

# My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

## Chapter 3

The more Trevor recalled what had happened, the more dejected he felt.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw several beer bottles his roommate had put under the bed. He took one and drank it without even pouring it into a glass.

He drank one bottle after another. He continued drinking even if his head started spinning. His rationality had already disappeared, and he had lost control of his emotions. Unable to bear it any longer, he broke into tears on the floor.

"It's so unfair! I may be poor, but I'm not a pushover!

Money, money, money. All they think about is money! Sylvia, I'll make you regret what you've done to me."

His eyes were red and brimmed with tears. At that moment, he poured all his anguish in his heart.

But even after bawling his eyes out, he did not feel much better. Instead, he felt exhausted, and his head became even muzzier.

All of a sudden, his phone rang, interrupting his cries. It was an unexpected call from abroad. Without thinking, Trevor answered it at once.

"Trevor, listen carefully. Your nineteenth birthday is only a few days away. I can't hide the truth from you anymore. The truth is, our family isn't as poor as it seems. We're actually wealthy and powerful. We didn't tell you the truth as there's a rule in our family that children must live a poor life before they reach nineteen. But actually, our family is involved in different kinds of industries all around the globe. As a matter of fact, we don't only have gold mines in Africa, but also oil wells in the Middle East."

On the other end of the line was a familiar voice that Trevor had heard all his life.

But instead of being in awe, he sneered. "Dad, are you awake? Stop fantasizing about being rich, will you? Since I was a child, you keep saying that you've bought a helicopter in the United States and a yacht in Venice. Look at me. I have to fend for myself and earn my own tuition fees. Don't you think you're being ridiculous?"

The man on the other end paused for a second and heaved a heavy sigh. "Trevor, I understand what you feel. I know you won't be able to accept it right away. When your grandfather said something like that to me, I also thought he was merely joking. But, Trevor, I'm telling the truth. I'll transfer one

hundred million dollars to you as your allowance."

At first, Trevor thought that the man's voice was similar to his father's. But the more he listened to it, the more incredulous he became. He couldn't bring himself to believe that it was seriously his father. It must be a scam!

"Liar! Fuck off!" Trevor roared at the top of his lungs.

He then hung up the call as soon as he finished speaking. He was drunk, and his mind was befuddled at the moment.

He had vented all the bitterness in his heart. And now, he was exhausted.

Trevor closed his eyes and fell asleep at the foot of the bed.

The next morning, he felt as though his head was being split. He kneaded his throbbing temples and then slowly got up.

Last night, he dreamt that his father called and confessed that their family was actually rich.

"I must've lost my mind. I'm just a broke college student. How could I even dream of being rich?"

Trevor could not help but smile mockingly at himself. And until now, his eyes were still full of bitterness. At that moment, he picked up his phone and saw that he had an unread message.

"The balance of your bank account with the ending number 666 is... 100000003.56 dollars."

Trevor was stunned when he found one hundred million dollars in his bank account.

All of a sudden, his eyes widened in shock. He counted the numbers carefully over and over again. It was real. There was indeed one hundred million dollars in his bank account!

He quickly logged into his mobile banking app and checked his balance.

"What. The. Fuck. Am I dreaming? I'm really from a wealthy family?"

Trevor hurriedly dialed a number.

"Dad?" he cautiously asked the instant the call was answered.

"Son, are you sober now? I called you last night and noticed that something was wrong with you. Anyway, I'm going to the Middle East to inspect the mining of the new oil well. We can talk about it when I disembark,"

answered a familiar voice.

Trevor had lived with his father for as long as he could remember. He was 100% sure that the man he was talking to was really his father.

“Dad, are you for real? Tell me. How did you get one hundred million dollars?” He was at a loss that he could not process what his father had just said.