

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 117

Washington DC. 14/11/2012. 16:00.

Sitting at a table on a café terrace, Nathaniel was reading a book, a drink of orange juice not far from him. Even if the weather was starting to get cooler, it was a beautiful day with the sky free of any clouds. This was why he had chosen to sit outside, not wanting to miss such a good day. Wearing blue jeans, and a white blazer, Nathaniel was not gathering a lot of attention sitting here reading.

"A young man reading an actual book in this day and age? We don't see that a lot anymore." A woman said, approaching the table.

Smiling, Nathaniel put down the book on the table and got to his feet. Taking the chair in front of him, he held it for the woman in question.

"My lady." Nathaniel said.

Smiling, the woman sat down, Nathaniel sliding the chair under her. Making a sign to the waitress, Nathaniel sat back on his place. The waitress brought a coffee for the woman in question.

"I did not know if you were going to come. How may I call you by the way? Ma'am, First lady or Linda?" Nathaniel asked.

"How could I not come? Being invited by a sixteenth century modified poem told in six languages does not happen a lot to an old lady like me. Even my husband did not go to such a length to invite me on our first date. Since it's an unofficial meeting, let's call me Linda and I would call you Nathaniel? How does it sound?" The first Lady offered.

"It sounds great actually."

"You really did your research well. My coffee is exactly how I like it." Linda said after taking a sip.

"I would be a poor host if I were to order you something you do not like." Nathaniel

said, drinking his orange juice.

"Nice attention but let's cut to the case, shall we? Why am I here? You are not the type of man to ask me to come without an agenda."

"Because behind every great man, there is an even more formidable woman and in your case, it's even more true. Gifted psychologist, teaching profiling at Quantico before becoming the First Lady and able to see microexpressions on peoples faces. Impressive considering there are less than fifty people on this entire planet capable of doing that. I thought we could have an honest conversation where I could answer some of your questions. I do not promise however to answer all of them if they are too sensible."

"Hum interesting proposition. How did you know I was in the next room listening?" Linda asked.

"It would have been stupid of him to not call you to be honest. In addition, I spotted the camera and the listening device." Nathaniel answered.

"That's not all." Linda said, it was not a question.

Nathaniel simply smiled without giving an answer. He could not tell her he had sensed her along with the five Secret Service agents ready to enter at the first sign of fight. Linda decided to move on seeing he was not going to answer. Since he was working with the power of his soul, he had succeeded in improving the skill of Marc and now he could feel people around him without closing his eyes anymore. It was not as efficient of course but it could be very useful in combat where you can't close your eyes.

"How did you get your hands on Top Secret information? That's one of the things that we can't explain."

"I'm using the access code of a dead CIA operative and when it's not enough, I hack my way in. And before you ask, no, I was not the one who killed him nor was I involved with the one who did."

"Are you working or did you work for a foreign country?"

"No." Nathaniel answered firmly.

"Good. Why do you want to do this? You are talented enough to succeed in your life and you are already famous and wealthy. Why do you want to take that much risk?"

"Because this country is in bad shape. It has been in bad shape for a while now and it

continues to get worse. The gap between wealthy and poor people continue to be more pronounced each year and nobody does anything. Everybody knows that the system is rigged in favor of rich people but nobody talks because every American believes they can make it. Despite all that, we continue to call ourselves the greatest country on Earth. This is a disgrace."

"You don't believe we are the greatest country on Earth?" Linda asked interested.

"No, of course not, how could we? We are first in only two categories, defense spending and number of prisoners per capita. We were the greatest country in the world after the revolution. We fought the british for our freedom but now? Now we have become even worse than the old british empire. We lost the way our founding father set for us. I actually met one of their descendants. He's a Senator and he used his power only for his own ambition, his own pursue of money. He passed laws restricting women abortion pushed by the conversative lobby in his state despite having two beautiful and smart daughters. He did that because he knew that his daughter could afford to change countries if the situation called for it. And I'm only saying something soft. There are places in this country people are treated like slaves. They need help but nobody cares anymore. We lost our sense of unity and it's in times like this that bad people thrive. Bad people that they can't stop or don't want to even try stopping." Nathaniel said with conviction.

"You are talking about John Livingston? The father of your girlfriend?"

"Not girlfriend but not that far off either and yes I talk about him. I was expecting him to do something, help our people. It turned out he was a disappointment. I waited for someone in the government or law enforcement to help take down the wealthy who are doing despicable deeds but nobody came forth. I had to act."

"Who did you bring down?"

"Caldwell."

"That was you?" Linda said surprised. "My husband even asked the FBI to launch an investigation to find out where the information that erupted came from but nothing could be found. They had to close the case eventually for lack of evidence. Now that I think about it, it does fit your skill set quite well. Does your family know what you are planning to do?"

"All my family knows about the Caldwell case but about me wanting to become the fighting arm of the President, no. My mothers know but my grandparents don't. They know my internet security company will be a front but they have no definite proof about the rest."

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"One last question before I need to leave. Can we trust you?"

"It depends. If your asking me can we trust you with our secret, can we trust you to do what is needed for this country, I would say yes but if the question is can we trust you to obey our every whim, the answer is no. Like I said before, I will never break my ideals and morals for you or anyone for that matter."

"Good enough for me." Linda said, getting to her feet as a limo parked in front of the café and a couple of Secret Service agents appeared on each side of her.

Giving Nathaniel a handwave, Linda walked in the direction of the limo when she suddenly stopped. Turning back to Nathaniel who was on his feet and busy leaving a tip for the waitress, Lina asked.

"Are you really sixteen years old?"

"Yes." Answered Nathaniel.

Nodding to herself, Linda was going to turn back when Nathaniel spoke again.

"And no." He said smiling.

Linda's mouth dropped open, looking at Nathaniel back as he was leaving the café like nothing had happened. She was sure that he had told the truth both times but it was impossible for these two answers to be true.