

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 165

Seeing two of the three men walking out of their respective cars and walking in the direction of the last car, Nathaniel angle himself in that direction. His previous assertion was right seeing the men in the car listening to a Police scanner, the two others coming to listen with him.

"Shit! The cops are already aware of what is going on! We need to move fast." The man still sitting in the car shout alarmingly after listening in the scanner.

"How the hell they know already? We didn't even fire a single shot yet."

"Hi." A youthful voice said behind him, making him jump in surprised.

Looking at Nathaniel, the three men sneer, the one who had jump mad at himself for being surprised like that strain his gun on Nathaniel chest.

"Kid, get the fuck out of here or I'm going to fu\*\* you up really bad." He threatened.

"Sorry, I can't do that. I just wanted to tell you that I was the one who call the cops on you. Now, I'm going to asked you to put your guns on the floor, put your arms behind your head and dropped on you knees, or else." Nathaniel asked amiably.

Dumbstruck for a few moments, the three thugs roared in laughter.

"Well, you got balls kid, I can give you that. Now dropped on your knees, I will show you what you deserved for interfering in our business."

"Why they never listen? I'm so tired of being dismissed because I look young." Nathaniel sighed dejectedly.

Hearing what Nathaniel said, the thug look at each other, trying to find out if one of them had understood his cryptic phrase. Nathaniel did not missed their trouble and choose that moment to act. Entering the guard of the men closest to him with a bust of speed, the man failed to react quick enough to angle his gun back on the youth attacking him. A second later, he feel extreme pain coming from his larynx and knee, dropping on the ground with a scream of pain.

Snatching the gun from the hand of the man falling on the ground, Nathaniel closed to the other one who was pressing himself on the car. Pushing himself from the car and launching himself at the youth who was attacking them, Nathaniel decided to use the momentum of his enemy against him, cutting his legs from under him with a powerful kick the man was unable to stop his fall forward, a punch hitting him in the back of the head while he was still in mid air, accentuating his momentum making him do a front flip, knocking him out when he hit the ground hard.

Straining the gun that he stole while he was fighting on the men still in the car, Nathaniel said in a cool voice.

"Put your hands in the air and get out of the car slowly. If you make a single move that I don't like, I will kill you be sure of that."

Freezing, the men did what he was told, moving really slowly. Once he was out of the car, he choose to speak.

"Now what? We are a dozen here, you will never got away with what you just done! We will kill you and everyone you hold dear!" He threatened with an hostile glare.

"Now it's time for you to sleep." Nathaniel answer, putting his hand on the man head and crushing it on the car with so much force that it create a dent in the car, the man slumping on the ground.

Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www.novelhall.com](http://www.novelhall.com) for visiting.

Hearing gunfire coming from the bodega, Nathaniel hastily took another handgun and make sure the two were loaded with the safety off before running inside of the bodega. Not far from here, two elderly people and one youth had witness the entire scene awestruck. Darting an eye on Alexander, the elder asked.

"Is this what the FBI taught to their young recruit these days?"

"I don't know." Alexander shake his head, looking worriedly at Nathaniel running inside the bodega.

Once Nathaniel had entered the bodega, the number of gunshot increased by two folds for a minute until it was complete silence. Waiting outside, Alexander was getting more and more anxious seeing that Nathaniel was not coming out. He knew that if something happened to Nathaniel, he could tell to the elderly couple or even the cops that he was the son of the President and they would bring him back to the White House but the truth was that he quite like walking away from the surveillance of the Secret

Service of his family. He finally relaxed when he saw Nathaniel walking out of the bodega seemingly unharmed, none of the two guns he had previously in hands anymore.

Coming to them, Nathaniel look at the couple for a moment before nodding.

"Thank you to have keep my little brother safe, I really appreciate it." He said gratefully

"Don't mention it, it was not a big deal. Are you really a FBI agent?" The elder asked, looking at Nathaniel with piercing eyes.

"I'm from a special unit. That's why it would be preferable if you were to leave before the cops are here and forget seeing us here. For both of our sake."

"I think you are right. On the other hand nobody would believe me if I were to say that the man who solve the situation had a little brother who looked curiously like the son of the President of the United States." He gave a little smile.

Surprised for a moment, Nathaniel give a good natured laugh. Nodding in Alexander direction who had turned anxious realizing he had been found out.

"I should know better than trying to fool a senior. I'm hearing sirene closing in, let's leave in different direction. It was a pleasure meeting you."

"Likewise youngster, take care alright?" The woman said with a caring expression on her face.

"Will do, bye." Nathaniel answers, ushering Alexander into the side street.

Running swiftly to put as much distance between the crime scene and them, Nathaniel kept at it until he noticed Alexander was getting short of breath and was sweating profusely. Finding a dinner not far away, he lead Alexander there and sit at a table, asking for a bottle of fresh water.

"Better?" Nathaniel asked after Alexander finish his second glass of water in a row.

"Yeah, I should really do more sports."

"You should indeed, we didn't even run that far."

"We run for more than a mile!"

"Yes, not far, that was what I was saying." He affirm, looking at the menu.

Shaking his head, Alexander drink another glass of water until he feel full and after that look at Nathaniel attentively. Looking at him right now, he could never guess that he was so strong as doing what he saw earlier.

"Did you killed them?" Alexander asked offhandedly.