

When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 A Positive Attitude

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5 Bonus

"You're right..." Francis nodded in agreement. "Since you said so, how **about** you buy this deal, then? Or maybe we could split the bill, or perhaps you could pay for what you've eaten?"

Francis sneered.

Luke flew into a rage. "Have I shown you too much respect, huh?"

Francis picked up the napkin and wiped his mouth. "Your wealth may buy you the finest things in life, but it seems to have failed in purchasing a shred of wisdom or humility."

Summoning his remaining dignity, Luke abruptly rose to his feet. With his subordinates in tow, he strode toward the exit. "This isn't over."

Seeing Luke in such a flustered and frustrated state also brought a sense of joy to Cynthia,

Despite having little money, the man had quite a temper.

Francis asked tentatively, "It's just the two of us left. Do you have any plans after dinner?"

Cynthia immediately replied, "Two of my best friends invited me to Mirage..."

Mirage was the most upscale bar in Bruiville, a favorite haunt for many wealthy socialites, where naturally, the spending was quite high.

Cynthia only said half of it, waiting for Francis to finish the sentence himself.

In this manner, it would be Francis' own decision to go, thereby making him responsible for the expenses.

Should there be any disagreements in the process, such as overspending, Cynthia could always counter with. "You wanted to come!

Cynthia often visited Mirage, never spending her own money. She always had admirers and followers who were more **than** willing to foot the bill.

In the past, Francis didn't understand these little tricks, but after his experiences with Susanna, he had gained a lot of insight.

However, Francis was worried about not finding an opportunity to spend money on **a** woman, so he was willing to be set up. "Would it be convenient for you to take me along?"

"Sure thing"

After they finished their meal, they exited the seafood restaurant.

Suddenly, Cynthia tapped her forehead lightly. "Oh no, I've run out of lipstick..."

Francis took the opportunity and suggested, "There's a Yves nearby."

There was a top international cosmetics brand called Yves Saint Laurent, abbreviated **as** YSL, which was often referred to as Yves locally.

Many men were unaware of this.

Francis, having spent such a long time with Susanna, was practically an expert on the price levels of

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various luxury goods and the distribution of their stores.

Cynthia immediately asked Francis to take her there.

+5 Bonus

The store assistants in the luxury goods store were **all** strikingly attractive, their makeup bold and vibrant. They were dressed elegantly, radiating an aura of sophistication, and a pleasant scent wafted around them.

Their eyes were focused on the customers.

Whenever they saw a person, they could quickly determine their worth through various details.

They only showed their smiles to those who had the ability to spend.

They couldn't be bothered to give a second glance to those without money..

A store assistant stood at the entrance, dressed in a black professional outfit and ultra-thin black stockings. Her hands were gracefully folded in front of her lower abdomen, waiting to welcome customers.

When Francis took the lead and walked in, the store assistant thought he was a laborer. "Can I help you with something?"

"I'm here to buy cosmetics, of course. Why, do you think I'm here for think I'm here for your sexual services?"

"How dare you speak like **that**?" The store assistant was shocked, having never encountered such an arrogant laborer before. "Do you have any idea how expensive the items in our store are?"

The store assistant took out a tester, paying no mind to Francis, and handed it to Cynthia. "Give it a try." After applying it, Cynthia indeed looked more beautiful.

"What you recommended is pretty good. Francis expressed his satisfaction to the store assistant. "How much is it?"

The store assistant ignored Francis and said to Cynthia, "The gift box packaging is only \$998,"

“Didn’t you hear me talking to you?” Francis was a bit upset. Others could be disrespectful to him, but they couldn’t treat him as if he was invisible.

“I did,” the store assistant chuckled. “But it’s not like you’re the one paying, so why should I tell you?” “How do you know I’m not the one paying?”

The store assistant retorted, “How many days would you have to work to earn \$998?”

“I don’t like your attitude, Francis said. He was experienced with luxury stores and knew how to handle this situation. “Get me a different store assistant.”

Cynthia was also displeased at this moment. She had intended for Francis to cover the cost, but the store assistant’s words suggested **that** she should be the one to settle the bill

The store manager, hearing the commotion, quickly walked over.

The store assistant was very beautiful, but the store manager was even more stunning.

She was slightly older, exuding a mature charm, her large eyes sparkling and clear.

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+5 Bonus

She was dressed in a professional grey skirt suit. Her legs, encased in black silk stockings, boasted a sleek contour that set hearts racing.

As she moved, her skirt would occasionally offer a glimpse of her upper thighs.

The store manager greeted them with a wide smile, “Sir, Madam, how may I assist you?”

The store assistant whispered to the manager, “Don’t waste your breath on that guy. He clearly can’t afford anything here.”

The store manager also thought that Francis couldn’t afford it.

Yet, she couldn't help but wonder, what could possibly motivate Francis to make an appearance here?

Francis ordered, "Get me ten sets of this gift box set in the terracotta color. I'll pay for them."

This remark left everyone present dumbfounded.

Cynthia quickly suggested, Ten of the same is too much... How about **this**? I'll take two of this kind, and then choose eight different ones."

In no time, ten lipsticks were packed up, enough to last at least a year.

Cynthia was still a bit unsatisfied. It was rare to find a man who would allow her to spend freely. She wanted to **make** full use of this opportunity.

The store manager, with a keen eye, discerned Cynthia's thoughts and asked with a smile, "May I assist you with anything else, Madam? Perhaps some foundation?"

Cynthia lightly tapped her forehead. "Oh my, I completely forgot until you mentioned it. I'm almost out of foundation."

"Please check out our Youth Liberator Foundation."

After purchasing her foundation and eyeliner, Cynthia felt that she should also replenish her perfume. In the end, she left carrying two large bags of items.

The store manager calculated the total price to be over \$50,000.

Cynthia held onto her belongings tightly as she looked at Francis.

Francis knew he was being asked to foot the bill, so he pulled out that worn-out classic card again.

The store assistant gave the store manager a meaningful glance, suggesting that the card could not possibly be swiped.

However, what surprised her greatly was that this worn-out card could actually be swiped.

She stood there, dumbfounded, with her mouth wide open, her eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

Of course, neither the store manager nor the store assistant knew that Francis' purchase had resulted in a cashback of over half a million.

"Thank you for your patronage. **All** luxury stores had commissions based on sales performance. This sale made the store manager a lot of money, so she was naturally very pleased. "Please feel free to visit us often in the future. I will strive to offer you the greatest possible discount."

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+5 Bonus

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Francis scoffed, "Discount or no discount doesn't matter. What's crucial is a good attitude."

Francis had noticed the arrogance of the store assistant and he wasn't about to let it slide. "There are actually quite a few things I wanted to buy, but the attitude of your store assistant is so poor that I'm **not** in the mood anymore."

The store manager immediately understood what he meant. "She's too young to be so snobbish. I'll fire her today! If you're still upset, here's my business card. It has my contact information. I'll make sure to compensate you properly."

As she spoke, she intentionally brushed her plump behind against Francis a few times.

The implied meaning was quite clear.

In fact, not only was the store manager attractive, but she also had a great physique.

Even the slightest touch would cause the flesh on her behind to give way, only to quickly bounce back. The clasticity was incredibly impressive.

It would be truly delightful if one could touch them.

However, Francis' mind was not focused on her at this moment. After all, Cynthia was not someone she could compare to.

Cynthia had even brought along two of her closest friends that night.

The thought of having a threesome made his heart beat faster.

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