

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 203 - :

When Nathaniel finally came out of it, he had trouble concentrating considering the pain that assault him. Not moving, he wait for the worst of it to pass before trying to open his eyes. Enduring an another wave of pain from the light, he closed them again, moving his body to a sitting position. Unfortunately, he was stopped from doing that when a hand was put on his chest to prevent him from moving.

"No! Don't move!" Jon shout.

Now that he could focus a little better, he could hear movement around him and he could also tell by the noise that he was hearing that they were in a plane.

"Okay, okay. Just don't speak so loudly, please." Nathaniel groaned.

"Headache?" Jon asked.

"Yeah, like the worst I ever had."

"Well, you gonna have to bear through it for the time being. I'm going to ask you to open your eyes now."

Doing what he was told, Nathaniel open his eyes, doing so extremely slowly. Blinded by the light, he took a few moments to get used to it. Once he sight was finally clear, he could see Jon near him, his team not far from him, leaving him room to work. After being looked at by Jon, he finally nodded.

"Your pupil are responsive again, this is a good sign. I'm going to ask you some questions to make sure your memories are alright."

"Ok doc."

"Name?"

"Nathaniel Lyndon."

"Full name please." Jon add.

"Nathaniel Abraham Lyndon."

"Where were you born and when?"

"New York, december the first, 1995."

"Do you remember when we first met?"

"Of course, it was at the clinic where you were working. You had a doctor white coat, a black pants and white sneaker with a blue spot to the side." Nathaniel answers.

"So? How is he Jon?" Scott butt in.

"He seem fine but I'm going to insist that he pass a head scan when we got back."

"How long was I out?" Nathaniel ask.

"Thirty four hours, we were starting to think that you were never going to wake up. I kept monitoring you, your heart was back to normal and you had no visible injury but head trauma are tricky to treat. In a perfect world, I would have prefer to not move you at all but we had no other choice. We are going to land in New York in three hours give or take." Jon answers after looking at his watch.

"Don't worry, I understand. Everyone is okay?" Nathaniel ask, looking at everyone.

"I took a grazing wound to the arm. I did not even felt it until we were on our way back." Camilla said, showing her bandaged arm.

"I have two cracked ribs when I took one in the vest. I'm not going to wear a bikini anytime soon but other than that, I'm fine." Lucie said, still sitting.

"Other than you three, we were all unscathed which considering the gap in numbers between us and them is already the best outcome that we could have hope for. We loot everything from the fort and give it to the prisoners, a nearby village accept to house them so that they could try to rebuilt their lives. Sadly, we lost two womens when we detonate the explosives, they were in the house 'entertaining' some of the higher up."

Nathaniel knew about one but was not surprised to learn that they were more than that. Even if they had lost only two prisoners, Nathaniel was not happy with it. They will need to train even more so that the next time, they do better than that. He already had a lot of point where they could improve and he was sure that Scott also had some points to talk about.

"Did you find something interesting in their files?" Nathaniel asked, looking at the table where Lucie was sitting.

"A little but all of it is slow going, these are in burmese and huge part of it is coded. We will need the help from Lina and Hans to know more." Lucie said.

"I can help, I have experience with that..." Nathaniel start before being interrupted.

"No." Jon stop him categorically.

"Come on , Jon. I will just look at some..."

"No." Na-Yung add.

"What?" Nathaniel asked, surprised to see her agree.

"No, you need to rest. If you don't come back healthy, your family is going to have my ass. I'm glad that you wake up before we land by the way, that prevent me a very unpleasant conversation. You stay where you are and you rest, that's the end of this discussion." Scott said sternly.

Seeing that his team was united against him on this issue, he just put his head back and closed his eyes. He was asleep before he knew it.

"So, you are not dead after all?"

"You almost sound disappointed to see me, Ivania." Nathaniel answers with an amused smile.

"I almost am. What are you doing here and what do you want?"

"I came here to see him." He answers calmly.

Scrutinizing him closely, Ivania then start looking at the calm street behind him with experienced eyes. She was living in a residential neighborhood in a middle class district the difference with her neighbor was then where they took a mortgage to buy their house, she pay all of it in cash. She had choose that place because it was the perfect place to blend in and raise her son and also because people that would not belong here would be spot more easily. Satisfied by her observation, she nodded in his direction before opening the front door.

Following her inside, Nathaniel took notice of the high end security system protecting

the house and the gun that Ivania had beneath her blouse. Walking to the living room, Nathaniel finally saw the baby lying down on the carpet with a mobile above his head.

"He look so much like Marc, the same hair and the same face, that's incredible." Nathaniel said out loud after taking a knee near the baby. "He have your eyes and nose tho but outside of that, he look exactly like Marc when he was a baby."

"Yes, he's the more handsome baby in the world and I'm not saying that because I'm his mother." Ivania said with a brilliant smile, looking at him.

Nathaniel choose to let it slide and hide his amused smile before asking.

"Did you get Marc things?"

"Yes, I got them. Thanks for that by the way."

"No worries." Nathaniel wave it away like it was no big deal, getting to his feet.

"You look tired, how many of your little team did you lost in that operation?"

"None."

"None?" She asked, surprised.

"None. A couple of light injuries but no big deal."

"You were lucky this time, it will not be always the case. Do you have any information about what we did against Saudi Arabia?"

"I have as a matter of fact and that is one of the reason that I'm here now. They appears to believe that you are dead and they have back down from the situation. They understood that they could lose too much if they continue, they can't even ask the US government about this because their little operation could be interpreted as a declaration of war. So far, the State Department is scrambling to get to the bottom of it without exacerbating the diplomatic crisis and they are doing a poor job which is even better for us."

"Good. What are you going to do now?"

"Me? It's time for me to get back to my life as a seventeen years old reasonably skilled actor and singer. I have two month of filming that is waiting for me and after that I will go back to university."

"If that's all, I would like you to leave now and next time call before coming. I get

anxious real fast when people knock on my door."

Not bother by her disguised thread, Nathaniel simply give her a little smile before walking to the front door. When his hand touch the doorknob, he stop before turning back to her.

"Did you pick a godfather for Nicholas yet?"

"Of course not. Why?"

"My full name is Nathaniel Abraham Lyndon." He smile at her one last time before leaving the house.