

## Super Rich Man by Kiang Chapter 4

Believe What You See?

The car key to the Hennessey Venom GT!

Only ten are produced worldwide, and only three units have made it into United States.

It has a maximum speed limit of 435 km/h, beyond other supercars such as Lamborghini, Bugatti, or Koenigsegg. Titled the world's fastest sports car, this is not a car even the ordinary rich can buy!

Mr. Steven tried his best to contain his feelings, but his two hands just couldn't stop shaking.

He looked at the key with a feeling of jealousy.

To own a sports car like this is a dream for so many men!

"Oh," just a word came out of Leon as he reached out for the key.

From a young age, he was already surrounded by many kinds of luxury cars.

When he was 5, he soiled himself on the leather seats of an Aston Martin.

And at 10, he secretly took his father's Pagani Zonda for a spin to impress a girl from school, resulting in punishment in the wolf den for three days.

"Mr. Wijaya, Ms. Mawar said they parked the car at Oregon Sports Car Club. You can contact Mr. Liam for the details."

“I don’t understand this girl. I was told to go low profile, but how would I not stand out by driving a Venom to campus?”

With annoyance, Leon put the key in his pocket. He’s getting used to his four years of ordinary life.

Steven can only force a smile upon hearing what Leon said.

To drive this rare car to campus, even the richest man in Oregon could not hope to own it, but Leon hates it instead.

Even then, Steven could understand, the Wijaya family’s existence in United States is shrouded in mystery. He heard the family possessed an insanely massive amount of assets inside and outside the country and holds even more terrible power than wealth.

For someone like Leon, even the most expensive sportscar is nothing but a scooter.

Mr. Steven just could not imagine it anymore. He knows that Leon is someone beyond his reach, and the less he knew about the family, the better.

“Mr. Wijaya worries not, I have signed a confidentiality agreement. We shall now arrange plans to invest your wealth, as directed by Ms. Mawar. I will be the one handling your investments.”

Leon simply nodded in agreement. Leon thinks this is all too much. Since then, his father has always planted a mindset to live a simple life. That is why Leon does not put importance on the price of wealth.

Even if Leon wants it, he could use all his abilities to control the whole city now. But either way, the heir of the Wijaya family is not public trash who can only waste money.

After their talks were over, Steven escorted Leon to the front lobby.

Jeremy was not gone yet; he was curious about who made Steven give such respect and dare to ignore him.

Jeremy massaged his eyes in disbelief of the sight in front of him.

It is unexpected for Mr. Steven to bow down while escorting a young man in a courier's uniform; Shally just scolded the same man!

“He...? I didn't see anything wrong, right?”

Jeremy was fixated on Leon. Every bit of Leon's move looked so expert, showing how he is indeed experienced in what he is doing.

Leon went because he no longer wants anything to do with Steven bowing behind him.

Immediately at that, Jeremy's perception was upside down!

In half an hour, Leon arrived in front of the Sports Car Club. It is the only Sports Car Club to exist in Oregon and serves as a channel to sell and buy sports cars.

The club is where imported sportscars are up for sale.

Leon parked his motorbike in the front and entered the club.

The receptionist at the front desk was holding her lipstick, very occupied at fixing her makeup. She became confused as to why a delivery man could come inside. To the set of established rules, members are not allowed to order food from outside the club.

“Hello, whose order is this?” the receptionist asked in confusion.

“I am not here to deliver food. I’m looking for Liam, can you get him please?”

Liam served as the community’s leader and is also the son of Oregon’s wealthiest property businessman. What a snobby food delivery man!

The receptionist eyed the good-looking guy in front of her; she was reasonably sure he wasn’t the son of a conglomerate.

“Are you here to buy a car?”

“No, I want to pick up a car.”

The receptionist looked confused; the two things meant the same, but Leon made it different. And she wonders since when a delivery man could purchase a luxurious sports car.

The cheapest car available in the club costs at least one million dollars. If he could buy a sports car, then why still work as a courier?

A long line of questions appeared in the receptionist’s brain.

“Mr. Liam is not here now, but he should be back in a bit. Please wait for a while.”

The receptionist herself has no idea when Liam is coming back. She felt that the delivery man need not be taken so seriously.

The receptionist grabbed her small mirror and went back to fixing her makeup.

Working in the Sports Car Club demands her to keep up her appearance. If one day, a member would notice her, her life would change drastically.

Another woman in a similar uniform to the receptionist showed up. She is a staff member at the club too.

They gossiped with each other.

“So, have you heard of it? A few days ago a brand new Hennessey Venom GT just arrived. That’s so cool!”

“One of the rich kids here must be the owner. If my boyfriend could own a car like that, it would be amazing!”

“There are only three units of the Hennessey Venom here in United States!” added the receptionist who just showed up.

“And that must be Mr. Liam’s car! I really want to have a boyfriend like him!”

Leon didn’t want to join the gossip, he calmly sat and down and took out his phone with a cracked screen from his pocket.

Leon’s sad appearance made the other receptionist feel pity for him.

“I didn’t expect a delivery man to be thus good-looking. It feels different than usual.”

She pouted and said, “What’s the point of being handsome? He’s still a delivery man. Look at his cracked phone screen. He didn’t even replace it. Makes me sad.”

“Even if he is poor, he still has the looks. He could make content on Tik Tok.”

“Well look at you! Can’t you be a little realistic?”

At that moment, Leon scrunched his forehead, his face showing worry as he stared at the email page on his phone.

He is looking at financial reports from his hotpot restaurant Club and hotel.

Since he took over all those businesses, each location's financial team must report to Leon as per the procedure.

“The total quarterly profit reaches 120 million US dollars. these businesses are quite successful in Oregon. In the beginning, I wanted to rely on myself to earn money, but my father is forcing me!”

Inside, Leon begins to calculate what it takes to start his own business. As heir to his family, Leon doesn't want to be someone who gets everything quickly.

After 20 minutes, the sound of a car horn was heard outside. A young man dressed sharply in a suit stepped out of his car.