

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 88

Putting his phone back inside his pocket Nathaniel laughed out loud. Even if that was not a very nice thing to do, he wanted to give a lesson to that young hacker. The fact that he called someone six years older than him 'young' was not lost on him and made him laugh again. His life was really weird sometimes he thought, shaking his head.

Waiting for a couple of seconds to calm himself, he then knocked twice on the door. He did not have to wait long before a forty year old man opened the door. He was wearing a police uniform with his gun still on his hips. He was not that tall towering around 5"8" but he had a severity around him that forced people to take him seriously. He was looking at Nathaniel with piercing, scrutinizing eyes.

"What do you want?" He asked with a powerful voice.

"Hello, I'm Nathaniel Lyndon, I wanted to see you because I have a proposition for you and your daughter. Can I enter?" He said.

"That depends on what your proposition is. If it's for medical reasons or a loan you can stuff it where the sun doesn't shine." He said virulently.

Since his wife's illness and their financial difficulty they were receiving an increasing number of mail and phone calls to 'help' them with revolutionary treatment or loans that could 'change' their life. It did not specify however what change their life would change to.

"Seriously, do I look like a sales rep?" Nathaniel laughed.

Looking at his blue jeans, white T-shirt and shoes, it was not the habitual suit that salesmen use to wear. He could see that even if his attire was simple, every single item was of really good quality.

"No you do not." He said begrudgingly. "Come in."

Opening the door wide he let Nathaniel enter before closing it again. Leading him to the living room he invited him to sit while he took the chair in front of him.

"Do you want something to drink?" He offered.

"No I'm good, thank you." Nathaniel refused politely.

"So what are you here to propose exactly?"

"It is a job proposal to be exact. Maybe you should call you daughter here as I have one for both of you." Nathaniel said, putting his bag on the coffee table. Looking attentively at Nathaniel, he could see that even if he was quite young he had a competent air around him. He was not looking like someone who wanted trouble and with him and his gun on his belt he was sure that if he did, he could stop it easily. If only he knew.

"Lina? Come over here please." he shouted.

A few moments later, a pale looking Lina appeared in the living room looking equally scared and shy. Seeing Nathaniel sitting on her couch, her mind went blank and her mouth opened in a silent 'o'.

"You are Nathaniel Lyndon!" She blurted out.

"Yes, I said that already." Nathaniel said offhandedly, smiling.

"Wait, you know each other?"

"No dad, he is really famous, he is a singer and actor." She said to her father, then she realized something. "Wait, this was you with my computer!"

"You really want to talk about computers here with your father present?" Nathaniel arched an eyebrow.

Understanding what he was saying Lina realized that he was right, she wanted everything but that. Her father was a very strict man and he would not approve of her hacking habit. He would even go as far as putting her in jail if he were to know about this. Hearing them talk about computers, he quickly chose to talk before they could go deeper in the topic. He was insanely bad with electronic opposed to his daughter who was a genius in that domain.

"So now that she is here, what is your offer?" He asked.

Taking two contracts out of his bag, he pushed them in front of both of them.

"I want both of you to come work for my company. In two different occupations of course." Nathaniel said.

Taking the contract, the father and daughter pair started to read through it. For her father, it was an offer to come work as a security agent with a much better pay than what he was getting with his current job. In fact the offer was exactly what he was making with his second night work as a security agent for a night club and the overtime as a cop. His work hour will be more flexible and his health assurance will be upgraded.

The contract of Lina was vastly different. It did not mention the number of hours that she would have to do in a week and her salary was not that great, in fact it was the same exact thing that she was making at her current job.

"I'm sorry but can I ask you how old you are?" The man asked. Nathaniel appeared way too young to make propositions like that and it was starting to look like a scheme.

"Of course you can, I'm sixteen." Nathaniel said truthfully.

"Sixteen? How can you make that kind of proposition! Your place is in high school, not messing with people's lives young man." The man rebuked sternly.

"Look at the name of the company. This is the Lyndon label, my family's company. Here my ID if you want proof." He said giving his ID card.

Taking the ID card he looked at it intensely. He was familiar with them and with decades of experience as a cop he could easily discern fake ones and this was not one of them.

"Dad, he is telling the truth. Look." Lina said, showing her phone and the YouTube account of Nathaniel. Looking at the number of subscribers her father creased his eyebrows in surprise. His daughter had said that he was a singer but this number felt huge to him.

"Okay, what's the catch?" He asked, giving his ID back to Nathaniel.

"Dad please be nice." Lina said to calm him down. She could not even believe that it was him and he was sitting in her living room and her father was talking to him like he was a drug addict. She wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

"Lina, there is always a catch, especially when dealing with rich people. I just want to know what it is." He said, making Nathaniel laugh. He was starting to like the gruff personality of her father.

"The catch is that you have to move to New York. I need you both there."

"I knew there was a catch! I believe it is the end of our talk. We can't move to the other side of the country. We don't have the means and my wife's doctor is here. This is simply not possible." He said categorically.

"I know that you were going to say that. Look at page four." Nathaniel did not appear surprised by the firm refusal.

Doing what they were being told, the father and daughter pair turned to the fourth page and started to read. Nathaniel did not have to wait long before the both of them turned back to him with surprised expressions on their face.

"Is this real?" Lina said awed.

"Yes, it's totally legit." Nathaniel confirmed.

"But why? Why us?" Her father asked.

"Because of your daughter. She impressed me with her computer skill so I dug into her history. Exceedingly smart, she graduated from high school with a score in the top 100 in the country. Accepted into MIT, she impressed her professors with her programming and coding skills and was one of the top students until she was forced to drop out because of her mothers illness. And then there is you, Michael. You entered the Police department when you were eighteen and you never left after that. You got into problems with your fellow officer and a few detectives when you denounced a couple of them for beating up suspects to extract confessions or taking bribes. Despite all of that you refused a couple of promotions to stay in the street. After your wife got sick and the bills started piling up, many would have choose to use other illegal means to come up with the money but you did not. You sold your house and you started working in a nightclub to keep your head above water. You are a hard working man with a strong sense of integrity. I need that kind of man in my family company. This is not an offer out of pity." Nathaniel said.

"Well, you really did your homework." Michael say impressed. It was more than that, the incident that involved the detectives and the beating never got to the press and got labelled as a private record. For this kid to find out about it was not a small feat.

"I like to be prepared. So what is your answer?"

"Can we have a few days before giving you an answer? We need to talk about it, this is not an easy decision. I'm sure you understand." He asked.

"Of course you can. Here take this, it's my private number. Once you come to a decision call me to let me know. Well, it was fun guys but I need to leave, my flight is in an hour."

"Let me walk you to the door." Michael said, getting up.