

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 96

New York. 28/10/2012. 09:30.

Sitting cross legged in the middle of his living room, Nathaniel was meditating in a pose that was becoming incredibly familiar to the Lyndon family. Like the last time they had pushed back everything in the living room and turned off all the electronic hardware that they had in their home. The three of them were taking the opportunity to have a free sunday morning to dig more into Nathaniel's soul.

Since they had pushed back experimenting with his muscles after what happened previously, Nathaniel was trying to come up with a new way to use his soul. He had a theory that if he could buff his muscles he could also try to heightening his senses. He had decided to ruled out his sight first because he did not want to risk his eyeballs exploding. He knew he could heal fast but he did not know if he could regenerate his eyeball and truthfully he did not want to test it.

He had decided to rule out his hearing too for the same reason and only test with his sense of smell and touch. The sense of taste sounded so boring to boost that he did not even consider it. Now that he chose to boost these two particular senses he had an even a bigger question in mind, just how?

Starting with the sense of smell he had made some research prior that morning and found out some interesting things. His ability to smell was coming from specialized sensory cells called olfactory sensory neurons situated high inside his nose who were connected directly to the brain. Theses cells could pick up microscopic molecules released by substances and then translate them into smells in the brain.

Knowing that, he took only a bit of his power and tried to stimulate that area. After what happened the last time he had worked hard to refine his control over the power that he had in him. He was not that good yet, but he was still miles away from his first try where he had dislocated his shoulder. Stimulating that particular spot he started coughing uncontrollably.

"Sweetie, are you alright?"Mary asked, concerned.

Getting his breathing under control he answered.

"Yes I'm good mom. I tried to better my sense of smell but it did not seem to work."

"Oh okay." She answered, relieved.

Trying a more few times, the result did not change which started to make him doubt himself. He was certain that he was missing something important and chose to change to the sense of touch in the meantime. The sense of touch was the largest sensory organ because it was located at any specific space throughout the entire body.

Picking up the vase that he had prepared beforehand he tried to stimulate his touch receptors present under the skin of his fingers. Besides getting goosebumps, none of the results that he expected to see happened. Frowning he was sure he was starting to get impatient. Trying something else he touched the object and began to look inside of him. He looked at his touch receptors beneath his skin and the nerves sending information upward. Following the information moving from his finger to his arm and then his neck and finally up into his parietal lobe.

Nathaniel wanted to hit himself for not thinking about it before. That was what he was missing so far. The parietal lobe was the place that represent the sense of 'self'. It was where all of the senses informations were integrated to form a spatial representation of 'me'. It was so obvious now that he wanted to laugh.

Taking a bit of his soul power he sent it to his parietal lobe. In that moment time seemed to stop. His fives senses were boosted at the same time. His vision became so sharp that he could see a fly hovering outside the window one hundred yards away. He could hear people three floors below arguing about bills and he could smell a peppermint candy in the vest of his mother hanging beside the door. It was a sensation so exhilarating that he started to feel light headed, lost in all of what he was hearing.

"Nathaniel! You are bleeding!" Karine yelled.

Detached of all emotion, he touched his nose where blood was flowing abundantly. Touching his own blood he could feel his very cells. It was the pain that brought him back. An excruciating pain came from his head shocking him out of his fascination. Yelling from the pain he cut off the power that he was feeding his parietal lobe, willing himself to stay awake. Focusing the little that he had of his willpower to heal himself.

His vision was starting to turn black and the only thing in his mind was the yearning to sleep. He knew that if he let that yearning overrule him he would never wake up. Nathaniel was in a critical condition and it was vital to stay awake. He was going to black out at any moment when he felt someone take him in her arms. There was noise around him but he could not focus on them at the moment.

Feeling the pain finally recede, his vision started to clear. His soul was going at full power to heal the huge damage that his parietal lobe had taken. He could now hear his mothers crying and yelling at him. At one point they had taken him into their arms.

"I'm here" He said, choking a little.

"Nathaniel! Are you alright?" Mary cried.

"No but I'm getting better. Let me be for a moment." He croaked.

"Of course, rest, we are here, we will not let you go." Karine said, smoothing his hair, her eyes damp.

He stayed in the embrace of his mothers while his body was busy healing itself, not moving even an inch. He could feel that he had lost a lot of blood and was feeling weak. It was a whole ten minutes later that he finally allowed himself to move and pat his mothers who were keeping him in their arms.

"I'm better now, what happened?" He asked, his voice still a little weak.

"You started to bleed from your nose and then from your eyes, mouth and ears! It was terrifying!" Mary shouted.

"What did you do?" Karine asked sternly. Now that she could see that Nathaniel was fine, she was quite pissed off.

"I was trying to heighten my senses but it was not working. I tried different things until I realized that all senses were integrating in my parietal lobe. So I kind of used my soul power to boost it." He said sheepishly.

The words that were pronounced after that are better left unheard but it involved some of Nathaniel's ancestors being farm animals and his IQ being below that of a chair. Knowing that he was in the wrong Nathaniel took the abuse quietly, letting them vent their anger on him. He had been stupid and almost died because of it and had frightened his mothers. He was deserving that and much more.

It was much later when they finally felt calm enough to stop yelling at him and just give him a hug which he happily returned.

"I'm sorry moms, it will not happen again, I promise."

"You better be or we are going to ground you here until you turn 21!" Mary shouted. Nathaniel could see that she was not joking in the slightest.

"Did it work?" Karine finally asked curiously.

"For a second yes. I could see a fly outside of the window almost two hundred yards away. I could hear the people living three stories below arguing about shopping bills. I could even smell that peppermint sweet that you had in your navy jacket beside the door." Nathaniel answered.

"A peppermint sweet? My blue jacket you said?" Karine asked, going to the entreeway and picking it up.

Bringing it back, she searched inside it and found nothing.

"There's nothing there sweetie. Maybe it was an hallucination caused from the pain." She said kindly.

Without saying anything he picked up the jacket and put his hand in the right pocket. Moving the jacket down he finally found what he was looking for. Taking his hand out, he put the candy in the hand of his mother.

"You have a tiny hole in your right pocket mom." He said simply.

Looking at the candy in her hand, Karine and Mary exchanged a glance mixed with awe and worry.