

When the World's Billionaires Come Knocking by J.M.J

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Superpower?

Such a sudden rise or fall in stocks could cause great losses.

Ronnie, who was proud, learned a hard lesson.

Greyson sneered.

He surprisingly realized that his prediction was right.

Ever since they had a class where students were advised to invest in stocks in practice, many people were over-confident.

Some of Greyson's roommates invested in stocks too. One of them even got obsessed with stocks and stayed in the dormitory all day.

But none of them made money.

Greyson told them not to do that because they couldn't win.

However, no one took his advice. They believed that they could make it as majors in finance.

And they were confident in their abilities.

After all, they majored in finance! How could they not beat other people?

To make sure he could see everything, even including the stock market, Greyson opened Kent Taylor's laptop.

He picked several stocks to see if he could foresee the price change.

A stock named Blessing Medicine was going to limit up soon.

Just then, Kent came back from next door. "What are you doing?"

“Nothing. I’m checking this stock out. It will limit up soon!”

“No way!”

Kent glanced at him with annoyance.

“It has moved sideways for months.

“It’s like an electrocardiogram. No gains. No losses. Rubbish!”

Kent had no superpower. Of course, he didn’t believe it. But Greyson could foresee that it would limit up. And it would go down after a rise.

“Hey, you know what, Ronnie just lost his money for that stock limited down!”

“30 thousand dollars! He bought it at the highest point! Hahaha...”

Kent laughed.

Ronnie lost 6,500 dollars within minutes!

Pearce was indifferent. “It’s OK. His dad is rich.”

“OK? His dad is mad.”

Just then...

The price of Blessing Medicine suddenly rose!

After a decline of 3%, it limited up.

Kent and Pearce were shocked as they looked at Greyson.

“Damn! You are amazing!”

Kent was regretful. He should have sold his stocks to invest in Blessing Medicine.

It must be the same for other investors. They regretted it soon after the stock limited up.

Greyson couldn’t stay cool anymore. He was shocked by what had happened.

If he could make use of the information, he would be rich!

He wondered if he should get an account.

Just then, Kent waved his empty cigarette box.

“Greyson, go to the groceries with me.”

They went to the store down the building. Kent handed the money to the shop owner and wanted to take a box of cigarettes. Then Greyson glanced casually at some snacks.

“One more for free!”

“One more for free!”

“One more for free!”

Greyson was shocked.

He took Kent’s money. “I will take this.” Then he opened the snack before Kent reacted.

“Damn, I need cigarettes...”

“Sir, one more for free!”

As expected, he could get one more snack for free. Joyful, Greyson opened another.

“One more!”

“One more!”

“One more!”

He got five snacks then!

Kent looked at him. “Damn...”

He wanted to stop Greyson, but Greyson wouldn't listen. He kept opening the snacks and said, "One more!"

"One more!"

"One more!"

He got nine snacks. Then...

He took out the coupon inside. "Sir..."

The shop owner smiled after Greyson got eight snacks for free. "Young man, you are so lucky! Again?"

Greyson handed him the coupon. "A dozen boxes of cigarettes!"

Kent was shocked.

He knew it was easy to get snacks for free. But it was hard to get a dozen boxes of cigarettes as a bonus!

So they got snacks and cigarettes at a low price!

It was a sweet deal!

They took the snacks and cigarettes back to the dormitory. "Come on. Enjoy the snacks."

Kent threw the bag onto the table.

After the test, Greyson had more faith in his eyes. As he looked at Pearce's coin, he said, "Pearce, do you want to sell this coin?"

"..."

Pearce looked at him in confusion.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“I am serious.”

They were friends. Greyson didn’t want to lie to him.

He just wanted to check it out and see if his ability was reliable enough.

“Take it!”

Pearce was generous and threw his keys at Greyson.

Greyson observed the coin. It was well-preserved. It must be valuable.

Although he knew nothing about ancient coins, he was sure that it was not fake.

Because of his eyes, he could tell it was an ancient coin.

He decided to give it a try!

“I only have 36 dollars. Here you are.”

Greyson gave Pearce his money, which puzzled Kent. “Damn. Did you get your head hurt in the car accident?”

“Pearce, we must do something. Call the psychiatrists.

“Damn, it may be infectious!”

“What are you doing?”

Alexis Clinton came back after a date. He was wearing a colorful shirt, full.

He lived the best life among them.

Girls loved to spend money on him...

They didn’t know why girls liked Alexis. Maybe girls loved braggers.

Pearce said, “Nothing. Got lucky?”

Alexis shook his new shirt and said, "She bought me this. Look good?"

"Damn, gigolo!"

They looked at him with disdain. Alexis took a cigarette and went to the bathroom.

Greyson took the coin to the antique market to see if he could sell it.

Ravero University was not far away from the downtown area. So Greyson went there by bike.

There were many experts in antiques. He hung the coin around his waist in an eye-catching way on purpose.

Valuable things would have their buyers come over.

Otherwise, it would reduce its value.

He also walked around to see if there were the same coins and to learn about the market.

He looked around and saw a normal coin.

Apparently, it was fake.

These coins only appeared old.

Greyson picked up a coin and asked, "Sir, how much is it?"

The stall owner looked at him. "300 dollars!"

300 dollars!

Greyson's hand shook as he put it back.

300 dollars for a coin?

He walked around in the market and saw a man in his fifties walk over.

The man looked polite. He must be a collector.

“Young man, can I check your coin?”

Greyson looked at him. “What do you want?”

“Don’t get me wrong. I think you are not a pro here. Let me check it out. If it is real, I’ll take it.”

Greyson took it down. “It is not a big deal. I just keep it for fun.”

The middle-aged man observed it and believed that it was an ancient coin.

He was happy. “Young man, how much is it?”

Greyson was happy.

He got a buyer!

He blurted out, “700 dollars!”