

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 108

Once back in the dining room, Victoria and Madison went in the direction of Jason to start giving him gifts for him to open. Some of the gifts were worth more than ten thousand dollars while others were worth almost nothing. He even received a drawing of him that looked like it came from Helea looking at her expression when he opened it. He also received a very skimpy pink dress that came from Elisabeth who almost fell over laughing when Jason saw it.

Even if he was an outsider here, the atmosphere was quite relaxed and he was having fun laughing with the other family members. Not all family members though.

"Mark, are you going to keep staying behind me all night or what?" Nathaniel said in a clear voice, not looking like he was talking to someone in particular.

"So you know I am here." Marcus answered from behind him before coming beside Nathaniel.

"Of course, your Cologne is very... how do I put it delicately... powerful I would say. I could smell you from the other side of the manor." He said with a little smile, still looking at Jason opening his gifts.

"You are kind of funny for a brat. You are showing courage right now, too bad it did not hold up long when confronted to real danger and you end up hiding under a bed like the kid you are." Marcus mocked.

Not feeling insulted in the slightest, Nathaniel just looked at Marcus for the first time and then smiled.

"Interesting." He said, simply.

"What? No reaction? I expected better from you. I'm sure that Madison would find it interesting to learn that you were in that Hotel and hid it from her."

"You know Mark, the more we talk, the more I find you interesting and disappointing at the same time. It is quite an achievement." Nathaniel mused out loud.

"Why are you picking on me that much? The name thing, the remark on my smell and now this. I'm curious to know what I did to you considering we never met before tonight and my brother picked on you much more than I did." Marcus asked.

"You know what I see when I look at your brother? Charisma and confidence. You know what I see when I look at you? Intelligence and analytics. Then there is the way you move and the way your eyes are constantly moving to be aware of your surroundings. There is also the fact that you are aware I was in that Hotel when the terrorists attacked. It is interesting because when I gave the name of the organisation that carried out the attack, the FBI chose to hide my name of the records to make sure I would be safe from repercussions and they ordered me to not talk about this to anyone. It is really interesting to see that you have an information that is hidden from the NYPD and the FBI. Especially taking into consideration that your job is what now? Consultant in a wooden panel manufacturer company in Virginia? Can I make an assumption and guess your company that does not exist is located in a town called Langley?"

A flicker of surprise passed in Marcus eyes but it was quickly hidden behind an impassive facade. Marcus was going to talk when Nathaniel stopped him and raised his hand.

"Don't worry, I will not tell anyone about this." Nathaniel said.

"I did not say that your idiotic rambling was accurate."

"Of course you didn't. I will just remind you that the CIA does not have the authorization to operate on American soil by multiple executive orders coming from the Attorney General. And utilising government resources for personal uses, like let's just say for the sake of argument, investigating his nieces new boyfriend is illegal and the person involved could go to jail for a very long time. Not even mentioning the mediatic fallout if the press were to learn about the brother of a US Senator using his influence to investigate a young popstar. " Nathaniel shrugged.

"You are much more than what you appear to be either." Marcus realized.

"You know what people say Mark, young people have unlimited potential." Nathaniel smiled wolfishly before refocusing his attention on Jason who was almost done with his birthday presents.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning, Nathaniel was getting out of the shower wearing only briefs when his grandmother knocked on the door of his bedroom. Quickly putting a shirt on, he opened the door for her. Looking at the bed already made and the clothes folded on the side, Diane wanted to shake her head.

"Dear, you know we have maids. Can you be a little messy like every teenager on this planet?"

"It's not because someone can do your job that it must prevent you from doing it yourself."

"You are really worse than your grandfather sometimes." Diane laughed.

"Mom said the same thing to me not too long ago." Nathaniel laughed back.

"How did the party go last night?" She asked, sitting on his bed.

"You were right, the senator was less than welcoming and his brother was the same. I did meet some interesting people and it was kind of fun so it was still worthwhile."

"And with the girl? Madison is it?"

"Yes it is. Well, at the end of the evening she was kind of thoughtful and a little distant. At first, our relation was only about sex and now that I met her family, especially as they were calling me her 'boyfriend', it is normal. She must think about it, I sent her a text this morning and she did not answer as of yet. I will not force her to do anything and if she wants to stop, that is fine by me."

"Really? Just like that?" Diane said, surprised.

"We were friends before becoming something more. We are basically free to do whatever we want except betraying each other. We made a deal that if one of us met someone else, he could just tell the other and we were going back to be just friends. I always respect my word."

"Good. The Lyndon family has a long history of never betraying their words. Even your grandfather despite having done shady things in the past when we created the company, never broke his. What did you think about the senator?"

"Charismatic, smart, dubious and thirst for power. The typical politician, the fact that he came from an illustrious family does not add anything to him." Nathaniel said after thinking about it for a moment.

"It sounds about right. It's good instruction for you, blood does not make people great, it's just an advantage for some. We were never in that category but that never stopped us from accomplishing great things. Now dress up, I want to show you the files of the creation of the Lyndon Tower and our empire."

"Coming right up grandma." Nathaniel said, dressing quickly. He was hyped to see those files, maybe he could find things in them to help him in his future plans.