

# Lucky Collision ( Evans and Martin Robinson ) Chapter 1

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Chapter 1 The Campus Goddess Crashing Her Car into Evans

“Evans, don’t tell me that you’re not paying the class fees again?”

The deputy class president of the Faculty of Finance of Olkver University, Martin Robinson, slammed down a book on a desk and sat on it. He was looking down on a student sitting in front of that desk who was dressed in modest, simple clothing.

“You know what? Among the 56 students in this class, 55 of them have paid. Are you really that poor? You never joined any of our class activities. In my opinion, you should just drop out of our class.”

Some students nearby were shooting looks of despise at Evans Harlow as if they too were looking down on him.

Some of them even felt superior by comparing themselves with Evans.

Evans was the poorest student in class, and he had a younger sister who needed to attend school as well.

He was already having a hard time paying the tuition fees, so he would have no way to fork out additional money for these so-called class activities.

It was more relaxing to study at university. Martin would organize class activities at least once a month because he was from a well-off family.

Although the amount was just in the hundreds of dollars every time, that amount was nothing to be taken lightly for Evans.

At first, he could still fork out some for the activities, but as time went on, he decided that it was in his best interest to skip these activities altogether.

If he had time, he would rather do some part-time work and spend more time on his studies so that he could lessen the burden that his family was already shouldering.

Martin saw that Evans did not intend to reply to him, so he continued his barrage of sarcastic remarks, “I really don’t get what’s the deal with poor people. Why do you have to force yourself to be part of us, the richer ones? You can’t even pay a small amount for class activities, yet you’re calling yourself a student in finance? Why don’t you just drop out and do some rough work at the construction sites?”

Evans could not take it anymore as Martin continued to be rude. He shot up from his

chair and pointed at Martin's nose, "Martin, you better listen now! I won't hesitate to pay for necessary fees, but I would never in my life pay for nonsense! You think you're so great just because your family has some money?"

Evans was not going to be a pushover.

Martin fired right back at him, "I never said that I am all that great. If you have the nerve to run your mouth, prove your worth by paying the fees now! It's not even that big of an amount! What can you do by complaining and whining like this? If you can kneel down before me, I will consider paying for you!"

Immediately, the class ruptured into a fit of laughter.

Evans could not stand them anymore. He turned and walked out of the classroom.

Martin continued to belittle him, "You moron! It's your fault for staying poor your whole life!"

Evans was already out of the classroom, and he momentarily stopped in his tracks. His fists balled up, but he decided to push down his rage.

It seemed that he had to do more part-time jobs this time.

At the school gate, it was bustling with activity.

Evans trodden on the road while his mind was elsewhere. Suddenly, a Maserati careened in his direction.

He could not see whether it was the car's fault for getting out of control, or was it an accident. Evans could not react in time, and he was banged by the car and was sent flying some distance.

"Oh my god!"

The driver, who was a girl, was flustered. She did not come out of her car. Instead, she was covering her eyes with her hands.

Immediately, a crowd formed in front of the school.

Angelina Mackenzie rushed out of her car frantically. She asked Evans, "Hey, are you okay? Should I send you to the hospital?"

Angelina was dubbed the Beauty Queen in the university. She came from a wealthy family whose assets totaled to more than a billion.

Angelina grew up in a comfortable environment, and she was always the apple of everyone's eye.

That was why she was very nervous after realizing that she had banged into someone.

Evans tried to climb up from the road, but all he could feel was an earth-shattering pain

in his head.

In the end, he could not support himself and he fell back to the road.

“Hey!”

“Hey, don’t be like this!”

Angelina was really anxious now, seeing that Evans was in such a state.

“I didn’t do this on purpose.”

She tried to help Evans to his feet, “Someone, come help me. We need to send him to the hospital.”

Evans waved his hand dismissively, but his mind was slowly turning into a mush. He was losing sight of things around him as well. Something was wrong with his eyesight. He shook his head sharply, but before he could say something, a voice interrupted them, “Hey, you are really something else. That acting was so good! Beauty Queen Angelina, you should just ignore him. He was simply trying to extort money from you since he couldn’t pay for some school fees. It seemed that he chose the right person as he knows that you’re rich.”

Martin seemingly sprung out of nowhere, and he right away threw sarcastic remarks at Evans.

When Angelina heard his baseless claim, she was immediately riled up.

So this bloke here was just putting on an act?

She pushed Evans away. She could not believe that people nowadays would do anything to achieve their goals. They would even resort to lowly moves like this.

So, this guy just wanted some money?

She got back to her car and fished out a stack of banknotes. She did not even care about the amount.

She tossed those banknotes on the ground angrily, “You made me worry even for a second just now!”

She hated people like this the most. She could not bear to even look at Evans any longer as she stomped back to her car.

“Stop right there!”

Evans had already gotten back to his feet, and he was shouting angrily while clutching the bank notes, “You can take away everything from me, but not my willpower and dignity! Although I am poor, I won’t accept your charitable offering!”

He tossed the bank notes vehemently at Angelina’s face before limping away.

His back looked lonely and desolate from afar.

In the coming three days, Evans had to rest in his hostel. His bones felt like they were on the brink of disintegrating at any given moment.

His head did not hurt anymore, but his eyesight was still blurry.

He had no money to seek medical attention at the hospital, so he could not endure his injury and prayed that he would soon recover.

Luckily for him, his roommate, Elmer Currey, would bring him food every day, “Evans, are you sure you’re fine? Shall I bring you to the hospital?”

Evans shook his head. At that moment, his mother came calling.

“My dear son, how are you doing lately? Do you have enough money to spend? Your dad has slaughtered our pig, and we will send you some money tomorrow.”

“Mom, you don’t need to do that. I am able to save a few hundred dollars by working part-time jobs. You’re better off using that to pay sis’ school fees!”

“Hey, you shouldn’t talk stubbornly. It’s been a few months since we last sent you any money. Don’t owe too many favors to your friends you know. One day, you need to return those favors. That’s how society works.”

“I got it, Mom.”

After hanging up, Evans felt like he could not just lie down there any longer.

He rubbed his eyes and looked out of the window without thinking.

Suddenly, he was able to take in the girls’ hostel quite clearly although it was quite some distance away. It was as if he was looking at it through binoculars.

He could see the girls rummaging around in the hostel.

What the hell? What’s wrong with my eyes?

Evans rubbed his eyes in disbelief. He looked in the same direction again just to be sure.

He was not seeing things. He really could make out everything in great detail.

It turned out that Angelina’s hostel was just opposite his.

Angelina was perching up her chin, and she seemed to be thinking about something with a grave expression on her face...

Evans swiveled his head around and saw this, “The Victorian Era, the Year 1733, The National Mint”.

On Elmer’s key, there was a coin-like ornament dangling from it. A strange sentence was floating above it.

What was going on?

Did he suddenly gain supernatural powers after getting banged by Angelina?

The Prince of Finance, Larry Lowe, who occupied the lower bunk bed, was speculation in stocks.

Ring!

“The Garrigill Properties have dropped by 10.03%!”

Evans rolled down from the upper bunk bed.

“It’s the Garrigill Properties.”

Evans shuddered. He could not be a hundred percent sure whether he was seeing things at the moment.

He casually asked Larry, “Did the stock rise?”

Larry was smoking some cigarettes, “Of course, I entered when it was at the daily cap. It’s good to invest in property stocks lately.”

“...”

Evans could not help but feel nervous for him. He was pondering whether he should just tell Larry.

However, stock fanatics would not appreciate someone else telling them or warning them that the stocks that they invested in would drop. If it ended up happening, they would blame their friends as if it was their friends who would cause the stocks to drop, like a curse of some sort.

Evans washed his face and stretched a little.

He realized that his eye powers could be turned on and off at any moment, of his own volition.

He could peer into the contents of the cupboard without even opening it.

He really had this supernatural ability out of the blue.

It seemed that he had Angelina to thank for this!

Before he could fully appreciate his newfound powers, someone cursed loudly nearby.

The daily limit of the stock that Larry had bought was suddenly removed.

The price immediately pummeled and hit rock bottom.

It was down by twenty points.

“What the f\*ck? It has hit rock bottom! And I only entered when it was at the daily cap!”

...

“Hey! Prince!”

“Don’t do anything crazy!”

Evans and Elmer immediately pressed on Larry’s philtrum...