

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 39

Bronx, New York. 10:35.

"YOU SON OF A B****!" Piotr Droski yell at his lieutenant. He was walking around his desk yelling and kicking everything and everyone he was seeing for the last ten minutes. All the people present has exit the room leaving only him and his lieutenant. Igor had his head down and was trying to look everywhere except at his boss. He never have seen him that angry.

"How the fuck our seven men didn't succeed at grabbing a fucking kid!? Do we have only trash here!?" He yell, destroying the wooden chair near his desk with a powerful kick.

"They had a security details around the appartement. Bad ass ex military. Our guys were not expecting it so they were neutralize before doing real damage."

"And none of you genius had the idea to scout her residence to spot a security detail?" He scream.

"I did but i never seen anything. It's like they were never here in the first place! I look and i never seen anyone!" Igor plead. He was lost, never anything like that had happen to him. He was always the one who took the other by surprise. 'It's like they knew we were coming!' He thought.

"Stupid incompetent!"

"Boss we need to leave! I heard from my source that one of our guy in NYPD was taken into custody. They are onto us!"

"They are onto us because your fucked up everything! I give you a simple task, taking a fucking kid and you manage to blow it!"

Sitting back behind his desk, Piotr open was one of his drawer. Taking out a silvery desert eagle 50 caliber from it, he aim it at his lieutenant who jumped from his chair and put his hand in a sign of appeasement.

"Boss please wait! I can help you with..."

His pleading was abruptly cut down when three bullet tore through his chest. With the force of the 50 caliber bullet in such close ranged, the body of his ex lieutenant was projected 5 feet back. Coming up to the body on the ground, Piotr spit on it while insulting him in russian. Piotr was enraged. Because his people fuck up, he was in danger to get jailed. He needed to leave the state today before they learn where he was. He has set up over the years a series of safehouse and hideout basically everywhere in New York. Nobody even in his own organisation knew exactly where he was and when except a few trusted people. The safehouse where he was currently was protected by at least ten people with machine gun.

That's why he was shocked still when the door of his office was suddenly ripped open by explosif and five member of SWAT enter his office with tactical gear and M4A1 pointed at him.

"Police! Freeze!"

"Drop the gun Droski! NOW!"

Several voices exclaim at the same time, straining machine gun at him. Piotr could hear the voice yelling at him but couldn't make out what they were saying. He finally came back and understood what they wanted. For a second, he was tempted to lift his gun and going down shooting but his survival instinct kick in. Dropping his gun to the floor, he was quickly bring down to the floor before being cuffed.

Being escorted out of the building, he could see cops everywhere, the road cut off by patrol car and a number of his guys in cuff or unconscious as they were being look out by paramedics on the scene. As he was shoved brutally in a patrol car he could not stop thinking. 'How they found me so quickly? How they enter my safehouse without triggering any alarm?' Piotr knew that he was going to jail, they bust him second after killing his lieutenant, there was no doubt about it but he couldn't care less at that moment as his brain was focused on the question turning inside his mind. 'Do the cops had someone close to me who let them in? Or someone from the underground betray me?'

Not far from here, there was a nice café with french window. The atmosphere usually peaceful here was disturbed by the cops near here, getting the attention of everyone sitting in the porch and the waitress. Sitting at one of the table, a handsome blond youth could be seen sipping at his hot chocolate. He did not appear to be interested by the ruckus nearby and was busy with a deck of card and a youtube video on his phone.

Curiously when the patrol car containing Droski start leaving, a cute smile appear on the youth face. Finishing his chocolate and putting his backpack on his shoulder, he exit the café after giving a generous tip at the waitress who gave him a thank you smile. The youth then start walking on the street leisurely, heading to the Upper West Side.

Few minutes later, in the DA office.

Director Mattews from internal affair walk back in Karine office, pocketing his phone.

"How did it go?" Ask an anxious Karine.

"The anonymous tip that you receive was right, he was indeed here. Hiding in an apartment above a bodega store in Bronx. I can't believe it." Mattews said, shaking his head.

"Finally. Now i need to put him away for good." Said Karine with a faint smile.

"It gets better. Swat team arrest him seconds after he killed one of his guys. We have all evidence and testimony from the Swat guys. There is no get away from that. You got him for good Karine this time." He said with a smile.

"That bastard is going down now." She said with a satisfied smile. She look like a cat who finally got the mouse.

"Yes, he is." He nod with a frown.

"What's up with the frown?" She ask.

"Well, they were several... abnormalities... before the raid was carried out by our Swat team."

"Abnormalities?" She asked, puzzled.

"Yes, our guys found 6 people who they believed were sentry to keep watch on the hideout knocked out behind the building. Nothing serious beside a few bruises or twisted muscles. The alarm and security surveillance had also be disconnected. The team leader that i talked too say that without all that, our team operation would have been very difficult. In fact, with the number of people and weapon on the site, they could really have been dead on our side and Droski would have escape." He said, his eyes narrowing, examining her.

Hearing that, the eyes of Karine flicker for a second to Amal before they came back to Mattews. She had a hunch on who was responsible but she could not voice it. The same person who send her a file with a lot of information on Droski coming from a ghost email address. That remind her of a technique that she saw very recently with the Caldwell case. She could not help but frown.

"Did you send someone there Karine? I remember that there was two bodyguard who saved you last night, where is the other one?" He ask, scrutinizing.

"Jean is protecting my son in my father in law house and no. I didn't send anyone there nor did i planned to." She answer truthfully.

"Right. How is your son by the way? How did he take the attack last night?" He respond seemingly mollified.

"Pretty good considering, he is not easy rattle. He is currently working on a role for a movie. He must take an audition in two days in LA." She said with pride.

She remember how shock they were when Nathaniel told them that he was ask to take an audition for a future blockbuster movie last night. At first when he talked about magic, they thought that he was messing with them until he explain. The fact that the role was ask by Maggie did not leave her insensible either. She even start feeling bad to not mention her to him before. They just didn't think about it.

"Knowing you, i am not surprised." He laughed."I need to get going now, keep me inform if anything come up again."

"Will do. Thanks Jon for everything, i owe you a dinner." She said good

naturally.

"Don't mention it! I will hold you to that dinner however, bring that son of yours too, i want to talk to him!" He said before leaving.

After the door was closed, karine start thinking before locking eyes with Amal.

"Amal, are you thinking what i'm thinking?"

"I don't believe you want me to answer truthfully to that question ma'am." He said with is usual deadpan voice.

Thinking about it, Karine realise that he was right. She really didn't want to think about it.