

Rejected

CHAPTER TWO.

"Hello? Baby." Nathan spoke into the phone. "Baby thank goodness you called. I was having such a terrible day."

"That's not why I called, oh please spare me all that." Anabel's voice was husky and pissed. "I am not interested in any of that."

Nathan nodded sadly, understanding Anabel was not in the mood. "How are you?" He managed to ask.

Anabel's voice came out quickly over the phone. "There's a birthday party I need to attend tomorrow, our cheerleading captain is celebrating her birthday tomorrow night in a grand style. All my friends and cheerleaders will be going!"

Nathan frowned deeply. Charlotte's birthday party was the least of his problems. "For the records I'm not going." He said firmly.

"Who's asking you to?" Anabel laughed. "There's no way she'll even invite you to her party. That's not why I called anyway."

"Why did you call? I was working." Nathan said.

"I need 1000 dollars to buy a red dinner gown, we the cheerleading team has decided to storm the party in red, and you know I can't go cheap." Anabel's voice had a peculiar nasal whine in it.

"1000 dollars?!" Nathan asked in bewilderment.

"The dress is actually 2000 dollars, but. I have 1000 dollars already; I need you to top up my account ASAP so I can pay for the dress. Hurry!" Anabel almost screamed into the phone.

"I..I.." Nathan's voice broke off.

"You what? Is your account having issues? Okay I can come pick it up in cash." Anabel's voice grew more impatient.

"Okay, let me make you a transfer." Nathan said then ended the call. He paced around in the basketball court. He didn't have 1000 dollars in his account. The only money he had in his account was 100 dollars, and that was his three days salary. He sighed. He decided to transfer the 100 dollars to her account, she would understand after all. He did the transfer then proceeded to call her.

"Did you see the money?" Nathan asked when Anabel picked the call.

"Oh yes I did hunie." Anabel answered.

"Okay." Nathan smiled widely; he knew she would understand. The smile wore off when Anabel spoke again.

"But I think you made a mistake hunie. You sent 100 dollars instead of 1000 dollars." Anabel stated. "Check very well."

"No no no. baby it's not a mistake. I... I only have 100 dollars, so I sent it." Nathan responded.

"100 dollars! What will I do with 100 dollars?!" Anabel yelled over the phone.

"Baby I'm sorry. Aside being on a budget that is all I have on me. Maybe you can pick a more affordable dress instead." Nathan suggested.

"Can you hear yourself? You want me to look cheap to a party almost everyone in school is going to attend?" Anabel scoffed. "Really? I am not asking you to buy for me handbag or red bottom shoe, just a dress Nathan. One freaking red dress."

"Baby. it's not even your birthday. Please bear with me." Nathan pleaded. His brains tipped him off when he heard a man speak in Anabel's background. He was familiar with the voice of Anabel's father, and this wasn't it.

"Has he sent you the 1000 dollars?" The man asked.

He heard it clearly! He couldn't be mistaken.

"Oh no sweetheart, he could only afford 100 dollars. Can you imagine? 100 dollars!" Anabel mocked. "He is nothing but a poor loser."

"I told you, don't roll with these fuck boys, they will offer you nothing." The voice laughed.

"Anabel! Who is that man?" Nathan demanded in fury. "Where are you?"

"Shut up, bonehead!" Anabel laughed. "Bernard is right whenever he calls you bonehead, or dingbat! I think dingbat is better, because that is what you are."

All the while he could still hear the man in her background laugh at him and call him names.

"How dare you infectious poor cleaner, dream of coming after a beautiful girl like me, let alone having me as a girlfriend? You are poor and don't have right to an erection or feelings. If you must have a girlfriend, then go after your class. Maybe the cafeteria's cook's ugly daughter or my gardener's daughter!" Anabel said.

"Don't ever call me again or think of talking to me in school, I don't want to associate with poverty." Anabel added.

"I gave you my three days salary. everything I had." Nathan let out a sob. "I..."

Pum! That was it, the phone dropped dead. Nathan stared at the phone in his hands, chuckling in pain and misery. That was everything he had. And now, he was going to stay hungry for a few days. How could he call home and demand for money knowing his mother's health challenge?

He sank to his knees, sobbing on the floor.

Nathan laid face down on his bed. Tears of pain, frustration and misery rained on his face, soaking his pillow.

He thought to himself what fate had in store for him? Happiness, blessings and all the best? Or poverty, misery and all the worst?

He flashed back to how Bernard humiliated him, how he constantly bullied him in school with the other boys. How Anabel made fun of him with some strange man.

He couldn't stop the tears, he let the tears flow. Afterall, he was all alone in his room, he could cry himself to sleep if it meant him.

He turned restlessly on his bed, facing up this time, staring at his ceiling. The hell! The ceiling was even leaking.

Tick Tock. Tick tock. His wall clock went round and sounded ring ring when it hit 12am on a dot. Hurray! It was his 18th birthday!

Ding Dong! His phone beeped.

He didn't feel excited, still laid face up, he turned to look at his phone. He reached for his phone; the message was from his bank. He frowned, squeezing his face. A happy birthday message as usual, only that this year's it came early.

He sighed, pushing the phone aside. Somehow a part of him spoke to him to pick up the phone and read the message. Reluctantly, he picked the phone and glanced over at it.

He looked closer and his eyes caught a figure. It was a credit alert!

100 million dollars! 100 million dollars in his bank account!