

CHAPTER FOUR.

Nathan didn't fall asleep the entire night. He kept pondering over his parents' revelation. Imagining and fantasizing on how his life would be from now onwards.

He got up early, had his bath, did his chores, and rushed over to his bank. He was too nervous to even have breakfast. He had to figure out if his parents were playing a prank on him. He nearly got hit by another when he got down from his.

The bus driver cursed him out.

"You rascal!" The bus driver yelled. "Do you want to get me in trouble with the legal authorities?"

"I'm sorry." He apologized even though he wasn't at fault. The driver was simply a careless man, without a driver's license, maybe.

"Sorry for yo mama, stupid!" The driver yelled.

He ignored the driver and raced towards the bank. He saw the driver park his bus and step out, chasing after him. The hell! What a lunatic that shouldn't be behind a gear. The driver continued chasing after him until the driver bumped into the police.

That was Nathan's savior. He stopped running, panting. He quietly walked into the bank. He was initially ignored by people he tried to have conversations with. Even the bankers on the counter ignored him.

"Good morning." He greeted the bankers over the counter.

"Pick a form and fill before I can attend to you." A man at the counter said.

"No, I am not here to make withdrawal transaction." Nathan corrected an impression.

"Then why are you here?"

"To check my account balance." Nathan replied.

The man frowned then paid him dust. He watched the man attend to other customers. He moved to the next person over the counter and same thing happened. They all paid him dust.

Feeling stupid, he quietly went over to customer care service and asked the staff he saw to check how much money he had in his account. He only prayed he met a nice person.

"Excuse me ma, good morning." Nathan greeted.

"How may I help you?" The customer care, whom was a lady harshly responded to him, her voice was impatient and she wore a very unwelcoming look mere looking at Nathan's shabby clothes. She concluded he was one of the poor people that came to disturb the bank over 20 dollars failed transaction.

"Could you please check my account balance? I want to know how much is in my account." Nathan demanded.

The lady frowned. "Is that why you are bothering me?"

"Excuse you?" Nathan snapped. Was this a required behavior in their Bank, because what the hell did, they mean. His temper was raising and he was out to lash at them. He was also a human like them! Whether or not he was looking badly dressed, he deserved to be attended to.

Once again, he felt useless. Cursed. No one liked him. No one treated him with mutual respect. He couldn't even afford the basic necessities of life. He lacked literally everything.

"You can do that with your mobile phone." The lady snapped back. "You don't need to walk into the bank and bother us with that, please! We have more important customers to attend to."

"Miss, please just check my account balance." Nathan insisted. He clenched his jaw, trying to stay calm.

"Call out your account number." The lady said, rolling her eyes. She couldn't wait to dismiss him.

"Here's it." Nathan handed her his account details neatly written on a piece of paper.

She reluctantly checked Nathan's account, and her eyes widened when she saw the figures in his account, her lips slightly opened. She looked at Nathan again. She stood up, and addressed Nathan respectfully.

"You have 100 million dollars in your account." She said, wearing a bright smile.

Nathan was shocked. He ignored the lady's sudden nice attitude and buried his mind in thoughts. What his father said was real! He was rich! They were rich! He struggled with his breath trying to mask his joy and surprise. How possible?

"You must the client I have been expecting." The lady said. "Any client with 100 million dollars and upward in his or her account is our most important and valued client in our bank, you are to be served by our manager himself."

"Okay." Nathan simply said, impatiently.

"While you wait for the manager, what do you care for, coffee, tea, water?" She asked respectfully.

"Coffee with cream." Nathan replied.

"Right away." She responded with a smile and strode out.

Nathan glanced around the bank, studying the environment. He saw Anabel walk into the bank with a man by her side. Frankly speaking, the man was tall, but ugly and badly built.

Anabel spotted Nathan at a single glance. She walked up to him.

"Hey bonehead!" She grinned. "Looks like you still have money left in your account that you refused to give me, huh? How much is left? 50 dollars?" She laughed mockingly.

"Is this the guy who mobs the floor and washes dirty clothes for basketball team to make a living?" The man asked. "Interesting."

"Yes sweetheart." Anabel answered, putting her arm around his neck. "He is the one, we call him bonehead or dingbat."

They both laughed hard at Nathan.

"Maybe he's here to take a loan, don't forget he gave you all his money - 100 dollars." The man laughed again.

"Aww. Poor thing." Anabel made funny faces. "Maybe I should just return his miserable 100 dollars to him, I'd be saving someone's life, don't you think so?"

"Yeah, I think you should." The man nodded his head in agreement.

Nathan didn't say a word. He stood there looking at them, relaxed and chilled.

"You're not saying anything? Are you dumb or deaf?" The man turned to look at Anabel.

"You didn't tell me he is dumb and deaf." He turned back to face Nathan. "This is no place for a challenged person."

"Sweetheart just ignore the bonehead, let's go cash out." Anabel said dramatically, leaning against the man's chest.