

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 210 - :

Santa Monica. 18/02/2013. 15:25.

"You are too passive grandson." Robert remark, moving his bishop forward and taking Nathaniel's knight.

The grandfather and grandson pair were playing chess in the garden of their new house in Santa Monica under the sun and a light breeze. Robert had come here to visit his wife and grandson yesterday and had decided to stick around for the week. One hour ago, he had come with a chessboard and had proposed a game with Nathaniel who was busy meditating on the grass. Seeing the board, Nathaniel had smile and accepted to play with his grandfather and since then, they have been at it with Diane watching the game with interest.

"And you are too aggressive grandpa." Nathaniel answer in the same manner, moving his pawn to take the bishop.

"Aggressivity can be good, it can achieve many things." Robert said, taking Nathaniel's pawn with his own.

Right now, things were not looking good for Nathaniel. His grandfather had broke through his line of defense and he had lost more pieces that he took as a result.

"It's true but it's important to keep his control over it and not be guided by it." Nathaniel said, moving his last pawn forward.

"Grandson, you should surrender. In three moves you are going to lose." Robert said with a satisfied smile, moving one of his pawn to block Nathaniel last pawn.

Looking at the board with attention, Nathaniel had to agree with his grandfather. Defense scenario after scenario flash in his mind but each conclusion came to the same end, him losing. Seeing the realisation appear on his grandson face, Robert reveal an even more happy smile.

"Do you want to surrender or do you want to try to defend?"

"Neither, both of these options have me loosing. I don't like to lose."

"There are no others options Nathaniel." His grandfather frowned.

"There is always another way." Nathaniel smile, doing his first offensive action of the game, moving his queen forward. "Checkmate."

Seeing this, the winning smile on his grandfather start to morph to surprised and then to disbelief, his face starting to get pale. Narrowing his eyes, he start to look for a way out for his king but the path to leave were blocked by Nathaniel's last bishop and knight and the only other way to leave was block by the pawn that he just move. After he realized that he had lost, he made his king fall to the board.

"You lied to me." His voice was calm.

"I did not." Nathaniel answer, putting the pieces back to their place on the board.

"You told me that you play a little when you were ten years old and not since then, you clearly lied."

"That's the truth."

"Dear, me and your grandfather played chess against each other for the last twenty years and even myself sometimes lost against him. How did you beat him by the way? I didn't even see it coming. I was sure that you were done for." His grandmother butt in.

"I applied the best strategy against aggressivity that I knew. The reason how Rome could vanquish all of these barbarians tribes considering that there were always in inferiority numeric. Discipline. That's also why I never opposed directly block your offensive, I just absorb them to make you extend yourself so that I could deliver the killing blow. And yes, I stop playing when I was ten because my mothers didn't want to play against me anymore, they were losing every single game and it was just so embarrassing to them. I also had no friends to play with me so I just quit playing and focus on something else." Nathaniel explain, shrugging.

Looking at each other, Diane and Robert seem to have a conversation without saying a word. They had their doubt but they decided to let it go, after all it was not the first time that their grandson surprised them.

"Grandma, grandpa I need to go. I need to be in the studio in forty fives minutes so I can't make another game. You will be here tonight? I should be done by eleven PM." Nathaniel said, getting to his feet.

"We will be here dear." Diane smile after Nathaniel kiss her cheek and hug his

grandfather.

Once he was gone, the couple stay silent for a few moments before looking at each other again.

"I don't like this, he's too smart, too gifted and too calm for his own good."

"Are you really complaining about having an heir too gifted? I officially seen everything." Diane said, laughing at her husband antics.

"You know what I'm talking about. He's smart, gifted and he's an idealist, that's the perfect recipes to end up dead and I don't even talk about his others activities. I don't want to lose my grandson."

"You see what he can do, it would take a lot to kill him. You know what he told me, he managed to heal himself to four bullet wound. He very well may be one of the strongest if not the strongest person on Earth."

"And what do you say about his claim that others people are like him with abilities that roam around in secret?"

"I trust his instinct." Diane said simply.

"Just like that hein? Who do you thing is the women in his team that could hide an ability?" He ask.

"Yes and this is why I get along much better with him than you are. I don't want to control him or boss him around. I'm just here for him and I advise him when I think it's necessary. For the rest, I don't know, of all four, we only know Lina. As far as we know, it could be her or any others of the four."

"I know, it's better this way. Like that he can have a nice and caring grandmother and a severe and harsh grandfather. I don't see why it would need to change, so far I'm satisfied for what he have done with his life." He nodded.

"You could have more than that you know." Diane shoock her head.

"I'm the CEO of the biggest Label in the county, I don't have the luxury to dote on him like you do, I need to have him ready to take my place when the times come." Robert said, taking the king from the chessboard.

"That's stupid." Diane answers bluntly.

"That's how is it and I would not have it any other way." He said calmly.

Diane just kept silent, she knew he was lying but she also knew better that trying to argue with him. He was sometimes too stubborn for his own good.