

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 75

45 minutes later, the lobby was now lit again. They had not managed to repair the extensive damage that the power room had sustain but they successfully connected an appointed generator into the electrical network of the building. It would not suffice to power the whole building but it was enough for lighten the place. The SWAT team, after combing the whole hotel, had finally found the jamming device which was on the roof and disconnected it.

Now, the CSI team was busy taking pictures and collecting evidence in the lobby while the coroner office was wrapping up the dead bodies. In this grim atmosphere, seeing the practiced moves of these people made the other people feel at ease. America being what it was, it was not the first time and sadly not the last time that something like this would happen and the law enforcement was trained for this kind of situation.

Not far from here, the almost hundreds of clients from the hotel were being questioned by NYPD uniforms, gathering their testimonies before letting them go. As the hotel was high end, the people here were all rich with a good amount of influence so the NYPD were especially considerate in their questioning.

It was in that moment that a dozens of FBI agents entered the hotel, gathering the attention of everyone. A NYPD captain immediately approached them with a not so pleased expression on his face.

"What the fu** are you doing here Sarland? This is a NYPD case, the FBI do not belong there."

"That's where you are mistaken, this is my case. I'm tracking the one who attack here for weeks now. Judge Armstrong seems to agree with me because he put us in charge." Tom Sarland answered, fishing out a piece of paper from his vest and giving it to the captain.

After reading to the court order, the expression of the captain turned very unsightly. As much as he wanted to say something the ruling of the judge was crystal clear. It was now an FBI case and the NYPD had to assist them in everything they wanted. Seeing the expression of the captains face, agent in charge Sarland had to hide a smile.

"Ok, give me a situation report. How many injured and casualties?"

"So far twenty-three dead, ten persons lightly injured and six in critical condition."

Hearing the numbers, the twelve FBI agents could not help but take a deep breath. They had expected a lot of people injured but that many dead was surprising. In general in cases like this, there would be between two and three more injured people compared to dead ones. This situation was not normal at all.

"How many attackers?"

"Twelve, all dead." He said with a snarl.

"How many casualties on our side?" One of the female FBI agents asked in a gentle voice.

As much as the FBI and NYPD were rivals, they very much considered themselves on the same side of the fence which was why she called it 'our side.'

"One dead. Two in critical condition and one lightly injured."

"Sorry to hear that James." Sarland said with an empathic voice. Even if the two of them had bad blood between them, losing men under your care was something that was not unknown to him either. "Who were the targets of the assassination?"

"The Kim family, a couple and their daughter. They managed to survive without so much as a scratch."

"Really? That's surprising." Sarland answered knitting his brow.

"Yeah, you don't know half of it. Something weird happened in the top floor. You will see for yourself later."

"Okay, where is the Kim family right now?"

"In a meeting room in the first floor, I have two SWAT teams protecting them. There is more. The Kim family was not alone when they got attacked. There was a young man with them, working on a college project with the daughter. Based on what I heard so far, he is the young grandson of some big shot in the music industry. He had two bodyguards protecting him, if not for these two guys, the body count would be much higher."

"What do you mean?"

"They were the ones who called us and after that they entered the building with guns blazing. They managed to down three of them before we even got there. They got injured in the fight."

"In what hospital have they been transferred?"

"They refused to go, they are in the meeting room with the kid and the Kim family. They are some bad ass guys. The kid on the other hand got lucky, he managed to hide while everybody was dying. We took all of their testimonies, we will transfer the files to you when you need it."

"I need it now. Have one of your guys escort me and two of my people come with me while the rest secure the rest of the evidence."

"Alright."

In the meeting room Nathaniel was sitting at the table, flanked by Jean and Amal on each side. He was happy that they had survived even if they got hurt in the process. To be honest, he was feeling guilty about it but it was not the place or the time to talk about it. It had been nearly an hour since they were waiting here and he was starting to feel bored.

After giving their testimony, they had been asked to stay here until detectives interview them. Since then nobody had come and the SWAT members by the door were saying clearly that they do not have the choice to simply leave. He was glad to see that Na-Yung and her family was alright. It was good to see that the effort he put in tonight had boren fruit even if a lot of people had died at the side.

Everyone would have felt guilty about it but Nathaniel knew that without his implication, more people would have died. Marc had learned long ago that you could not save everyone and when he had fused with his memories, he had adopted a lot of his mindset. What saddened him the most was that he had to kill to save his friend and her family. At that time he had acted in the moment, the mechanism and training taking over but now he would have to deal with the aftermath.

Finally the door opened and three FBI agents entered the room.

"Hello here, I'm Special Agent Tom Sarland and with me is agent Williams and Aldrin." The forty year old said, introducing the two agents beside him. "I'm going to ask you to come with me in the FBI building, where we will conduct an interrogation

on each of you."

Getting up, Na-Yung and her parents obediently moved to the door. Nathaniel with an almost imperceptible shake of his head urged his bodyguards to stay seated. Seeing that the other three people were not moving, the FBI agent started to frown.

"Ok I don't have time people, so start moving now." He ordered.

"No, I'm not going anywhere with you." Nathaniel said simply.

"What? Listen kid I know that you saw some rough things tonight but you have to come. You don't have a say in this."

"I'm sixteen, I'm a minor."

"What does that have to do with anything?" Sarland asked puzzled, looking to his two subordinates for help. William was as dumbfounded as he was while Aldring seemed interested.

"That means that you can take me into interrogation only in two cases. If I'm arrested committing a crime or with my parents or guardians consent. Since you have neither of those, the simple fact that you brought it up is unlawful."

"Ok kid, I was being nice but it is over now. Follow me right now or I'm going to arrest you for obstruction of justice."

"Which will never hold as I already gave my statement to the cops. My lawyer will wipe you in court." Nathaniel said smiling.

"And where is that lawyer now?" Sarland asked clearly angered now.

"Right behind you." A beautiful voice coming from the doorway answered.

Jumping a little, surprised, he turned around to look where the voice was coming from. In the doorway was a beautiful blonde woman. She was wearing blue jeans and a black jacket, looking at him with piercing eyes. Although she had a professional smile on her face, people could clearly see that she was not happy.

"Who are you and who let you enter the building? This is an active crime scene!"

"Oh, let me introduce myself. Prosecutor Lyndon, I'm this young man's mother and lawyer." She said, shaking the hands of his two subordinates but making a point of not shaking his.

Hearing that she was a prosecutor, he could not help but sigh. In every other city, he could have disregard her and continued what he was doing but in New York he could not. After 9/11, a number of laws had been passed, giving more power to the NYPD and the DA. It was in New York that the FBI had less power over their jurisdiction making it a bit tricky when they had conflicted cases.

"Listen prosecutor..." Agent Sarland started to say before he was abruptly cut short by Karine.

"No, you are going to listen to me. My son and his bodyguards will keep themselves available to assist in your investigation. In the meantime, after today's tragic event, he will go back home with me. When you want to see my son, you will call me to arrange a meeting. If you just try to get to my son without me present, I will remember that you tried to intimidate a teenager and I assure you that your next job will be a security agent in a mall. Do we understand each other?" She asked in a chilling voice.

Properly chastised, he could only nod in front of her. He got busted in the candy jar and now he could only take it without saying anything. It was already good that she was not pressing charges as it was in her right to do so.

"Good, come with me Nathaniel. Jean and Amal you are coming too."

"What about the two bodyguards?" Williams asked.

"They are clearly injured, the only place that they need to be right now is a hospital. I already have an ambulance waiting for them. Well, it was a pleasure gentlemen, I hope we will meet again in the future." She smiled, leaving with her head held high.

The three FBI agents in the room could only watch her leave, they were clearly not looking forward to meeting her again.