

Rich Beyond Compare Novel

Chapter 2 How Much Property is in the Account

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"How can this person be so shameless?" Cynthia walked to the door with annoyance written on her face. She tried to open the door to the VIP room, but it was already locked from the inside.

"Hello..." Inside the VIP room, the customer manager was leaning on the sofa, looking at his phone. When he heard the door open, he quickly sat up. Normally, when a VIP came, Cynthia, the lobby manager, would notify him in advance. What was going on?

The manager stood up and walked towards Jackson. As a customer manager, he knew all 31 VIPs' names like the back of his hand. Initially, wanted to greet the newcomer to get rid of the bad impression he just made, but when he saw Jackson, he froze.

He was very sure that Jackson was not a VIP, nor was he related to any VIPs.

"May I ask who you are..." Looking at the young man who was only about twenty years old, the manager was really confused about who he was.

"I'm here to withdraw money." Jackson got straight to the point and stated his purpose.

"Do you have our Supreme Card?" Jackson's calm expression made the manager even more suspicious. The VIPs who come to the VIP room to do business have at least 30 million dollars in deposits, which this young man did not have. But why was he so calm?

"No, I don't," Jackson admitted frankly.

"I'm sorry, sir. We can't withdraw your money without your card. Do you have any other business?" Hearing that he didn't have the card, the manager was completely at ease and switched his tone.

This young man must be crazy. How could Cynthia let him in? He needed to talk about it during the meeting on Monday.

"Do you have fingerprint recognition here?" Jackson suddenly asked.

"Yes." The manager was stunned. The fingerprint recognition system introduced by the bank was for the use of the richest families and consortia. There were only a few people whose fingerprints are recognized by the system. Not even anyone in the Goldenrod city branch had used it yet.

"You wanted to use it, sir?" The manager could not help but talk to him politely.

"Yes." Jackson nodded.

The manager was skeptical. Jackson did not look like a rich person at all. Could the fingerprint system even recognize him? The manager was 99.99% not convinced, but he thought about it for a few seconds and finally decided to let Jackson try it. What if it was true?

Soon, the manager took out the "fingerprint identity recognition device" that had never been used from the safe.

"Just place your thumb here." The manager gestured to Jackson. Jackson placed his thumb on the verification area.

"Beep!"

The device lit up with a dazzling red light, and the LCD screen displayed the words "This fingerprint has not been registered"! Suddenly, the manager's expression stiffened, and hostility flashed in his eyes. He was ready to call the police.

"Hold on!" Jackson quickly said, "I may have remembered wrong. Let me try my index finger."

The manager sneered, trying again? Does he think he can fool me? If the thumb doesn't work, he'll switch to his index finger. If the index finger doesn't work, should he'd switch to his middle finger? Should he use his toes after using ten of his fingers?

The manager made up his mind that if it didn't work this time, he would report him to the police.

While he was thinking about it, Jackson had already placed his index finger on the verification area.

"Beep!" The device lit up with a green light, and the LCD screen showed "verification successful, the family account is 01, and the verifier Jackson's account is 01104."

the manager's face changed and lit up in amazement as he looked at Jackson. He quickly stood up and forced a smile, "I apologize for my behavior earlier, Mr. Torres. My name is Childe, the customer manager of the Goldenrod city branch. I'll be under your care in the future, sir."

"It's alright," Jackson said lightly, standing up. "Can I check how much money I have in my account now?"

"Please wait a moment," Childe said as he sat down in front of the computer. Following Childe's instructions, Jackson pressed his fingers on the fingerprint scanner.

"It's done, Mr. Torres," Childe clicked the "OK" button on the screen, and Jackson's account statement appeared.

Childe pointed to the number below the account balance with his finger and said, "Mr.Torres, your account currently has 1.48 billion..."

"No!" Childe suddenly realized his mistake. "It is 14.864 billion, 846,200.00 dollars."

After reciting the correct amount, Childe couldn't help but gasp for air. Jackson, a 20-year-old young man, had such a huge asset! This was almost the amount of money that 99% of people in the world could never earn in their lifetime.

Jackson stared at the screen and felt strange. He told himself that he needed to adapt quickly to his identity as he was from a wealthy family.

"By the way, let me show you your other assets," Childe said as he operated the mouse on several pages and finally clicked an "OK" button.

A 4x4 array of surveillance screens appeared on the computer screen.

"These are the surveillance screens of your physical assets stored in other places of our bank," Childe explained to Jackson, as he clicked on one of the screens. The screen showed a sports car with the date "February 25, 2019, 10:11:12, The Hague branch in the Netherlands" displayed in the upper left corner and "Ferrari Pagani Huayra" written in the lower right corner.

Childe clicked on other screens for Jackson to see.

"At the Hawaii branch in the United States, there are 95 Dominican blue amber bracelets and 100 gold bars weighing 4.4 pounds."

"At the Nice branch in France, there are three authentic works by Picasso, a book of Plato's notes, and two sculptures by Rodin."

"At the Cape Town branch in South Africa, there are 15 10-carat diamonds, 10 ivory products, and 11 pounds of gold bricks."

Looking at Jackson's assets scattered around the world, Childe's eyes almost popped out. He had never seen anyone as rich as Jackson, even those who had only 1/10 of Jackson's assets.

"Okay, please give me a card," Jackson said when Childe finished.

"Sure, I'll get you one now. Please wait a moment," Childe answered immediately. He then went to get Jackson's card. In just ten minutes, a supreme card was issued.

Childe handed the supreme card to Jackson and said, "Mr. Torres, your card."

"Okay, thank you," Jackson said as he took the card and walked out of the room.

"Mr. Torres, please wait..." Childe did not dare to neglect Jackson, his big client. He had to escort him out. However, the asset monitoring system on his computer was still open, and the fingerprint and iris recognition devices were not yet locked away. The VIP room's surveillance system was also connected to the regional manager's office.

He could not afford to be careless.

In the hall, Jackson waited patiently for Childe to catch up. Cynthia was waiting anxiously, wondering why there was no movement inside. Did Childe get murdered in the VIP room? The more she thought about it, the more scared she became. Just then, Jackson walked out of the VIP room.

"Stop right there!" Cynthia shouted and rushed towards Jackson. She grabbed his clothes and said, "You can't leave. You trespassed into the VIP room. Once we confirm that there is no loss, I will send you to the police."

"What are you talking about? Let go of me!" Jackson struggled, but he could not break free from Cynthia's tight grip.

This woman was too strong. He had noticed before that she looked down on him and did not bother to argue with her. But now, she was getting physical with him.

"What is this?" Cynthia's sharp eyes saw the Supreme Card in Jackson's pocket. She quickly took it out and stared at Jackson as if she had caught him red-handed. "You stole the card. This is a crime. I will have to send you to the police station."

Cynthia did not realize that the card belonged to Jackson. She assumed that he had entered the VIP room under pretenses and stolen the card while pretending to be innocent.

"Let me go!" Jackson was getting fed up with this woman.

"You're scared, aren't you?" Cynthia was even more convinced of her theory.

Their commotion Mr. Torres the attention of other guests in the lobby. They surrounded both of them, and some even helped Cynthia catch the thief.

Just then, Childe walked out of the VIP room after settling everything.

Jackson was a major depositor at the Goldenrod city branch, and his wealth was something Childe had seen with his own eyes.

When he verified his identity using the fingerprint recognition machine, Jackson was only one of the accounts under the 01 family. If his account was already so wealthy, how much more could his whole family be worth?

How rare was it for someone so important to cross paths with them? Childe felt that it was a huge honor to have met Jackson, and there could be huge potential benefits from it.

But now, he saw that Cynthia was fighting with Jackson, and Jackson was angry. Childe was shocked. Cynthia was playing with fire, and she could end up dragging him down with her.

Could someone with 1.4 billion in their bank account be easily messed with? They could make you disappear without a trace just with a snap of their fingers.