

I Made \$900 Trillion In 24 Hours

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The Trading account

Barry lived in a two-bedroom apartment situated in the district zone.

The district zone contains individuals with D ranks. People in D ranks were regular folks, earning average salaries and holding common positions. They're literally average Joes. But Barry, who was an E Rank, had no hopes of paying the rent nor enrolling his sister in school all by himself. As Barry headed home, his head was spinning with the additional responsibilities on his hands. With his benefactor, dead, there was no one to support him anymore. The Raven family would only pay him \$200 if he continued to slave for them. But \$200 was barely enough to feed himself, pay the rent or see his younger sister through school. Standing outside his apartment, Barry took a deep breath before knocking on the door. The door opened to reveal a cute sixteen-year-old high school girl wearing shorts and a sweater. "I'm home, Snow," Barry said, forcing a wide smile on his face. "Here, I bought us dinner." He stretched out a bag of groceries he bought from the nearby store. Snow rushed at him and embraced him tightly. "Big Brother," she called excitedly. "Welcome home. It's been lonely without you this week." Barry stroke her hair. Since Evelyn's death, he hadn't been home for a while. "I'm sorry I couldn't be here with you," Barry said. "Let's go inside. Tell me all about school while we make dinner together." * * * * An hour later, Barry tucked Snow in her bed and returned to his room. He laid up on his bed and stared at the ceiling. He had just spent his last \$200 in grocery shopping. After tonight, there would be nothing left to eat. What's more troubling, they have not paid the landlord in months. Their rent was way overdue. Barry gritted his teeth as he thought about how the Raven family had abandoned him. He sat up, his rage boiling over. If he ever gets the chance, he would make each of them regret ever treating him like trash. Just then, he received an inbox text message on his small phone. Barry stared at his phone as he opened the text. It was his Forex trading account details and password. Barry recalled the accountant mentioning this Forex trading account was fully funded with \$10,000. This was all they left him with after losing the White mansion to Laura in their divorce settlement. Unfortunately, the Forex market has been awful for the past three years. There was hardly any money to be made these days from trading. Barry sighed. "This is better than nothing." Snow still had a laptop Evelyn gifted her years ago. Barry retrieved the laptop from the living room and booted it on. Fortunately, the Wi-Fi was free around this part of town. Barry could log in to his Forex trading account smoothly. When the site interface appeared, Barry's eyes widened. \$10,000,000.00. "What the...?" He muttered, rubbing his eyes just to make sure he was seeing clearly. "How I'm I seeing \$10 million instead of \$10,000?" The amount was still there, \$10 million, staring back at him. "No way," Barry's jaws dropped. "It can't be. I don't believe it. This has to be a mistake." He refreshed the page over and over again, thinking it was a glitch somewhere, but the amount was right there. \$10,000,000.00. Barry scrolled to the transaction history and to his shock, he discovered the amount was deposited in his account a month ago before Evelyn's passing. Barry sat back, his jaws hanging. His mind drifted back to his second year in college before he dropped out after Evelyn's illness became worse. He had been friends with a self-proclaimed Forex guru named Matthew. Matthew had a knack for reading the market like a book. Everyone ridiculed Matthew, proclaiming he couldn't make any real money in Forex. But Barry followed Matthew everywhere. Barry spent

countless hours absorbing everything Matthew could teach him about Forex trading — strategies, risk management, patterns, and timing. After Evelyn's illness struck, Barry had to drop out of college in order to care for her, but he was more knowledgeable about Forex than anyone could imagine. He shared his experience with Evelyn during their late night talks. She used to tease him about his ambition. Barry never thought she was making arrangements behind his back to prepare this account for him to trade. She believed in him more than anyone else. Still, this Forex trading account seemed too good to be true. "There's no way Madam Evelyn could entrust me with all that money to trade with," Barry sighed, his throat tightening. "\$10 million is a lot of money. No one is stupid enough to risk putting all that money into Forex for a beginner to trade with." Barry rubbed his temples as he studied the screen displaying his account. "My suspicion is correct. This is a demo account," Barry concluded. "It's the only logical explanation. Madam Evelyn may be a generous woman, but she's not stupid to fund \$10 million for me to trade with." The more Barry thought about it, the more convinced he felt Evelyn Raven created this simulation account to test and hone his skills. Now, the money in a demo account isn't real. Barry could carry out his strategies without bearing any risks, so any profits or losses he made from the demo account won't affect his actual finances. Barry glanced at the time. It was 9:20.p.m. The market was active by this time and fluctuating. The Forex market wasn't what it used to be before. Many people had given up on it a long time ago. "I guess I'll give it a try and make my first trading," Barry said. "I still have all the knowledge and strategies I acquired from Matthew. Even if it's a demo account, I'll give it my all." With renewed determination fueling him, Barry opened a chart and started analyzing it. A surge of adrenaline rush through his entire body as he executed his first-ever trade like a seasoned trader. Barry got so caught up in the moment he didn't know when he ended up trading the entire \$10 million—every penny. Since it's a demo account, it wouldn't matter. * * * * Barry's apartment was quiet except for the soft hum of the laptop and rustling of the curtains as breeze passed through the window. Barry lay slumped over the small wooden table, his head resting on his folded arms. For two days, He had deprived himself of sleep after Evelyn's funeral. His exhaustion took its toll, causing him to drift into a deep sleep without him knowing it. The laptop was still on, with charts and candlesticks flickered across the screen. Suddenly, at the stroke of midnight, magic happened and hundreds of notifications started popping up on the screen. Barry's trades took off in a way that defied all logic, with profits soaring on a larger scale. He was earning billions of dollars per second. After the first second, he earned \$10.42 billion. After a minute, he made \$625 billion. After an hour, Barry made over \$37.5 Trillion. Barry continued to sleep, unaware his laptop was blowing up with unimaginable wealth.

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