

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 118

Washington DC. Walter Reed Army Medical Center. 15/11/2012. 18:00.

Walking in the hospital hallway, Nathaniel saw a nurse coming out of the room. He had seen her the last time he came and she was the one who had lead him to Scott's room. She was a pretty looking brunette in her mid twenties, towering around 5'9. She had long, enticing legs that were gathering a few admiring stares from her patients and colleagues.

Seeing him walking in her direction the girl seemed to recognize him as she walked in his direction, a slight smile gracing her lips.

"Hi there, I remember you. You are Scott's nephew."

"Indeed and you are his nurse."

"Yes I am. I don't know what you said to him last time but it worked wonders. He stopped taking morphine and began doing his physical therapy like his life depended on it. What did you tell him if I can be curious?"

"Nothing specific. He needed someone to kick his ass and I was happy to oblige. We all need someone to show us the right direction when we lose our way." Nathaniel said.

"Yes, I can see that." The girl said, laughing before pausing. "You know my shift is going to end soon if you want to take a coffee together after that." She asked, biting her lips.

"It would be my pleasure but I'm already seeing someone, sorry." Nathaniel smiled kindly.

"Please, tell me it's at least a girl. If I ask out another gay guy, I'm going to blow my brain up."

"Yes, it's a girl. Your brain is safe this time." Nathaniel laughed.

"Why are good guys always taken?" The girl grumbled after saying goodbye to Nathaniel.

Walking inside Scott's room, Nathaniel could already see that his eyes were not filled with self pity anymore and were much clearer. Taking a seat on the chair like the last time they had seen each other.

"Hello Scott."

"You know, I almost believed you were a hallucination caused by morphine." He greeted.

"You were not at that point yet Scott but not that far off either." Nathaniel laughed but his eyes stayed serious.

"I know I almost threw my life away and yet it was not the first time I lost men in combat. I really don't know how I ended up at this point." Scott said, shaking his head.

"It was not that. The same day you lost your brothers in arms, they told you that you were dishonorably discharged from service and then they abused your fragile state to weigh you with guilt. The truth was that they had planned for everything. State Department are like a shitty ex boyfriend. They believe that since they can't have you anymore, no one can."

"That is one of the more apt analogies I've ever heard in my life." Scott said, laughing dryly.

"How are you Scott?" Nathaniel asked in a caring voice.

"I'm better but not good enough to leave yet. My doctors said two weeks until I can walk again. I'm going to beat that. If I'm not out in a week and a half, I don't deserve to call myself Scott anymore." He said, resolutely.

That made Nathaniel explode in laughter. It reminded him of the state he was when he came out of coma. People kept repeating he needed at least six month to walk again and he was not okay with that in the slightest.

"I read the file that you left here last time you know. Is everything true? Is this really happening as we speak?" Scott asked with a frown.

Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www.novelhall.com](http://www.novelhall.com) for visiting.

"Yes, everything is true. I wish it wasn't trust me." Nathaniel nodded sadly.

"Why is nobody doing something about that?"

"Money, Power and Influence." Nathaniel said simply. Scott understood quickly.

"Why me?" He finally asked the question on his mind since the first time Nathaniel appeared in his hospital room.

"A number of reasons. Every one of your superiors praised that you were a born leader. Leading your team with efficacy and dedication. You managed to become a colonel at thirty eight, it's impressive considering the majority of your assignments were classified. You are fluent in Korean and you have a huge experience operating a team. Your ground knowledge is impressive as well. I need that kind of skill in my team."

"Yes, but there are others who have that knowledge."

"It's true, and I eliminated each of them in the recruitment process that I created for this purpose. You are it Scott."

"For who are we going to work for?" Scott said.

Nathaniel did not miss the "we" in that sentence and made an effort to not smile.

"Undefined at that point but I'm going to say something to you right now. Your boss will be me and me alone. Everything will be sanctioned by our government but I will always shield you from that side of things. Even if the President of the United States comes and gives you an order, you have the right to encourage him in fu\*\*ing himself." Nathaniel smiled at the shocked expression on Scott's face hearing that and then added. "Tobias how long are you going to wait outside, you are not a frigging spy for gods sake." He shouted in the direction of the door.

A couple of seconds later, a remorseful Tobias entered the room.

"How the hell did you know someone was here and more over that it was me. You did not even turn around once!" He shouted.

"Magician do not reveal their tricks but since it was not one of them, I can tell you. I saw your reflection in that pitcher, you really are the worst spy ever." Nathaniel smiled sillily. "Introduce yourself, you can see that we are not alone."

"I don't have time for that, I came to give you the Presidents answer." He said angrily.

"Tobias, you are in the hospital room of an injured soldier that bled for his country all

of his life and ended up thrown aside for political reasons. You are going to introduce yourself and give him the respect he deserves or we will find out how good you are in hand to hand combat. Trust me when I say, you will not appreciate the experience." Nathaniel said, his eyes serious.

That made Tobias stop enough to snap him out of his anger. Looking at the veteran in the hospital bed and thinking about what he just heard. The whole demeanor of Tobias changed in an instant.

"Hello, I'm Tobias Cain, Head of the Secret Service." He said, coming near the bed to shake his hand.

"Ex Colonel Scott McCornaig, glad to meet you." He said, shaking Tobias hand.

"So what is the answer of the President Tobias? My plane is taking off in one hour." Nathaniel reminded him.

"Yes we know. Can we speak at a place more private maybe?" Tobias asked, his eyes flickering to Scott in the bed and then back to Nathaniel.

"No need, just tell me." Nathaniel said confidently. He knew that Scott was already on board.

"Alright." Tobias sighed before continuing. "The President accepts your offer. A few points still need to be discussed but it will be with me directly as I will be your interlocutor with the President."

"Good, that was to my expectations. We are going to have so much fun together Tobias." Nathaniel said excitedly making Tobias grimace bitterly. He had just inherited one of the worst pains in the ass he had ever seen.

"So Scott, want to come working with me?" Nathaniel asked Scott.

"Yes sir. I'm yours to command." Scott said respectfully, making a salute.

"Fantastic." Nathaniel smiled.

\*\*\*\*\*

Three hours later Nathaniel was back in New York. Still excited to have won the President over, he wanted to have fun. Madison had told him that tonight there was a sorority party at her house and so he decided to come over.

The security guard was still in front of the house but he had become familiar enough

with Nathaniel to let him pass without even asking anything. Entering and being welcomed by some very loud music, Nathaniel smiled. It was good to be back.

Searching for Madison on the dance floor, he finally found her and his smile vanished completely from his face. She was wearing one of the skimpiest dresses that he had ever seen on her and she seemed quite drunk. But it was not the reason that made the smile on Nathaniel face disappear.

She was hungrily kissing another man.