

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 33

"No that's not about the interview, i just got a weir call. After that i made some calls and things got weirder. But first, do you know Jillian Brown?"

"Jillian Brown? No never heard that name before, why?" He said after thinking for a few seconds.

"That's what i thought. The thing that weird was that she implied have personal matters to talk about with you."

"That is indeed weird. Who is she? I know that you would not talk about it unless she is someone important." He said with furrowed eyebrow.

"You are right about that. She is one of the best casting director on Hollywood if not the best. She renowned to be able to determine with just a single glance if people have talent or not. She is basically a legend in the film industry. She is also renowned to have a temper and be a little harsh with people who waste her time." Said Maggie cautiously.

"Wow. You talking about someone having a bad temper, that really mean something." Nathaniel said with a sardonic smile.

"Go to hell! This is a serious situation so stop goofing around" She insist.

"What's your opinion on this matter? Should i go meet her?"

"Based by what i learned from my people, i think you should. That could very well be the occasion of a lifetime."

"Okay i will follow your advice. Make the necessary arrangement."

Two hours later they found themselves in front of a little house outside of Los Angeles. The house was of californian style with a beautiful arc revealing an alleyway and a lush garden.

What Nathaniel like the most was that the back of the house was facing the sea and they could smell the salt in the air. That was a very peaceful atmosphere.

When they arrived, the gate were already open proof that they were expected. Luckily the show was taking the fee from the plane trip and the rented car at their expenses while they were here so they could come easily enough even if Nathaniel had the means to do so with the money they had pay him to have first interview.

Moreover, his bank account was sporting an impressive 5 millions dollars already. Those 5 millions were the signing bonus of the Lyndon label. The contract that he have with the label was unheard of. He could make as much caritative song as he wanted, and take all the time that he needed to make them. The only constraint was that once commercialise, it was with the label. If other artist of the label knew about that contract, they would cry blood. He would be pay only with percentage of the song that he would commercialise and Maggie was not contracted to the label but to him exclusively. That's mean that her pay would be deducted from his account every week.

That was him who had insisted on that close and his family had agree wholeheartedly. Moreover Maggie was a percentage on everything that she would negotiate for him. Nathaniel wanted Maggie beholden to anyone but him even if that was not possible as of now. As he was only a minor, every decision that he make would have to be confirmed by his moms. As they were trusting him, they insist that only major decision needed to be reported but on other occasion he could do pretty what he wanted.

Getting out of the car, they start to make their way in front of the door to knock. Maggie hand had not the time to touch the door before it open. Looking at the women who had opened the door, Nathaniel could not remember meeting her even once on his entire life. She was forty something years old, brown haired and 5"5. She had a face seemingly mold like the one of Maggie, serious and stern. She was wearing a black pants and jacket who reinforce that stern

expression. The only thing that was out of place was that she was wearing slippers with them.

"Maggie." Said the woman with a nod.

"Jillian." Maggie respond in the same way.

The two womens start assessing each other with a stare before Jillian eyes darted to Nathaniel. Upon looking at him, her impassive expression start to flicker, her eyes turning moist. Without warning, she launched herself to him and hugged him fiercely. In just a few seconds, Nathaniel found himself embraced by a crying women. To say that he was dumbfounded was an understatement. Looking at his agent, he could see Maggie mouth was almost touching the ground as she was even more dumbfounded than him. Not knowing what else to do, he hugged her back and start patting her back to calm her.

After a few minutes, Maggie finally have her sobbed undercontrol. She had promised herself not to cry but upon seeing him she had remember everything that happen on that day and 4 years of guilt was not something that was easy to brush away like that even for her who had the habit of having her emotion in check. Disentangling from Nathaniel and drying her tears, she looked at him sheepishly.

"Sorry about that. Come inside both of you, we have to talk." She said while ushered them in.

Once inside the house, the living room was richly furnished with an expensive couch plus padded chair all high end. Nathaniel could see toys on the rug sign there was a young girl in the house even if he could not see it at the moment. The dining room was beside the kitchen, where an amazing smell of cooking was permitting the entire house.

"Sit here, you want something to drink?" She said while designating the chair around the table.

"Water for me, please." Nathaniel said.

"Likewise." Answer Maggie.

Taking two seat from the side of the table, they graciously save her the head of

the table as she was in her house. Coming back with two bottle of clear water, she served herself a glass of scotch. Taking a gulp of her drink, she locked eyes with Nathaniel for a few moment before nodding.

"You don't remember me, do you?" She sighed.

"No, i have a good enough memory and i'm certain i never see you before. What's going on here?" Ask Nathaniel wary.

Jillian opened and closed her mouth a few times, seemingly at lost for word before finally settling on something to say.

"January the twelfth, 2008."

Hearing that, Nathaniel stiffened. His whole body tensed, he remember very clearly what is date mean. That was the day when his life totally changed. That was the day where he got it by that car who put him in coma. Things were much clearer now, the hug, the personal matter and the child toy's.

"That was you." Nathaniel said.

"Yes, it was us. You saved my daughter life and mine that day. I would be forever grateful for that. You know i call your moms the last few years to know how you were. They didn't tell you?"

"No but many things happened since i woke up. I have yet to catch up to everything that occur for the last four years."

"I can see that." She nodded, taking another gulp of her drink.

"Can someone tell me what is going on here?" Said Maggie starting to get angry.

"You know what happened four years ago right?" Ask Jillian.

"Yes, he was hit by a car. What about it?"

"That's what he told you?"

"That's what he say to everyone."

"Technically true but fundamentally wrong." Jillian said while scrutinizing Nathaniel on the side.

"What the hell does that mean? Can you please stop talking so cryptically and give me a clear answer?" Maggie angrily said.

"Nathaniel was not in front of the car initially, we were. I thought that we were dead until i was pushed from behind by a young boy. At that time my baby had ten months. He saved both of us without regards for his life and he almost lost it in the process." Clarified Jillian her voice emotional.

"Why did you not tell the truth about this? You would be a hero, your reputation would have a very huge bonus because of it!" Said Maggie indignant.

"I didn't tell you to avoid this exact conversation. That was nothing as i would've made the same thing for anyone so he didn't matter." He said matter of factly.

"But...."

"I said what i wanted to say Maggie, this is the end of this conversation." He said more firmly.

Nathaniel was influenced by the thirty years of experience of Marc as being a ghost. He needed to make himself as normal as possible to avoid being suspected for the thing that he would need to do in the future. His ability to see the souls of other could make him an unparalleled spotter of bad guys and he had the intuition that he had not even scratch the surface of what he could do. That thrilled and scarred him a little at the same times.

Looking at his eyes and his tone, Maggie knew that he was serious and he would not say anything else. She had seen that he trust her and listen to her on various subject but was stubborn as a mule on other. She was starting to see him as more of an adult and not the teenager that he was. He carried himself with confidence but not hubris. She has seen that on people of her age and rarely, on someone as young as him, this was jarring.

"I m the agent of a moron..." She grumbled with a voice that both of them heard.

"No, just someone with conviction. That could be very well the first if i

remember correctly." Said Jillian laughing.

"Don't encourage him, he's already a pain in the ass as it is, i need to keep his ego in check. If he become an arrogant asshole, his moms would skin me alive and they are both actually scary when they are serious."

"You are not going to said something to clear your name?" Jillian asked after seeing that Nathaniel said nothing except smile.

"Nothing to object, all of what she said is actually true."

"Of course it is! Where is your daughter by the way Jillian? Ask Maggie.

"No no, Olivia is here but she doesn't like men to the great displeasure of my father and brother since she is little. She must be in her room, i will go check on her by the way." Said Jillian starting to getting up before being stopped by Nathaniel with his hands raised.

"No, she is not." He said, raising from the table and approaching the couch. Dropping to his knees, he raised the blanket that was moving suspiciously revealing a girl. She was brown haired with black eyes like her mother and was very cute with her dimples and her princess pink dress.

"Hey you. I'm Nathaniel, what is your name?" Nathaniel with a gentle voice and a brilliant smile.

The girl immediately blushed when looking at his beautiful smile. Getting to her feet after being found out spying, she put her hands behind her back to hide the fact that she was fidgeting with her finger.

"My name is Olivia."

"A beautiful name for a beautiful girl."

"You are beautiful too!" She exclaimed with her childish voice that made him laugh.

"Thanks. You must be lonely here just by yourself. You want to come with me at the table, there is your mom too."

"Yes!" Olivia said still looking at his face, seemingly lovestruck.

"Come with me then." He said getting to his feet. Giving her his hand, she swiftly take it.

Maggie and Jillian were talking when Nathaniel came back from the living room with Olivia, stopping they conversation. Looking at the cute little girl blushing, Maggie could not help to laugh, guessing easily what happened. Turning to Jillian, she said.

"Didn't like men you said?"

Looking in shock at her daughter, Jillian could not even find something to say. That child never let any men even touch her! just kissing her father cheek was almost impossible and now she was happily talking with her boy that she never met before and she was holding his hand. That was so unbelievable for Jillian that she pinch her hand to reassure herself that this was real. Thinking about it, that made kind of sense that the only men in the world who could take her daughter hand was the exact one who had saved her life.

Following that, the meal went well. Maggie and Jillian were very opinionated women but luckily Nathaniel was there to stop any argument before it happened. All in all, the only drama was when Olivia complain that she was too far from Nathaniel and she wanted him to eat beside her, thing that Nathaniel accept before Jillian coule berate the little girl.

The meal finished, Jillian take her daughter to her room because they needed to talk about work. Not understanding, the little girl threw a tantrum and finally calm herself when Nathaniel promised her that it would not take much time and after that he would play with her. Jillian didn't know if she wanted to laugh or cry. After passing her entire life of avoiding boys, her daughter now did not want to be separate from one. The saying was right, careful at what you wish for.