

Getting \$10 Trillion Out Of Nowhere

Chapter 7: Withdrawing \$5 Million After leaving the Empire World Building, Connor was eager to test out the Centurion Card.

To do that, he headed toward a nearby bank on his electric bike. Five minutes later, he entered the banking hall of the bank. Since it was a weekday, there was no crowd in the bank. He went straight to the teller counter.

The teller lady, a woman in heavy makeup and a professional suit, saw Connor come in and said lazily, "How may I help you?" She sounded cold. Having been in the job for so long, she could tell the background of the person at a glance.

Connor was wearing a food delivery uniform, looking like a pauper through and through. The teller lady acted unenthusiastically, thinking he was just another insignificant customer.

Nevertheless, Connor did not mind her bad service attitude. "I would like to perform a withdrawal," he said flatly.

"Withdrawal? Don't you see the ATMs over there?" The teller lady sounded not too pleased. "Just google it a little if you don't know how to use them. I'm busy."

Busy? She was so free that she could take a nap there if she wanted to. Her attitude pissed Connor off, so he called out, "I demand to see your manager."

Connor raised his voice. "Is this how your bank does things? Don't you know that customer is king? I can't believe it!" Hearing the noise in the banking hall, the branch manager hurried out. "What's going on?"

Seeing the branch manager and thinking she had reinforcement, the teller lady pointed at Connor. "Mr. Manning, this guy is here to cause trouble!"

Mr. Manning was alarmed, looking at Connor with a scowl on his face. "What are you doing here?" Connor smiled wryly. "I would like to perform a withdrawal."

Mr. Manning frowned. "There are ATMs for withdrawing cash. Why come to the counter?" The manager and the teller lady were just the same; they sounded unappeased.

Then suddenly the penny dropped, Connor realized that Mr. Manning and the teller lady were having an affair. He did not want to argue with them, so he just told them, "What if I would like to withdraw five million dollars?"

“\$5 million?’ The teller lady scanned Connor and taunted, “A food delivery guy like you wants to withdraw five million dollars? “Haha, you must be kidding me! Did you mean five hundred dollars? Five million dollars. In your dream.”

Mr. Manning also did not believe that the guy who looked like a loser could withdraw \$5 million. However, a branch manager like Mr. Manning was a sly old fox. He cocked an eyebrow and asked, “Do you really want to withdraw five million dollars?” ‘The teenager wearing a food delivery uniform might look like a loser, but sometimes, it was hard to predict the quirks of the rich. That was why he asked.

Connor sneered. “Why else would I come here if not for withdrawing money? Or, do you expect me to play games here?”

“I have to inform my superior for such a large sum of money,” Mr. Manning said indifferently, “Why don’t you go to the lounge and wait for a while?”

Connor nodded, “No problem.” The teller lady sneered. “Mr. Manning, don’t tell me that you really think he has five million dollars to withdraw, do you?”

“Shut up and knock it off.” Mr. Manning was not too happy. He could tell from his experience that Connor was not joking. Connor was really going to withdraw \$5 million. Ordinary folks would not come and ask to withdraw \$5 million at one go. He was eager to cozy up to a super-rich kid like Connor.

The teller lady shut up immediately when Mr. Manning chided her. But she still had a disdainful look on her face. She did not believe that Connor had so much money to withdraw. ‘A food delivery guy pretending to be a rich kid. Heck!’

But, half an hour later, when she saw Connor carrying a sack of cash out of the VIP lounge with Mr. Manning following behind him servilely, she was stunned. Her eyes were wide open. Did this loser really withdraw \$5 million? “Does he really have five million dollars, Mr. Manning?” The teller lady had not given up and asked the branch manager.

“Do you want him to show it to you?” Mr. Manning snorted, looking not too happy. Fortunately, he was more observant and did not offend Connor like the fool. Otherwise, he could have lost his job as the branch manager.

The woman wanted to open the package to see if there were five million dollars inside. However, she choked back just as she was about to open her mouth.

“I apologize to you if my staff has said something that offends you, Mr. McDonald,” Mr. Manning said respectfully. He then took out a business card. “This is my business card. You may come to me directly if you need help in the future.”

Anyone with a working brain knew that a person who could withdraw \$5 million in cash was a VIP customer. He did not become a branch manager for nothing.

He had to fawn up to Connor as he did not want to lose this VIP customer to other banks. Connor nodded faintly, took the business card, and put it in his pocket.

He then said in a disapproving tone, "Mr. Manning, the service quality of your staff is much left to be desired. If this continues, it will not be long before you lose customers to other banks. I hope you can discipline your staff."

Connor then tucked the sack of cash into the food delivery bag and left.

Chapter 8: Best Friend's Ridicule Connor was riding an electric bike and was about to rush home. It was at that moment his phone suddenly started ringing.

"Connor, where are you? Don't you know that we have classes in the afternoon?" His roommate, Dominic, yelled in urgency from the other end of the line.

Dominic was Connor's roommate and one of his few friends in college. "Oh crap, I almost forgot!" Connor exclaimed. He then quickly said, "I'll head over to class right now..." "Hurry up!" Dominic replied in a low voice and immediately hung up.

Connor hurriedly rode his electric bike toward Porthampton University's campus area. His first class in the afternoon was finance. It was taught by a lecturer called Ray Walkster. What Ray hated the most was students being tardy. Anyone who had the audacity to be late for his classes more than twice would have to repeat the subject the next semester.

Hence, Connor did not dare to dawdle. As soon as he arrived at Porthampton University, he quickly grabbed his food delivery bag and rushed to the classroom.

Five minutes later, he finally arrived at the classroom.

But he was still late!

When Connor got to the classroom entrance, he felt the whole class staring at him.

For a whole minute, Ray paid no heed to Connor and carried on his lecture in the class. "Excuse me!" Connor called out as he stood by the door.

Ray finally put the pointer down and turned to look at Connor. He said coldly, "Connor McDonald, did you lose track of time delivering takeouts?"

"Do you have any idea what time it is now? Are you here to learn or to deliver takeouts?"

Ray obviously was not really expecting an answer from Connor when he asked these questions. He just wanted to humiliate Connor. All students in the class burst out laughing when they heard Ray's words.

Connor, who was currently in his yellow uniform, was holding a food delivery bag; he truly looked like a food delivery person.

"Come here. Open that food delivery bag you have in your hand and show everyone the delicious takeouts that you've delivered today." Ray continued ridiculing him.

HAHAHA! Once again, the classroom was filled with roaring laughter.

The two who laughed the loudest were Mandy and Brandon. They were currently sitting in the last row of the classroom and flirting with each other. The sight of them made Connor feel bitter. That was because when Connor was still with Mandy, she had never sat with him before.

All of his classmates obviously knew about Mandy dumping him. "I don't think that's necessary," Connor said indifferently.

Although Ray Walkster was a lecturer at Porthampton University, he was not an educator who cared about the students. On the contrary, he looked down on poor students, so he often picked on Connor in his previous lessons.

However, Ray had always tried to please the students from wealthy families. It was as if he was a lap dog. "Take your food delivery bag with you and quickly get to your seat!

"I'm warning you, the next time you're late, you won't be in my class anymore! The poorer they are, the more hopeless they are!" said Ray coldly. He lost interest upon seeing Connor's reaction.

Connor could only oblige obediently. He walked into the classroom with a food delivery bag in his hand. Many of his classmates were looking at the food delivery bag he had in his hand. They were even whispering to each other and letting out faint sounds of laughter. All of them were probably talking about him delivering food.

Connor sat in his seat but did not pay attention to the lesson. He felt bitter as he peered at the last row, where Brandon and Mandy were sitting.

"Connor, are you alright?" Connor's roommate, Spencer, whispered beside him.

"I'm fine..." Connor replied indifferently.

"Why were you late? By the way, I heard that you and Mandy..."

“Spencer, don’t bring up something like that!” said Dominic with annoyance while punching Spencer on the shoulder.

Dominic and Spencer often helped Connor back when they were still in school, and Connor never forgot how good they were to him. novelbin

“I’m fine, really...”

Connor forced a smile at the two and placed the food delivery bag under his feet.

Dominic and Spencer thought Connor was in a bad mood, so they did not continue bothering him. One class period ended very quickly.

After Ray had left, a sweet-looking girl stood up. “Class, tomorrow is Valentine’s Day. Let’s have dinner together!” she shouted while smiling.

The girl, who was only in her early twenties, was very pretty and had a shapely figure. Her legs were fair and long. She had donned a blue short dress and a pair of sports shoes which made her look youthful and energetic. She was Eunice Tanner, the course representative of Finance.

Eunice was kind-hearted and innocent. She had never looked down on Connor for being poor. On the contrary, she had helped Connor many times.

“Yes! We can finally have a dinner party together! “The student representative has spoken, so all of us must go!” Everyone in the class immediately became restless.

At that moment, Dominic ran to Connor. He placed his hand over Connor’s shoulder and said, “Con, come join us today! It’s been a while since we had a dinner party together as a class—”

“Dominic, why are you inviting that pauper? How could he have the money to attend the dinner party?” a girl in a pencil skirt yelled at Dominic loudly.

Connor could not help but lift his head to look at the girl. She was May Young, Mandy’s best friend and roommate.

May looked down on Connor and often bullied him. A huge part of the reason behind Mandy dumping Connor and choosing to be with Brandon was due to May’s instigation.

“Exactly! How can a pauper like Connor afford to go to a dinner party?” Mandy’s other roommate, Lily Sullivan, added sarcastically.

Chapter 9: Classmates’ Contempt

“May, Lily, what are the two of you talking about?” Dominic yelled, feeling irritated.

“Was 1 wrong? Would this penniless food delivery person have the money to join a dinner party? “We had so many dinner parties together as a class, but have you ever seen him join one?”

May responded while rolling her eyes.

“I’ll pay for Connor if he doesn’t have the money. Is it really necessary for all of you to humiliate him like this?” said Spencer, who stepped forward. He could not stand them anymore.

“Hoho. Spencer, since you’re so wealthy, why don’t you pay for me as well?” Brandon shouted with a poker face after he heard what Spencer said.

Spencer turned to glance at Brandon. A hint of uncertainty flashed across his eyes. Even though Spencer’s family was doing quite well, his family’s wealth was nothing compared to Brandon’s. Therefore, he could only shut up.

“I’ll pay for Connor. We’re all classmates. Was all of this necessary?” Eunice yelled with a frown. She could not stand them too. Suddenly, Connor said nonchalantly, “Eunice, you don’t have to pay for me. I have the money!”

When Connor’s classmates heard him say that, they were stunned. All of them had very strange expressions.

None of them expected Connor to agree to come to the dinner party out of the blue!

After all, Connor was currently in junior year, so he had been classmates with everyone for three whole years.

Usually, Connor did not join them no matter the kind of get-together that was held. There was only one reason behind it; he had no money.

When Brandon heard Connor say that he had the money, Brandon immediately laughed. “Yeah, right. The food delivery guy has the money to join a dinner party? Connor, how about this. Why don’t you treat the whole class to a meal?”

“Brandon, don’t joke around. If the pauper treats us all to a meal, 111 immediately go and eat poop!” Suddenly, a guy with an unkempt and sleazy face shouted arrogantly.

Connor said nonchalantly, “Alright. Since everyone wants me to treat the class to a meal that badly, then 1 will treat everyone to a meal!”

The sleazy-faced guy’s smile instantly froze when he heard Connor’s words. Everyone around them was surprised. Nobody expected Connor to agree to Brandon’s request.

After Brandon heard Connor say that he would treat everyone to a meal, a trace of confusion flashed across his eyes.

He could not understand it; why would a pauper like Connor, who delivered food to earn money, suddenly turn over a new leaf and spend a big sum of money on treating everyone to a meal?

Even Mandy was currently looking at Connor in shock. However, she quickly regained her composure. Connor was definitely posing. How could he possibly have the money to treat everyone to a meal?

When Mandy thought about it, she felt glad that she had broken up with Connor.

Otherwise, she would definitely feel so embarrassed right now.

In her eyes, Connor was a loser who did not strive to improve himself. Not only was he penniless, but he was also a poser! "What's up with Con today?" Dominic was also puzzled right now.

"I have no idea. Maybe he can't get over how his girlfriend left him for someone else, so he bit the bullet and agreed!"

Spencer whispered. Then, he added, "Treating the whole class to a meal would just cost two thousand dollars. In the worst-case scenario, the two of us will foot the bill for him!" "Alright! If we split it by half, it would be one thousand each."

Dominic nodded. At that moment, he felt a little sympathetic toward Connor.

"What's gotten into you, Connor? Not only are you joining our dinner party, but you're also treating us to a meal. Could it be that you're just talking big?" May teased Connor with contempt.

"Yeah. If you're really treating us to a meal, then Melvin would have to eat poop!" Lily added. Melvin Jones was the sleazy-faced guy who said he would eat poop if Connor treated everyone to a meal.

"Well, isn't it just a meal?" Connor responded indifferently. He then turned to Melvin and said, "When will you give everyone a show of you eating poop?"

"If you have the guts to treat us, then I have the guts to eat poop! "However, you're not planning on taking us to a food court, right?" Melvin spoke to Connor disdainfully.

"Connor worked hard to treat us to a meal. How could we possibly go to a food court? It should at least be Brasserie Le Bernardini" Brandon jeered.

“Brasserie Le Bernardin?” Connor could not help but shake his head when he heard Brandon's words.

“Yes, exactly. Connor, if you treat us to a meal at Brasserie Le Bernardin, 111 eat poop for everyone to see!” Melvin quickly added.

“What's the verdict, Connor? Since you intend to treat everyone to a meal, Brasserie Le Bernardin shouldn't be a problem, right?” asked Brandon with a vile smirk.

“No problem. Brasserie Le Bernardin it is!” Connor replied nonchalantly.

Once again, his classmates were stunned by his words!

All of them knew that Brasserie Le Bernardin was where the state banquets were held. All of the chefs there cooked for the nation's leaders.

Treating the whole class to a meal would cost at least forty to fifty thousand dollars. How could Connor possibly afford it?

“Has Connor gone crazy? Why did he agree to it?” Dominic gasped lowly. If they went to a normal food court, both he and Spencer could afford to pay for the meal if they each paid half.

However, if it was Brasserie Le Bernardin, the two of them would not even be able to afford it even if they sold themselves for money!

“Going to Brasserie Le Bernardin isn't a problem. However, I have one condition.”

At that moment, Connor suddenly spoke.

“What's the condition?” Brandon asked while looking at Connor.

“For today's dinner party at Brasserie Le Bernardin, you and I divide the check by fifty-fifty. How does that sound?” “Hoho, fifty-fifty?”

Brandon sneered and said with contempt, “Not a problem. The cost for today's dinner party, we'll split it fifty-fifty. “Brandon, you're a champ!”

“Whoa, I'm actually going to dine at Brasserie Le Bernardin!”

Their classmates burst into cheers when they heard what Brandon said.

A meal at Brasserie Le Bernardin with this many people would cost at least forty to fifty thousand dollars.novelbin

Even though it was only half of the check, it still amounted to more than twenty thousand.

Even though this pained Brandon a little, it did not mean that he could not afford the amount. On the contrary, he felt like Connor could not shell out the amount of money.

“Connor, just you wait. I’ll see what you’ll do when we pay for the check later!”

Brandon looked at Connor’s back and smirked..

Chapter 10: Get The Supreme Private Dining Room

Awhile later, they arrived at the most famous restaurant in Porthampton, Brasserie Le Bernardin.

The moment Connor’s classmates entered Brasserie Le Bernardin, their eyes were wide in astonishment.

Even though many in Porthampton University were born into second-generation wealth, it did not mean that all students were very wealthy. There were students from average income families who had never been to a place like that.

Meanwhile, Dominic and Spencer were trailing behind Connor with anxious expressions.

“Con, do you really have enough money to treat everyone to a meal?” Spencer hesitated for two seconds before whispering to Connor.

“Don’t worry. Since I dared to come, I must have the money to foot the bill,” Connor responded calmly. “But...”

Just as Spencer was about to speak, a beautiful lady in a white bodycon dress walked over to Connor and everyone else with a smile.

When the beautiful lady saw Connor, a hint of contempt flashed across her eyes. She then turned to Brandon and bowed while saying, “Mr. Guthrie, are you here for a meal?”

“That’s right. We’re here for a meal. Get me a big private dining room!” Connor said in a conceited tone.

“Of course, Mr. Guthrie. We currently have the standard private dining room for twenty-eight thousand dollars, the VIP private dining room for fifty-eight thousand dollars, and the supreme private dining room for eighty-eight thousand dollars. Which would you prefer?” The beautiful lady asked softly with a smile on her face.

When Brandon heard what the beautiful lady said, he could not help but turn to Connor and say to him softly, "Connor, it wasn't easy to get everyone to come to Brasserie Le Bernardin for once. I think the standard private dining room seems ingenuine. We might as well get the VIP private dining room." "Brandon, aren't you being too unreasonable? The minimum cost for the VIP private dining room is fifty-eight thousand dollars?" Dominic shouted as if he was a little dissatisfied.

Everyone present knew that Brandon was deliberately making things difficult for Connor.

If Connor actually bit the bullet and agreed, then he would have to spend a lot of money. If he did not agree, he would then be embarrassing himself in front of everyone.

Brandon ignored Dominic and said to Connor, "So? Just say the word. Yes or no. Could it possibly be that you're frightened by the price of the VIP private dining room?"

"There's no need to get a VIP private dining room," Connor said nonchalantly.

"HAHAHA, I knew you were a pauper. You don't have the money, yet you're still posing. Let's switch to the standard private dining room then!"

The reason Brandon had actually said those words just now was merely to ridicule Connor.

After all, if they had really gotten the VIP private dining room, even he might not be able to afford it.

"Get us a standard private dining room then, gorgeous!" Brandon turned to the beautiful lady in a dress and said.

"Of course, I'll have it arranged for you!" The beautiful lady smiled while nodding her head.

"Hold on. When did I ever say that we're eating in the standard private dining room?"

It was at that moment, Connor spoke abruptly.

"What's the matter? You changed your mind because you think that it's too expensive?" Brandon turned to Connor and asked.

"Since you mentioned that it wasn't easy for everyone to come to Brasserie Le Bernardin for once, then why just a standard private dining room? Let's go straight for the supreme private dining room!" Connor said calmly.

When Brandon heard what Connor said, he instantly froze. The smile on his face also dropped. On the other hand, their classmates were also dumbfounded.

“Connor, have you gone mad? Do you know that the minimum cost for the supreme private dining room is eighty-eight thousand dollars!” at that moment, Spencer spoke.

“That’s right. Connor, you can’t possibly not know about Brasserie Le Bernardin’s minimum spending rule, right?” Brandon also had a ghastly expression.

Brandon would not have expected Connor to actually request for the supreme private dining room!

The expression of the beautiful lady in white gradually changed. She had thought that Brandon was the wealthiest kid in the group. Never had she expected Connor, who was dressed in a food delivery person’s uniform, to be the richest among them.

Mandy sized Connor up, and she also had a shocked expression on her face.

She could not understand why Connor, who had been stingy, became generous. He was now like an entirely different person. “Con, can you really shell out this much?” Dominic stared at Connor and asked.

“Of course | can. However, I’m worried that Brandon won’t be able to.”

Connor responded nonchalantly.

After Brandon heard what Connor said, he was taken aback for a moment. Then, he proceeded to yell, “Fine! Isn’t it just a supreme private dining room? Why wouldn’t | be able to shell out the amount? Since Connor wants it, then let’s get it!” Brandon fell right into Connor’s trap. Brandon did not have the cheek to say that he did not have the money. So, he could only bite the bullet and agree.

Once the beautiful lady had the private dining room set up, she led them into the room.

Everyone had puzzled expressions on their faces after entering the private dining room.

After all, they could not figure out why Connor, someone who made a living by delivering food, suddenly became so generous. “Connor, do you really plan on treating us to a meal here?”

May’s tone toward Connor had changed a little. Her eyes were sizing him up.

“Of course. Everyone, eat all you want!” Connor said nonchalantly.

When everyone heard what Connor said, they immediately picked up the menu and started ordering.

While they were ordering, Brandon looked like a sore loser and ordered a bottle of Red Bordeaux in front of Connor. However, he did not expect Connor to follow along and order another ten bottles of wine instead of feeling distressed!

The order cost them nearly fifty thousand dollars.

Brandon's expression instantly darkened. He knew that he did not have that much money to pay the check. "Brandon, aren't you're looking a little ghastly there? Are you feeling distressed?"

Connor turned to Brandon and asked softly.

"Hoho, those were just a few bottles of red wine. I have nothing to be distressed over. It's just a small matter!" Brandon bit the bullet and replied, his head bowed as he checked his phone.. He looked like he was going to look for people to borrow money from!