

Lucky Collision (Evans and Martin Robinson) Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 I Have Supernatural Ability Now?

Ever since attending a financial class at the university, Larry was completely addicted to stock speculation and buying. He would even ditch his girlfriend just to stay at his hostel to stare at the stock chart.

When he saw that the property stocks were trending in the upward direction, he decided that it was good timing to enter the market at the daily cap...

He used what was supposed to be his tuition fees for this semester to buy stocks.

Evans used to give him advice in the past that a student like him should not be too into the stock market. Larry would never be able to outplay the big players.

However, Larry was stubborn. He even shot back at Evans, saying that Evans did not even know anything about stock buying given that he was a fellow student in the Faculty of Finance. He teased Evans that he should just go do some odd jobs out there.

Larry was strangely confident in his abilities. He believed that since he was a finance major, he could win over other buyers in the market.

He was only left with six thousand dollars while he had invested ten thousand dollars into the market. To make things worse, his stock hit rock bottom today.

Evans patted him on his shoulders, "My condolences! You can always earn back the money you lost, but you can never regain your life once you lose it..."

He decided to buy a lock tonight to lock the door to the balcony.

This was to prevent Larry from jumping off their hostel one day if he lost too much money to the stock market. At least, the door to the balcony was locked.

Evans was trying his best to keep Larry alive.

Evans did not have any friends at the university, so these roommates were everything to him.

However, Larry was too deep into this stock abyss. His previous girlfriends all parted ways with him because of his addiction.

Larry would not learn his lessons just yet. He sorely wished that he was able to predict the future of the stock market.

Evans stared at the stock chart, and his mind was racing.

Ring!

Emporiosis Medical's stock rose by 9.99%!

A message appeared in front of his eyes.

Evans was utterly shocked. He pointed at the screen, "Take a look, Emporiosis Medical has hit the daily cap!"

"Are you kidding me? I don't see that at all!"

Larry, who had just recovered from the shock, previously clicked on Emporiosis Medical's stocks. He was very unhappy that Evans was lying to him, "The hell you mean that it is rising? This stock has had horizontal price movement for months now, for God's sake. It's like the electrocardiogram, you know, and the price only fluctuated in the range of a few cents. This is a typical useless stock to invest in!"

He added, "Evans, Elmer, lend me some money so that I can cover this short position!"
"..."

Evans shook his head and advised him again, "I told you, don't get too hooked up on this. Let's go, I will treat you to some tasty grilled fish."

"It's fine if you are unwilling to lend me! I am not in the mood to eat some fish with you at all!"

Larry was fuming and things took a turn for the worse. The price had dropped from the ceiling to the floor, which caused him to lose twenty percent of his investment in one go. This was really adding to his misery!

"Evans, lend me all of your pocket money this month. Once I break even, I will return all of it to you!"

Larry was trying to extort money from him again.

Evans was tired of his antics. He did not believe in the slightest that Larry had the ability to break even with his lowly skills in the stock market.

Evans thought that it was in his best interest to save his money for his own use. That way, all three of them would not just die of starvation because they had no money to buy food.

If Evans really lent Larry all of his pocket money, he could begin to imagine the three of them begging in front of the school.

"Wait, it's moving!"

Elmer was screaming at the screen while smoking a cigarette.

"What do you mean? There's no way, you moron..."

Larry cursed at him, but when he turned around—

He saw that the stocks of Emporiosis Medical were rising.

It was down three points at first, but in no time, it was already at the daily cap.

Larry's mouth was hanging. He could not say anything for a while.

"Da mn it, so you're a prophet now?"

At that moment, his whole existence was filled with regret. He should have dumped all of the stocks he was holding now and gone all in on Emporiosis Medical.

After making a loss by more than twenty points, if he had gone all in on Emporiosis Medical, he would have earned back at least 13% of that amount.

People who speculated on stocks would find that this was a familiar sentiment. They would always regret not buying a stock when it rose.

Evans could not hold still anymore. After everything that went down today, it was safe to say that he was still beyond shocked.

If he could hold on to the opportunities presented by what he could see, he would be able to unlock the secret to a wealthy life.

He thought about opening a trading account at the securities agency, but then he realized that he was so poor that he did not have the capital to do that.

He could not even pay his class fees, let alone do that.

After Angelina had crashed into him with her car, he had no choice but to rest in his dorm since he would not be able to fork out any money for his medical fees.

His gaze once again fell on that coin dangling from Elmer's keys, "Elmer, do you plan on selling that coin?"

"..."

Elmer was staring at him. It seemed that he could not comprehend what Evans had just said.

"Did you knock your head?"

"Not at all. I'm serious right now."

They were roommates, and Evans did not want to scam any of his roommates at all.

He had to secure some initial capital if he wanted to open an account at the securities agency.

"Take it if you want!"

Elmer did not mind one bit as he removed the coin from the keys.

Evans took the coin and examined it. It was a well-preserved coin, and he reckoned that

it would sell for some profit.

Although he was an outsider when it came to ancient coins, he was sure that this particular coin had some value in it.

That was because the moment he set his eyes on this coin, the words "The Victorian Era, the Year 1733, The National Mint" would appear out of nowhere.

He would bet on his hunch!

"I only have 216 dollars with me. I'll pay you with that."

Evans really paid him for that coin, which invited Larry's astonished and confused gaze, "What the hell? Did you knock your brain? Is it because of Angelina? Elmer, we cannot just leave him be since we are good friends. Give the psychiatric department a call so that we can arrange an appointment for him."

"Damn it, I hope your lunacy would not spread to me like a virus."

At that moment, Scott Perez strutted in, "What are you guys doing?"

When everyone saw who was coming, they all shut up.

Among the four of them, Scott was the least favorite among them.

Although Evans was poor, he was a kind and generous person, which was the total opposite of Scott, who was extremely stingy.

If he wanted something from someone, it would be as if it was only natural for that person to share it with him. Scott would never feel embarrassed by taking someone else's things.

However, if this was the other way around, Scott would never share anything with anyone.

He would even hide his pack of cigarettes under his bed and he would sneakily smoke them while nobody was watching.

Despite his stingy demeanor, he would not feel embarrassed to boss people around. He would order his friends to buy stuff for him.

Oftentimes, he would not pay or contribute at all.

There was a time when the four of them were playing poker, and he had won more than a hundred dollars. Ever since then, he would never join them again in fear of losing the amount he won.

He would use that money to buy some tidbits, and he would only return to their dorm after gobbling them up.

Evans wanted to go to the antique market to see if his coin could fetch a handsome

price. Scott asked, "Where are you going? Get me a packet of cigarettes while you're at it."

Larry could not stand him anymore, "He's going to have the doctor check on his brain because he's a lunatic now."

"I see. Then, help me get some medicine!"

"..."

Luckily for him, Olkver University was not far away from the streets. Evans rode a bike and he soon reached the antique street.

There were many collectors here, and Evans purposely hung his coin around his waist in the most conspicuous manner.

Although he did not need to worry about the authenticity of his coin, he decided that it would be best for him to maintain the high ground at all times. When selling such collectibles, it was best if potential buyers came up to him rather than the other way around.

That would help him preserve the value of his coin.

At the same time, he scanned the stalls that were in business at that moment to see if there were similar items. He would ask around for information about his coin as well.

However, no matter how he scanned the items on sale today, they would show "Normal coins, Year 2016, No Authorized Maker." Or they would show some other year but with the same variation of words.

It was clear that there were a lot of counterfeits here.

These coins only appeared ancient because they had been tinkered with.

Evans picked up one of the normal coins and asked the seller casually, "Boss, how much do you think this is worth?"

The seller glanced at the coin and said, "Two thousand dollars!"

What?

Evans' hand shuddered as he tossed the coin back to the stall.

That normal-looking coin could fetch a price tag of two thousand dollars.

He knew how to call his price now.

After touring the antique street several times and checking on the items on sale, a man in his fifties finally came up to him.

This man looked feeble but gentlemanly. He must be a collector.

"Lad, can you show me your coin?"

Evans scanned the old man, "What do you want to do with it?"

"Don't worry, I can see at first glance that you're not in this community. Let me take a look at that coin, and if it turns out to be the real thing, I am buying it."

Evans took off the coin from his keys, "You don't have to worry about its authenticity. I have a lot of these hanging from the keys at home."

The old man took it and examined it carefully. It seemed that he had found what he wanted!

His brows shot up in ecstasy, "Lad, how much are you willing to sell for this?"

Finally! His first potential customer was here!

Evans answered without much deliberation, "Four thousand!"