

The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

Jamie was stunned, as were others in the lobby who heard the words "Supreme Black Card",

Sasha, too, gaped at Felix in disbelief.

The Supreme Black Card was a rare status symbol. Only about 30 people in the world possessed it, each with wealth beyond imagination.

So, how could Felix possibly be a holder of the Supreme Black Card? That was just absurd!

Swallowing hard, Jamie stammered. He knew that even the cardholders of the next tier down, the Diamond Card, would be greeted by the bank manager at the door.

Handling a Supreme Black Card was a first for him, and Jamie was beyond nervous.

"P-Please verify your identity."

Though the standard procedure was to immediately escort Supreme Black Card holders to the VIP room and notify the bank manager, Jamie was overwhelmed by the situation and couldn't think straight. "Alright," Felix agreed, placing his right hand on the machine.

Sasha's mind was racing as she watched. She needed to figure out how to make amends for offending Felix all this while.

She thought, "Oh, my God! Dad's judgment was spot on. If I married Felix, our status and wealth would be unimaginable. I'm such an idiot. He's been staying low-key all along, and I-" Beep, beep, beep!

A rapid alarm sounded from the machine.

Jamie was dumbfounded, staring at the screen displaying Felix's card and his fingerprint verification attempt. The alarm indicated that his fingerprint didn't match the cardholder's. "Sir, please try again."

Felix frowned. Leslie had assured him that everything was in order, so this shouldn't be happening. Reluctantly, he tried verifying his fingerprint again, only for the alarm to blare once more. At this point, Jamie smirked, his initial tension and fear evaporating.

"Security!"

Turning to Felix, he said, "You've got some nerve to impersonate a Supreme Black Card holder. Do we're fools? If anyone could just pick up a bank card and use it, we'd have gone bankrupt ages ago."

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Jamie's words, coupled with the machine's alarm, quickly drew mocking laughs from others in the lobby, who resumed their business.

Sasha was on the verge of a breakdown. She had just felt a pang of self-reproach for misjudging Felix and had even contemplated how to apologize and curry favor with him, only to discover he was a fraud.

"Your antics only make me despise you more. How could there be someone as shameless as you?" she yelled at Felix before storming off.

She feared that staying any longer might provoke her to physical violence, which would be humiliating.

Moreover, Felix's actions could have serious consequences: Depending on how the bank handled it, he could face

legal action.

"You'd better notify your manager, or I'm afraid something unpleasant might happen," Felix said calmly. Jamie smiled smugly. "Oh, really? Well, you guessed right. Something unpleasant is about to happen. I'm calling the police, and you're in big trouble." At that moment, Troye Miller, the bank manager, approached. Upon noticing the commotion, he asked, "What's going on here?"

Jamie quickly put down the phone and politely responded, "Mr. Miller, this person picked up a Supreme Black Card and is trying to pass himself off as the cardholder. I was just about to call the police."

Troye's face turned grave. "You idiot! Did you forget our procedures? Any major client must be reported to top management for verification. Who are you to decide its authenticity?"

Jamie shrank back in fear. He suddenly remembered that the bank indeed had such a policy. He shouldn't have had Felix verify his identity. He should've escalated the matter to a higher authority instead. "I'm terribly sorry, sir. Please follow me. He'll be immediately dismissed," said Troye.

Felix said nothing and followed Troye toward the VIP section.

This was the proper protocol. Leslie wouldn't have played a trick on him. She must have given authorization, but only top-level officials would be aware of it. Jamie's face turned ashen. He had no one to blame but himself. His mistake had cost him his job.

By the time Felix left the bank, not only had he retained the Supreme Black Card but also got himself a Diamond Card and transferred some money into the account. Felix dialed Wendy's number.

""Dr. Zeller!"

"Just call me Felix."

Wendy was over the moon. She couldn't believe that Felix was reaching out to her again.

"Alright, Felix."

Felix continued, "Do you have time to meet? I need your help with something."

As the wealthiest family in Avesburgh, the Kinsleys could easily procure rare herbs, much more efficiently than- Felix, who couldn't seek help from his fellow apprentices. "Yes! But I'm a bit tied up at the moment. I hope you understand."

"Sure. Just get in touch when you're free."

At that moment, Wendy had just arrived at the gates of Silverwood.

She would've dropped everything if Felix wanted to meet, but she was already on her way to see Xena. She wouldn't dare cancel on the goddess of war, no matter what. Thankfully, Felix seemed understanding, or she would've been in quite a predicament.

As Wendy was about to ring the doorbell, the door opened.

"Ms. Kinsley, please come in."

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Seeing the casually dressed woman at the door, Wendy felt self-conscious. She had heard of Xena countless times but had never met her in person.

Wendy thought, "So, this is the goddess of war? She's breathtaking. Even I, a woman, am in awe. Men must be speechless around her."

After entering the house, Wendy was noticeably nervous.

The difference in their social standings was overwhelming. They were only meeting because Xena happened to live in Avesburgh. Otherwise, their paths might never have crossed. "Pleasure to meet you, Lady Summers."

Xena smiled warmly. "No need to be so tense. I don't bite, and I'm not here to reprimand you. In fact, I need your help."

Wendy was taken aback. What could the powerful Xena possibly need from her?

Noticing her look of confusion, Xena added, "I'll be honest. I heard that a young man cured your grandfather. I want to know who he is and how I can contact him."

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Wendy finally understood what Xander was referring to at that time. The big shot he had said needed help for her grandfather was none other than the war goddess, Xena Summers.

"Lady Summers, please don't misunderstand. I have no intention of keeping any help from you. However, I genuinely dare not proceed without permission from the master healer. I'm sure you know from Dr. Fielding what his temper is like." No interaction under this sky wasn't driven by interests. Xena didn't expect Wendy to explain herself so readily without excessive prodding.

"Just say the word, and I'll be at the Kinsley family's disposal from here on out."

Wendy was shocked to the core. Such a promise was priceless beyond words.

Standing before her was the first goddess of war in Dragonia who possessed supreme power. With her on their side, her family would definitely soar to great heights.

Yet, as soon as she thought of Felix, a pang of guilt surged within her again.

"I'm so sorry, Lady Summers. This is not a matter of personal gains. Had it been anything else, I wouldn't hesitate to exhaust my resources for you. How about this? I'll ask the master healer himself. If he agrees, I'll pass you his contact information." Her intuition warned her not to offend Felix. Though it was by virtue of the Miracle Card, he had saved her grandfather, after all. Disseminating means of access would be akin to ingratitude.

With that said, Xena couldn't really force it any further.

"Alright. Thank you."

In all honesty, she, as the goddess of war, had countless means to get in touch with the young master healer. It wouldn't be difficult for her to access Wendy's call records or hire people to tail her. Unfortunately, doing so would likely turn out counterproductive and cause her to lose Wendy's support. In addition, she would be risking the respect of the temperamental master healer. She had no choice but to be patient.

Meanwhile, Felix was once again in Sasha's car. After all, Warren had repeatedly reminded them yesterday to attend the barbeque party together.

"Felix Zeller, listen up! If you start acting all self-centered and bragging at my friends' place, don't blame me for turning against you!"

Sasha's expression was beyond grim. The incident at Concord Bank had thoroughly sickened her. If Felix acted that way in front of her friends, where was she supposed to hide her face?

"I'm not bragging. You just haven't put in the effort to find out the truth."

Felix didn't think it necessary to go out of his way to uphold a front or offer an explanation to anyone. His actions would depend on how others acted first.

He scoffed.

After Sasha pulled the car into the parking space, Felix got out and looked around.

They seemed to be in a villa courtyard, with buildings Independent of each other. It was evident that the landscaping work was premier. It was clear that this was a playground for the wealthy. A day spent here would definitely cause a dent in the wallet. 1 Trailing behind Sasha into one of the villas, he found that there were about four to five people already chattering inside. He quickly recognized one of them as the woman he had previously met at the entrance of Luxe Dining

"Sasha, you're finally here. Is this the infamous Felix Zeller?"

Ruth scurried over and extended her right arm.

"Hello, I'm Ruth Lester. Ah, how embarrassing-you got me a present for our first meeting. But I suppose I deserve it as Sasha's best friend."

As soon as he heard her remark, Felix understood that Sasha was deliberately trying to embarrass him. She hadn't mentioned anything about a gift to him.

"I think you need to get your eyes checked, Ruth. Does this guy look like he has a gift with him?" A young approached with a bottle of beer, a delighted look on his face.

man

"Felix Zeller, right? Have you returned because you failed to make it out there? Living off others isn't something a man should do.

"Take me,

Ivan Cameron, for example. To date, I have opened up several nightclubs without relying on my parents. This illustrates to a T how different people are different. Do you get what I'm saying?"

The young man stood right next to Sasha as he spoke. Provocatively, he wrapped his arms around the woman who Warren had claimed to be Felix's future wife.

"Only a man like me is worthy of Sasha's hand. As for you, perhaps you should stick to playing in the dirt."

Felix had long foreseen this situation.

He instantly replied, "You all have your fun. I'll leave in a bit."

He had already informed Wendy about their meeting point. As soon as she arrived, he would get right down to business. He was only here to humor Warren.

After taking two such heavy blows, Felix had been beaten into a pulp. Well, at least in Sasha's eyes. He seemed devastated as he sat there despondently, and this view only filled her with joy. "Let's forget about him. We'll have fun without him."

Ruth shot Felix with a scornful look, then turned to Ivan.

"Ivan, I heard you invited Hugo this time. Is he really coming?"

At this, everyone's eyes lit up. They all knew who Hugo was. He was a true member of a reputable family in Avesburgh. He was someone who was a tier above them.

That was how society worked. Even among the wealthy, people were still divided into different classes. Everyone yearned for connections with those above them.

"Of course. As long as I ask, there's no way Hugo would refuse. He should be here soon."

He was smug. Looking around the room, he knew he was the only one in this circle who could afford the presence of someone at Hugo's level.

Sure enough, Sasha leaned on his shoulder with a content smile. Her gaze swept over Felix, who sat alone on one

side. The difference between the two men was stark-there was absolutely no room for comparison.

"Wow, Ivan! Have you got a new watch again?" Ruth exclaimed, loud enough for Felix to hear.

Since she did make a promise to her best friend, she had to make sure that she kept it.

"Ah, this Omega? It's just for fun. It's only a few hundred thousand, not something to make a big fuss over."

Eliciting no reaction from Felix, Ivan felt frustrated. He wasn't satisfied. It felt like he was punching cotton.

He didn't hold back and taunted, "Hey, Felix Zeller, why don't we play a little game? If you call me "daddy", I will give you this watch. Fair trade, eh?"

The corners of Sasha's lips pulled into a slight smirk. With her eyes, she signaled Ruth to get to work. Promptly, she sprung to her feet and ran over to tug at Felix.

"Go on, Felix! That's an Omega watch-an expensive watch worth hundreds of thousands of dollars! It doesn't matter if you have never heard of such a thing. We would never lie to you. You shouldn't let this once-in lifetime opportunity slip away." With everyone's attention pinned on him, Felix rose to his feet. Disdain sprouted in their hearts-it came as no surprise that a poor man like him would leap at the chance for a free luxury watch. Ivan was overjoyed watching him.

"That's right. I, Ivan Cameron, always keep my word. Call me 'daddy,' and the watch is yours."

Felix's expression was exceptionally calm as he walked over and looked at Ivan. His eyes traveled between him and an amused Sasha.

"To live a longer, more fulfilling life, one ought to leave a bit of room for others. I can take all the sarcasm that you throw at me, but this crosses the line."

With that, he fished out his phone and fetched his Cash App balance. Then, he turned the screen to Ian.

"Do you think I care about your measly watch worth a few hundred thousand?"

Before the few people could launch their next set of insults, their eyes widened into saucers. They instantly started counting the zeros in their heads. "T-Ten million?"

Ruth was the first to let out a scream, her features pretty much contorted in shock.

She did know people who had a million dollars in their bank accounts. But for someone to be daring enough to store ten million dollars in their Cash App balance, he must have an unimaginable level of wealth.

Even Ivan himself was left speechless for a moment. Despite being wealthy himself, he didn't feel confident to compete with someone who had 10,000,000 dollars just sitting in their Cash App.

These funds had come directly from Felix's bank account. He found Cash App payments most convenient anyway. He couldn't be bothered maintaining a balance by transferring tiny sums across after each transaction. After her anger dissipated, Sasha heaved a sigh. "I can't believe you fell for it.

"This fellow tried to pretend he had a Supreme Black Card at Concord Bank earlier. With the advances of today's software, an edited image can easily pass off as genuine. It's unbelievable!" 1

At once, Ivan blew his top.

How dare you play tricks on