

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 176

Livingston, Montana. 16/12/2012. 10:00.

Livingston was a peaceful town located alongside the Yellowstone river and North of the Yellowstone National Park. Sporting a population of seven thousand people, it was a little town no different than a thousand others in the US. It was also the town that had seen the birth of Doctor Jonathan Smith forty years ago.

"You are okay Magnus, it's just a bad cough. I'm going to prescribe you some antihistamines. You will be fine by the end of the week. If anything new appear or you feel the meds are not working, come find me right away, alright?" He said, writing on his clipboard.

"Okay doc, no problem." The sixty five years old farmer answer, his wife helping him putting his coat back on.

"Thank you doctor." The wife said with a grateful smile.

"Don't worry about it, it's my job." Jon smile before exiting the examination room.

Walking to the nursing desk, Jon slide the clipboard on it, the nurse taking it before giving him another one.

"You have a new patient in examination room three. White male with back pain."

"Okay, thanks Natasha." Jon smile warmly at her making her smile back.

Even if he could not be considered handsome by any mean, Jon was quite charming. Being a little under six foot tall, with pepper gray short hair, he had also green piercing eyes. He was also athletic and fit showing that he was working out everyday. He had also a very good bearing and attitude with everyone that he was talking to. Taking the patient file, he walk in the direction of the examination room. Opening the door, he enter the room reading the name on the clipboard.

"Hello, I'm doctor Smith, Mister McCornaig?" He asked lifting his eyes back to the person in front of him.

He was surprised to see that there was two person in the room waiting for him. One was a middle aged man with brown hair around his age while the other was an handsome blond youth. The middle aged man was sitting on the bed while the youth was busy reading a book on a chair near the bed.

"Yes, it's me." Scott answer with a nod.

"Good. You have residual pain on your back I see on your charts, you also said that you had chirurgie after an incident. Can you take off your clothes so that I can see?"

"You got it, Band-Aid." Scott answer making Jon laugh amusingly.

Band-Aid was a military term dating from the vietnam war era designating medic in the army. Just that was enough for Jon to guess that the man that he was talking to was in the military or was in it. Seeing him taking his jacket and tee shirt off, Jon put some gloves on. Walking behind Scott, Jon pass near the sitting youth and give a quick look to what he was reading and could see that it was a huge legal textbook. Focusing his attention on Scott's back, Jon was surprised to say the least.

"What the hell happened to you?" He asked looking at the charred skin on his backside.

"I was a little close from the blast zone of an Hellfire missile." Scott grimace as the hands of Jon were busy examining his back.

"I would say that if you were closer than that you will be dead right now." Jon answer amusingly looking at the muscles of Scott attentively in search of a problem.

"Don't worry doc, it's my new motto. Don't stay near when a missile is going to hit the ground." Scott grunt.

"That's a really weird motto soldier." Jon remark.

"Oh, it's not the worse I heard lately. I mean what kind of a motto 'Biodefense Solutions to Protect Our Nation' is?" Nathaniel voice said for the first time, not bothering to look up from his book.

Hearing that, the hand of Jon froze on Scott's back and his eyes focus on the sitting form of Nathaniel that was still reading, seemingly not noticing the attention that he was receiving from the doctor in the room. Jon knew very well that motto because it was the one from the department where he was working. The USAMRIID.

"It's not a very well known motto, can I know where you heard that particular motto young man?" Jon asked, making sure to keep his tone of voice normal.

"I heard of it while I was busy looking through your personal file doctor. Or do you prefer to be called Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, Jonathan Smith or maybe simply Jon?" Nathaniel asked, finally lifting his eyes from his book and focusing on the doctor.

Staring at each other for a while, Jon finally sighed.

"You are clearly not here for a consult, I can see that Scott here is fine and that he had been taken care of well judging by the look of his injuries. What do you want from me?"

"I'm here to offer you a job, Jon."

"I already have a job, a very good one at that. I'm not interested in finding a new one, especially with someone I don't know and that I never seen before." Jon rebuked nicely.

"This is understandable but I know a lot about you Jon. I know that you are very one of the most competent people in infectious disease in the USAMRIID. I also know that you are volunteer to investigate each time a new disease is spotted around the globe. Your colleague and even your CO believe that you just are an adrenaline junky wanting his fix but I have another explanation. Contrary to your co-workers, you were a soldier since you were young. You enlist to the marines when you were eighteen as a combat medic. You even got decorated for your bravery on the field. It was only when you lost half of your unit when a disease broke out that you decided to leave the field and enter USAMRIID to prevent that situation to not ever happen again. You are not an adrenaline junky Jon, You just know that you are more equipped to deal with everything that could come your way compare to your colleagues and you are trying to protect them. Like you tried to protect your unit when they got sick."

"And what do you know about any of this? I'm not even sure that you were born when all of this happened." Jon answer hotly.

"In fact I was just born when this happen, I saw the date. And the answers is nothing. I have no experience whatsoever in disease, this is why I want to hire you." Nathaniel said patiently.

"I'm still waiting for a reason that would made me want to leave my job to come working for you." Jon pointed out.

"Because you are at a point in your life where you want change, where you need change. Since your father died two weeks ago, you prolonged your leave and start working at this clinic from time to time. You don't know if you want to go back to Fort

Detrick yet."

"Even if that was the truth, this is not that easy. I'm still an enlisted soldier, I can't just quit."

"I know people, I can make sure to have you assigned to my unit or make you a civilian again. Your choice. If you want to know everything, just follow the instruction in that letter. In the meantime, I will leave you to your work." Nathaniel said putting a letter on the hospital bed before nodding to Scott who put his shirt and jacket back on before getting to his feet.

"That's it? I still don't know who you are!"

"I'm Nathaniel Lyndon. Just one last thing I wanted to say. I'm sorry for your father death Jon, based on what I learn, he was a good man and a good soldier."

Looking intently at Nathaniel for a moment, Jon finally nodded. He could see that the young man in front of him was honest and was not trying to hide his father's death for his personal gain.

"Thanks."

"See-ya Band-Aid." The voice of Scott echoed from the hallway before the door closed making Jon smile for a moment before picking up the envelope and looking pensively at it before putting it in his pocket.

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"Do you think he is going to go for it?" Scott asked once they had exited the free clinic.

"I hope he will. I have only two names on my list for that particular position and the last one is out of question. I can't trust a man who lies and cheats to his wife." Nathaniel said with conviction.

Scott abstained from voicing his opinion as he agreed with him. A man breaking his oath of marriage could not be trusted, ever. Turning the car on, he exited the parking space and started to drive away from that city. Not noticing Jon at the window taking a picture of the car plates with his phone.