

## The First Heir 59

### Chapter 59

This was the most savage statement Isabelle Ford had ever heard after so many years of selling Harley-Davidsons.

He just came up and asked her if they had 100 bikes.

Isabelle was stunned. After a while, she said bitterly, "Sir, are you sure you want 100? And you want 100 of the latest models?"

Philip nodded indifferently. "Right. Do you not have that many? If not, it's fine as long as they are Harleys."

Isabelle was stunned once again.

It was fine as long as they were Harleys?

Just how much did this man like Harleys?

"Sir, we only have 32 in stock. We just did the count this morning. We don't have 100," Isabelle said sadly.

Was this man really a nouveau riche?

When Philip heard that, he lifted his eyebrow and looked around. "Only 32?"

According to Philip's calculation, he would at least need 100. Even though they only had more than ten employees, it would be fine if he hired more people.

This was the first time Isabelle met a client who wanted to buy 100 Harleys in one go.

She could not help but look at Philip up and down.

What if he was crazy?

normal. He was wearing a pair of jeans that were already white from frequent washing and a white t-shirt. He was also wearing a pair of dirty sport shoes, and he had a rough stubble on

like this

he just here

she thought about this, Isabelle's expression fell. After seeing Philip deep in thought, it made her even more sure that

want them?" Isabelle

He said, "You don't have 100

Hehe.

He

even afford one. Why are you  
said in a despicable way  
motorcycles. 100. Do you have them?" Philip frowned. This salesperson did  
you can even afford just one! Can't  
shouting in  
come and cause trouble in  
can afford them or not? Plus, I made a reservation." Philip  
Plus, did she swallow a stick of dynamite this morning? Or was she suffering from  
kidding me? You're saying you can afford 100?" Isabelle looked at Philip from head to toe and scoffed.  
"Sir, if you want to buy a car with two wheels, please go out and turn right. Yadea is just right there. A  
poor man like you should drive a  
stop joking. A poor man like him  
you see what he's wearing? I don't think he can even afford a Yadea. He's just here to take pictures and  
post them on his social media  
sarcastically and warned Philip. "Get out now.  
snobbish. Did they not  
really  
door at this moment. She  
in the shop. "Let's go.  
welcome us?"  
at the overbearing salesperson, Agnes knew what was  
today. Please get your manager for me," Agnes said unhappily. She was trying