

## Chapter 172

The saleswoman cursed Yvette secretly for not choosing the more expensive range of cars. She reluctantly gave her a brief introduction of the car.

"Miss, how about this. We have zero down payment here, and I can introduce you to a car that suits your personality. The most important thing for us women is to drive a car that suits us the most. Look at that car over there, it's perfect. I know lots of beautiful women who have bought that car because of its safety features. What's more, you don't have to pay a cent for a down payment. It's definitely worth it." The saleswoman said with a smile.

"No, thank you. I want this car." Yvette shook her head, getting impatient. When she was browsing through the other cars, she noticed that the car cost 200,000 dollars. It was too expensive.

It would be very difficult for Chuck to afford it. If he didn't have enough money, he would be forced to borrow some money from Zelda or other women.

Yvette did not want that to happen. This car was worth around 80,000 dollars, it was good enough for her.

The saleswoman was unhappy and insisted, "Please consider it. It has zero down payment! It only costs a few thousand dollars a month. Don't you think it's a good bargain?"

"Thank you, but I really don't want that," Yvette refused. She was becoming more and more fond of that 80,000-dollar car. Although it couldn't be compared with her previous car, this was the car that her husband was going to buy for her. It was worth more than the money that it cost.

"Well, are you satisfied with this car, Miss?" The saleswoman said with disdain, and cursed Yvette in her heart.

She secretly thought, "I hope you'll be d\*mned to drive this car for the rest of your life."

Yvette replied, "Yes, I think it's good,"

"Well then, if everything checks out well, you can put down a deposit for the car today," The saleswoman said.

Yvette shook her head. She was preparing to leave but she decided to come in here just to have a look at the car. She could afford the eighty thousand dollars, and the 500,000 dollars that she sent to the Baller had been refunded to her account since he did not want to accept the money. However, she was not planning to use the money and wanted to return it to the Baller no

matter what.

However, she knew that Chuck would be unhappy if she paid the deposit. It would be better if she avoided that.

"Thank you. I'll be back tomorrow," Yvette said as she walked out from the store.

The saleswoman was even more unhappy.

The saleswoman secretly ranted, "Why aren't you paying the deposit? Are you messing with me, woman?"

The saleswoman tried to persuade Yvette, "Miss, if you like the car, you should put down a deposit. If someone else bought it before you, you will have to wait for a few more days. Why wait if you like the car?"

"Thank you. My husband and I will come and look at it again tomorrow." Yvette smiled.

"Okay," the saleswoman turned around and ignored Yvette. She muttered under her breath, "You poor woman! Are you going to pretend to look rich again when you come by tomorrow?"

Hearing these words, Yvette frowned.

She was about to leave, but when she saw something on the saleswoman's skirt, she hesitated and reminded, "Miss, your..."

The saleswoman said with contempt, "What? You said you liked the car yet you refuse to pay the deposit. I've come across people like you. Why? Do you think it's expensive? What are you doing here then? Go next door to buy a van since it would only cost you 30,000 dollars,"

Yvette sighed. She just wanted to remind the saleswoman that there was something on her skirt, "I wanted to tell you..."

"What else do you want to say? Are you trying to convince me that you will be here tomorrow? I won't believe you..." The saleswoman sneered, "I hope you don't come back tomorrow. Our store doesn't lack customers like you. There are many people who would buy our cars."

Yvette was very angry. Why was this saleswoman being so unreasonable? She didn't want to be misunderstood so she walked over and reached for her skirt. There was a piece of paper stuck to it.

"What are you doing? Do you want to fight?" The saleswoman raised her hand and slapped Yvette.

The staff in the 4S Automobile Store and other customers turned over at the sound of the slap.

Yvette didn't expect this at all. She just wanted to take the paper off from her skirt before leaving. She was stunned, and the burning pain on her face made Yvette feel wronged immediately.

"I..." Yvette bit her lip.

The saleswoman sneered and yelled, "What do you want to say? Do you want to hit me just because you can't afford the car? Where do you think this is? Hubby, where are you? There's someone here who wants to hit me!" Then, a man in a suit frowned and came out. He was the manager of this store.

He glared at Yvette and asked, "What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything..." Yvette tried to explain.

The saleswoman butted in and started making up stories, "I can't believe you're still trying to deny it! I was explaining the functions of this car to her but she felt that the car was too expensive, so she suddenly came over and tried to hit me. Everyone saw it."

"I didn't. I'm....." Yvette tried to offer an explanation.

The saleswoman said angrily, "You didn't?! Then why did you approach me? If I didn't notice, who would have known what you would do? Were you planning to stab me with a knife?"

The manager's face changed. This woman must be the reason his wife was so pissed. She looked like a decent woman, but why was she so vicious?

"Why do you have to be so rude? If you don't want to buy it, then you can leave. Why do you have to

hit her?"

"That's right. This kind of woman must be someone else's mistress. I guess she must have been abused by all the men. So, she decided to take her anger out on us,"

"She's so vicious! Holly is pregnant. How can she do that to her?"

The nearby staff came over and pointed at them.

The sarcasm and the angry voices made Yvette's face grow redder, and tears started to fill in her eyes.

"Get out of here!" The saleswoman scolded, "I'm pregnant, by the way! If anything happens to my baby here, be prepared to face the consequences!"

"Please get out!" The manager's face was cold. They had a hard time conceiving and he didn't want to lose their child. Today must have been their unlucky day for meeting such a vicious woman.

"I wasn't going to hit her, I just noticed..." Yvette explained coldly.

"Notice what? How dare you make up excuses!" The saleswoman was very angry. She glared at Yvette and slapped her again.

The first slap had caught Yvette off guard but she saw this one coming. She quickly grabbed the

saleswoman's wrist and said, "There must be something wrong with you. I wasn't going to hit you just now. There was just something on your skirt..."

"Let go of her! How dare you hit my wife! Eat this!" The manager roared and kicked her in the gut. Yvette fell to the ground. Her stomach hurt, and she couldn't help but wince from the pain.

Yvette bit her lip and got up. For a moment, she really wanted to cry, but she couldn't. She absolutely wouldn't!

"Dear, are you okay?" The manager comforted his wife, afraid that something had happened to his wife.

"My hand hurts..." The saleswoman whimpered pitifully.

"It's alright, you'll be fine now!" The manager came over and shoved Yvette, "You're lucky that you are a woman, or else I would have beaten you to death!"

How could Yvette put up a fight with a man like that? She was pushed to the ground, and her high heels broke on the spot. Her whole body ached all over.

She could feel the pain on her face as she gritted her teeth and stood up. She would not show a sign

of weakness.

"Leave and don't ever come back again. You're not welcomed" The other salesperson yelled.

"Get out of here, now!" The manager shouted at her.

Yvette stumbled onto her feet. She wanted to tell these people that she wasn't trying to lay a hand on the saleswoman.

"Look, she still wants to hit your baby. Why is she so vicious?" The saleswoman said disgustedly.

The manager bellowed, "Get out now!"

He kicked her angrily. Yvette clutched her stomach and fell back to the ground. Her vision became blurry as tears started to well up in her eyes again. She bit her lip and insisted, "I didn't hit her. I just wanted to tell her that there's a piece of paper stuck on her skirt..."

"Paper? Are you really that kind?" The saleswoman sneered. She noticed that there was paper on her skirt, but she didn't believe that was the reason Yvette had approached her. Yvette must have been angry from the embarrassment just now and was planning to attack her. Fortunately, she was alert. Otherwise, her baby would have been hurt.

"Nonsense, that must be your excuse. You are so evil!"



"Get her out of here!" The other salespeople were irritated at Yvette. How could she be so unreasonable?

"I really wanted to tell you..." Yvette felt wronged.

The other salesperson couldn't bear to listen any longer, so they went over and kicked her. "Get lost!"

Slap!

Someone slapped Yvette again and she did not manage to dodge it. She fell to the ground. At this moment, she felt like she was abandoned. Pain shot through her entire body. Yvette wondered in despair, "Chuck, where are you?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks.