

When Hit by a Stroke of “Luck Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Bradley waited for half an hour, but Samuel and the others were still nowhere to be seen. Looking at the empty room, he decided to go out and stroll around. Samuel and the others might not be coming back in at least an hour. After all, he had experienced it himself in the morning—he took only a tiny sip, but he already had to soak himself in the water and use his Qi to suppress the sexual urges, let alone Samuel and the lot, who drank a mouthful of it. The wine’s effectiveness would become a joke if it couldn’t keep them erected for at least an hour. Bradley, who exited the room, attracted gazes of many, but he was unfazed by it. He walked toward the entrance to get some air. However, upon reaching the door, he heard a loud thud, which was followed by some curses in fury. “F*ck, whose trishaw is this? Whose?” Bradley frowned and looked outside. A BMW X series was seen ramming into his trishaw! A well-dressed young man furiously kicked on his trishaw. Next to him was a stunningly dressed woman. She patted on the man’s chest as she comforted him, “Young Master Sulley, don’t be mad!” Bradley’s expression instantly became cold upon seeing the man and the woman. Jeff Sulley and Natalie Tucker! It’s really a small world! Bradley headed toward them. “That’s my trishaw.” “You f*cking—” Jeff turned around. Just when he was about to scold him, he was stunned when he saw that it was Bradley, but at the next second, a smile appeared at the corner of his lips. He mocked, “Hey, here I was, thinking whose trishaw this was, and it turns out that it belongs to a country bumpkin like you. Judging from your hairstyle, you must have just come out from prison. How was it? What’s the feeling of being in jail?” Natalie appraised Bradley for a moment; her eyes were emotionless, but there was a look of disgust on her face. Bradley glared at Jeff. “You have broken my trishaw. How are you going to pay for it?” “Uh...” Jeff was dumbfounded at first. He then guffawed, as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world. “Have you become stupid after being locked up? Look properly at where this is—Evergreen Clubhouse, a place for the rich to spend money! A country bumpkin like you parked your trishaw here and blocked the road. I didn’t ask you for compensation, but you are, asking that from me instead?” He then raised his voice. “Hey, everyone, come over and have a look—our old friend has come out from jail.” His shout instantly attracted quite a number of people to watch the commotion. There were even four luxury cars that stopped nearby, and seven or eight men and women exited from the car. Upon seeing Bradley, the group of men and women were stunned. They returned to their senses in a second before one of them mocked, “Hey, Bradley, long time no see! Where have you been all these years? Hahaha!” The others all laughed along. Bradley’s gaze flicked across the few people—Will Baker, Jacob Carter, and others... They were all his former classmates, but they mocked him the moment they met. “Young Master Sulley, what happened?” Will asked Jeff. Jeff gave another kick at the shabby trishaw. “See, it’s this old trishaw. Our old friend parked it here, deliberately blocking the way, and causing me to ram into it.” “Hey, Bradley, that’s not nice of you. Why are you even here at the Evergreen Clubhouse? To beg for money? Or to collect scrap?” Will walked up to Bradley and pointed at the Evergreen Clubhouse. “Look at this high-end place; do you think that this is a place you should be at?” “Haha, Bradley, your trishaw had

made a scratch on Young Master Sulley's luxurious car. This may not sound like a big deal, but this is not a small matter either. How should we settle this?" Jacob asked with a taunting smile on his face. "Young Master Sulley, I have an idea," Natalie chimed in. She darted a look at Bradley before speaking to Jeff. "Young Master Sulley, you can have someone to smash his trishaw. This should be able to ease your anger, right? After all, he won't be able to pay you back even if you asked him to. Besides, you are not short of money." Jeff's eyes lit up, and he gave a loud peck on her cheek. "You are really my babe. This is quite a good idea." He turned to Will. "Go and call a few security guards to come over here." "Alright." Will immediately ran into the Evergreen Clubhouse. He had five or six security guards following behind him when he returned. Jeff spoke to those security guards, "You guys should know me, right? I know your boss, and I'm also considered a regular here. I've just spent 30,000 here." "You're Young Master Sulley. Of course we know you," replied one of the security guards. Jeff triumphantly raised his chin and pointed at Bradley before uttering, "Look, this country bumpkin here parked his trishaw at the entrance to the clubhouse on purpose, and he rammed into my car. Tell me—should we smash his shabby trishaw?" "Don't worry, Young Master Sulley. We understand." At that moment, the few security grabbed their weapons in an attempt to smash Bradley's trishaw. "I'd like to see who has the guts to do so!" Bradley, who had been quiet, roared at once. "Listen here, Bradley. A moment of patience would save you future troubles. Your trishaw is practically worthless, so it's better for you to let Young Master Sulley smash your trishaw to vent his anger." "Yeah. Look at your current state now. Do you think that you have the rights to fight him?" "Just surrender, Bradley. Young Master Sulley is not someone you can mess with." All the other students tried to advise him. They didn't intentionally mock Bradley like Will and Jacob did, and there were traces of guilt in their eyes for not testifying for him back then. They found it a little unbearable to watch as Jeff humiliated Bradley in public, but for the purpose of riding on Jeff's coattails, they could only advise Bradley to give in to Jeff. After all, to them, Bradley was merely a farmer who had just come out from jail! "It's not up to you guys to decide if I can mess with him!" Bradley snarled. The onlookers pointed and made comments about Bradley. Discussion about him broke out among the crowd, and all of them felt that he was just faking it! "Just ignore him. Smash it!" Jeff instructed the security guards. Bradley clenched his fist tightly. Just when he was about to take action to stop the security guards, a voice was suddenly heard. "F*ck! Who has the courage to mess with my buddy?" Samuel strode toward the scene in a rush. Everyone turned to the arriving Samuel. Most of the people there often spent money in Evergreen Clubhouse, so it was only natural for them to know President Newton of the clubhouse. Samuel was seen directly walking up to Bradley before asking the latter, "Buddy, have you been bullied?" His words staggered everyone at the scene! Hiss! The owner of the Evergreen Clubhouse, a big shot from the top of the pyramid in Riverdale District, actually called a farmer his buddy? Jeff and the others widened their eyes in shock with a look of disbelief on their faces, thinking that they were hearing things. Seeing that Bradley didn't reply to him, Samuel asked one of the onlookers about the current situation. That person was quite rich, but he lacked the courage to lie to Samuel. Hearing that person's words, Samuel's expression gradually fell, his pair piercing eyes coldly staring at Jeff and the others. Step by step, he paced up to Jeff and coldly spoke, "Can't my buddy come to the Evergreen Clubhouse? Does my buddy not deserve to park his trishaw here? Are you guys trying to smash my buddy's ride?"