

When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

Chapter 5

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Chapter 5 Can You Fire Him

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Everyone who came here to have fun was a prominent figure in society.

+5 Bonus

Jason often mingled with influential individuals in society, subtly considering himself as one of them.

To him, Francis **was** just an ordinary man from society.

He couldn't help but scoff, Trying to live beyond your means, are you? Planning on dining and dashing? Don't think you can stay here and wash dishes to pay off your debt. We'll break your hands and feet here."

He glanced at Francis' attire, increasingly convinced that he was a loser. He couldn't understand how such a man could be accompanied by three beautiful women, while he himself was still single.

I'm quite handsome, and I even earn a few thousand here.

Jason looked at Cynthia with a pleasing smile. "Ladies, you are welcome to enjoy yourselves here. Mention my name and you'll get a ten percent discount. However, this gentleman must leave."

Everywhere in the world, there are those who look down on others with contempt.

Having been upset earlier, Francis didn't want to hold back anymore. "I don't like your attitude. Call your manager over.

"All right. Just wait."

The manager, dressed in a black suit, looked like an insurance agent, and when he first saw Francis, he looked down on him as well, as if he were a mere waiter.

However, he was a manager, after all, and his words carry weight. “This booth is a bit pricey. We’re concerned that you might not be aware and it could lead to an unpleasant situation.”

Francis didn’t seem to care. “Ordering from the drinks menu is such a hassle. Are there any set meals?”

“The King’s package is exactly eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.”

“King’s package?” Francis waved his credit card. “I’ll have it, then!”

After he swiped his card, the meal was served quickly.

Each of the finest wines, served in individual crystal glasses, was arranged in an exquisite display.

Then, a delicate fruit platter was served, with an aromatic candle lit in the center.

Under the glow of candlelight, the crystal glasses appeared ethereal, a true work of art.

However, it was only visually appealing.

While the King’s package carried a hefty price tag, lending it an aura of prestige, it didn’t offer much in terms of value **for** money.

Cynthia, Celeste, and Yvonne often came here, but they **had** never ordered the King’s package.

Francis quickly spotted the problem too. “This little bit of alcohol isn’t enough. How about we get another

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This time, even the manager was surprised.

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Every now and then, a well-heeled individual might order the King's package. Typically, it would be displayed off to the side, serving as a testament to their status and inviting admiration from others.

It was quite uncommon for anyone to order two sets at
t once.

After all, it was just a few glasses of wine and some fruit from the market. It was not worth the price. The manager nodded and bowed to Francis. "It will be brought to you right away."

Jason's attitude changed completely. "Sir, please feel free to express any other needs you may have."

He earned a commission from selling drinks, and seeing how much Francis was capable of spending, he wished he could serve him alone.

"I really do have a need. Francis pointed at Jason and said to the manager, "This person annoys me. Can you fire him?"

The manager gave an awkward laugh. "He's been working with us for a while now. He's done a lot of hard work. He-

"Get me another King's package," Francis interrupted the manager. "It'll count toward your sales performance.

The manager immediately turned serious and said to Jason, "You should pack up your things and leave." Jason panicked. "You can't just fire me like this!"

The manager waved his hand. "Security, escort him out."

The security guard immediately dragged Jason away.

"Let me go!" Jason pleaded desperately. I've been here since the bar opened. I'm one of the original staff..." He stood no chance against the four security guards, and gradually, his voice faded into silence.

The manager, being astute, knew that he should also leave, giving Francis and the three beautiful women some privacy. Therefore, after apologizing, he departed.

The three King's packages brought in a cashback of over two hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

However, the tips Francis gave to the security guards and the money he returned to Cynthia didn't earn him any **cashback**.

The rules set by Julian were once again confirmed. To earn cashback, he needed to spend money on women. Simply giving money didn't count, and spending on men was even less effective.

Nevertheless, Francis was in high spirits. He had been poor since childhood, and it was time for him to change his life.

Moreover, Cynthia, Celeste, and Yvonne were all stunningly beautiful, each with their own unique personality and temperament.

They were dressed provocatively, with revealing tops and long stretches of their smooth, white legs on display. Their delicate skin shimmered under the bar lights.

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+5 Bonus

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Being able to sleep with even one of them would be a major accomplishment.

Francis **throat** bobbed.

My past relationship was so restrictive, I couldn't even hold her hand. But who knows, tonight might be the night I break free from my constraints and step into a world of abundance.

Seeing Francis assertive side, Celeste suggested, “Handsome, how about we exchange phone numbers?”

Francis happily agreed.

Cynthia felt quite upset. / brought Francis here. How could Celeste try to steal him away? /s this how you treat your best friend?

Subsequently, Cynthia realized that her best friend was becoming increasingly unfamiliar.

With a serious expression, Celeste asked Cynthia, “By the way, Cyn, don’t you have plans tonight with a boy toy?”

“What? When did I ever say that?”

Celeste laughed, “Didn’t you mention a few days ago that you met a big boy who’s especially good at acting cute? His voice is so sweet that it gives you tingles.”

“I was just joking. I didn’t actually ask him out. You must have misunderstood,” said Cynthia, glancing nervously at Francis,

“So, he really does exist.”

“Cyn is quite popular. She has **many** admirers.” Celeste turned to Francis. “Cyn’s dream is to have all men grovel at her feet and worship her.”

Everything Celeste said felt like a stab to Cynthia’s heart.

Although Cynthia was extremely annoyed, she felt powerless to react.

As for Yvonne, she sat quietly, not expressing any opinions.

Even without Celeste saying it, Francis already knew what kind of person Cynthia was. Now, he found Yvonne somewhat intriguing.

Celeste raised a glass of wine to Francis. “Handsome, this one’s for you.”

Francis politely finished his **glass** of wine.

“You **can** really hold your **liquor**. Celeste chuckled, her ample bosom swaying with the motion.

Those two generous curves nearly escaped from her bra, almost hitting Francis in the face.

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