

The Vengeful Son-in-law Chapter 5

At this moment, a voice came. "What happened? Why are so many people gathered here?"

A middle-aged man in a suit came over with a frown. When the staff and two security guards saw him, they all showed respectful expressions, and the staff greeted him in an ingratiating manner. "Manager, you arrive just in time. Someone is making a scene here. He insists that his canceled card is a VVIP card. It's ridiculous. Everyone knows that our bank has only VIP cards. There's no such thing as a VVIP card."

Unexpectedly, when the manager heard her words, his face suddenly changed. "VVIP card?"

"Yes! Manager, he is the one making a scene and causing trouble to the normal operation of our bank. Let the security guard kick him out." The staff didn't see the change in the manager's expression and cockily said to the security guard, "what are you waiting for? Get this crazy man out of here!"

Ryan's countenance remained the same. He raised the VVIP card and asked the manager, "Is this how you treat your VVIP customers?"

When the manager saw the card in Ryan's hand, his face changed. He panicked and shouted, "Stop it! You don't want your job anymore, do you? Are you blind? This is our esteemed VVIP customer!"

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What?! Hearing this, everyone was stunned and unable to react for a moment.

The manager trotted up to Ryan and bowed respectfully to him. He said with incomparable reverence, "Sir, you're indeed an honorable VVIP customer. Please forgive us for not recognizing you immediately. What can I do for you? We have a dedicated VIP channel that provides the best and fastest service."

Brian was completely dumbfounded. What was going on?

This bank was one of the largest banks in the country. Many executives of listed companies deposit money at this bank. It had a huge scale. The manager of this bank was a man of status. Why was he so respectful in front of such trash as Ryan?

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He once suspected that he was hallucinating!

Not only him, but also everyone present felt incredible.

That staff who treated Ryan with a bad attitude just now felt a shudder down her spine, and her legs were quivering. She actually offended the most distinguished VIP client. How was she going to keep her job!

Ryan nodded, then smiled at Brian and said, "Brian, it's time for you to fulfill your promise. Kneel down. I'm waiting."

Brian's face darkened. He didn't believe it was true. He said to the manager gloomily, "this can't be true. Why didn't I know that you have VVIP cards?"

The manager answered, "we all along have VVIP cards. But because the bar is very high and it's only available to people with special status, few people know it. Mr. Howard is a VVIP customer of our bank."

Hearing the manager's confirmation, Brian felt he had eaten a fly!

Seeing his expression, Ryan felt very good and urged, "Brian, you brought up the bet yourself. You don't break your word, do you?"

Everyone else was gloating, and even the two men who were with him kept a distance from him.

Brian was so proud that he wouldn't kneel down and apologize to Ryan.

So he left the bank, cursing and saying that Ryan had picked the VVIP card on the street.

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Ryan was not angry. He had expected that Brian would cheat. Humiliating Brian was pleasant enough for him. Next, he should find out how much there was in this card.

In the exclusive reception room for VVIP customers, there was a special ATM for balance checking. Equipped with the most advanced technology in the world, it was absolutely impossible to be hacked, so the property of the supreme customers was safely guarded.

Ryan entered the password. When he saw the balance in the card, his heart began to thump!

He carefully counted the zeros behind the number.

That was more than 50 billion!

Seeing the numbers clearly, he felt a little breathless, so excited that his whole body trembled, and then he laughed wildly.

After all these years of darkness, it finally dawned. More than 50 billion dollars was enough for him to spend ten lifetimes.

It took Ryan three minutes to calm himself down. Then he transferred 20 million dollars to an ordinary bank card. He did this because he didn't want to expose his identity so that Phoebe wouldn't take him as a toff.

He wondered what Phoebe's expression would be when he took out the 20 million dollars and helped Phoebe through the crisis.

It must be wonderful! He was so excited just thinking about it.

Coming out of the bank, Ryan collected himself and went straight home.

Ryan was a nostalgic person. Even if he was a billionaire now, he couldn't bear to throw his bike away. After all, this bike had

been with him for four years. He pushed it to a nearby convenience store, charged it for an hour, and then went home.

At a turning near his neighborhood, he came across Phoebe, who was driving a Volkswagen back home. Because the brake of this bike was malfunctioning, he fell to stop it in time and hit the back of the Volkswagen, leaving a scratch. Ryan hurriedly apologized, "honey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. The brake is not working well."

Phoebe had just come back from the company and was in a bad mood. Ryan's negligence ignited her anger. "Ryan, can you be of any use? Other men of your age already have Mercedes-Benz and BMW! I don't expect you to be as good as them, but at least you should drive an Alto! We've been married for four years, and you're still riding this ghastly bike! I've had enough of you!"

Ryan's hands and feet turned cold from her scolding, and he was suffocating from pain for a moment, but he squeezed out a smile and apologized. "Honey, I don't need to ride it anymore..."

Phoebe interrupted him. "Enough, I don't want to hear your nonsense! I'm completely disappointed in you. Don't call me honey! I don't want a useless husband like you!"

After that, she stepped on the gas pedal and drove the car into the neighborhood. Ryan was left in the exhaust.

Ryan's face was stiff. He stood there for a long time before returning to his senses. He held back the disappointment in his heart and kept comforting himself: Phoebe just needed to unleash her anger. Now that he was rich, he could give Phoebe the greatest happiness. Phoebe would fall in love with him.

He deluded himself into believing that and drove the bike whose grips became crooked from the crash back.

After Ryan returned home, when Phoebe came out of the bathroom and saw him, there was frost on her face, and her repulsion for him couldn't be more obvious.

Ryan took a deep breath and pulled himself together. With a forced smile, he said to Phoebe, "Phoebe, what happened just now was my fault. I apologize to you. Don't be angry, okay?"

Phoebe didn't respond and turned her face away.

Ryan abased himself and walked to Phoebe's side. "Are you hungry? What do you want to eat? I'll make it for you," said he in his gentlest voice.

Phoebe put down her phone, stared at him, and said something that sent Ryan a shiver. "Torn, let's divorce. I'm going to go out with Mr. Cook in a few days."