

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 240 - :

Walking away from the administration building, Nathaniel thought that everything had gone well with the Dean. Considering that, he wasn't satisfied as his thoughts were focused on fraternity head. He was trusting the Dean and especially Joshua to investigate the matter thoroughly but that was maybe a bad thing.

The investigation was a sure thing to make him even more angrier than he already was and it was evident who he will go after. Someone that obsessed about a girl and who craved control that much will go after the object of his obsession if he felt betrayed by it. By trying to help her, Nathaniel just made things even more dangerous for her.

The ideal thing would be to go to the cops about the situation and explain everything to them even if that was a longshot. They would need to prove that it was a probable threat and even then, the cops were notoriously bad in this domain. Statistics made that point very clear over the years.

He would need to find someone to protect her as he was way too busy to do it himself. Someone who could follow her without gathering attention, a woman preferably considering her lifestyle. Someone who will take no crap from everyone and stay focused on her objective.

Nathaniel starts to smile before taking his secure phone and dialing a number.

"allo?"

"Hey Camilla, what's up?" Nathaniel said with a smile, exiting the Campus ground.

"Oh it's you. What do you want?" She asked in annoyance.

"It's that a way to talk to your adorable boss? Do I need to remind you that I'm the one who signs your paycheck every week?"

"You can fire me for all of that care, I least like that I would not have to see your swollen baby face." She laughed.

"I'm sure you'll miss me. Now that we are done with the pleasantries, I have work for

you." Nathaniel said before explaining the situation. When he was done, Camilla had turned completely serious. No trace of her previous playfulness could be found in her voice.

"Send me her personal information and his, I'll start right away. I swear to god if I saw him just coming in her vicinity, I'm going to cut his d.i.c.k off." She said there was a hint of danger and relish in her voice that Nathaniel decided to ignore.

"As much as I would like that, let's not go there. Beat him up and make sure that he feels the pain but no broken bones, no cutting limbs either and no long lasting physical injuries. We want to teach him a lesson, not crippled him for life."

Yeah, yeah." She replied non commitaly.

"Good, I need to go."

"That's it? You got what you wanted and so you want to hang up? Men really are trash."

"No, I'm saying that because I'm currently being tailed." He replied, annoyed.

"Paparazzi?"

"Please, give me some credit, these amateurs could not even track me if their lives depend on it. I throw them a bone sometimes, to be left alone mostly but other than that, I tend to dodge them like the plague. No, the person following me is quite skilled, I'm almost impressed."

Nathaniel's ability to feel and see the frequencies at which people and objects were vibrating meant that he could be aware of his surroundings without turning around. In fact, after much training with it, he could see better with it than with his own eyes. It also meant that it was easy for him to be aware if someone was following him as every human did not vibrate at the same exact frequencies. If not for his ability, Nathaniel wasn't certain if he could have noticed that he was being followed as the person was exceptionally gifted.

"Do you want back up?" Camilla offered.

"Nah, I'm good, you already have your own assignment. I'm going to handle it on my own. I'll call you back when I'm done with this." Nathaniel answered before hanging up and entering a clothing shop.

Saluting the hostess with a smile, Nathaniel started wandering around the alley in a relaxed manner until he wasn't watching anymore and then he exited through the back

door, hijacking the security system on the way to prevent the alarm to ring. Once he was outside, he looked around him to make sure that he was alone and then started climbing the side of the building. When he reached the window ledge of the first floor after making sure that nobody was home, Nathaniel took a sitting position and then he waited.

A few minutes later, the back door of the clothing shop swung open and a white male exited the shop, looking left and right before swearing in German. Looking at the person with attention, he was around forty years old, fit, bold and wearing sunglasses. He didn't look like a fighter but it didn't mean much, especially considering how good he was in tracking. Taking a cellphone from his pocket, he called a number that he had on speedialed.

"My Prince, I lost him."

There was an answer but even Nathaniel hearing could not pick it up.

"I don't know, maybe it's something that he does often to avoid being followed."

"At your command my Prince, I will join you to their building." He said before hanging up.

Hearing that, Nathaniel narrowed because he didn't think they were talking about the Lyndon Tower but the building where his family lived. Making his decision, Nathaniel took one of his knives and let himself drop to the ground.

His feet touch the ground without making too much noise but it suffices to make the man turn in Nathaniel's direction but he was just too slow. He took a kick in the back of the knee that made him fall to the ground where an arm locked him into place and he felt steel on his throat and he froze completely knowing that he was beat.

"My knife is currently just on top of your carotid artery, if you move or try anything, you will die by your own making." Nathaniel said coldly in German.

Satisfied that he got the message across and that his captive stay still, Nathaniel continued.

"I'm not going to ask you why you are following me or from whom you are working for, the phone call you just made answered those questions for you already. You mentioned a building where your boss is waiting for you, which building were you talking about?" Nathaniel asked, reducing the pressure of the knife on his throat to allow him to speak.

He answered by giving an address, like he suspected it was Nathaniel's home address.

Knowing his family schedule, he knew that his mothers left before he did this morning, and his grandparents were still in LA. His grandfather used the time he stayed in LA with him to get more involved in the label subsidiaries there and his grandmother was having fun with some of her friends. The point was that nobody was home at this instant but he still pissed him off that someone would do that just to get a point across, especially considering who was sending it.

Taking his knife away from the man's throat, Nathaniel helped him to get back up. Seeing the stupefied look that he had on his face, Nathaniel laughed.

"What? You thought that I was going to kill you?"

"Kinda, yeah." He answered, rubbing his throat.

"The day is still young, that can still happen. For now though, you are more useful to me alive. Let's go, your boss is waiting for us and I hate to be late. No need to keep following me, let's walk together like two civilized people." Nathaniel offered.

"I guess there is no reason to follow you anymore." He nodded.

"That's the spirit. You look a lot like Herman, are you two maybe related?" Nathaniel inquired in a light tone.

"We are in fact, he's my cousin on my mother's side. You are observant." He smiled wryly.

"It sounds like an interesting story, let's talk about it on the road." Nathaniel said, starting to walk away in the direction of his home, the man following him and walking beside him.