

Dream

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Nathan's gaze roamed appreciatively over the room. He grinned at Bart.

Suddenly Bart spoke to him with respect and honor. That was the power of money. Money was indeed the ultimate. Now he had money, he felt powerful.

"Enjoy, Nathan." Bart said, smiling nervously. "Really happy to have met you, it's a pleasure."

"Bad days are gone." Nathan muttered to himself. "Dreams come true. oh yeah, they do.."

"Excuse me?" Bart leaned forward, towards Nathan.

"Nothing." Nathan firmly said.

"Okay, Sir." Bart said the last word uneasily. If wishes were horses.

Nathan nodded sheepishly. He didn't know how to feel. He was still struggling to overcome his surprise and shock. Just yesterday he was some poor kid mopping the floor, today his family were the richest in the world? Perfect example of miracle.

"I'll be on my way now," Nathan said, flipping his gold card.

"Thank you, hoping to see you around." Bart smiled in a cool way.

Nathan majestically walked outside Bart's office, dipping his gold card in the pockets of his pants.

By the time he was at the Bank reception, Anabel and Austin were already gone. He sighed, shaking his head. Thankful for seeing through Anabel who she really was before now.

The customer care lady glared at him angrily.

"Anything the matter?" Nathan asked. "Why glaring at me in such an inappropriate way?"

Nathan couldn't just understand why she was doing that. It was not proper, especially now he knew his family owned the bank.

"Shut up!" The customer care lady scoffed. "When will you get tired of living this fake life of yours, hoping you'd never get caught?"

"What are you saying?" Nathan enquired.

"What I am saying is simple! Stop pretending to have money, stop pretending like you are rich. we both know you aren't.." Dingbat."

Nathan leaned on the wall, placing his hands over his chest. Watching the customer care lady make mockery of him - herself, made him smile wildly.

"And why are you smiling? You are a poor guy with absolutely nothing. Even if you want a loan from us in future, no one here will look your way."

The customer care lady stops talking on noticing Bart.

"What did I hear you say?" Bart questioned. "Who are you talking to?"

The customer care lady laughed, looking at Bart. "Oh, never mind, I'm trying to put this local poor fraudster in his place." She said, hoping to impress him.

"Who?" Bart's voice had a nasal whine in it, contained with worry.

The customer care lady pointed at Nathan. "That bonthead over there! Can you imagine the guts? I really need to put him in his place. coming here to fool me! Maybe we should call the police, manager."

"Keep quiet or you will lose your job." Bart threatened in a deadly serious tone. "How dare you?"

The customer care lady chuckled. "Sir, you don't understand, this dingbat is a fraudster! A thief! A cleaner at the University's basketball court. He is not who you think he is, he is fake!"

"That's enough!" Bart yelled, trying to normalize his tone, to avoid creating scene, that was unnecessary. "He is our most valid and honourable customer."

"What!!" The customer care lady replied, unbelievably. Staring at Nathan, in doubts and uncertainty.

"In fact, his family is the owner of this bank." Bart bragged, tapping into grace. "And he is now my very good friend." He said smiling at Nathan.

Nathan shook his head. Life was indeed funny and mysterious. A while ago he was treated like trash, now the manager wanted to associate with him. That was the power of money.

"Now apologize to him." Bart instructed.

The customer care lady looked at Nathan in bewilderment. "Is this a joke or something?" She smeared.

Bart grunted. "I said apologize! Or you will be sorry."

"I'm sorry." The customer care lady said, reluctantly.

"Apologize properly." Bart insisted.

"I am sorry Mr. Nathan, I apologise.my bad." The customer care lady said, looking away. "Forgive my manners."

Nathan cleared his throat. "Is this how you operate here, Mr. Bart?"

"No..no no no. Nathan it's not like that, not at all." Bart said, shooting the customer care lady a side eye. "This is just a confusion."

"Discrimination amongst the rich and poor, what other discrimination? Skin color?" Nathan demanded. "I am sure my father will be impressed when I give him a review."

"Oh no, Nathan. it is not like this. I mean. she is not a professional, she's a newbie around the block! But trust me, I will put her in her place." Bart gave Nathan a pleading look.

"Please I'm sorry." The customer care lady apologized. "It will never happen again."

"I have a question, quick one." Nathan stepped forward. "And what if you didn't discover my family own this bank, would you have treated me differently?"

Bart and the customer care lady ignored, swallowing hard on nothing.

"I thought as much." Nathan said, squeezing his face to express his displeasure.

"I am very sorry. I will organize a meeting and have a word with all the staff." Bart promised. "Please don't give a bad review to your father, allow us to make it up to you."

"I'd like to know how." Nathan responded.

Bart looked at the customer care without remorse. "I'm sorry, but your services are no longer needed here, please send in your resignation letter by tomorrow morning to my email or my front desk."

"Sir I am sorry, please forgive me. I promise, I swear on my life it will never happen again." The customer care lady begged.

"I'll see you later, Mr. Bart." Nathan said, then strode out of the bank.

The customer care lady looked at Bart, pleadingly.

"Don't worry, you didn't lose your job, I was just putting on a show to please him." Bart assured.

The customer lady breathed heavily. She muttered a 'Thank you' that didn't make it out of her lips.

Nathan walked down the streets of the big city feeling like a king. This was his time. This was his turn.

Suddenly the cheerleading captain, Charlotte, popped into his mind. He remembered it was also her birthday and she was having a birthday party.

Surprisingly, she was the best thing that happened to him of late. The only one that showed him genuine love in school. She deserved a gift.

Nathan made up his mind to get her the most expensive and memorable birthday gift. He took a taxi and headed to the most expensive shopping mall in the city, DREAM.

Like the name, DREAM, that had always been his dream, to make the shopping mall his favorite place to throw money around. Each time he passed by the mall, all he did was glare at the transparent automatic door.

He dared not to go closer, considering the fact he was just a cleaner at school. He'll probably be thrown out. But today was different, he felt rich - he was rich!

He was living his dream life, waking into DREAM shopping mall.

Nathan stepped into DREAM. He looked around in admiration, such a beauty to behold. He noticed the saleswoman glare at him unpleasantly without attending to him. He didn't care, he continued checking out the beautiful things he saw.

A fat man with a beautiful girl step into the mall, walking to the collection where Nathan was standing.

The saleswoman hurriedly looks up at them, excitedly, brightening her face. changed her expression with an enthusiastic smile and saluted them. "Welcome, welcome my beautiful people."

Nathan had a hard time trying to figure out what to pick. He finally decided to pick a handbag. The handbag looked expensive; he loved it. He didn't bother to look at the price tag.

He waited at the counter patiently, yet no one came to attend to him. They were all busy, the closet worker close to him was the saleswoman, and she was busy attending to the fat man and his woman.

"Hello. I've been standing here.." Nathan said aloud, looking at the saleswoman.

"You cannot afford that bag; did you even look at it?" The saleswoman laughed. "That is a custom-made bag. it's only two in the entire world, Beyonce purchased one yesterday, and certainly you cannot afford it. So please drop it. or, you might want to look at the price tag."

Nathan glanced at the price tag then fixed his eyes back at the saleswoman, glaring at her in anger.