

TRILLIONAIRE IN DISGUISE

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Cruel Living

CHAPTER ONE.

"You dingbat!" A voice yelled at Nathan.

In a few hours he will turn 18 years old, and he spent his day cleaning the basketball court. He had pleaded with the coach to give him the cleaning contract, instead of hiring a professional cleaner to do the job. He looks up to see the owner of the unfriendly voice, only to get his face covered in a dirty sweaty smelly towel.

"I want that properly washed," Bernard said. "It's expensive, you probably can't afford it, even if you spent your entire life mopping basketball courts, so, you better not ruin my towel!"

Nathan glared at Bernard in anger. He clenched his fist approaching him. "Be civil with your choice of words!"

Bernard groaned, pulling Nathan's hair. Bernard was tall and huge, unlike small lanky Nathan. His masculine build was quite attractive.

"What did you say?" Bernard continued pulling his hair. "Will you wash the towel or not?"

"I never said I wouldn't wash it, just be civil while talking to me. that's all." Nathan struggled to push Bernard away, the harder he tried the weaker he became. "Let go of me!"

Bernard tossed him aside. "I think I will just tell the coach to terminate your contract."

"No please! I'll wash it. properly." Nathan managed to force out the words. "I need this job."

"Then be a good servant boy." Bernard grinned. "You know, I envy everyone you have never met, you're like an end piece of a loaf of bread. I would love to insult you but I'm afraid I won't do it as well as nature did."

Nathan stood there, glaring at him. His cheeks burned from anger, his eyes fighting back the threatening tears that built. He realized he had no right to vent out on Bernard. Only nature could be blamed.

For cursing his mother with cancer. The finances in the house started going worse when his mother discovered she had cancer of the blood. His father literally spent every penny he saved and even took out loans, yet she was still battling with the disease.

Nathan picked the towel from the floor and tossed it into the laundry basket. Several other towels and basketball wears belonging to his other teammates were also in there. He knew he had to work hard to afford his fees at college. Even if it meant cleaning the basketball court and washing their pants.

"Hey bonehead!" Bernard took a step forward. "You are only a servant around here, so put your anger in check and stay in your place. A servant has no right to get angry at his masters, understood?"

"The only person here that needs understanding is you," Charlotte stepped into the basketball court, cat walking towards the boys. She looked directly into Bernard's eyes. "You need to understand that he is not your servant, as a matter of fact, no one here is."

"Charlotte." Bernard said, looking at Charlotte, the captain of the cheerleading team.

"Yes," Charlotte folded her arms across her chest. "Pick your dirty towel from the laundry basket and leave."

"Oh, please no, I don't want any problems, I'll wash it." Nathan muttered.

"No, he will take back his towel or ask you nicely to do his laundry." Charlotte insisted.

"He is only doing his job." Bernard groaned, but stopped halfway, reminding himself Charlotte was his captain's girlfriend and dreading her will automatically get him blacklisted on the team.

"Well?" Charlotte shot Bernard a warning look. "Well?"

"Fine!" Bernard grunted, looking at Nathan. "Please wash my towel for me."

Nathan nodded. A smile lighting up his face. He held back laughter as Bernard strode out of the basketball court. "Lightly saturate a towel or a microfiber cloth and push it around the floor to get the dirt off the floor." He said aloud as he left.

"Hey, thank you." Nathan said, looking at Charlotte. He was really grateful.

"Don't be like this." Charlotte shot him a disappointing glance.

"Like how?" Nathan asked. He had too much going on in his mind already. The last thing he needed was someone to add up or stress him.

"You need to stand up for yourself, don't let the other basketball team members bully you or anyone at all." Charlotte said. "You are also human like them."

"What would you have me do?" Nathan asked.

"Call his bullshit to his face, don't let no one."

Nathan cut her off. "And what next? He reports me to the coach, laying false accusations on me, then I lose my job. Will you take care of my paycheck?"

"I'm sorry." Charlotte muttered. "I didn't mean it like that. Just meant. Stand up for yourself."

Nathan ignored her, focusing on his work.

"Tomorrow is my birthday." Charlotte said, standing on the tip of her toe to stare over Nathan, while he bent to scrub the floor.

"Happy birthday." Nathan replied without looking up. "I wish you all the best."

"Ummm." Charlotte relaxed on her feet. "I was thinking if you're not busy tomorrow night, you could come for my party?"

"Huh?" Nathan looked over at her. No one had ever invited him to their party before at school. It seemed as if he was locked out, living in a separate world. Now the girlfriend of the basketball captain inviting him to her birthday party? He wasn't sure how to feel about it.

"I'm having a birthday party tomorrow night, can you come? I'd like to have you there." Charlotte gave him a charming smile.

Nathan huffed. "Are you being serious right now?"

"Yup!" Charlotte nodded. "You're invited to my party."

"Well." Nathan shrugged. "I would come if I could."

"So, is that a yes, or no?" The smile on Charlotte's face disappeared. "Well?" She sighed this time.

"I don't know. let's see." Nathan turned to face his job. He really wanted her to leave. She was distracting him. Oh yeah! She had rich parents, there was no way she would understand the hardship money came with or value time.

Charlotte shrugged disappointedly and left. That was not the kind of response she had expected but oh well, like they say, expectations hurt. She could hear Nathan's phone ring as she left.