

When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

chapter 1

Francis Quilter questioned his eyesight, puzzled by his girlfriend Susanna Lynch's sudden display of flirtatious behavior.

Normally, Susanna dressed conservatively, but at that moment, she was wearing a leather mini skirt and ultra-thin black stockings, paired with a low-cut white blouse.

As she moved, her figure swayed subtly, attracting the attention of onlookers.

Beside her stood a chubby and lecherous man who appeared to be in his thirties.

The chubby man raised his hand, forcefully pinched Susanna's buttock, and then slid his hand under her skirt.

In an instant, Francis caught a glimpse of a black lace thong.

"I bought you a Louis Vuitton. Don't I deserve a little fun?" the chubby man chuckled. "I just love playing with your ass. Make sure to show it off for me later!"

"Get your hands off me. There are so many people on the street. I don't want them staring at my butt."

Francis was completely shocked.

It's really Susanna.

Francis quickly walked over, forcing a smile. "Susanna, why didn't you tell me you were near my office? And who is this?"

Susanna was initially flustered, but she quickly composed herself. "He... is my brother."

Susanna was usually very pure and innocent, rarely wearing makeup and often embracing her natural beauty.

However, Francis had never paid attention to Susanna's eyes.

In that moment, as their gazes met, Francis discovered that beneath Susanna's facade of innocence, there was a hidden greed and cunningness.

Francis suppressed his anger and said, "You and your brother have quite an unusual relationship, huh?"

"Let me be clear then..." Susanna first appeared somewhat embarrassed, then let out a cold laugh. "We're not a good match, Francis. The money you make each month isn't even enough for one shopping trip with my friends."

The chubby man looked Francis up and down, sneering disdainfully. "So you're the simp, huh? Susanna told me about you."

Francis emphasized very seriously, "I am Susanna's boyfriend!"

"Who the h*ll do you think you are!"

The chubby man landed a punch on Francis' stomach.

Francis felt an intense surge of pain and instinctively doubled over.

"This little brat doesn't know how to talk at all." The chubby man laughed arrogantly. "You're such a l*ser. Don't you have any self-awareness? How dare you bother Susanna?"

Francis had just straightened up when Susanna swung the bag in her hand, hitting the back of his head.

Caught off guard, Francis suddenly fell to the ground.

The chubby man delivered a kick straight to his chest.

Francis curled up in pain.

"I'm not hitting you for no reason. This is for the medical bill!"

The chubby man pulled out two hundred dollars and tossed it at Francis.

Susanna glared at Francis, deliberately taking the hand of the chubby man and placing it on her own buttock.

Then, the two of them turned around and left.

Francis was an ordinary worker with a modest income, and his father had been seriously ill for many years.

Susanna was a real estate agent. She was beautiful, gentle, and knew how to act coy.

Francis had happened to meet Susanna and felt that she was the love of his life.

He had thought that it would be wonderful if they got married in the future, had a child, and lived a simple and peaceful life.

To achieve this small slice of happiness, Francis would only keep a small portion of his monthly salary for personal expenses. Some would go towards his father's medical bills, and the rest would be handed over to Susanna to manage.

Susanna had claimed that she could secure the most cost-effective deals, allowing them to purchase properties in the most desirable neighborhoods with the best layouts.

Clearly, that had been a lie.

Not only that, Francis had been dating her for over a year, yet he had only held her hand.

Susanna wouldn't even kiss Francis, saying she wanted to save her first kiss for their wedding night.

However, at that moment, the chubby man's filthy hand had found its way into the back of Susanna's skirt.

The much-anticipated wedding night arrived so quickly.

Unfortunately, the groom was not Francis.

Suddenly, several tall and strong men in suits and leather shoes surrounded him.

Francis, who had been in the professional world for many years, could immediately tell that their suits were expensive and custom-made, with buffalo horn buttons on the cuffs.

“Are you Francis?” the leader of the group asked.

“Yes, and you are?”

“Julian Hughes.” The other person handed over a business card, indicating that he was a lawyer.

Francis had come across this name in the media, a name that carried considerable prestige.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you know Jeremiah Quilter?”

“I do.” Francis nodded awkwardly. “He’s my grandfather.”

Francis’s grandfather, Jeremiah Quilter, had once desired to explore the south in his younger years.

However, his wife strongly opposed it, insisting that he should stick to his job. This often led to arguments between them.

Jeremiah had an adventurous spirit.

One late night, he packed his bags and left without saying goodbye, disappearing without a trace. For many years, he never contacted home, not until his wife passed away.

Julian said to Francis, “After Mr. Quilter left home, he spent many years working hard and single-handedly built a business empire that is unparalleled in the world.”

After a pause, Julian continued, “He never remarried and had no other children. He wanted to bring his family to enjoy a better life, but his stubborn nature prevented him from asking.” He sighed. “Unfortunately, he passed away last month. He left a will, leaving all his assets to you, his only grandson. The total value amounts to one hundred billion in Atharian currency.”

One hundred billion in Atharian currency? Even the richest man in the world has only about two hundred billion in Atharian currency. My goodness! This is a fortune possessed only by the top three wealthiest people in the world. Could such good fortune really have fallen into my lap?

After a brief moment of surprise, Francis quickly fell into deep doubt.

He had never experienced such a stroke of luck.

“But this inheritance cannot be given to you directly. There are conditions. You have to spend money first,” Julian slowly explained. “We monitor all your accounts. For every amount you spend, you will immediately receive ten times that amount in cash. But there are two conditions. First, the money must be spent on women. Your personal expenses, whether it’s buying a car, a house, or anything else, don’t count. Second, you cannot get involved with drugs or gambling... My phone number is on the business card. If you have any questions, contact me immediately.”

“I have a question right now.”

“What is it?”

“Is this some kind of new wire fraud?”

“You don’t believe me?”

“I was just minding my own business when suddenly a hundred billion in Atharian currency fell from the sky. Should I call the police now?”

Julian chuckled and shook his head. “Indeed, perceptions vary. Without a windfall, the poor can never break through the class barrier in their lifetime. If you don’t believe me, you can give up your inheritance and continue living as your poor self.”

“I know your line of work has performance targets, and failing to meet them means trouble,” Francis said, eyeing the other person cautiously. “I’m not sure how you found out about my long-lost grandfather, but I don’t want to pursue it. Let’s pretend we never met today.”

“Before we came, we had already conducted an investigation. You don’t even have two hundred and fifty to your name, let alone the three thousand and two hundred you owe on your credit card for bag purchases. After taxes, your

meager salary this month won't even cover your debt. What do you have that's worth being cheated?"

"What if you guys are trying to harvest my organs?"

"You could try to see if you can get the money," Julian suggested, giving a slight nod to indicate his departure. "Please forgive my bluntness, but even if you were sold piece by piece, you wouldn't fetch that much."

After Julian finished speaking, he and the other men entered a Bentley parked by the street.

Francis was processing the vast amount of information conveyed by those words when a familiar voice rang out.

"What a luxurious car! I wonder which affluent young man owns it. I would love to meet him!"

Francis looked up. His gaze first met a pair of slender, light-colored legs, then traveled to a toned abdomen, and finally settled on an impressively sculpted chest.

The chest was so generously proportioned that one might question if the waist could support it.

The person who arrived was Cynthia Wentworth, Francis' colleague.

She was the pride of the company, standing over one meter seventy tall. Not only was she sensually attractive, but she also possessed breathtaking beauty.

Even without the use of filters, her online photos could effortlessly outshine those of any influencer.

Compared to Cynthia, Susanna was insignificant.

She had numerous admirers both within and outside the company, skillfully handling all sorts of men with her charm and wit.

Francis felt somewhat inferior, never daring to approach Cynthia, knowing he wasn't deserving of her. In the several years they had been at the company, they had exchanged no more than ten sentences.

Under normal circumstances, Cynthia would treat Francis as if he were invisible, not acknowledging him even if they were to cross paths face-to-face on the street.

However, when Cynthia saw the Bentley, she took the initiative and asked, "Francis, is that person your friend?"

Please bookmark the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads popup, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.