

When Hit by a Stroke of “Luck” Chapter 9

Chapter 9, When Hit by a Stroke of “Luck”

Jeff and the others were so scared that their faces turned pale while cold sweat dripped down their faces. “P-President Newton, we are Bradley’s old classmates. We were only messing with him just now. Heh.” Jeff forced out a smile. “By the way, President Newton, my father is Owen Sulley. He is one of your business partners, so—” Slap! Before he got the chance to finish his words, Samuel gave him a slap straight on his face and bellowed, “So you are that b*stard, Owen’s, son? F*ck this. Do you think he is worthy to be my business partner? Back then, I invested a lot of money in him, and now, he still owes me 20 million!” “What?” Jeff stumbled as he almost collapsed on the ground. Then, Will wiped away the cold sweat on his face before smiling blankly at Samuel. “President Newton, I believe you know President Carr, right? My dad, Simon Baker, has a deep relationship with him.” “President Newton, I know that you have a relationship with Master Lawson. My father, Phillip Carter, is ranked fifth in the antique business, and he has a great relationship with Master Lawson too.” Jacob quickly stated his relationship with Henry because if he didn’t do it quickly, no one knew what was going to happen next.

However, the moment they were done talking, three figures walked over instantly. “Samuel, what happened?” Harry asked. Henry also glanced at Bradley. “Buddy, is there any trouble?” Zack, the son of a county committee member, remained silent as he scanned everyone with his cold gaze. This scene was enough to make everyone breathless again. Oh, my God... The president of Pinnacle Real Estate and Master Lawson of the antique industry. T-They are all famous people in Riverdale District. Why are they coming together with a small farmer? Has this world gone mad?!

“Harry, Henry, our friend here is getting bullied!” Samuel said solemnly. “What?” Immediately, Harry, Henry, and Zack’s face turned gloomy. Whoever dares to bully our friend is basically disrespecting us! “It’s them. They rammed our buddy’s trishaw, then...” Samuel explained the whole situation to the three of them. After listening to him, Harry glared at Will and sneered, “Your father is Simon Baker, right? Heh... From now on, I’ll make sure he never receives any real estate projects in Riverdale District.” Only the real estate tycoon of Riverdale District like Harry had the rights to say these words.

Suddenly, Will felt a thump in his heart as he almost spewed out blood. At the same time, Henry stared at Jacob and growled, "Tell your old man, Phillip, that from now on, I'll have lots of fun with him in the antique business." Jacob could feel his legs weaken as he collapsed on the ground. "And you little b*stard, tell your father that if he doesn't return my 20 million in three days, I'll meet him in court." After threatening Jeff, Samuel turned toward the frightened security guards. "All of you, go and smash their cars for me." "What?" Not only the security guards, but even the gathering onlookers were dumbfounded by his command.

All those luxury cars are worth more than 700,000 each! "What are you standing there for? Smash them!" Samuel's words were firm and decisive. "Yes, President Newton." Without hesitation, the security guards grabbed their weapons and walked toward the luxury cars. Jeff and the others thought of stopping them, but they didn't dare to—or in other words, they couldn't stop them. At the moment, they were still in a daze because they just couldn't figure out how Bradley was able to come together with these big shots like President Newton, President Carr, and Master Lawson!

However, the person who was most surprised was Natalie, as she looked at the young man guarded by the bigshots. Suddenly, she felt a pain in her heart, as if she had just lost something. As for the few classmates who were advising Bradley earlier, they were now more in shock while they thought of the words they had just said to him. For a moment, they felt that they were a bunch of idiots who just got their faces slapped embarrassingly. Bang! The smashing sound of the cars instantly brought everyone back to reality. Seeing the luxurious cars being smashed brutally, the scene felt quite shocking. "Brad, do you think this is enough to vent your anger? If it isn't enough, we can try other ways."

Samuel ignored the onlookers and turned toward Bradley. "Forget about it." Bradley spat out his words and immediately turned around. Amidst the eyes of the public, he pushed his old trishaw aside and stared at it to make sure that it wasn't broken. Then, he finally let out a sigh of relief. Seeing this scene, everyone's jaws instantly dropped to the ground. Gee, this little farmer is so good at pretending. Even though he's now friends with President Newton, President Carr, and Master Lawson, he still cares about his old trishaw. His identity, outfit, and that old trishaw are all great tools for him to act pitiful! However, they didn't know that the trishaw was actually a kind of sentiment to him.

Back when his family was poor, his father fought hard for the money to buy this trishaw so that he could send his little sister to school everyday! To him, this dilapidated trishaw was much better than a luxurious car. "Brad, don't worry about these people who insulted you.

From now on, there will be no place for their fathers in Riverdale District. I can promise you that." Samuel walked to the front of him and patted his chest. Harry and Henry also made the same promises. "Come. Let's go in." Bradley chuckled and took the first step into the clubhouse. Then, Samuel and the others followed him from behind. A little farmer leading a few bigshots was a spectacle scene to behold.

Seeing Bradley walking past, Jeff and the others had mentally collapsed as their expressions turned ashen. ... When they went back into the room, Samuel and the others suddenly surrounded Bradley, but they remained silent. Bradley looked at them and asked, "Samuel, what are you guys doing?" After that, Zack grabbed his hand, "Brad, can you sell all your wine to me?" "Zack, that's not right of you. Didn't we agree to divide it evenly?" "Yes. We'll divide it evenly." Samuel and the others weren't pleased. After drinking the Soul Sun Wine just now, they were able to last for an hour!

F*ck. That is a whole hour of a man's dignity and desire being magnified infinitely! However, the most crucial part is that there was no feeling of weakness after that, except for a little tiredness. The most obvious result was experienced by Zack. After being naturally impotent for more than 20 years, he finally saw hope, as if he was reborn, and the hour he had just now was also the most glorious moment he had ever experienced in over 20 years. All of this was because of Bradley's Soul Sun Wine. It was a man's savior and a miracle drug for erectile dysfunction.

"Samuel, in usual circumstances, I would have just given you the Soul Sun Wine as a gift, but this time, I really need the money, so..." Bradley looked at the others and explained his situation. "Brad, what are you saying? We are practically insulting you if we don't pay for such a good wine." While speaking, Samuel stretched out his five fingers. "Buddy, what do you think about 50,000 a bottle?" "Pfft..." Bradley immediately spewed out a mouthful of wine. Initially, he wanted to sell the wine at 20,000 a bottle, but he didn't expect Samuel to drive the price up to 50,000 straight away!

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“Brad, is the price too low for you?” Seeing Bradley spitting out his wine, Harry thought that the price stated by Samuel was too low. Quickly, Bradley waved his hands. “No, no. It’s too high. To be honest with you, I only wanted to sell it for 20,000.” “How can that be?!” Zack corrected him hurriedly. “Brad, the taste of this wine, along with its effect, is definitely worth more than 50,000.” At the end, Samuel and the others insisted on paying him 50,000 a bottle. Bradley couldn’t refuse them, so he could only agree. Of course, the wine he made this time was too concentrated, so its medical effects were very strong.

If they wanted to brew the wine in the future, it needed to be greatly diluted, so by then, the price wouldn’t be that high. “Brad, do you want cash or credit?” Samuel asked Bradley. He thought about it and answered, “I want 100,000 cash.” “Alright. I’ll ask someone to prepare that for you.” After that, Samuel picked up his phone and made a call. Not long after, someone sent 100,000 cash to Samuel. Harry also gave Bradley a card containing 150,000 on behalf of Henry, Zack, and himself. After receiving 250,000 all at one, even the talented Bradley couldn’t help but lament at his luck.

“By the way, Brad, do you plan on mass-producing this Soul Sun Wine? If that’s the case, I want a share in it. Just leave all the sales and other work for me to handle. What do you think?” Samuel waited for Bradley to put the cash into his bag before asking him. “I want a share too,” Harry quickly followed up. “Me too.” Henry and Zack naturally wouldn’t miss such an opportunity, especially Zack. Even though his father had power because he was a county committee, he wasn’t as rich as Samuel and the others. If I can enter the Soul Sun Wine business, everything will be different. I’m certain that this wine will be a hot seller.

Bradley explained to them awkwardly, “Uhh... Due to the herbs and other reasons, I can’t mass-produce the Soul Sun Wine for the time being. However, if the time comes when every condition is met, I will definitely let all of you join the business.” Indeed, as Bradley said, it would be a little hard to mass-produce the wine because the herbs were limited! Besides, even if the herbs were enough, he still couldn’t figure out the method to catalyze the seeds and create the mystical seal to ferment the Soul Sun Wine in such great amounts.

Therefore, he still needed to consider carefully on whether it was possible to mass-produce the wine.

"Fine, Brad. If you ever try to brew the Soul Sun Wine in the future, please remember to send a few bottles to us. By then, we'll help you promote it. We need to first make it famous in Riverdale District, so it will be a huge seller when we can mass-produce it," Samuel spoke sensibly. Of course, Bradley was glad that Samuel and the others were willing to help. At least, at this point, he didn't need to worry about whether his Soul Sun Wine would sell if he decided to brew it in mass. After a while of chatting with Samuel and the others, Bradley proposed to go back home.

Initially, they wanted to bring him along to other places to have fun, but he refused to because he wanted to go back home quickly so that he could return Patrick's 100,000. Seeing that he was hurried to go back, Samuel and the others stopped persuading him to stay. Suddenly, Zack asked Bradley, "Brad, I have a distant cousin who's always had a strange illness. Can you help treat her someday?" "A strange illness?" Bradley unconsciously ignored that it was his distant cousin. Instead, he was intrigued by the term, 'strange illness'. "Yes. It's a kind of illness that even the hospital couldn't figure out.

Please check on her someday. If you are able to, please treat her. It's okay if you can't." "Alright. I'll take a look at her someday." Bradley promised right away. "Brad, don't forget to go to my company to help look at my Feng Shui." "Don't forget to check on my antique shop too, Brad." Harry and Henry also quickly reminded him. "Don't worry. Why don't we all meet here tomorrow? I'll attend to each of your requests. How does that sound?"

"Alright. Sounds great." Harry and the others asked for Bradley's phone number, but he embarrassingly revealed that he didn't have a mobile phone, nor did he have a phone at home! Samuel wanted to get someone to buy one for him, but he rejected the idea. He insisted on buying it himself for him, his sister, and his parents. At the end, Bradley agreed with them about the gathering time tomorrow before leaving. ... Riding the old trishaw, Bradley arrived at Sierra Village in the evening. However, he could see a huge crowd gathering around the entrance of his house from a distance. "Damn. It's Patrick again!" Immediately, he rushed over and saw Patrick proudly holding a loan agreement contract.

At the same time, his father was holding a hoe while protecting his mother and sister behind him. Meanwhile, the other villagers started pointing fingers as they gossiped. Among them was Julia, who was enjoying the show. "Patrick." Bradley jumped down from his trishaw and stood opposed to him. Instantly, the onlooking villagers stopped their conversation in fear of Bradley punching them. Julia also instinctively took two steps back. "Hmph, Bradley, I know you pack a punch, but are you really going to beat me to death in public? Today is the deadline.

Should I take away your little sister or 100,000? You make the choice." Patrick wasn't afraid when he saw Bradley. Instead, he sneered while waving the loan agreement contract in his hand. Then, a figure rushed toward them. It was Erin. "Patrick, this jade pendant is enough to pay off your 100,000. You can find someone to examine it if you don't believe me." She stood in front of Bradley while holding a fully emerald green pendant in her hand. "Heh, are you sure it's worth 100,000? Who are you fooling?!" Even though he said that he didn't trust her, he still reached out to take the pendant.

However, when Bradley realized that there was a faint spiritual aura around that jade pendant in her hand, he furrowed his brows. As soon as he noticed that, he immediately grabbed hold of her hand. "Erin, I can pay him myself." In his heart, he was moved by Erin for taking out her precious jade pendant to pay off his debt during such crucial times. "Hahaha... Bradley, are you saying you can pay me yourself? With what?

Are you going to use your old trishaw?" Patrick couldn't stop laughing. Julia also found the courage to speak out. "It's only right to pay for your debt. Don't make false promises." "Shut up!" Bradley glared at her fiercely before quickly throwing the bag in his hand to Patrick. "Count it yourself. The 100,000 is all inside." Everyone could see stashes of cash coming out of the bag. "Oh, my... That's a lot of money!" "Oh, my God. I've never seen this much money in my entire life!" "Whoa... Where did he get this much money?" The onlooking villagers were drooling over the bag of cash.

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Even Julia had her mouth wide open as she stared at the 100,000 on the ground in disbelief. Craig, Janice, Emily, and Erin were all dumbfounded. When Patrick squatted down to carefully check the authenticity of the money, he found out... that it was all real! "Hmph, Bradley, did you steal this money from somewhere?"

In his eyes, it was impossible for Bradley, a little farmer who just came out of prison, to fork out 100,000 instantly. Hearing his words, everyone suddenly understood. It's likely that Bradley's money wasn't legally obtained by him! Even Bradley's parents gazed at him with a hint of suspicion.