

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 85

New York, Lyndon penthouse. 17/10/2012. 10:00.

In the Lyndon penthouse the atmosphere was quite strange. The usually well furnished living room was a mess, all the furniture and decorative objects had been pushed aside, leaving a barren space with nothing in the middle of it. A few cameras and various objects were pointed to that space.

Nathaniel was sitting cross legged only wearing briefs and in a meditative pose, his two moms watching him anxiously. In the entire penthouse the phone, internet and even the electricity had been turned off. The only electrical object functioning in the entire apartment was the two cameras and three detectors pointing in his direction.

Nathaniel had finally settled to face his fear today. The power of his soul so far had always scared him and it was time to find out what he could really do with it. It was time to crush that cowardly attitude of his and face the power that was resting in his very soul. As a soldier, he was trained to never squander any advantage that he could have. And the power of his soul was definitely something.

After a long talk with his mothers, they had authorized him to do it but not without them being present. All three of them knew it could be dangerous so they had taken all the precaution necessary. His mother of course knew Nathaniel could heal faster than everyone on the planet but first aid kits were still not far in case of emergency.

He had read the incident report of the Hospital about power issues when he had hit Marcs soul a few moments before waking up, that's why the penthouse power had been turned off. All the precautions have been made to reduce the potential damage to their home even if Nathaniel would have chosen a basement in the countryside to experiment better. That suggestion had been overruled by his mothers who argued that they wanted him near a very good hospital in case of something happens to him.

For the last thirty minutes he had tried nothing except moving his soul power inside his body to familiarise himself with the movement. His soul was responding to his mind easily but more thoroughly than his own thinking. Almost as if it understood his body better than him. It was unsettling and comforting at the same time. He was threading in unknown waters so he needed everything that could reassure him right now.

Once he was convinced that he was as familiar as he could with his soul, he tried to do something a little more complicated. So far he had only used his soul on his damaged skin to heal faster, but he wanted to find more uses for his power. Since the beginning he instinctively knew that he had barely scratched the surface of what he could do with his soul power and it was time to prove it.

He was thinking about the interaction of his soul power with his skin and muscles, maybe he could have other interactions with them other than healing. He decided to try imbuing his arm muscles with his soul power and he was surprised to see that it worked. Throwing a punch he was disappointed to see his soul power leaving his arm muscles just before his arm started to move.

Not demoralized, he began thinking about the reason for his failure.

'Maybe it was about focus.' He thought.

In the moment when he commanded his arm to move he had lost the focus on his soul power and it had gone back to his center. He realized he would have to split his focus into two. The first to control his soul and the other to control the movements of his arm. After a few unsuccessful tries he finally managed to control both parts of himself at the same time. He threw a punch so powerful that an audible crack resounded in the room and his arm went limp at his side. Alarmed by the sound his mother's immediately swarmed him.

"Sweetie, are you alright?"

"What happened?"

Seeing their concern he could not help but flash a pained smile. He was glad in that moment that he had come clean about everything that was going on with him.

"I tried to imbue my muscles with my soul power to punch harder. I did not expect to punch so hard that I dislocated my shoulder." He said designating his limp arm at his right side.

"But why are you not, you know, screaming in pain? Doesn't it hurt?" Karine asked concerned.

"Oh it hurt quite a bit but I have a huge pain tolerance." He answered getting up.

"That's it, you are going to the Hospital." Mary ordered.

"Not necessary mom, I got this." Nathaniel said, approaching the corner of a wall.

Touching with his left hand he made sure it was a directional dislocation. Once he was sure he threw the right side of his body on the wall once and then a second time. With a crunching sound his arm got placed in its rightful place. Even Nathaniel could not hold in a grunt of pain when he replaced his dislocated shoulder.

"It is done." He said sitting down tiredly and using his soul to repair the damaged tissues and articulation. His two mothers were looking at him shocked out of their mind.

"Please, never do that again sweetie." Mary demanded, a hand on top of her heart. That crunching sound was a horrible noise to hear.

"I'm sorry mom." He said.

Getting back up, Nathaniel began moving his still sore shoulder around. Even if he had successfully healed using that much energy on his arm had made serious damage.

"Okay that's it for today, let's fix our living room and after that I need a scotch to calm myself up." Mary demand.

Without any objection the three of them started to put their living room back in order and connecting the power, phone and internet again. Even if Nathaniel wanted to learn more about himself and the power contained inside his body he knew he needed to be careful and not overdo himself. The consequences could be dire if he did. Putting aside the two cameras in his room, he decide he would look at it later. For the moment he wanted to stay with his mothers who were drinking a glass of scotch while he was drinking orange juice.

"So, our first experiment was a failure." Karine said, not at all bumped up.

"I think it was the exact opposite mom, that was a success." Nathaniel corrected.

"Sweetie, you ended up with a dislocated shoulder, it is a failure in my book." Mary frowned.

"That's because I use too much power but if I manage to reduce the input and release the force in the right moment, it could make me faster and stronger than any men or women on this planet." Nathaniel mused out loud.

"That's a lot of if. You really think you can achieve that level of control?" Karine asked.

"Right now? No but with a lot of practice I think I will. In the meantime I need to reinforce my body. With work out, healthy alimentation and maybe with my soul I can reinforce my body. I don't know so much, but what I do know is that my bones and muscles are not built to hold that much power."

"So don't use it." Mary said forcefully. If whatever power he was talking about could harm him, she would never allow it.

"I don't plan to but sometimes life happens. It's like moms gun. Everyday it will stay in her purse with the safety on but if someday she is in danger, she could use it to defend herself. I plan to use this power in the same capacity."

Seeing that her wife was still not convinced, Karine choose to speak in his defence.

"Love, he is right. Everyone needs a trump card. Let him be his and don't forget we will be behind him every step of the way. He will be okay." She said, putting her hand in her hair.

Once his mothers worry had been settled they kept talking pleasantly until his phone started making a weird sound. Seeing the frowning expression on the face of their son when he looked at it, Karine could not help but question him.

"What is going on sweetie?"

"Someone is hacking my computer." He answered.