



Everything is Real

CHAPTER 12

Mike turned to stare at the entrance to the hall and then motioned to Nathan with his head to follow him to a corner. With a frustrated sigh, the confused Nathan hurried after Mike.

Mike then led Nathan to the parking lot, a few meters away from the exit. Before Mike could speak, Nathan interrupted.

"I have a dozen questions to ask you."

Mike gave a warm smile. He could tell that Nathan's sudden discovery about his inheritance had placed him on the edge.

"It's about your sudden wealth. Isn't it?" Mike demanded with a quirked brow.

Nathan acknowledged with repeated nods. He took his head into his hands. "Everything is happening so fast and..."

"You can't believe it!" Mike chipped in.

Nathan sighed and folded his arms across his chest.

Mike cleared his throat loudly and began taking steps toward Nathan. After bridging the gap between them, he began.

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Nathan arched a brow. Was Mike aware the whole time? So he was also pretending the way his parents were?"



"Uncle Mike.... I" Nathan began to stutter.

Mike placed a hand on his shoulder. "I know this is coming to you as a shock and I don't blame you but this is the process and you must adapt to it."

Nathan was stunned. What Godamn process? He wondered. The process that subjected him to abject scarcity and emotional torture because he thought his mother had cancer all these years?

Mike crashed into Nathan's thoughts. "Allow me to properly introduce myself, Young Master."

Nathan quickly turned away. "There we go again." He muttered under his breath.

"I'm not your father's ally as you've imagined. I'm his Executive assistant." Mike spat. 1

Nathan arched a brow. "Are you kidding me?"

Mike sighed and drifted backward. "I'm sorry I lied to you, Nathan. I was just doing what I had to do. All these years, I pretended to be by your father's side as a poor ally but it's not who I am. Just like your parents, I was never poor. I had to put on a show and I'm sorry about that. "

"You don't have to apologize to me uncle Mike because the last time I checked; my parents even lied to me. I won't be surprised if they tell me I'm not their real son anymore."

Mike chuckled. "Oh, come on Nathan!"

"So, tell me, what other things have you guys kept away from me all

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these years?" Nathan asked Mike with a straight face.

Mike sighed and pointed to the hall. "Well, your family owns Townsend, to begin with."

Nathan had a dropped jaw. Who in the world would have thought that he owns such a place? If only Mike had seen the way he was maltreated back inside that hall.

With a shocked expression, he spat "Unbelievable!"

"That's one of the numerous properties you'll inherit in this city, Nathan," Mike told him.

Nathan couldn't believe his ears but with the gold card and the millions in his account, he wouldn't be shocked to learn that his family owns Marvel studios.

"Your family owns Great Green." Mike continued.

Nathan raised a brow. "The game reserves?"

Mike confirmed with a nod. "And same goes with the Westward Park, the Light children's hospital, the Center Cinema and...."

"That's enough!" Nathan almost yelled.

That was much to take in.

"I need to go home!" Nathan announced and began to wipe the sweat that had teamed up on his forehead.

Mike gave repeated nods. He understands the web of confusion that the boy was entangled in.

"You should head home now. We will keep in touch."

Nathan nodded and turned around. He was to take a step when Mike spoke.

"Nathan!"

The boy turned around.

"Yes, Uncle Mike!"

"I'm ready to teach you martial arts" Mike disclosed.

Nathan couldn't hide his excitement. "Are you real? I mean, are you for real?" He stumbled on his words.

Mike gave him an assuring smile. 1

"You should get some rest Young Master and as I said, we will keep in touch but before then, one of my boys will take you home."

Nathan turned around and began taking excited steps toward Mike. When he turned left, he noticed that a red sports car had been parked beside the parking lot.

Nathan stared at the vehicle with astonishing eyes. He could have thought that poor uncle Mike could own such a vehicle. He wondered.

Mike strode to him. "Get into the car, Nathan. My driver will take you home. "

Nathan took stunned steps toward the car. He couldn't stop thinking about the things Mike told him. Who could have thought that his family owned Townsend? wondered Nathan.



Nathan sighed and pulled the door to the backseat. He hopped into the vehicle and threw his head back after giving the driver his address.

The driver started the car and was soon hitting the highway.

Flashes of the incident that occurred inside the hall a few minutes earlier began to waver in Nathan's mind. 1

He sat up and shook his head, wondering whether he had ended up ruining Charlotte's party. All he wanted to do was hand over the bag to her and take a silent exit but Greg had to create a scene. He sighed and palmed his forehead with his left hand. He just hopes that the incident doesn't attract eyes around him in school the next day.

He recollected the way Charlotte leaped with joy when she took charge of the bag. It gladdened his heart that she loved it.

"We are here!" The driver said.

He turned around and aimed for his apartment while the driver sped away.

Nathan traced his way to his apartment and unlocked the door. He sighed and swung his head from left to right when he got to the living room and realized that the goodies, he had stuffed on his table were there, untouched. 1

He took off his jacket and began to place the items inside the refrigerator. He then collapsed on the twin couch.

It was a few minutes past 11 pm. In a few minutes, his birthday will come to an end.

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Nathan didn't take his eyes off the wall clock. His eighteenth birthday had turned out to be unusual and had violated his expectations. 1

He pressed his drowsy eyes against each other and slipped into a deep snooze.