

I Made \$900 Trillion In 24 Hours

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The Phoenix Bank

The first cock crow woke Barry up.

He groggily lifted his head, blinking against the light coming from his laptop. Barry was startled his laptop was still on. The time was 5.am. Expecting to see a modest gain or a loss, Barry peered into the laptop screen. "Let's look at how much I've earned today." Suddenly, Barry froze as he saw his account balance. \$375 TRILLION! Barry staggered back away from the laptop as if it had suddenly turned into a cobra. He backed himself against the wall, his heart pounding wildly against his ribs, but not for once, did his eyes left the numbers on the screen: \$375 trillion. "I don't believe it," he muttered, his breathing laboured. "This is a dream. It has to be a dream." Barry pinched his arm, hard and twice. The pain he got told him he was wide awake, and this wasn't some dream. He slowly approached the laptop, his legs wobbling. When he was close enough, he peered at his account. The balance ticked up again: \$375,010,420,000,000.00 Barry gasped in shock. "How the hell is this possible? The numbers—they're still climbing." Another second passed.

\$375,020,840,000,000.00. Barry's jaws dropped as he realized every second was adding \$10.42 billion to his account. Barry dropped to his knees, feverishly opening the trading charts. The market was still chaotic and disastrous to trade, but somehow Barry's trades had skyrocketed beyond logic. Barry scrolled through transaction logs, trying to understand how this had happened. None of it made any sense to him. "This can't be possible. The system had probably glitched. That's the only plausible answer." Barry's mind raced. Could this really be a demo account? What if it wasn't? Barry needed to be sure whether the money was real or not. There was only one bank Barry could trust, and that was the Phoenix Bank. The Phoenix Bank was the only bank in the world that can offer protection to trillions of dollars. It was now 5:30.am and the Phoenix Bank would be open by 7:00.am. If there was any bank in the world that could confirm the account and understand what was happening to him, it was the Phoenix Bank. Barry hurriedly shut down the laptop and rushed to the bathroom. His hurried preparation caused noises around the apartment, waking Snow from her sleep. "Big Brother?" She called sleepily from her bed. "What's the commotion about?" "Nothing, Snow," Barry said, forcing a smile as he entered her room. "Go back to sleep. I'll be going out for a bit." "Eh?" Snow exclaimed, checking her bedside clock. "It's five o'clock in the morning." "I'll be back soon, I promise," Barry kissed her on the forehead. "Just stay indoors and don't go anywhere until I return. Got it?" Snow stared worriedly at Barry as he rushed out with her laptop. She had never seen him look so anxious. "What the hell happened to Big brother?" She asked herself. * * * Barry was standing in front of the massive gates of the Phoenix Bank feeling anxious. Unlike other banks, Phoenix bank was a very exclusive bank with branches in just 30 countries in the world. Each country had just one bank delegated to the capital state. North Hills, being a capital state, happens to be lucky to get one Phoenix bank built. By 8.am., Barry was ushered by a sharply dressed Blondie receptionist into the lobby. She had a bright smile on her face and was warm and nice to him, despite his shabby clothes. Phoenix Bank had a reputation for treating every customer with respect and honour, irrespective of status or wealth. "Good morning, sir," the receptionist welcomed him. "You're our first customer today. How can I assist you?" Barry looked around him nervously. "I need to discuss something privately. It's Forex related. Do you

have a Forex guru or something?" The smiling receptionist nodded. "But of course, please come with me. Right this way." Barry loved it how she didn't dismiss him because of his shabby clothes. These guys were the best. He was led to a set of golden elevators, which whisked them upward to the executive floor. When the doors opened, Barry found himself in a large, furnished office. A man in a perfectly tailored navy suit stood up to greet him, a bright smile on his face, as if Barry were the most important person in the world. "Good morning, Mr...?" the man inquired, extending his hand. Barry shook his hand firmly. "Barry, just Barry is fine." "I'm Jeremy Austin, senior Forex analyst and wealth manager for the Phoenix Bank," the man said, gesturing to an expensive leather chair across his desk. "Please, seat. Is it too early for a cup of coffee?" "No I'm good," Barry sat down, placing Snow's laptop on the desk. "I have a problem. My forex trading account has been acting up crazy after I traded last night. It's freaking me out." Jeremy returned to his chair. "Let me take a look, Mr. Barry." Barry didn't hesitate. He opened the laptop, logged into his account, and spun the screen around, so Jeremy could see it. "At first, I thought I was trading on a demo account but after I woke up, I'm not so sure," Barry said, leaning forward. "Could you confirm the account for me?" "Sure, give me a second," Jeremy examined the screen closely. At first, he was startled when he saw Barry's balance. He had never seen such an amount on a Forex account. \$10.42 billion topped just then, the next second, the account balance was topped by another \$10.42 billion. Jeremy blinked twice. "Wha-what just happened?" The next second, another \$10.42 billion was earned. Barry watched as Jeremy's eyes widened so wide they threatened to fall off his eye sockets. "In my entire career, I've never seen anything like this before," Jeremy exclaimed. "Numbers like this aren't supposed to exist in a Forex trading account." Barry placed both hands on the table, leaning closer. "I suspect it might be a glitch or something. Is it a demo account?" Jeremy shook his head. "You're wrong, Barry. These are neither a glitch nor a demo account. These trades, these profits—they're real and legitimate. There's no way the system could produce errors like this." Barry felt a cold sensation washing over him. If what Jeremy was saying was true, that could only mean one thing. Barry had been trading on a real Forex trading account. It wasn't a demo account after all. His earnings were as real as his trades. Jeremy reached out and pulled out his phone. He dialed some numbers and spoke as the line connected. "Get me the Global Operations Executive on the line immediately. I need her here in person. Now!" Jeremy turned to regard Barry as he ended the call. "This is beyond me, Barry. We'll need to verify everything down to the last cent." Barry's stomach tightened. "Who is coming?" "The granddaughter of the late chairman of Phoenix bank, Veronica Phoenix," Jeremy revealed.

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