

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 193

She was a charming woman in her late thirties with mid length brown hair and dark eyes. She had some eastern feature on her face which was not surprising considering that her mother was Iranian and her father German. Looking at her, a lot of memories start to surface in his head. The first time they met. The time they had their first fight. And sex, lots and lots of sex which was quite troubling, especially considering the man that was having it wasn't him.

"Nathaniel! I told you many times to stop entering my office without even knocking!" His mother rebuked unhappily.

"Sorry, mom, I was just happy to be back and wanted to say hi." He said cheerfully after clearing his head and schooling his face.

Shaking her head, trying to hide a smile, Mary turn back to the woman she was speaking with.

"I'm sorry for my son Miss Abernheim, he's a little too playful for his own good sometimes."

"No, no. It's okay, I understand." The woman answers with a good natured smile, waving the problem aside.

"Amanda Abernheim, I present you my son, Nathaniel Lyndon. Miss Abernheim here represent a consulting firm in Europe specialized in merger."

"Glad to meet you Miss Abernheim." Nathaniel said, walking up to her and shaking her hand with a smile. He knew full well that it was not her real identity.

"Same here but please call me Amanda. I can see that charm run in the family." She answers with a smile.

Walking to his mother and kissing her cheek, there was only one thought in his mind. He needed to get his mother out of the room and away from that woman at all cost.

She was far too dangerous and far too smart to be left roaming in the Lyndon Tower.

"Mom, when I enter the lobby I run into grandpa. He told me that he needed to speak to you about one of our contractor and since I was going to come I told him I will pass the message onto you. I can entertain Miss Abernheim here while you deal with this, it's not a problem." Nathaniel said.

"Hum. Miss Abernheim, is it okay if I excuse myself the time to deal with this situation? It will not take long, I guarantee it." Mary asked.

"No, not at all! In fact, I welcome it. I heard so much thing about your son that I'm curious to find out if all of it is true." She answers good naturally.

"Alright, Nathaniel I'm counting on you to take good care of her. I will be back soon." Mary said before leaving her office.

Once the door was closed, Nathaniel slump on her chair, putting his feet on the desk with a bliss expression on his face that made the woman in front of him laugh. Taking his phone out, Nathaniel type a quick text before pocketing it back in his pants.

"So Amanda, what did you heard about me? I will tell you if it's true or not and I promised to be fair about it."

"Sound good. People around here say you are a genius, is this true?" She asked.

"I guess it depend on your definition of a genius but I have indeed almost perfect recall, spatial intelligence and an ability to assimilate and process knowledge far greater than anyone I have met so far. I never took an IQ test though and I don't planned to to be honest, I don't think that is an information I need in my life." Nathaniel explain.

"Well, that was pretty much what I expected a genius would say." She shook her head, amused.

"Do you have others questions?" Nathaniel asked, lifting a brow.

"Oh, don't worry, I have plenty others." Amanda said with a smirk.

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"Enter."

"Hi dad. So, with which contractors do you have a problem?" Mary asked, walking inside her father office.

"What?" Robert Lyndon asked, looking up from the file that he was looking at with a frown. "I was not aware that we had an issue with a contractor."

"Huh? But Nathaniel told me that you had told him so and to come see you." She said, lost.

"Nathaniel? I didn't even knew that kid was back and I certainly didn't told him anything about a contract. What is this kid playing?"

"I don't know but I'm going to kill him." Mary said, more than a little pissed off at having being lied to by her own son.

"Hold on." Robert stopped her and answer his phone that had started to ring.

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"Yes?... HE DID WHAT?... Okay, we are coming down right now." Robert shout before slamming the phone on his desk.

"What is going on?" Mary asked.

"I would very much like to know that! Your son just order a complete lockdown outside of your office and security is currently busy evacuating the floor of every employees. Come on." Robert said, walking outside of his office, follow closely by Mary.

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".... And no, we are not a couple. Taylor is just a good friend of mine but the more we denied it, the more people believed it." Nathaniel laugh, shaking his head.

Amanda was going to ask an another question when her pupils suddenly constrict and her body straighten itself, making her turn her head to the door in concentration.

"You felt it, didn't you?" Nathaniel asked.

"Felt what?" She asked.

"That stillness in the air, that sensation of impending doom that a life full of danger program into your body to elicit an immediate response of fight or flight. If I were to have doubt about you, they would have vanished by now. This office like all the others on this floor are sound proof because of corporate espionage. This is impossible for you to know about what is happening outside and we are currently jamming every

frequencies so the possibility of you getting information from someone outside of this room is non-existent." Nathaniel said calmly, showing that his phone had indeed no reception. "You already showed me that you were an amazing actress, you can drop the act now."

Confronted by the patient and yet calm gaze of Nathaniel, Amanda started releasing the control that she had on her facial expression and quickly the 'lost' demeanor that she was adopting turned into a sharp and cold one. An expression that Nathaniel was very familiar with and triggered another round of memories. Getting to her feet, Amanda took a gun from her back and after strapping a suppressor on it, aimed it right at Nathaniel's face, her finger on the trigger.