

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 242 - :

Hamptons. 24/04/2013. 9h55.

Getting back to his grandparents manor in the Hamptons was always something particular in Nathaniel's mind. His thoughts were always returning to the time when he was getting out of a coma and passed his whole recovery here. Working through his fatigue and his pains everyday to make his body stronger. He had lost count of how much time he exited the gym, too tired to even move that he had to be carried to his bed in order to sleep. In general, it was Amal and Jean who were the one who carried him back to his bedroom.

Sighing, he looked around him, feeling like someone was missing which was true. He was missing his two lovely furballs. He would feel better if he could bring them here but that wasn't possible at the moment. Even if his mother, Mary was allergic to dogs, there were pills that could offset that and she even said that she was willing to take them but that wasn't the principal issue. No, the first issue was because of Jaydon. Since Sand Cat passed their whole life in the desert, their physiology evolved around surviving in that particular environment.

The offset was that their pulmonary system was extremely s.e.n.s.i.t.i.v.e to humidity in the air and they could easily get and die from disease related to that. So, bringing her to New York was extremely dangerous for her, especially since she was still in infancy. On the contrary, by staying in California, the weather was almost perfect for her and still, they still buy humidity recyclers and outside heaters to be safe. He could still have brought Andy with him but that sounds like a very egoist thing to do. He was not willing to let Jaydon all alone in California to keep one of his furball with him.

Joining his family in the living room, he took a seat near his grandmother who was empty and made himself comfortable. He knew that the conversation that they were going to have won't be. He knew that because he was the one who called for that meeting of the family. After the Prince's visit to their home in New York, he had arranged for them to meet here in the Hamptons and up their security to be sure that no one could hear their conversation. He already told them about the Prince visit so they knew what it was about.

"I asked Lina to make some inquiry about their family and she found some interesting things. If on paper, they look like all ancient noble families, stuck in their past and still believe to have their powers, they are not. First, you need to understand something

about them. They belong to the house of Wittelsbach, who became a royal family almost eight hundred years ago. At the peak of their power, they used to control Norway, Denmark, Sweden and the Holy Roman Empire in the fourteen hundred. Not many people know this but Queen Elisabeth the second, grandmother was a Wittelsbasch."

Nathaniel let a moment pass to let them digest that before continuing.

"How do these old families make money you could ask. It's pretty easy. They still own some land and they receive money from the government to maintain their domain as many of them are classified as historical monuments. Which is understandable, some of their castles outdated our country's history by centuries easily. This is how the German, French and English people spend around one hundred millions euros to them per year. But like I said, unlike many royals and old european families, they didn't stay stuck in the past. They invest heavily into technology and own their money mostly from patent ownership and resource extraction. This part of their activity is really well hidden, proof that they don't want people to know about it."

"This is all nice but what I don't get is why they are so fascinated by you? What do they want?" His grandfather asked.

"They are gifted grandpa, all of them." Nathaniel said in a grave tone. "And they suspect that I am too."

"Gifted? You mean, like you?" His mother, Karine, asked.

"Not exactly like me. I can't be sure of anything right now but based on what I saw in Lucie, Brunhilde and Max, they all have their soul structured in the same way. Let me be as clear as possible, when I look at the souls of you four, they all are the same way, a ball of light with various colors like mine was before Marc barged into my life. Theirs are not the same, they form a sign of some sort, it's like multiple pieces put on top of each other, that's quite weird. They also do not have the same abilities as me. They can't use their soul like I do, to boost my speed, strength or sight. They also can't see the soul of other people like I can. The other face of that is that they are faster and stronger than me in my normal state. They also seem to be older than they should be. I'm not talking like me who with Marc memories can be considered as a sixty years old man. I'm talking centuries older than they should be."

They were a loud and long silence after that last bit, everyone trying to grasp the enormity of what Nathaniel just said. Even if after witnessing everything Nathaniel could do, they were more accepting of extraordinary things, it was still mind boggling to think about it.

"There is a silver lining to this. They don't seem to get the same exact power among the family. Brunhilde was the most powerful I encountered so far, followed by the Prince and some distance away, Lucie. I don't know what is causing that discrepancy in terms of power beven then, Lucie is already a formidable person to contend with. They also have a sort of military force extremely loyal to them and very well trained."

"I'm starting to get anxious, why are you telling us that Nathaniel?" His grandmother asked.

"For you to be aware of what is going on. I'm pretty sure that I made my point across and I will be left alone for now. Not telling you this will put you in danger, a thing that I will never do. I also briefed our security so that they stay vigilant and alert. This is not the only reason why I ask for this meeting." Nathaniel added.

Nathaniel expected to receive a question but his family just waited patiently to let him continue when he would be ready.

"Something is wrong with my mind." Nathaniel confesses in an emotional tone.

"Are you alright Dear?" His grandmother immediately asked, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"I passed every cognitive test in the last two days and physically, everything is alright with me. Still, I know things that I never learn and I can do things that I was never taught. Something is not right with me."

"Nathaniel, can you stop being cryptic and just tell us what is the problem exactly?" His grandfather asked in annoyance.

"It's better if I show you guys. Let's go to the garden, I believe things should be ready."

Making his way to the garden, his family followed him outside to see that things had changed. There were a number of huge rounded practice targets scattered around the garden with a chair near the opening of the garden. On the chair, there was a recurve bow and a quiver of arrows on it. Turning around, Nathaniel saw his mothers had a hint of recognition in their eyes seeing the bow there but his grandparents had no ideas about what was happening.

"Nathaniel, why did you turn our garden into an archery range?" His grandmother asked.

"I need to show you something guys. I never touched a bow in my entire life until last week. When I did, an energy coursed through my body and I managed to make a shot

with an accuracy that shouldn't be possible, immediately after that, I saw an image of someone in my mind before I passed out. It was some sort of vision or maybe the remnant of a memory that I can't make out from where it is coming from." Nathaniel told them, he was starting to feel anxious and he kept a distance with the bow like it was a venomous snake.

"Sweetie, are you sure you want to do this? Based on what you told us, it's rattled you a lot the last time it happened." Karine asked in a worried tone.

"I was and it's why I need to know more. In the best case scenario, nothing is going to happen and all of it will just be a fluke. Or this is going to happen again and I will learn more about the situation. In either case, I will sleep better at night." Nathaniel answered, making his decision.

Taking the quiver tentatively in his hand, he waited for a bit but seeing that nothing went on, he slung it across his back. His back started to move on his own to put the quiver in an optimal place for him to take the arrows from his right shoulder.

'Muscle memories.' Nathaniel thought bitterly. 'Muscle memories that I never knew I had.'

Bracing himself, he took the bow in his left hand and realized that nothing went wrong. The sensation that he had the last time was nowhere to be seen. Relieved, he looked at his family and nodded.

"So far so good." He said.

Turning back in the direction of the practiced target, he thrust his hand on top of his right shoulder and got lucky enough to grasp a single arrow and nock it into his bow. Aiming his bow to the nearest target, Nathaniel released his first arrow who hit the target but barely, embedding itself in the most right corner. Not disappointed in the slightest, Nathaniel nock another arrow on the bow and aimed it at the same target, this time though, he raised his bow a little higher and let go. The arrow hit the target but this time in the top left corner of it, inches away from missing it entirely.

"Isn't he's supposed to be good at this? Even my dead mother could hit the target better than him." Nathaniel heard his grandfather grumble quietly to his wife which brought a smile to his face.