

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 76

Once they had put the two bodyguards in the ambulance, Nathaniel was lead by his mother away from the huge mass of reporters in front of the building and where she had parked her car. He did not have the time to enter it when he was fiercely hugged by his crying mother. He embraced her with just as much force. Although he was confident in his capacity to succeed tonight it was not easy or without risk by a longshot.

"My baby! I'm so glad that you are alright!" She cried.

"I'm glad to be alright too." He said smiling.

He kept hugging her until her tears finally dried out. His eyes were moist too but he was still smiling like an idiot. It feel good to be loved.

"How did you know that I was there?"

"The police captain. He saw your name and called me. That reminds me. You are grounded."

"Euh what? Why?" Nathaniel was dumbfounded by the abrupt change of topic.

"Your grandfather also called. I don't know how, but you knew that something was going to happen tonight, that's why you request the help of Amal and Jean. Hence, you are grounded."

"But I have never been grounded! For how long?" He said indignantly.

"Yes, we have been too kind to you. For at least a week, we will see after that."

"But mom!"

"Don't 'Mom' me! Your case will be evaluated again next week."

"Alright prosecutor." He knew better than try to argue against his mother in case like this.

He could only smile bitterly. He had just fought against assassins and now he was being grounded. It was a situation so weird that he wanted to laugh but he managed to stop himself. If his mother thought that he was mocking her, she would ground him for a month at least.

"Come on, your mother is waiting for us probably sick worrying. Prepare yourself to get an earful."

He thought he was prepared but once he came home and was yelled at for ten minutes straight, he realized he was not. This was the first time that he saw his mom so worked up.

"Do you know how much horrible it was! I was watching the news, watching injured people on stretchers or in body bags thinking it could be you! You do not realize what it was like!"

"I'm sorry mom! I had to act!"

"No baby, that's the thing! You could have warned the police! This is their job, not yours!"

"Yes and they would had put a patrol in front of the building. Seeing this the assassin would have waited and attacked when they had left. Or worse, they would have killed them in their patrol car and then attacked! I was uniquely qualified to intervene and we managed to reduce the life cost of what happened tonight. With Jean, Amal and myself we saved lives, we saved my friends life. I don't have that many friends to begin with, I wanted to keep safe the few that I got!" He finally yelled back, stopping the rant of his mother.

Looking at her wife, Mary seemed to calm down a little. It was true that Nathaniel never had any friends when he was younger and that was always a cause of worry for them. They would have preferred he made friends with people who were not on some assassins hit list but well, it was still a step in the right direction.

"Uniquely qualified?" Karine picked up after not saying anything until this point. "Baby, we were okay with you to keep your secrets but after tonight this is not on the table anymore. We need to know everything, we can't continue like this."

"Are you sure? Mom?" He asked, looking at Mary.

"Yes, we talked about it. We need to know sweetie."

"Alright." He sighed sadly. "Phone on the table please." He asked, going to the modem

and turning off the internet and landline of the whole apartment. Once back, he began dismantling both of their phones.

"Ok, I don't know how to start delicately so I will say it right of the batch. I was never in coma."

"What?"

"Excuse me?" They both said at the same time, clearly surprised.

"After the accident I did not fall into coma. I was not sleeping, I was wide awake. I think my soul was damaged and I was trapped inside my own body." He explained, looking at both of them anxiously.

"Nathaniel if it's a joke, this is not funny." Karine said with an edge in her voice.

"He's not joking around, look at him. Baby maybe it was just your imagination or a bad dream?" Mary speculate.

"No mom, it was not a dream. I was trapped in complete darkness for four years. That was very real. Just listen to me please, let me explain."

Exchanging a glance, they seem to have a silent discussion between them before looking at him again and nodding.

"I was trapped and despite trying my best I could not get out of it. To be honest, I was starting to lose hope. That's when my prison started to vibrate and I manage to break free, but then I saw that there was a crimson soul who I thought wanted to take over my body. We ended up talking. I found out that his name was Marc, he had just died and did not know where he was or why he was there. At one moment he wanted to comfort me and we seem to have merged. All of his memories, all of what he knew in his life got imprinted in my mind. After that I managed to get back to my body and wake up. I know it's crazy but it's what happened I swear it is true." He pleaded.

Mary was looking at him as if he was sick while Karine had a troubled look on her face.

"Listen baby, maybe it seems real to you but that was something coming from the accident. We should go see some doctor."

"I'm not sick mom, this is real." He said with a pained expression.

"I believe you sweetie." Karine said, surprising both of them who looked at her mouth agape.

"You do?" Nathaniel asked hopefully.

"Really Karine? This is crazy!"

"The night that Nathaniel came back to us, I had a dream, did you forget? I was going to tell you about it when the doctor called us and after that it slipped my mind. In that dream I saw Nathaniel who had a white halo around him with an oppressing crimson ball beside him. The two are too similar to not be connected without even talking about the timing of it all."

Hearing that, Nathaniel was shocked. He never thought that it was possible for his mother to see this encounter. It seemed that he still had a lot to learn about that paranormal domain or the soul domain. He had not yet found a name for it and was trying very hard to not think about that part of him as it was kind of disturbing. Mary was not saying anything so far and was in deep thought, looking at her wife so he decided to go on.

"Marc was forty years old and a SEAL commando before being recruited by the CIA. Once he had finished his training, the CIA destroyed all records of him being born and started using him as a killer for the organisation. And all of his training, all of what he did in his life was transferred to me. Look."

Getting up, he took the gun that his mother had in her purse. It was a Walter PPS M2 compact gun. It was a good handgun easy to take around and hide on oneself. It was also really accurate but lacked a little punching power. Putting the gun on the table, Nathaniel began to disassemble it and reassemble it quickly. It was done so skillfully that it gave the impression that he done it all of his life, which was kind of true. His two mothers were watching him do it with awed expressions on their faces.