at it attentively, they had to agree he was right. The hole in the target's head was not clearly defined like the others and had a weird shape.

"Maybe it got torn when the bullet pass through? That happen often." Jean said.

"Not when the paper is this thick." Michael counter.

"Let me look more closely, please." Lina demand.

Making way for her, Lina pick her Ipad that Nathaniel had gifted to her a few days ago after she had accepted to join his team. He had got it for his welcoming party in the Hampton many month ago and he never had the chance to use it so he had gifted to her. He had figure, she would have the use of it. Selectionning the camera option, she put the Ipad on top of the gunshot and took a picture.

Putting it back on the table, she used an app to zoom on the picture without losing the quality. Now that the gunshot was much bigger, it was easier to look at it. Around the original first shot, there was little demi circle, two on each sides. These little circle were so well defined that it was impossible it had been torn like Jean thought at first. They were all quite apt in term of shooting to realize what they were looking at.

"Please, tell me this is not what I believe it is." Michael said bitterly.

"You really put your 5 shots in a draw exercise in a 2 inches radius at a 50 yards distance?" Jean ask, not believing it.

"Actually, you can see that he had a decent distance until the end of the circle. I would say he group his 5 shots in a one inch radius." Scott corrected in a professional tone.

"And how exactly that made things okay? If anything, it make things even more unbelievable!" Michael shout angrily.

"Just wanted to be thorough." Scott shrugged.

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"Sir, can I ask you who trained you for you to be this good? I never seen the like in my career." Michael ask.

"I watch someone in my unit a couple of years ago shooting like that but it was not in a draw exercice." Scott said.

Nathaniel just smile, without forwarding any information. He just focus his attention on Amal.

"The count Amal please?"

"Five tiny circles. 175 points. You are the winner sir." He answer bitterly.

"So, I'm the winner of my own 5 thousand dollars?" He said with a cheeky smile.

"Yes." He answer coming back to his deadpan voice, the others looking bitter at the outcome.

"Well, that does not sound fun and it's not really representative of your individual talents. I believe I'm going to split the cash in five unequals part depending on the position of each of you." He said thoughtfully, getting his wad of cash out of his pocket and taking bills out of it. "Let's not count me in the equation. Michael fifth position, 250 dollars." He said giving him the money.

"Jean, fourth place, 750 dollars."

"Lina, third place, 1000 dollars."

"Amal, second place, 1000 dollars."

"And our very own first place, Scott, 2000 dollars. Congrats everyone, that was some good shooting." He compliment, his hands empty of money now.

All of them were smiling now and even Michael who got the less money of the five was happy. He knew very well that every bit count even if they had no worry of money now that Nathaniel was paying the medical expenses of his wife. Still he had credit to reimburse and it would help doing just that. Or maybe he would use the cash to take his wife somewhere nice to eat, only the two of them.

"Okay guys, it was fun but now is the time to go back to work. Michael, I leave you the task to clean and put back the guns in their place on the shelf." Nathaniel said, putting his gun on the table, Scott and Lina imitating him a few second later. "Lina, Scott, walk with me please."

Exiting the armory, Nathaniel did not walk far before turning and facing the two who were following him.

"Let me introduce you two officially. Lina Campbell, genius hacker. She will be our technical support and resident tech wizard. Like you surely figured out, her father is working as a security here but he don't know about our team and especially about our employeur. Ex Colonel Scott McCornaig, Delta force. He will be our team leader on the ground."

"Nice to meet you." Lina said curtly.

"Likewise. You shoot very well for a g..."

"Girl?" Lina interrupt, frowning.

"Geek." Scott finish, not perturbed in the slightest.

"Oh. Yes, my father taught me how to shoot since I was ten. Something about wanting his little girl to fend for herself. I end up so good I start winning a few shooting tournament in Seattle. The cash prize I receivedhelp founding me for college."

"When she said 'a few', she mean thirteen different regional tournament and three national onesin two years." Nathaniel precise making the girl blushed bright red.

"Impressive." Scott nodded appreciatively.

"Where did you put your gears Scott?"

"I took a room in a motel a little outside of the city, the price are crazy in Manhattan."

"Leave it, I already got you cover. Go to this address and give your name, you are expected. You will be given an apartment, already paid for this month. After that, you are free to go wherever you want. Do not come back in this tower for work for at least a week. You need to rest. After that I will give you your assignment." Nathaniel said in a voice that broke no argument.

"Yes sir." Scott said, he could recognize an order when he heard one.