

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 28

Hampton, 22/05/2012. 08:30.

Nathaniel was peacefully running on the beach and was thinking about everything that happens since he come out of coma. There was the memories and experience of a forty years old veteran that he had to merged within his mind. Follow by the excruciating pain that he had to experience to build back his muscled mass. The reason that he was able to exceed every prediction of rehabilitation was because of his soul power. When he was moving his soul inside of his body, he could see with his sight the tissue and muscle knitting back after each session of training and pain.

He even prick his finger with a knife to test things out. Focusing his willpower and soul where he was bleeding, he could see in a minute the blood flow stopping and his skin knitting back together. When he witness it he could not hold back a thrill of excitement follow rapidly by apprehension. He would need to avoid hospital in the future, he did not think that an examen could find something wrong with his body but better not risk it. Moreover it would be a pain to explain why he could heal way faster than ordinary people.

His body was full of power all the time and even a 15 miles sprint could not suck his energy out. Nathaniel knew that he could become an athlete and win even against people shooting themselves with enhancing drugs. That was not of course something he was considering, he wanted to be known for his intellect and mind, that sound conceited when he thought about it but he never considered himself as arrogant.

He remember a sentence he read in a book in his youth that greatly affect him.

'To be nobody but yourself in a world which is doing its best day and night to make you like everybody else means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight and never stop fighting.'

That phrase echo deep inside of him and at that moment he resolute himself to always be true to himself, even if people didn't like it.

The Caldwell case had finally started to die down since last week when he was extradited to the EU and LaHaye. He was currently charged with crime against humanity and all his assets had been frozen. Thanks to him, they managed to block all his accounts even the more hidden one in EU and Africa, everything was on the file he sent them so that was not overly complicated. News anchors started to question where the file they all received originated from. Some people say that was someone in Africa who was a victim who did it. Others severely rebuked them when they say that every letter and mail they received could not be traced back to the original owner. That was not something an ex-slave could do, especially when the letters were sent from the US. Some say that was the investigation of a hidden agency inside from our government, that's why it was so well orchestrated. That eased considerably the worry that experienced his grandmother when she listened to it, where his grandfather just laughed it out with disdain.

Now that the case was behind him, he could focus more on his musical career. He started to write more songs, some were rock, some were other more pop. He didn't want to be confined to one kind of song. Last week he finally made the music video for his song which he named "Will to Love". They had a lot of fun with Taylor doing it despite getting in an argument with the director. He wanted to make a scene with him that was not in the spirit of the music and involve him being almost naked.

Things could have gone out of hands if not for the presence of Maggie. Maggie was his agent and was hand-picked by his mom. She was a brown-haired forty-year-old woman with a stern expression always present on her face. She was a renowned agent of movie stars but wanted to change and experience the music industry. Despite her stern face she was quite nice and talked to him with respect which was essential to have a healthy working relationship.

That didn't mean that she was nice with everyone, when he was berated rather vehemently by the video director, she jumped in the conversation and ripped him a new one. Nathaniel did not need someone to defend himself but he admitted that she was quite scary when she was angry. Thing that the guy in question did not argue with when he almost bowed to excuse himself, which was quite funny. He admitted that since he was so young there were people bound to not take him

seriously, having a scary agent would be a must in case like that. Especially in a field which was not renowned for being the most benevolent one.

Hearing his phone ringing, he stop running and chuckled when he seen the caller ID. Sometimes thinking about something was akin to summon him.

"Hello Maggie, how are you? It's a sublime morning don't you think?" Said Nathaniel with a radiant voice.

"I hate morning person." She grumbled on the phone which make him laugh.

"You say that but you should come running with me early in the morning, that would help you see the beauty of dawn."

"Not going to happen! Stop goofing around now you make me think about my daughter! I had important novel from the label, we can finally upload your song!"

"Finally!" Exclaim Nathaniel. Since last week the music video was finished and they were waiting for the label to finalise the last point with downloading application and mass producing disc for the single.

"According to what i have heard, a week of waiting never happen before. Even a huge star like your friend Taylor need to wait a couple of month if more for that. I guess being the only grandson of the CEO has it perks even if i don't argue that you have talent."

"Ohhh you're so sweet Maggie, remind me to hug you next time you come at the house."

"If you try i will smack you!" She threatened in a stern voice.

"Instead of bothering me, you should run back to the house and publish the video on Youtube."

Reducing the window of his call on his phone, he opened an app that he had created last week. Pressing it, the command embed in the app launch itself, publishing the video and tweeting on his account.

Just like that both of his account with no follower or subscriber publish their first post. Things were silent in the beach when he did but he knew that this

calm was not bound to last.

"Done." He said with a tone of gravity