

Felix's eyes burned with immense fury, but then he looked up and saw the bank's entrance. Oh shoot, is it just me? Or does this place just screams 'No peasants allowed'? thought Felix. He felt like he had no choice but to swallow his fury down.

“Let's go, Casper. Revenge is a dish best served cold, anyway.”

And what? Let those f\*cker enjoy longer until I have my revenge? I think not.

An amused grin showed up at Casper's lips.

“You can wait outside if you want,” suggested Casper.

Felix's eyes shone with determination and strength when he saw his friend being that adamant about self-

destructing.

“No way. You are my pal, and I have your back! Besides, we'd, at most, be embarrassed. It's not like we're gonna lose a limb or anything. I'll go with you.”

Felix had always been straightforward and honorable. Casper tapped appreciatively on Felix's shoulder upon seeing how loyal and strong the latter was.

“Felix, I promise you this. From now on, you will have a share of everything I earn. I will never abandon you.”

At that moment, Felix had no idea what Casper's words truly meant, so the former simply grinned.

The bank's exterior discouraged those with low income from entering, but that was nothing compared to how much the interior design intimidated the poor.

Felix had already prepared himself, but actually entering the place still made him feel terrible. It was as if he was being lowered into his grave.

The bank prided itself as a top-notch bank, so naturally, the services provided were on point.

Casper and Felix had just entered the place when a rather pleasant-looking receptionist in a formal outfit approached them.

Despite her training, the receptionist's smile still stiffened when she saw that the men were wearing ridiculously cheap clothing.

“How may I help you?” asked the receptionist. She was only being polite because that was her job.

Felix felt like his coffin was even deeper in the ground

when he heard the receptionist's question. In fact, he might actually feel better if he was in an actual coffin. At least no one could see him if that was really the case.

“I'm here to make a withdrawal,” replied Casper calmly. His voice carried a hint of inexplicable confidence when he spoke.

The receptionist was slightly stunned. Curiosity flashed past her eyes before she asked, “Oh, in that case, please provide us with your debit or credit card.”

Felix didn't actually think that Casper had a card to hand over, but the former still stared with hope shining in his eyes.

“Sorry, but I don't have a card,” answered Casper.

At that moment, even the receptionist, who had

professional training, couldn't help glaring at Casper a little.

“Hah! A card? The poor sap probably doesn't even know what that is!” mocked Charlie.

He had just made a withdrawal and had his arm around Kitty's shoulder when he stopped by. He was eager to watch Casper self-destruct.

“Oh, before we can provide you with a credit card through which you get an overdraft, our bank will need proofs of assets owned. The minimum value of the asset mentioned must be ten million or higher, and a new customer must deposit one million before we can begin processing,” explained the receptionist.

She was tempted to chase Casper away, but she forced herself to explain everything patiently. To her surprise, Casper waved his hand to cut her words

short.

“I rented a safety deposit box here, and I am here to withdraw the content of that box,” informed Casper.

Hearing that got the receptionist's eyes to bulge in astonishment

The bank offered daily financial services, such as making a deposit or requesting a loan, but it also provided safety deposit boxes for its customers to store their valuables.

However, it should be noted that a customer had to be ridiculously rich and powerful to rent a safety deposit box.

At that moment, Casper's clothing and characteristics did not match his inherent claim of being ridiculously rich and powerful.

“Sir...”

“This is the rental receipt for the safety deposit box. Can you take me over now?”

Casper sounded like he was too impatient to explain anything. He got a wrinkly receipt out of his wallet and handed it over.

At that moment, everyone inside the bank turned mute. It was pin-drop silence.

Charlie's eyes bulged as he stared from some distance away.

Kitty recalled how Casper had shown her that receipt once. He even swore that he would treat her like a princess once the time was right.

Unfortunately, Kitty never believed a word he said. She suddenly had a bad feeling about it...

“Hah, where did you get that fake receipt? Do you honestly think that you can fool anyone?” challenged Charlie.

He'd sooner believe that the apocalypse was right around the corner than to accept that Casper's receipt was legit.

“I understand, Sir. I'll go verify your receipt right away,” said the receptionist.

Like Charlie, the receptionist suspected that Casper's receipt was a fake, but the rules dictated that she must smile professionally at everyone.

“Please, just hurry it up,” requested Casper with a nonchalant smile as he handed the receipt over.



The receptionist left for the manager's office after that. Charlie couldn't control himself anymore. He mocked Casper mercilessly.

“Oy, peasant. Do you know what the punishment for forging fake bank receipts is?”

Kitty gritted her teeth. She chimed in to further insult Casper because she wanted to be on even better terms with Charlie.

Casper ignored the noisy couple. He looked like he was too busy to even waste his breath on them.

Just then, the receptionist, who had just taken the receipt into the manager's office, returned. She was running at full speed and was sweating a little as she followed a balding, middle-aged man over. The man was equally nervous as he approached.

“Hello, I am the branch manager of this bank. We are so sorry about how you were treated earlier. Please forgive us for it.”

The balding manager was sweating and was bowing respectfully to Casper as he spoke.

The receptionist who tended to Casper earlier had turned utterly pale by then. She looked like she had just narrowly escaped death.

She could still remember how a shiver ran down her spine after she scanned the receipt and learned that the account holder was a VIP.

Charlie was standing some distance away. His smile instantly froze over. He simply couldn't believe that the receipt was legit, and Kitty was equally flabbergasted.

“Can I retrieve my item now?”

“Of course. This way, please.”

Charlie stared as the bank manager treated Casper like a king. At that moment, the former felt like his take on the world was distorting and crumbling.

This is not an ordinary bank, and even I cannot afford to offend the manager of Sommers Bank!

“Come on, Felix. Don't just stand there,” reminded Casper.

He grinned and reached out to tap on Felix's shoulder. Only then did the latter finally come back around. Felix pinched his own lap, and the sting got him to laugh aloud before he followed Casper.

When Casper walked past Charlie and Kitty, he paused for a second, but he never bothered to even look at Kitty.

At that moment, her beautiful eyes were overflowing with regret.

A relationship that had ended in betrayal was just like a coin that had rolled into the sewers. Technically, it still had value, but no one would give something like that back.

“No, that is not possible. How could that peasant possibly do that?”

It took some time before Charlie could move a muscle. He immediately spiraled out of control and kept shouting that it was not possible.

On the other side of the bank, the manager politely

led Casper to the innermost part of the vault and pointed at a safety deposit box.

“Please input your password, and scan your fingerprints and iris to open the safety deposit box.”

Even after everything, Felix still couldn't believe that they actually made it inside. He suspected that it was all a show until Casper opened the safety deposit box.

Gold bullions, wads of cash, branded watches... the box was basically a small treasure chest. Felix couldn't help gasping at the sight of it.

“F\*ck yeah! I finally made it.”

Casper used to think that money was unimportant, but he was forced to fend for himself over the past year to make ends meet. Seeing all that money in front of him got Casper to feel like he was finally on the other end

of the tunnel and was finally free.

He was about to take a small portion of the money out of the box when his phone suddenly vibrated in his pocket.

Seeing the e-mail that was sent automatically got Casper to jump and cuss aloud.

“Oh, f\*ck. Is there no end to this shit?”

The title of the e-mail was Rules to inherit the Simpson family wealth. The e-mail only contained three important pieces of information.

First, after the heir passes the one-year Chameleon Test, he will receive a sizeable fund to start his own company.

Second, the heir must increase the fund's value by

tenfold within a year. Failure to do so will result in the loss of claim to the family's wealth.

Third, the heir may opt to decline that challenge. The fund will then be regarded as a severance fee, and the heir shall be cut off henceforth.

“What's wrong, Casper?”

Felix had just calmed himself down when he noticed that Casper looked off. The former couldn't contain his curiosity, so he asked about it in a kind and non-intrusive way.

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