

Paragon 42

Chapter 42: A Platinum Customer

The lady's eyes lit up with excitement. Her demeanor shifted from flustered to efficient, and she quickly proceeded with the paperwork. She asked a few more questions and had Klaus sign several e-documents. Once the process was complete, she turned to him and asked, "How much would Brother Klaus like to deposit into the account?"

Klaus reached into his space ring and pulled out a credit card. "I'd like to withdraw all the money on this card into my account," he said, handing the card to the lady.

The lady took the card and began entering details into her computer. After a few seconds, a look of confusion crossed her face. "Platinum... Cus...tomer," she stammered, glancing up at Klaus with astonishment.

Before she could say more, the door to the room opened, and a man in his early 40s walked in. "Manager, sir, I..." the lady began, but the man held up a hand to stop her.

With a friendly smile, he addressed Klaus. "Distinguished customer, I'll be taking over from here."

Klaus raised an eyebrow, puzzled. "Why? This lady seems to be doing a good job. Is everything alright?"

The manager smiled reassuringly. "Everything is fine. You've been upgraded to a platinum customer, which means she's no longer qualified to continue the process. I'll handle it from here."

Klaus sighed at the sudden shift in treatment. Although the lady who had been helping him hadn't made the best first impression, he still found her endearing in her own way.

"Distinguished customer, we can continue the process in my office," the manager said, his tone filled with respect.

"You can just call me Klaus," Klaus replied, feeling a bit uncomfortable with the grand title.

"Mr. Klaus, this way," the manager gestured, leading him to a private elevator. Klaus smiled slightly, following along. Before he could even fully process what was happening, they arrived at the highest floor.

The office they stepped into was nothing short of luxurious. Every item seemed to glisten with diamond sparkles—chairs, tables, and even the cups on the desk were made of diamonds. It was a sight that made Klaus almost drool, the extravagance far beyond anything he'd seen before.

"Please, can you tell me what's going on?" Klaus asked, still trying to make sense of the situation.

The manager smiled warmly. "The card you presented is a Platinum recommendation card. As such, your account has now been credited with 10 billion gold coins."

Klaus stared at him, stunned. Ten billion gold coins? How could that be possible? He had only presented a credit card with 100 million on it, yet his account had been credited with an astronomical sum. "How is this possible?" Klaus asked, his voice full of disbelief.

The manager leaned forward slightly, speaking in a calm tone. "Mr. Klaus, you seem to be new to this, so allow me to explain. In our banking system, there are different ranks. It starts with Copper, followed by Bronze, Silver, Gold, Diamond, and finally Platinum. Platinum is the highest tier in terms of ranking."

He paused briefly, watching Klaus absorb the information before continuing. "Each rank offers different benefits and privileges. As you might guess, not just anyone can hold a Platinum card. Typically, to qualify for one, you must wield significant influence and possess considerable wealth. However, Mr. Klaus, the card you presented is from an—"

The manager suddenly stopped mid-sentence, his eyes flickering with hesitation. He seemed to realize he was on the verge of revealing something sensitive. After a moment, he cleared his throat and gave a polite smile. "Rest assured, the card carries unique privileges," he said, carefully avoiding any further details.

Klaus sat back, still trying to process everything. What kind of card had he gotten his hands on? And more importantly, who is Ohema? Because he knew for a fact that the card came from her, if what the manager said is true, which it is, then who is Ohema, what is her true identity?

"So, I now have ten billion in my account?" Klaus asked, still trying to wrap his mind around the staggering figure.

The manager smiled again and nodded. "Yes, Mr. Klaus. You now have ten billion gold coins at your disposal. Congratulations."

Klaus blinked, feeling a strange mix of disbelief and excitement. Ten billion gold coins. It was enough to change his life—and his mother's—forever. This is a great thing for him, but somehow, his mind isn't at rest like someone who now has ten billion in their account.

"Manager, can I know who this card is from? Just a little information is all I ask," Klaus said, leaning forward slightly, his curiosity getting the better of him.

The manager hesitated, his smile fading just a little. He glanced around as if ensuring no one else could overhear before lowering his voice. "I'm afraid I can't reveal too much, Mr. Klaus. But what I can tell you is that the card comes from a very... influential individual.

Someone with considerable power and resources."

Klaus's eyes narrowed. "But who? A name will suffice"

The manager offered a polite but firm smile. "I'm sorry, Mr. Klaus, but that's all I can disclose. The benefactor clearly wishes to remain anonymous."

Klaus nodded, still full of questions but knowing he wouldn't get any more answers today. Whoever Ohema really is, he will soon find out, after all, he will have to pay her back sooner rather than later.

"I can see Mr. Klaus has a lot to think about," the manager said with a knowing smile. "But please understand, as a Platinum customer, your status is now several times higher than when you first walked through these doors."

Klaus smiled to himself. He had walked in as a nobody and was now leaving as a billionaire. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined something like this. Accepting the reality, he said, "We can proceed, Mr. Manager."

"The next step is simply linking your card to your phone for easier transactions," the manager explained. "The process has already been completed."

Klaus's smile faltered, and he frowned slightly. He didn't have a phone—mainly because he didn't have an ID to purchase one.

"Uh, Mr. Manager," Klaus began, a little embarrassed. "I don't actually have an ID yet, and as far as I know, you need one to buy a phone. So... I don't have a phone."

The manager raised an eyebrow in surprise but quickly composed himself. "Ah, I see. No worries, Mr. Klaus," he said smoothly. "Since you're now a Platinum customer, we can assist you in acquiring both an ID and a phone right here. Consider it a privilege of your new status."

Klaus felt a wave of relief wash over him, mixed with amazement at how smoothly everything seemed to fall into place. It was as if his new Platinum account holder status had opened doors he didn't even know existed. His mind began to clear, and he realized that his status had elevated him to heights even he had yet to fully understand.

After only a few more minutes of waiting, someone arrived with a sleek glass phone and a shiny new ID card for the manager to hand over. Klaus blinked in surprise at the speed and efficiency of the process. This sudden shift felt almost surreal in a world where he'd always struggled.

"Mr. Klaus, this is your phone and ID. You can access your account anywhere using this phone, and with this ID, you can recommend anyone," the manager said, handing Klaus the sleek device and identification.

The moment Klaus touched the phone, a wave of joy surged through him. Finally, he had a phone of his own. He quickly unlocked it, his fingers moving with excitement, and was thrilled to find his bank account already linked. When he saw the long string of zeros in his balance, he had to hold himself back from shouting in celebration.

"Thank you, Mr. Manager," Klaus said, smiling widely.

"Mr. Manager, I'd like to know the housing system according to the bank's standards," Klaus asked without hesitation. His main objective was clear—he needed to buy a house.

The manager nodded, understanding the importance of the request. "Of course, Mr. Klaus. As a Platinum account holder, you have access to exclusive housing options. The bank works closely with the city's top real estate developers, offering properties ranging from luxury apartments to private estates.

You can choose from various high-end locations, and with your current status, purchasing or renting will be a seamless process. "

"Can I know the prices if I want to buy?" Klaus asked.

The manager smiled and tapped a few buttons on his desk. A holographic projection appeared in front of them, displaying various houses and estates across the city. "Of course, Mr. Klaus," he said. "Here are a few options."

The projection showcased different types of properties, from luxury apartments in the heart of the city to sprawling estates on the outskirts. The locations shown in the projection are all in high-level places in Ross City. Just looking at it made Klaus want to buy everything his money can afford.

"For a high-end luxury apartment in the western district," the manager explained, "you're looking between 50 to 500 million gold coins. For a private estate with more space and privacy, prices can range from 1 billion to 5 billion, depending on the size and location."

Klaus nodded and continued browsing through the hundreds of available houses, each unique in its own way. He couldn't help but feel a little overwhelmed as he scrolled past luxurious homes that once seemed beyond his reach. After about 20 minutes, he reached the final listing: a private estate with a stunning waterfall. It caught his eye immediately.

He had marked down a few houses to revisit later, carefully considering his options. But just as he was about to make his choice, the manager spoke up.

"Mr. Klaus, congratulations on buying a house."

Klaus blinked in confusion. "What?"

The manager smiled. "It appears your account automatically purchased one of the properties you were browsing—our system marked it as confirmed."

Klaus stared at the manager, dumbfounded. Had he unknowingly made a purchase? He hadn't even decided yet!