

Return Of The Lost Dragon Chapter 2

A Turn For Good:

‘The taxi stopped in front of City Bank. Leonard paid the driver his fare and alighted from the taxi.

He sighed deeply and looked around. He felt a little awkward considering how oddly he was E

dressed— a plain, fading white shirt and a pair of gray pants. Shrugging off the feelings, he ç

‘walked into the gates.

Taking the card out of his pocket, he stared at it wondering what would happen if all the

strange lady told him it was true.

"Hey, watch where you're going!" Cried a woman he almost bumped into.

"I'm sorry," he was saying, raising up his head from his card.

Leonard's eyes widened with shock in their sockets.

"Tri... Trisha. Trisha, what are you doing here?"

The lady also couldn't hide her surprise as she opened her mouth to say something.

"What do you mean by that, young man? It's a bank so she has every right to be here and not

some peasant like you," A man said beside her, irritated.

It was then Leonard caught sight of him holding his wife's hand like they were some sort of

couple, his mind flying to what his mother-in-law told him a few hours ago.

" My daughter would marry the rich guy who is after her and not be with some poor rat like you."

His heart stung at the pain of the betrayal.

" Trisha, why did you do this to me?"

"What did I do?" Trisha asked, furrowing her brows with disgust. "I did nothing wrong but

follow the man of my dreams, and by the way what are you doing here? Don't you know this

place isn't for people like you?"

Leonard opened his mouth to speak but before he could the man said, " I think he needs to be reminded that the bank is not for anyone, but only those whose deposit is up to 3 million dollars can be qualified to deal with their business here. It's a symbol of identity which I am very sure you don't have."

" And you see this beauty here," the man continued, kissing her deeply on the lips. "She's mine and not yours anymore. How does that feel?" He asked, licking his lips and giving out a mocking laugh.

Leonard couldn't take anymore insults. He had been insulted enough, feeling something strange stir up in his body, a rush of anger to his veins. Seeing how Trisha smiled and kissed the man, he felt triggered, he held the man's collar, his eyes were bloodshot.

"Don't you dare speak to me in that manner!" he said in a voice which didn't sound like his, making him surprised.

"Don't you dare or you would regret ever being born and meeting me!"

Trisha was too dazed to speak and so was the man, too surprised to speak or move. The man stared back at Leonard fearfully, he saw something scary flash in his eyes. Something that shocked him to his bones, killing every iota of courage he had left in him.

"What are you doing?!" Trisha cried, trying to get Leonard's strong grip off his collar. "Let go of him this minute!"

"Martin, are you okay?" She asked.

"Someone help!" Martin cried, also trying to get his grip off him.

The security guards ran from their posts towards them.

"What's going on here?!" Yelled one of them, looking at Leonard.

Leonard shook his head and slowly released his grip off his collars. The man stared at him, feeling his courage coming back to him.

"This man," he said, pointing accusingly at Leonard. "He is just a poor boy who cleans tables

in a restaurant and he's threatening me for a reason I know not of."

The security guards looked at the shaken Leonard who couldn't believe what he had done.

"Mr Man, I would kindly request that you leave this bank to another or we would be mandated to force you to leave or get you arrested for harassment and trespassing," one of them said to him harshly.

" Exactly! Leave this place!" Trisha cried, holding the man's arm.

Leonard glared at her before looking at the security guards.

"Please let me go in. I just need to check my balance, it wouldn't take much time."

"" Mr, I said leave or should we force you?"

"I just need to check the balance," he refused to leave.

The security guards exchanged glances at each other.

They walked towards Leonard and held him, trying to drag him out.

"What's going on here?" A voice asked.

They all turned to stare at a man, dressed in an expensive suit.

"Sir, this man here came into the bank to threaten a customer."

"That's not true!" Leonard denied, seeing this man as the only way to get in. "I only came to check the balance in this card," he waved the black card in the air.

The manager's eyes widened with recognition. He stepped down from the staircase, walking towards them, not believing his eyes.

"Sir, he held his collar and threatened him. He needs to be thrown out," Trisha told him.

‘The manager ignored her words and said to Leonard, "Can I have a look at your card?"

Leonard, seeing a glimpse of hope, gave the card to the man.

‘The manager held the card in his hand, staring at it, mouth opened wide with bewilderment.

"How did you get this card?" He asked, surprise vivid in his tone.

"I have had it with me for a long time now. My name's written boldly on it. "

"Yes I can see that. In this bank, there are different levels for cards, the higher the level is, it means the more deposit in the account and surprisingly, your card is the highest level.”

"I don't understand, sir," Leonard said, confused.

"Get your filthy hands off him," the manager said, glaring at the guards. "Come with me,

sir," he said, giving Leonard a smile.

Trisha and Martin were astonished.

How was such a distinguished card found in his custody?

"Sir, it must have been stolen. Such a poor boy like him couldn't have gotten this card so

easily," Martin said, in a convincing manner and Trisha nodded in agreement.

"He's my ex-husband and I have always known him to be a thief and a fraud.

There's no way

he could have so much money in his account."

The manager gave no heed to their words. Knowing them for a while now, their cards were

at the lowest level.

'Taking out his phone, he placed a call across to the director of the bank.

"Hello ma'am, I called to inform you that a distinguished customer with a card of our highest

level has arrived," he said.

"What?!" the director gasped in surprise," That's great news. I will be there to meet him in

person."

"Okay ma'am."

'The manager turned to face Leonard.

"The director said she will be here to serve you in person, Sir. Please, follow me."