

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 241 - :

Entering the lobby of his apartment building, Nathaniel pushed the double door open like he usually did. As a high end apartment building, the lobby was huge with a front desk, concierge, security and even a bar to the side, all of it richly furnished. He was used to seeing many people in the bar zone, talking and even holding meetings. What was rarer to see was people coming with their own security details and so the two men sitting near the front desk immediately attracted Nathaniel's attention.

"Your friends?" Nathaniel asked the man beside him who he discovered by their talk on their way here was named Dieter.

"Yes." He answers, not at all surprised to see them made out so fast. After all their physics were not prone to blend in.

Seeing Nathaniel pass the doors, the two goons got to their feet, he could see they were quite surprised to see Dieter following him. The two made their way to Nathaniel and Dieter.

"So you found him." The shorter of the two said in german to Dieter but looking at Nathaniel with a smirk.

"He found me." Dieter answers.

"Stay here." Nathaniel orders before making a beeline to the front desk.

"Who do you think you..." One of the goons said, reaching for Nathaniel before Dieter spoke again.

"Let him be."

The goon arm froze mid air and he looked at Dieter in surprise who shook his head. Nathaniel thanks to his ability saw the interaction and memorized it, he could use everything at this point to learn more about them. The concierge recognizing Nathaniel, greeted him with a professional smile.

"Mister Lyndon."

"Hiram, how many times do I have to tell you to call me Nathaniel." He answered in mock annoyance.

"At least one more time I'm afraid, sir." He gave a more genuine smile. "I watch what happened last night, if you need anything, please feel free to call me and I will make it happen for you, sir."

"Thanks Hiram but I'm all set."

"Are you sure, sir?" Hiram insists, his eyes flickering to the two goons before looking in the bar direction and then ending by looking at Nathaniel.

"That's what I like about you, Hiram. You are smart, resourceful and observant." Nathaniel smiles appreciatively. "Nothing nefarious, I was just thinking that maybe you and the other personnel working in the lobby could maybe take their break for the next half hour. I would be grateful if you could make it happen and make sure that we are not disturbed." Nathaniel asks, his hands talking from his pocket a wad of hundred dollar bills, putting it on the desk and disappearing as quickly as it appears in Hiram's hand.

"There will be no issue, sir. Consider it done." Hiram reassure.

"Good man." Nathaniel nodded.

Once that was taken care of, Nathaniel made his way to the bar area, completely disregarding the two goons and Dieter who followed him a few steps behind him. To be honest, Nathaniel was not coming here often if ever. To be able to use the power of his soul, he needed his body to be completely healthy and so having an alimentionation extremely reglemented. Which means, nothing with sugar in it so no soda, no chocolate, no pizza. Even if the sacrifice was great, he had to recognize that he never felt stronger than he was right now.

Sitting on one of the tables, Nathaniel saw who he was likely searching for. It was a man around fifty years old but looked a little younger and had a regal around him. He had short gray hair, dark eyes and a protruding chin. He was on the smaller side, around 5"9" but he had a presence that made him look bigger than he was. He glassed over the suit that the man was wearing and who cost at least fifty thousand dollars. He didn't care about shit like this.

Perusing the other five men who were sitting near him, they look almost the same as the two goons he met in the lobby and had the same build as well. Of course, they

were not sitting at the same table as him but close enough to protect him. Nathaniel had no such calm and took a seat before flopping on it. The man who was making a point of not looking in Nathaniel's direction this time looked at him and frowned.

"I did not invite you to sit at my table, young man." He said in disp.l.e.a.s.u.r.e.

"I don't really care, old man. Oh sorry! Did you maybe felt like your privacy was invaded? Like you can guess, I can relate to that feeling." He answered in mock surprise before taking his bottle of water on the table and taking a gulp of it.

The frown on the men deepened and even if he conserved his calm, Nathaniel saw a vein on his forehead that was palpitating. He also heard his bodyguards bristle slightly and felt numerous glare send his way.

"Do you have any idea who I am?" He asked, his voice had a tinge of anger and threat in it.

"No, like I just said, I don't care but you are free to say it anyway." Nathaniel remarked.

"I'm Prince Maximilian Emanuel Ludwig Maria Von Herzog." He exclaimed loudly.

"Wow! That's a mouthful. Okay Max, what do you want with me?" Nathaniel asked in annoyance.

"You will address the Prince with his title or you will be beat up kid!" One of the bodyguards of the Prince exclaimed in anger.

Nathaniel just looked at the man who just shouted with his blue eyes and made a little smile.

"Oh really? Come at me then." Nathaniel offered and the man would have gone for it if Dieter did not stop him by clearing his throat and shaking his head. Even if he had been ambush, he knew that Nathaniel's combat capability far outmatch his and maybe many of the others bodyguard here.

"Stop that. I'm here to talk about my daughter, Brunhilde. I want you to stop seeing her." The Prince said, he seems to have calm down a bit.

"That's why you cross the Atlantic!? Dude, I would love nothing more than to get ridded of her and you to be honest. If your entire family could stop stalking me, things will be better. I don't have the time or the patience for this shit right now." Nathaniel exclaimed.

"Don't talk about me or my daughter that way! Weren't you taught to talk like a

civilized person? Do you have no respect for your elders at all!? Americans really are nothing more than barbarians" The Prince shouted in outrage.

"I respect a lot of people but not because of their age but because of their character, spirit and intellectual capability. Did you become a Prince by working hard or did you just fall down from a Queen v.a.g.i.n.a and the midwife called your Prince? Let's be real here, the only thing that separate you from your bodyguards is simply luck."

"You have no idea about what you are talking about! You know nothing of my family. You have neither the prestige, the history or the capability to belong in our circle. While we were reigning in Europe, your ancestors were dumbly plowing the ground to try and failed to feed their family. You are nothing compared to us! Nothing!" He exploded in fury.

"You forget to mention centuries of inbreeding in your little exposé. You want respect for f.u.c.k.i.n.g your cousins and sisters? Go to Alabama but here in New York we don't cautionned this kind of f.u.c.k.e.d up behavior. Even if I had feelings for your daughter and let me assure you, I have none, there is no way I will want that chin of yours in my family tree. Now get lost!" Nathaniel heatedly answers.

"You want war!?" The Prince yelled.

"No! I want to be left alone! You came here in my home with your goons and their guns and with a sense of entitlement that makes you believe you can do everything and that everyone is beneath you, you piece of shit. Like I told your daughter before, YOU are the aggressor! What would be your reaction if you were to get home and I am in the middle of your living room with seven mens with guns? Would you consider it like an aggression?"

Nathaniel then makes one of his knives appear in his hand and slam it so hard that it went through the hard wood of the table and close enough of the Prince's hands that it nicked one of his fingernails. To the Prince's credit, he did not scream in fright and just look at Nathaniel in anger and surprised.

"Make your call right now Prince and I will kill all of you if that's your choice." Nathaniel seethed between clenched teeth.

"You are delusional! We are eight and all of us are armed, you only have a little knife. You will die."

"No, what you have are guns and the beliefs that you will have the time to take it out from the inside of your jacket, aimed it at me and pressed the trigger before dying. I assure you, that belief could not be more wrong."

There was a silence once Nathaniel was done and it seemed the room temperature went down a few degrees and some of the bodyguards had to fight a shudder. Looking at his cold blue eyes right now and the way his body was, it was a lot like looking at death itself that was coming from them. His last words put such a pressure in their soul that there was no doubt that what he was saying was the truth and that it could go through with his threat. The Prince instinct that he learned to trust completely was screaming at him to get the hell away from this place right now. The coldness in the air managed to calm his fury and he took a few calming breaths.

"I did not come to start a war."

"Then leave this place and stay the hell away from me and my family. You exhausted my patience, the next time you send someone to follow me, I will kill him. I really hope this isn't you, they will send Dieter." Nathaniel said to the man before walking away.

He had only made a few steps when he stopped but did not turn around.

"Take the knife with you. You can choose to see it as a promise or as a threat. If you go after me and mine, I'll kill your entire family with it." Nathaniel said coldly, he left them after that, not bothering to look even once behind him.