

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 166

"Talk more quietly please. In a couple of minutes the TV over there is going to start issuing breaking news alert and I would not be surprised if the Police start searching for us. We were not overly discreet after all." Nathaniel chastised him.

Realizing what Nathaniel said, Alexander turn around to look at the other patron on the dinner and the waitress going from table to table. Nathaniel had took the table the farrest from the door, him having the wall in his back and with vision on the front door and not far from the back. Alexander was facing him so that his face could not be seen by anyone entering.

"To answers your question, when I entered the bodega, there was already some people who have died. But no, I shoot to injured, not to kill. It's possible for someone to bleed out because the paramedic arrived on scene but it's not likely, I'm pretty accurate with a gun."

"Why didn't you? They were bad guys after all." Alexander asked.

"Some of them, yes but not all of them. You must understand something Alexander, in neighborhood like these, good paying and legit jobs are scarce to find and working for gang is more easy for some. After all, some of them have family to feed, what will you do if the only way to do that is to enter a gang and sell drugs?"

"I would never sell drugs or enter a gang!" He affirm resolutely.

"You are still young and I hope you will never have to make a decision under extreme circumstances, that's in time like this that you learn the real truth about yourself. I know being the son of the President can be hard on you, You can't be alone anymore, you become a target from various nefarious organization and you have obligation that no young people should have but at least you have three meals a day. Some of the young people living in this neighborhood have to take upon themself to find money to have electricity in their homes and if they managed to eat once per day, they find themself fortunate. You never have to worry about that in your entire life, right?"

"No, I never had to worry about any of this. It's not my fault if my family is wealthy and influential and theirs are not." He replied defensively.

"In truth, the only difference between you and them is luck, simple as that. This is why you should stop talking down to people you think are beneath you." Nathaniel add.

"They are beneath me! I'm the son of the President!" He answers back.

"So your are arrogant because of what? Because your father succeed in his life? You know we are in a democracy, you will not inherited his title." Nathaniel smile before turning serious once again. "My father was a financial analyst and he died before I was even born, do you think it make you better than me for that reason?"

Alexander was going to respond when he stopped and start to think. He knew that Nathaniel was better than him in almost every way and even if last night he had sneer at him, after everything he seen him do today, he could not anymore. Not even is physical prowess, his attitude was even more impressive. He was exuding so much control and calmness that everyone feel at ease beside him, himself including.

"No, I'm not. You are not a peasant are you?"

"I never say I was, you did." Nathaniel answer with humor. "When I was young, we didn't have much money. Enough to eat and pay our bills but that was it. Now, I have millions on my bank account and I'm not eighteen yet. I have money coming from my dead father insurance on a block account I could use when I'm twenty one but I don't know if I will ever use it. I never give much thought on it but I think I will gave it away to help some who need it more than me."

"How do you become like that? Who train you to manage to fight in a 1v3 situation like that?" Alexander asked.

"I was self taught you could say as I never be to school much. For my ability to fight, I asked my grandfather to give me his two personal bodyguard to train me. I keep them with me until I could beat them alone after that I knew I didn't need them anymore. I always challenge myself to become better at everything. I read and learn a lot in books, I taught myself to be fluent in many languages. You just need to find what is hidden in your heart, discover what your ambitions are and then fight to get it."

"How you do that?" Alexander asked, interested.

"Be confronted to extreme situation when your life is on the line that did it for me. That's how I knew what I wanted to do with my life."

"And what was it?"

"I want to change the world Alexander." Nathaniel answer truthfully, making

Alexander mouth open wide in surprised.

"Close your mouth, the waitress is coming back to take or order."

While they were eating and like Nathaniel predict it earlier, breaking news start to come from the TV in the dinner, showing image from the bodega. The cops and paramedic running around to with bloody people in their arms. The scene was jarring even to them as they knew it was not far from here. In fast listening to the broadcast, a couple of people took their phones out and start calling their loved ones to make sure they were safe.

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Forty five minutes later, they were exiting the dinner once they were full, Nathaniel leaving a very good tip that make the waitress smile at him sweetly. They had stopped talking in that period, focus on the news broadcast and the food that they were devouring. Seeing the waitress making googly eyes at Nathaniel, Alexander laughed once they were out of ear shot.

"Do you have a girlfriend Nathaniel?" He asked curiously.