

Super Rich Man by kiang Chapter 12

Very Shocking!

The way Leon firmly held Rachel's small and delicate hand made her feel safe.

For a second, Rachel thought she wouldn't mind spending her life riding a motorcycle.

But soon, Rachel sensed something was off. Leon brought her to the expensive supercar!

"Leon, what are you doing?"

Rachel was filled with curiosity. Is Leon the real owner of the car? Rachel shrugged the thought off. It must be a misunderstanding.

"I work as a driver for the Club owner now. Get inside and I'll drive you home."

Rachel innocently accepted Leon's explanation. Over the past four years, Rachel knew Leon was struggling financially. Rachel is sure he can't be rich overnight!

"Is it okay for you to use the owner's car?" Rachel asked worriedly.

"It's fine. I'm quite close to him actually."

Leon didn't want to let Rachel know the truth. He wants her to slowly accept his new identity. If Leon came straight up saying that he's rich, he feared Rachel would reject him. Besides that, Leon wants to avoid unnecessary attention.

The next day Leon woke up quite early.

Learning from yesterday's events, Leon realized it's no longer safe to park his car around the campus. He went out to purchase a new home.

Leon drove to Regatta, one of Oregon's most luxurious apartment complexes.

The expensive housing cost is not only due to its beautiful environment, but it is also located strategically and offers high-class service.

The occupants can enjoy a five-star hotel's excellent service with twenty-four-hour management and security services at their disposal.

When Leon entered the marketing gallery, the employees were not arrogant, but they were not too friendly. Obviously, there is a reason for their attitude.

Working as a consultant in such an exclusive area made the employees feel proud of themselves.

Plus, the market targets potential buyers from amongst the very rich and powerful. It could be high-ranking officials or extremely wealthy conglomerates. The consultants own a consumer database filled with such names.

Therefore, when they saw Leon walk inside, they didn't seem to care.

Leon stayed calm. He is well aware that there is nothing in this world money can't buy—everything except the State Palace, of course.

“Good morning, Sir. Please have a seat while you are waiting for service.”

A consultant came to Leon with a smile.

Leon knew his polite and friendly demeanor was just a mask under the guise of professionalism.

The marketing gallery wasn't too busy. Only a handful of people in Oregon can purchase units here.

A few consultants should be enough to handle all the customers coming in. But no one came to assist Leon because they were afraid to miss the potential buyers who had just arrived.

To them, the chances of Leon buying an apartment unit is slimmer than a customer who just showed up.

A young man suddenly came, and the consultants immediately gathered around him as if he was a money tree.

“Sir, I am Louis. Welcome to the gallery. I prepared unit number 8 for you.”

“Good morning Sir, my name is Mark. We talked through Whatsapp. How about unit number 7?”

“Stop the quarrel, please. I'm here for unit number 9, it suits me best!”

The young man's name is Jerry. He is the son of a wealthy businessman from Oregon.

Being flooded with compliments from the consultants made him happy.

While Jerry stroked his hair, he said. “This number 9 has a great interior. What's the price? I've got money!”

“Unit number 9 here is a penthouse with an amazing view. From its balcony, you can enjoy the views of Oregon Bay and Mount Muare. The unit has excellent natural lighting and Feng Shui. It is indeed the best. It costs a little more than the other unit, but I am sure you understand why, Sir.”

“Cut the talk and tell me the price. I’m paying!” Jerry said, swinging his wallet.

“It costs 40 million dollars, Sir.”