

When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

Chapter 2

+5 Bonus

Chapter 2 Why Are You So Kind To Me?

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"Friend?" Francis was still confused.

"I **mean** those people in the Bentley, Cynthia further inquired.

"So that **car** is a Bentley, huh? I'm not really familiar with cars. They were just asking for directions," Francis laughed it off.

"Oh!" Cynthia didn't quite believe what he said.

She had witnessed Francis talking to the other person for a long time with her own eyes.

Who stops to ask for directions while driving a luxury car in this day and age? That's what GPS is for. Only a *fool* would believe such nonsense.

Cynthia's eyes darted around as her mind began to churn with ideas.

Francis maintained a low profile at work, never showing off or drawing attention to himself. His family background was also quite mysterious. He always dressed in inexpensive items as if he had picked them up from a second-hand store.

Previously, she had only considered Francis a complete 1*ser. Little did she expect him to have such wealthy friends.

None of her friends **in** her social circle could afford to drive a Bentley.

"Do you have some free time right now? Mr. Tanner has sent **me** to sign a contract with a client. Could accompany me?"

"I'm about to head back to the office."

“I’ll let Mr. Tanner know that you’ll be coming with me, so you won’t need to clock out after work. How about we grab dinner together tonight?” Cynthia proposed.

you.

Francis didn’t mind. It was a good opportunity to test whether Julian’s claim of a tenfold cashback was true

OF NOL.

The two hailed a taxi and arrived at a Starbucks. Francis insisted on paying the fare.

The next moment, Francis received a message that read: The fare is fifteen, and the tenfold cashback of one hundred and fifty has already been credited **to** your account.

“D“mn! It’s actually true!

They entered Starbucks, and Francis offered, “What would you like to drink? I’ll buy one for you.”

“Frappuccino.”

Francis bought two Frappuccinos and a couple of snacks, spending a total of two hundred and thirty.

Cynthia slightly furrowed her brows. “There’s a standard for client meeting expenses in our company. You can’t get reimbursed like this,”

“I didn’t say I wanted a reimbursement,” Francis said nonchalantly because the cashback of two thousand and three hundred had already been credited to his account. “This is my treat.”

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Cynthia shook her head with a smile. “Why are **you so** kind to me? You’re not trying to pursue me, are you?”

Just then, the client arrived.

His name was Luke Quincey.

In the business circle, he was known as Simpleton Luke.

He wore crimson capris, with sandals on his feet, and no socks.

He was dressed in a white casual blazer, so tight that it almost outlined his ribs.

This kind of attire was not very appropriate for a business meeting.

His personality was unpredictable, which likely contributed to his nickname.

Luke, accompanied by his two subordinates, sat down opposite Cynthia. He started by complimenting her on her beauty that day, then proceeded to bring out the contract.

The specific details had already been agreed upon by both parties. This meeting was for signing the contract directly.

Francis' company had entrusted a project to Luke to handle. In other words, Luke **was** set to make **money** from Francis' company.

The one who paid was referred to as Party A, also known as the financial backer.

Luke, however, treated Party A as if they were insignificant. After signing the contract, he said with a smug smile, "I'm not really interested in making such a small amount of money, but since Ms. Beautiful **has** personally come, I have to show some respect."

Francis couldn't help but wonder why the company didn't choose to collaborate with a regular person but instead chose to work with Luke.

"Now that we've discussed business, let's have a meal together, Luke suggested sincerely. "I've made **a** reservation at a nearby seafood restaurant. Would you do me the honor of joining, Ms. Beautiful?"

"Of course," Cynthia knew that Luke **was** trying to take advantage of her, but she didn't **mind**. She turned to **Francis** and said, "Let's go together."

Luke had been ignoring Francis since he arrived. Only now did he take notice and ask, “Who is he?”

“He’s Francis, a colleague of mine.”

“Oh. I didn’t plan on bringing extra people, but since you suggested it, I can’t refuse.”

When they arrived at the seafood restaurant, the waiter placed a menu in front of each person.

Without even looking at the menu, Francis asked the waiter directly, “Do you have a five-pound spiny lobster?”

“No,” the waiter shook his head. “The largest one we have is three pounds.”

“Your selection is really disappointing. You don’t even have a five-pound spiny lobster. Never mind. Let’s go with three pounds, one for each of us.”

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Everyone present was shocked.

The spiny lobster in the restaurant, including the processing fee, was priced at four hundred dollars per pound, making each lobster cost over a thousand dollars.

Just for the five of them to have a lobster each would cost at least five thousand dollars.

This kind of extravagance was usually reserved for high-end banquets.

Among those present, apart from Luke who **was** a small business owner, Cynthia was a middle-level manager, while Francis and the other two **were** regular employees.

Even Mark Zuckerberg wouldn’t treat ordinary employees to lobster, let alone Luke.

“The host hasn’t even ordered yet. Who are you to be making the decisions?” he exclaimed.

“You don’t need to pay for this meal, Francis shook his head. “I’ll pay.”

Cynthia whispered urgently, “If you try to charge this lobster meal to the company, the boss will be

furious!”

“TH

pay

for it myself, Francis said casually. “Why can’t we, **as** workers, enjoy some good food? Are we only supposed to watch the bosses indulge themselves?”

Cynthia was stunned, her curiosity about Francis growing.

What’s his story? Does he have a gold mine or something? How can he casually spend so much on a single meal?

“It seems we haven’t ordered any wine yet. Could you recommend the best one from your selection?”

“Lobster pairs perfectly with red wine. We just received a new shipment of Parnos from the Pantelos region in Friyx. Each bottle is now available at a special price of only four thousand dollars.”

Francis didn’t really understand wine, but he pretended to and nodded, “Let’s get a bottle for each of us,

Oh my goodness!

That’s another twenty thousand dollars!

Luke couldn’t stand being outdone so easily. “So you’re... Frannie, right? It’s our first meeting **and** you’re already treating us to such an extravagant meal. How **can** I possibly accept such generosity?”

“My name is Francis, not Frannie. This meal isn’t actually for you. It’s for my colleague, Cynthia.”

Cynthia’s heart skipped a beat. Why is Francis being so kind to me? Is he really interested in me?

“No matter who you’re treating, as an office worker, do you have the money? Luke suggested to the waiter, “You should make him pay the bill first.

Noticing Francis simple attire, the waiter, concerned about the possibility of a dine–and–dash, proposed with a smile, “Sir, our restaurant policy requires payment immediately after ordering and before we serve the dishes.”

Francis agreed, “I’ll pay with my card.”

Including the seating charge, the **total** came to twenty–seven thousand dollars.

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Francis didn’t have that much money. He could only use his credit card and go into overdraft. Luckily, his girlfriend’s extravagant shopping habits had increased the limit on his card enough to cover the expenses.

The moment Francis took out his credit card, he once again worried if Julian had tricked him. According to the rules, he was supposed to receive a **cashback** of over two hundred thousand, which was much more valuable than the two cups of Frappuccino.

If there was no cashback, he would have to spend at least half a year’s salary to pay for this meal in the

future

At that point, he would have reached the peak of foolishness.

As Francis pulled out his card, those present almost burst into laughter.

The card was terribly worn out, just a classic card, much like Francis himself, emitting an aura of simplicity and unpretentiousness.

“Don’t even talk about infinite or platinum cards, you don’t even have a gold card, Luke scoffed disdainfully. “Just make sure you don’t run out of money.”

It was no wonder that Lake looked down on him.

After all, the limit of this card had been completely used up with twenty–seven thousand.

At the very next moment, Francis received a text message on his phone that said: The meal cost twenty–seven thousand, and the tenfold cashback of two hundred and seventy thousand has already been credited to your account.

Francis felt greatly relieved,

It's true.

With this more than two hundred thousand **as** startup funds, Francis now had the freedom to do many things.

At this moment, Luke was feeling quite unsettled.

He had planned to spend some time that day **wooing** Cynthia. He had only allowed Francis to join them, believing that Francis' relaxed attitude would highlight his own achievements.

He had wanted to make Cynthia understand that a beautiful woman like her should be in a boss' bed, not hanging around with a group of lowly office workers.

However, Francis had stolen the spotlight, and Luke couldn't just back down. "I know it's not easy for you workers to make money. Instead of wasting it on trivial things after earning it, why not save for a down payment and buy an unfinished building? The poor should accept their fate.

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