

Powerful 116

Chapter 116: The Fly That Can't Be Swatted Away

Entering the store, the sales staff were very enthusiastic and didn't look down on the two of them at all.

As soon as they came in, they were served tea and attentively explained the vehicle models and configurations.

Yang Yan was completely clueless about cars.

Zhou Hanyu knew a bit, but her understanding was limited to supercars, and business cars were a completely different concept.

Soon enough, Yang Yan and Zhou Hanyu were overwhelmed by the sales pitch, feeling that not buying the car was the greatest self-disrespect.

Zhou Hanyu hurriedly said, "If we decide, we'll come back to buy it."

Saying this, the girl pulled Yang Yan and ran outside.

"Oh my god, so scary, this person's mouth, my god, I feel even Tang Monk can't compare."

She ran at least a hundred meters before Zhou Hanyu stopped, panting and tapping her chest, feeling a bit frightened.

Yang Yan nodded in agreement:

"It's terrifying, talking non-stop for half an hour. If this person doesn't go into public speaking, it's definitely a waste of talent."

"Then what do we do?" Zhou Hanyu said with a worried face, "If it weren't for this person, I quite liked that car."

"Let's check out others first!" Yang Yan chuckled, "If it's really no good, we'll come back and buy this one. At that time, just pay up and ignore his nonsense. Besides, I spotted clouds, seems like it's going to rain."

"Alright, let's go then."

After saying this, Zhou Hanyu continued holding onto Yang Yan's arm, walking forward.

After a few steps, she couldn't help but ask:

"Hey! Uncle, are you really not planning to buy any particular brand of car?"

Yang Yan said awkwardly, "Uh... I told you, I wasn't. I originally planned to call your sister over, but she left before I could finish speaking. Now, as long as we get a car your sister can drive to meetings, that's good enough. If she doesn't like it, we can always buy another."

Saying this, Yang Yan instinctively rubbed his temples.

When it comes to cars, he feels a headache.

With other luxury items, Yang Yan can say a few things.

But when it comes to cars, he really knows nothing.

He never considered buying a car, naturally didn't research it.

Imagine someone who even feels carsick when driving, would you expect him to be knowledgeable about vehicles?

Isn't that nonsense!

Zhou Hanyu sat on a resting seat nearby, thought for a bit, and suddenly said:

"Why don't we go check out Bentley!"

"Bentley? What's that?"

Yang Yan asked.

"Oh my! Uncle, did you come out from the mountains? Were you previously a wild man? You don't even know Bentley, such a super luxury car? Are you kidding me!"

Zhou Hanyu's eyes were full of disdain.

"What's strange about not knowing?" Yang Yan smirked, "I never studied cars. Besides, I used to fly everywhere, why would I drive."

"Oh! Okay, you're something!"

Zhou Hanyu said speechlessly, genuinely giving a thumbs up.

She truly believed Yang Yan wasn't talking nonsense.

In fact, what Yang Yan said was true.

In the Hidden World, who drives cars?

Only those with a mental problem might!

Under Zhou Hanyu's lead, the two arrived at the Bentley showroom.

"Look! This one's a bit shorter than the Mercedes S600 we saw earlier, but it's perfect for my sister to drive."

Zhou Hanyu pointed at a sky-blue Bentley coupe.

Yang Yan walked over for a look, the appearance was quite nice.

"Hello sir, have you taken a liking to this model? If you like, you can sit inside for a test drive!"

A female saleswoman said enthusiastically.

"Okay, thank you."

Yang Yan acknowledged the saleswoman and then told Zhou Hanyu:

"You try it, this car looks quite good."

Zhou Hanyu gave Yang Yan a sidelong glance, then sat in the driver's seat, and a pleasant roar of the engine sounded.

She checked out the interior and then turned off the engine, getting out:

"Honestly, there's no way to tell any issues like this. After all, a car worth millions generally doesn't have problems. Even if there were issues, we two amateurs wouldn't be able to spot them here. The interior decoration is quite nice, though."

"Oh! Commenting on cars again? How about the shop gifts you a car too?"

An annoying voice suddenly interrupted.

Yang Yan felt either he didn't check the calendar or this fool was doomed today.

Regardless of which, this fool was destined to suffer today.

As the saying goes, third time's the charm.

Twice they hadn't argued with this Fatty, giving face, yet he's still being rude.

Seems like, if not the heavens playing a joke on this Fatty, it's the heavens hinting he needs a lesson.

Yang Yan turned around, looking at the Fatty he's now met three times, a cold smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Why can't you learn from that Juechen guy? Why is one so lovable, while you're so punchable?

"Tsk ts! Such a coincidence, you annoying Fatty being idle all day; we're unlucky to bump into your bothersome self everywhere."

Before Yang Yan could speak, Zhou Hanyu already launched into a tirade.

"Can't help it, I'm not short of money, just strolling around. Whatever catches my eye, I buy. How come you two wandered all day only to be gifted a scarf? Let me know if there's anything you fancy, I'll buy it for you."

Fatty didn't seem to mind Zhou Hanyu's jibes, still flaunting a proud demeanor.

"Alright, I fancy this car, you buying it for me?"

Smiling, Zhou Hanyu pointed at the blue Bentley.

Fatty saw Zhou Hanyu smile, and the desire in his eyes seemed ready to erupt.

"Fine, as long as you like it, I'll buy it for you, see? What's the upside of sticking with this pretty boy? A good-looking face can't be eaten, nor worn."

Fatty approached Zhou Hanyu, attempting to push Yang Yan away.

Gezz!

This obnoxious Fatty, can't he speak properly?

How does being handsome affect you?

You're finished, you're absolute toast.

Yang Yan had been holding his temper, but now his small burst of anger couldn't be suppressed.

"Hi! How much is this car, miss?"

Fatty swaggered over.

"Hello sir, this car costs eight million Huaxia Coins."

The saleswoman, though noticing something amiss, responded very politely.

"What the heck, is this Bentley Mulsanne?"

Fatty asked shocked.

"Yes, indeed, this is a Bentley Mulsanne, you have quite an eye."

The saleswoman replied politely, with a compliment thrown in.

"Though I've never bought this car, I know such cars are usually around five million, right? But you're asking me for eight million! Do you think I'm a sucker? Do I look like a cash cow?"

Fatty grumbled unhappily.