

## Blessed 102

### [Chapter 102 A Luxury Car Worth 20 Million Dollars](#)

"Sir, are you sure you want to see our most expensive car?"

The saleswoman was a little confused.

She added, "Well, although our mission at Volkswagen Group is to produce cars that the masses can afford, we also have a line of luxury cars that are on a par with other car brands across the board, but those models are extremely pricey."

"Good. Please show me your priciest one,"

Trevor said nonchalantly.

"Very well. Please come with me. I'll show you our new Bugatti. Its suggested retail price is 24 million dollars."

The saleswoman was being accommodating, but deep inside, she was anxious.

How could a young man in cheap clothes afford such a luxury car?

Despite her doubts, the saleswoman decided that she would be better than the mean Thelma who embarrassed Trevor in front of everyone back at the Mercedes-Benz exhibition stand.

She hoped that Trevor would walk away after hearing the price, but now that she was leading him to see the car, she was praying fervently in her heart that he would not make a fool of himself.

When Trevor saw the unit, he could not look away from it.

The car was dark blue, but some parts of it were black. It looked so enchanting.

The air inlet grille that was shaped like a horse's hoof looked so unique.

The curvaceous and dynamic shape of the body made it look like a beautiful woman's figure lying horizontally in front of him.

"This is perfect. I'll take it,"

Trevor said to the saleswoman excitedly. This time, he did not even want to get in the car and experience the interiors. He just wanted to have it and take it home right away. He took out his bank card and handed it to the saleswoman.

He liked this car more than the one he saw back at the Mercedes-Benz exhibition stand.

"Pardon, sir?"

The saleswoman looked at Trevor with wide eyes.

'Was he crazy?'

Trevor just smiled and shook his bank card at her. The saleswoman cleared her throat and reluctantly took the card. She chanced one last glance at him and couldn't help wondering in her mind, 'Is this young man really rich?'

The saleswoman turned around and swiped the bank card through the POS machine.

Three minutes later, she handed the card back to Trevor, her hands still shaking a bit from shock and disbelief.

"Sir... Here's your card. Pleasure doing business with you."

The saleswoman struggled to keep her voice even as she spoke to Trevor.

Trevor's card had no problem making the 24-million-dollar purchase of the new Bugatti. The saleswoman really did not expect that the poor-looking young man who was driven to her station by the mean lady from Mercedes-Benz practically carried a gold mine in his pocket.

There was no doubt that she was looking at a real rich young man.

Thinking of this, the saleswoman felt a little dizzy with sheer happiness and satisfaction. She might not appreciate Thelma's attitude, but she was surely grateful for it. If Thelma had not dumped Trevor at her feet, she would not have made a huge sale.

Back at the Mercedes-Benz exhibition stand, Thelma was having a celebration of her own and completely oblivious to the 24-million-dollar deal that just took place at Volkswagen's exhibition stand.

She just sold the fat man a Maybach S600.

At this moment, Mercedes-Benz's regional manager, Thelma's uncle, came to the stand to visit.

Thelma immediately walked toward him as if she wanted to ask him for an award.

"Sir, I just closed a two-million-dollar deal on a Maybach S600. Am I awesome or what?"

She did not deliberately advertise her relationship with the regional manager in front of outsiders, but she talked to him very casually.

"That's great, dear. Congratulations. In that case, I'll give you more sales commissions."

Thelma's uncle nodded at her with a smile. Obviously, he was pleased with his niece's performance as a salesperson.

"Really? Oh, thank you, manager! You're the best!"

Thelma was overjoyed. The deal was worth a lot of money, and if the commission was increased a little, she would make a fortune.

"There was a poor guy who looked like a student here earlier. I knew at a glance that he couldn't afford a car, so I drove him away."

She was even prouder of her judgment. She pouted and said coquettishly, "But the saleswoman at the Volkswagen exhibition stand welcomed him. Their sales must not be good lately, so they're just letting everyone take a look at their units."