

## **THE BORN WINNER (JACK AND KATHERINE)**

### **Chapter 4 Invitation from Ex Sister-in-law**

“Sir, it was my fault. I did not know you. Please forgive me,” the manager apologized immediately after

he entered the office. He tried to wipe out all the sweat several times, but failed. Even his back was

wet.

The Bauhinia Card was so rare that common bank staff had no idea what it was.

Only the owner or the higher class could recognize it.

Even the head of the bank would bend down to welcome such card owner.

The manager was confused why such an important client came to his branch.

And he actually waited in line to withdraw money.

Jack lifted his head and looked at the manager calmly, “You look nervous, don’t you?”

“Of course not. I’ll make it up for the way we treated you,” the manager replied with an embarrassing

smile.

He knew how much a Bauhinia Card owner was of value, so he would do anything, even kneeling

down to him for forgiveness.

Otherwise, Shirley and he would be fired.

“Uh...I just wanna take out some money from this card,” Jack said indifferently.

The manager couldn’t stop sweating.

Wasn’t he... going to forgive him?

He looked awful and was strongly regretful for his ignorance.

He had worked his ass off for decades to get to this position, but one word from the VIP could kick him

out of the game.

The manager fell with a flop on the ground in front of Jack, "Sir, that was a misunderstanding. I know

you must be a very generous person. I beg for your forgiveness."

Jack looked at him chillily, wondering where all his arrogance went.

He smiled, "I only care about nothing but the money. Please get it done for me as soon as possible."

Although the manager had butterflies in his stomach, he still stood up and forced a smile, "Okay, I'll get

it done right away."

Receiving his Bauhinia Card, he asked, "How much do you need?"

"500 grand."

As the manager changed his attitude, Jack knew this card must be something.

But his top priority was to get the money and pay for his mother's hospital bill, and then find a better

place to live.

"500 grand?" the manager felt a little confused.

Jack frowned, but he realized what the manager meant, "Why not? Do I need to make an appointment

first?"

"No, of course not. VIPs like you don't need to do that," he was a little bit strange, but still explained,

"One billion cash is the threshold to get this card. I was surprised you only needed such a small

amount."

What?

There is so much going on his head.

'One billion in cash minimum?'

'My dad is a billionaire?'

Not only was the manager surprised, but Jack himself was stunned.

A moment later, Jack was back to himself, "Just withdraw 500 grand."

The manager nodded and got everything done swiftly.

Jack found a black trash bag, slipped the money into it, and left.

The manager, with a ugly face, tried to beg Jack for a way out. But watching Jack leave in a hurry, he

gave up. He looked so pale as if he were about to pass out when he sagged wearily back in his chair.

In the bank lobby, everyone was gossiping about what had just happened.

Shirley froze behind the counter with eyes reddened.

As soon as she saw Jack, she got up to apologize.

But Jack was walking too fast to follow.

Disappointed as she was, she signed and stepped into the manager's office.

"Manager, what exactly happened?" she asked though she knew there was no good news.

The manager answered weakly, "That was a Bauhinia Card owner. One billion in cash is the

qualification to apply."

Shirley was so shocked that her pretty face suddenly turned pale.

She could never offend such a big client!

Recalling her attitude towards Jack, she felt so regretful that she could even slap herself.

It would be perfect if a magnate could pick her.

However, she missed the chance.

"Manager, you...you have to help me," Shirley begged with her hands wrapping around the manager's

neck.

"Help?" The manager scratched his head, "I need some fucking help. Even I would be fired if he was

not satisfied."

Shirley was in total despair.

A moment later, the manager's eyes lightened, "Well, are you sure that man looked at you in a different

way?”

Shirley bit her red lips and nodded. She seemed lost.

The manager smacked his hands on the desk excitedly, “This can be fixed! This can be fixed! Shirley,

apologize to him. Do whatever you can to make him forgive you, or we’re both fucked up.”

“But...” She hesitated with tears swirling in her eyes.

The manager made it clear that it was because of him that she could work here.

She had no choice but to say yes to his advice.

With her teeth clenching her lips, Shirley nodded and left unwillingly.

She was about to step out the office when the manager said in a deep voice, “Remember what I told

you. We’re in the same boat!”

Leaving the bank, Jack fled straight to the hospital.

Suddenly he got a text message.

“Greetings, Mr. Hughes. This is Shirley Lynn from the bank. I handled your business just now. I am

texting to apologize for my fault today. I would like to invite you to dinner tonight. And I’ll satisfy you.

XOXO”

Jack sneered and put his phone down.

Shirley was a fascinating woman. It’s easy for Jack to understand her purpose.

The truth was that he was going to forget all about that, and he wanted nothing to do with that woman.

He knew Shirley was loser Tommy’s girlfriend. The whole Parry Family made him sick.

Arriving at LJ Hospital, Jack paid another 100 grand for his mother.

‘There was 400 grand left, enough for the down payment of a two-bedroom house. Who would use that

to rent an apartment?’

But a new house meant he had to do with decorations. He needed a place to live as soon as possible,

so renting was the best solution now.

He was walking outside the hospital when an Audi A4 blocked his way.

“Damn, isn’t this my ex brother-in-law? Look at you!”

With a playful smile, Tommy stuck his head out of the window and took off the sunglasses, looking at

Jack with disrespect.

“What a coincidence, Tommy!” Jack smiled, “Where are you going?”

“Date night with my girl. She works at the bank near the hospital.”

Tommy smiled as he looked at the trash bag in Jack’s hand. He taunted, “Dear god, you look awful.

You live by picking up garbage since you left my sister?”

Jack’s smile faded.

Tommy patted his head, “Jesus, forgive my poor memory. Your mom is dying in the hospital, and you

have no money. Of course you have to do this. My family helped you so much and you divorced

Katherine? If you two stay married, we might give alms to you a little bit.”

“Give alms?”

Jack scoffed, “As far as I know, I bought you this car, didn’t I?”

Tommy’s face suddenly turned red. He refuted, “Bullshit! This is an Audi A4, out of your league, you

pauper!”

He spit on the ground and drove away.

Jack was red-cheeked with rage.

A second later, he texted Shirley, “I will come. Time and place are up to you. Better there is a king-size

bed.”

