

Revealed Identity

CHAPTER SIX.

Nathan sat in Bart's office, staring at him. His face covered in shame. Maybe this was the end of the prank. What was he expecting? Too much fairy tales was messing up with him to have even thought he was suddenly rich over night.

Or could his father be involved in some sort of fraud? And made up lies about owning an empire? Could his father really sell him out?

If his father was into dubious things, he'd never rat him out.

Bart cleared his throat, straightening up. "This account belong to the Alcantara family."

"Yes, I am a son of the family." Nathan answered, more confused and frustrated.

"But your name is Nathan Smith." Bart said.

"Alcantara is our family's surname. My dad's name is Smith, so in full my name is Nathan Smith Alcantara." Nathan tried to clarify. "I prefer to answer my dad's name."

"You do know impersonation is a serious crime, yeah?" Bart asked, raising his eye brows.

"I am not impersonating anyone." Nathan said firmly.

"Very well then, I have to verify your identity." Bart responded.

Nathan dipped his hands into his shoulder bag, putting documents on Bart's table. "These are my original documents; my school identity card is also in there."

Bart pushed the documents back to Nathan. "I don't need these; I have the most authentic way to verify."

"How?" Nathan demanded.

Bart pulled out a machine. "With a face scan."

Nathan stared at the face scan machine. He choked on the laughter in his throat. Was he being serious now? Everything looked like a blockbuster movie.

"Sit still, do not move." Bart said, using the scanning device to scan him. He repeated the process over and over again.

Bart's face changed. He became very terrified. Nathan covered his face with his hands. Not again. What did his family do this time? The day just started but it seemed the drama was endless.

Bart was disappointed. He confirmed his identity as Nathan Smith Alcantara, the only heir of Alcantara family. A client who had 100 million dollars is really a big shot, but Nathan's family is the owner of the bank! They owned and controlled trillions of dollars wealth!

Bart quickly strode out of his office and returned with a cup of plain coffee. He handed it to Nathan.

Nathan rejected the coffee; he was tired of having them mess with his mentals. This minute they were nice and treated him like a human, next they were mean and cruel to him.

"Stop with the facade, go straight to the point." Nathan said clearly.

"I have confirmed your identity, it's you. The Alcantara heir! I'm so sorry for my ill-mannered behavior. I was only doing the necessary."

"Insulting and downgrading someone is not necessary at all. You and your staff could push someone into deep depression."

Bart changed the topic. "Usually, any client that has 100 million dollars ought to be given a black card, but the members of the Alcantara family have a unique card of this bank." Bart handed over the card to Nathan. "Here is your card."

Nathan looked at the card, studying it carefully. It was a golden card. Made by real gold!

"Is this real gold?" Nathan questioned, feeling the card.

"Yes. It is your card. As the owners of this bank."

Nathan interrupted him. "Owners of the bank?"

Bart nodded. "Yes."

Nathan stood there glaring at Bart, speechless.

"If this is some sort of joke please stop it, because I will beat your ass up!" Nathan threatened. "Is this a prank? A movie?"

"Reality!" Bart confirmed. "I am surprised myself. I was expecting a grown man in his middle thirties." He shot him an apologetic look.

Nathan's eyes roamed appreciatively over the room. He quickly scanned through the pictures on the wall, which included old newspapers.

"Tell me one more time that this is not a prank." Nathan asked.

Bart badly wants to frown deeply but force himself to wear a fake smile. He was obviously not in the mood for idle chitchat. "Don't be too thrilled with the small amount of money in your account."

Nathan inclined his head. "\$100 million is small?"

"It's peanut to the Alcantara family."

Nathan jerked his head up at the statement.

"The only problem you might have in life is that, your parents might not approve of any career you choose, except business management." Bart tipped Nathan off.

Nathan laughed. "With all the wealth, I might decide never to go back to school. what do I need school for when I have all this wealth?"

Bart chuckled. "You are still overwhelmed, when you get used to it, trust me, you will start craving your old life back."

"Can never be me. with money? I can do whatever I want. This is all that matters." He stared at the gold card. "Gold."

"You are lucky."

Nathan shook his head. "This ain't no luck."

Bart shot him a mocking look. "You think you deserve this more than other kids?"

"I am saying, Destiny happens." Nathan defended.

Bart nodded. "Nice meeting you. I hope you will pick my calls when I call?"

"Most definitely! Pleasure is mine. You made my journey a little easier. Thank you."

"You are welcome. "Bart stood up, exchanging hand shakes.

Nathan stops half way of Bart's door, he glared at Bart then glanced at gold card in his hands. He smiled widely, pushing open Bart's door.