

Box Of Surprise

CHAPTER THREE.

Was this a joke? 100 million dollars in his bank account? Nice one, his bank manager was definitely pulling some sort of stupid prank on him on his birthday.

He remembered his last year's birthday, how Bernard pranked him:

"Happy birthday, cleaner boy!" Bernard said, walking up to Nathan. "On behalf of the basketball team, we say a very happy birthday to you. In there is a new phone for you, an iPhone. Hence you don't have an iPhone, we contributed money to buy you one. The latest model actually."

"Really?!" Nathan smiled looking at his teammates. "Thank you!"

"Throw your old phone away, man! Common, you've got a new phone!" Bernard led him on.

"Yeah sure." Nathan nodded, removing his sim card. He then threw his phone over the university's gate to a main road.

"Good riddance!" Bernard cheered. "Now take." He handed over a gift bag to Nathan.

Nathan collected the gift bag in excitement, he opened the bag and discovered a toy phone. It was a toy phone!

"It's a toy phone." Nathan said in confusion, looking at Bernard.

Bernard and the other basketball teammates laughed hard at him. Some captured him on video and made memes with it later, circulating it all over social media.

When Nathan, he realized it was a prank, he ran outside the university's gate to check if he'll still find his phone. It was there on the floor, but smashed. A car had probably smashed it. Nathan sat on the ground, by the road screaming in pain. "My phoneeeee!" He was later escorted out by the security.

Nathan sighed heavily. That prank was one of his dark memories he hated to remember. His thoughts got interrupted by the sound of another text message.

He quickly looked at his phone. It was a message from his father explaining he sent 100 million dollars to his bank account. As Nathan read that line he frowned, with mixed feelings. He concluded maybe his father took a loan for his mother's medical bills.

His phone rang at that point, it was his father. He picked the call.

"Dad." Nathan said. "I got your message; I know the money is for mom's health care and you took a loan. I promise you I won't touch the money and I will make you pro..."

"Nathan." His father interrupted his speech. "The money is for you."

"What! Dad! What are you saying? Please if this is a prank stop it. what is it with you guys pranking me on my birthdays? Common! Even you dad?" His voice contained pain and disappointment.

"I don't know what you are saying but I know I am not pranking you." His father took a deep breath before he continued. "We are not poor, Nathan. We never were. We are Infact the wealthiest family in the world."

Nathan stood up. He looked at himself through the mirrored wall. His eyes were swollen and right now this silly prank his father was pulling gave him a bad migraine.

"We put up with this poor family charade to exercise our heir, give me them proper orientation, test their survival skills and prepare them to rule and inherit the empire. When the heir reaches 18 years of age, we send them their first monthly allowance, which I have done." His father paused, then continued. "Nathan are you there?"

"Yes dad. " Nathan frowned. "Waiting for you to wrap up this prank." He wasn't finding it funny anymore. Such a nice way of celebrating his 18th birthday, his own father making mockery of him. "How is mom, can you please give her the phone?"

"Nathan I was saying something important; I am not joking." Something in his father's tone was deadly serious. "If you doubt me then go to your bank tomorrow to check."

Nathan huffed. "Don't make me waste money dad, I'm having a hard time in school and..."

"Just check. I understand you are surprised. But check, after you've checked give me a call." His dad said.

"Okay dad." Nathan replied.

"Happy 18th birthday." His dad went on to wish him the best things in life.

"Can I speak with mom?" Nathan asked.

"Sure." His father replied. "I'll give her the phone."

"Hello, Nathan! Happy birthday son, I love you." Nathan's mother said, sounding all excited and happy.

"Mom what is dad saying, it's not nice that he pulls this kind of prank on me, on my birthday!" Nathan complained.

"He is not. Everything he told you is true." His mother assured. "I promise you he's not lying or pranking you."

"How? This is so confusing. How? Mom, we have been living miserably. struggling to get you cured."

"I don't have cancer." His mother said.

"What?" Another expression of shock was written on Nathan's face. "You don't have cancer; tell me you're joking!"

"No, I'm not. I'm sorry we lied to you for so long but we had too. This is what comes with being the heir to your father's empire." His mother stated. "Please understand us."

Nathan didn't know how or what to feel. "This is too much confession for me to handle."

"Take your time son, but this is no joke. Call me when you get to the bank later in the day." His father said. "Happy birthday once more."

"Happy birthday son!" His mother screamed into the phone too, then ended the phone call.

Nathan was dumbfounded. Was this true? Should he be sad he had been living a lie all his life or should he be happy and embrace this new life?

He fell on his bed, the stood up, jumping and giggling around. What did he just hear? If this was a dream then he'd never wake up from the dream.

If it was a prank then he'd remain stuck in the prank.

His family was the wealthiest family in the world? He currently had 100 million dollars sitting in his bank account! He looked at himself in the mirror. Admiring his sudden handsome features, his blue eyes and soft lips. Afterall didn't Anabel say money was the handsome features of a man?

He stared into his eyes and suddenly felt powerful.