

# Charming Lady Hard To Chase After Being Dumped

Chapter 197

Winston had made up his mind to buy Logan's sports car at a low price.

There were only twenty of that sports car model in the world.

One could say that it was nigh impossible to get one's hands on it.

The car originally retailed at 20 million dollars, but because no one was selling it, people were willing to buy it even at 30 million dollars.

Winston, however, was only offering three million dollars for it, which was just 10% of the price it could fetch! He wasn't just

kicking a man while he was down; rather, his actions were utterly despicable and shameless.

It was exactly because he had given everyone in their circle a heads-up that Logan still hadn't managed to sell his car even now.

Logan was infuriated, but he really needed the money urgently.

He clenched his jaw and said, "Even if I give it to someone else for free, I will never sell it to you! You don't know a thing about sports cars!"

Winston was only buying the sports car to show off.

How would he possibly understand anything about it? To Logan, the roar of its engine was the most beautiful music movement in

the world! His words amused Winston, who then said,

"Even three million dollars is too good a price for you. I'll give you another

minute to think about it. If you still don't agree to it, then I will lower it to 1.5 million dollars"

“Three, two...”

Before he could finish, though, Logan's cell phone rang.

Logan sat on the ground with bruises all over him, including on his face.

He spat out a mouthful of bloody spittle and answered the phone.

A voice came through the phone and said, "Logan, someone wants to buy your sports car!"

Logan was surprised.

He asked, "How much are they offering?"

His words made Winston's ears perk up, and the corners of his lips curled into a smile.

Winston had gotten a few other people to offer to buy the car, but the prices they offered were even lower than his.

In fact, some even offered only \$150,000.

He had done it entirely to humiliate Logan.

Hence, he thought that the person offering to buy the car was also one of his friends.

However, the next moment, the person on the phone said, "The buyer says that even though the car retailed at 20 million dollars and the market price has now reached 30 million dollars, you're in urgent need of money, so he is willing to offer 25 million dollars."

"25 million dollars' This was undoubtedly a reasonable offer! Logan heaved a huge sigh of relief and shouted, "Sold!"

"Okay, I'll transfer the car's ownership rights to them right away!"

Logan got up from the ground after he hung up, and patted off the dust on his clothes.

Even though he had been beaten up, the young man looked as wild and untamed as ever.

He glanced at Winston, stretched out a finger, pointed at him, and said, "I will remember you."

His aura intimidated Winston for a moment, but right after, he came back to his senses and said, "Tsk. Do you think you're still

Logan—The Racing King? Do you think you can still call the shots in the underworld? What can you do even if you remember me?"

Logan, however, didn't pay any more attention to him. Instead, he picked up a few items that he cared about from the belongings that were thrown out.

He only stayed at the villa occasionally, so he didn't have many personal belongings inside anyway.

He took a few award certificates and got into the car.

He was going to transfer the car's ownership now.

Winston and the others continued to stand where they were after he left, so furious that they couldn't speak.

At last, Winston said, "Let's go. Follow him and see who exactly is the one that dares to go against my wishes and buys his car!"

The few of them followed after Logan.

At the Department of Motor Vehicles.

Logan gazed at Little Yellow, stroking it only after he washed his hands.

He had received the car as a reward after he won the championship when he was seventeen.

Since then, the title of Logan—The Racing King' had stuck to him. He had regarded Little Yellow as his treasure ever since.

He, who loved the car like his life itself, had never had a girlfriend, yet he had taken care of the car with all his heart. But he knew that Little Yellow wasn't his anymore from this moment onward.

He looked at the man who had bought the car—Sean— and said seriously, "I hope its new owner will treat it kindly."

Sean gave his glasses a push, nodded, and replied, "Don't worry: Mr. Hunt had bought the car for the little mister! It would take

ten years before the little mister grew up, so they would definitely be treating it kindly—after all, it was going to stay in the

innermost section of the garage. The two men entered the Department of Motor Vehicles.

The moment they came out after finishing the transfer procedures, they saw Winston walking over with a group of people with great momentum.

Winston stood in Sean's way and asked, "Buddy, where are you from? Didn't you receive our notice?"

Sean looked at the people in front of him.

He pushed his glasses and replied, "I did. So?"

Winston: "???"

Winston was outraged "How dare you still mess up our plans after you received it! Do you know who the one backing us up is?"

Winston had never relied on the Myerses to back him up. After all, like the Andersons, the Myerses might be well-known in the pharmaceutical industry, but they were nothing in New York itself.

The people backing him up were an underworld force that even Jordan Hoffman had to show courtesy to.

Upon hearing what he said, Logan couldn't just stand by idly anymore.

He stepped forward and said, "Buddy, these people aren't to be messed with. If you want to back out, I can return the money to you"

He mustn't implicate other people.

Unexpectedly, as soon as he said that, Sean took off his glasses.

He folded them carefully, put them in the glasses case, and then put the case in his pocket.

"Come with me," he said.

Winston and the others followed after him and left the Department of Motor Vehicles.

The few of them entered a small alley at the side.

Logan frowned.

As soon as they entered the alley, Sean suddenly stood still, turned around, and beckoned at the few of them.



Winston and the others charged toward him at once.

Logan panicked.

That man looked so polite and down-to-earth.

Neither did he look strong enough.

Could he really handle them? The thought had only just formed in his mind when he saw the man, who had still looked so polite

and gentle the last moment, suddenly throw his fist out.

As though Winston and the others were just little kids, he gave them all a punch each and fell them all neatly and slickly.

Sean's movements seemed structured and systematic— he had likely trained in martial arts before.

Winston and the others fell onto the ground, groaning and moaning in pain.

They were ultimately just your average punks.

Winston yelled, "Do you know who we are? How dare you hit us just like that!"

Sean took out his glasses case from his pocket unhurriedly after he beat them up.

He took out the microfiber cloth and cleaned his glasses before putting them back on.

After putting them back on, he took out a piece of wet tissue, wiped his fingers, and tossed it onto Winston's face before he

replied, "I know who you are"

Winston, "..."

He became even angrier.

"How dare you hit us when you know who we are! How impertinent! Who exactly are you? Tell us who you are if you have the

guts! Our boss will hunt you down!"

Sean let out an 'oh' before he answered coldly, "The Hunts.

Logan was still somewhat dazed when he went home. As it turned

out, it was the Hunts who had helped him out. No wonder they had the guts to ignore that man and offer him 25 million dollars for

his car. It was just that Justin Hunt had never been interested in sports cars, so who had he bought it for? He entered the

Andersons' villa. He was about to go up the stairs when he suddenly saw Nora coming out of her room. She was yawning lazily and holding her cell phone.

A voice rang out from the phone and said, "Mommy, I managed to buy a Little Yellow!"