## When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

## **Chapter 4**

Chapter 4 Selling A Kidney

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Outside Mirage, while the two were conversing, Cynthia's two closest friends arrived.

Francis eyes suddenly brightened.

Cynthia **was** already quite beautiful, and her two best friends were equally captivating.

Cynthia introduced everyone to each other.

-5 Banus

Celeste Lawford, standing at a height of over one meter sixty, possessed an incredibly stunning figure, surpassing even the store manager of Yves Saint Laurent.

She was dressed provocatively, wearing a floral mini–dress that showcased her long, fair legs and a generous amount of cleavage.

She was a seasoned professional in the business world, working for an international trading company and regularly interacting with affluent individuals. Her affinity for wealth was unmistakable. Adorned in designer jewelry from head to toe, **she** exuded an air of opulence. Even her very essence seemed to echo a desire for prosperity.

Yvonne Jennings, a sales manager at a real estate company, stood tall at a height of over one meter seventy. While she leaned towards the slender side, her chest and buttocks boasted impressive proportions.

Among the three girls, Yvonne had the most composed temperament, and her attire was also very tasteful. She wore a deep blue casual maxi dress, paired

with white sneakers. Her top **was a** white casual shirt. This **outfit** was fresh and neat, exuding a sporty vibe while maintaining a sense of seriousness.

Francis could sense that Yvonne was not a woman who could be won over by money alone.

Yvonne and Celeste casually greeted Francis.

Then, the four of them entered Mirage together.

Celeste said, "I'm going to the restroom."

Cynthia and Yvonne also expressed their desire to join.

When a woman heads to the restroom, it's not always because nature calls. Sometimes, it's to touch up her makeup, and other times, it's to have a private conversation.

As soon as Celeste entered the restroom, she asked Cynthia, "Why did you bring that man here?"

"To settle the bill," Cynthia replied. "Are you or Yvonne going to pay?"

Celeste **was** even more surprised. "He's not one of your new conquests, is he?"

Cynthia hesitated, unsure of how to respond.

If it were any other man, Cynthia would have nodded and said "yes" at this moment, but she felt embarrassed **to** do so when it came to Francis.

Based on **some** of his earlier remarks, he didn't seem to show any interest in her.

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"Since when did your taste become so poor?" Celeste asked. "Look at how he dresses and his demeanor. He's nothing more **than** a country bumpkin!"

Summoning her courage, Cynthia **said**, "He just... spent tens of thousands on me at Saint Laurent."

"He doesn't seem like a wealthy man at all. He might be maxing out his credit cards or owing online loans, pretending to be a big shot in front of you, Celeste scoffed. "There are many men like this. If debt collectors come after him, they might **come** knocking on your door."

Cynthia shook her head. "His troubles are his own. They have nothing to do with me."

"Cyn, you're not falling in love, are you?" Yvonne spoke up right then.

"Me, fall in love with him?" Cynthia's eyes widened. "Aren't the **men** who constantly surround me far superior to **him?**"

Yvonne let out a sigh. "But I think this **man** is very dependable."

Surprised, Cynthia asked, "When did you become so blind?"

"You're the one who's blind!"

"You just met him, and already you can tell he's reliable?"

The three girls, chatting and laughing, left the restroom and were about to find a place **to** sit when **they caught** sight of Francis.

Francis had chosen the most spacious booth with the best location, from where he could overlook the entire bar.

Celeste whispered to Yvonne, 'Cyn's lapdog is really showing off too much, don't you think?"

Inside the bar, the booths were arranged by area and location, each with its own minimum spending requirement.

This particular booth was the most expensive one in Mirage.

Celeste walked over and sarcastically said to Francis, "Earning money must be tough for you. How about we switch places?"

"No need," Francis shook his head.

While they were talking, a waiter approached. His eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw the three beauties.

Among the many beautiful women present, these three stood out, overshadowing the rest with their unique charm.

"Good evening, lovely ladies," the waiter greeted with a grin. "My name is Jason. Thank you for choosing our establishment. I'll treat you to a meal next time."

Then, the waiter's gaze fell upon Francis, and **his** eyes rolled almost to the back of his head. "Didn't you notice that there are people here?"

Francis pointed at the three beauties. "We're together."

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## #5 **Bonus**

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Jason couldn't help but express his disbelief. "Don't you think your flirting techniques are a bit too crude?"

Cynthia nodded. "Indeed, we are together."

She had a feeling that Jason might be in for some trouble at this moment.

Confident in her exceptional beauty, Cynthia believed that although her two best friends were slightly less stunning than her, they were still beauties who could outshine many others.

Any perceptive waiter would understand that Francis must possess certain qualities to be in the **company of** such three beauties.

When a man and a woman are together, it's natural for the man to pay the bill How dare he come here without having the money?

Jason's attitude changed. "This seating area is reserved for Super VIPs, with a minimum expenditure of eight thousand eight hundred and eighty–eight.

Judging by your appearance, it seems unlikely that you **can** afford it. You might have to sell a kidney to settle the bill. It would be best if you leave now."

3/3

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