

When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

Chapter 6

Chapter 6 Focused On Driving His Ferrari

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+5 Bonus

Cynthia launched a counterattack, "Celeste has a wealthy boyfriend, but she didn't date **him** because of his money. She just **likes** the focused look on his face when he drives his Ferrari..."

With just two simple sentences, she skillfully portrayed Celeste as a calculating girl.

It was an enlightening moment for Francis. If he **hadn't** come tonight, he wouldn't have had the chance to witness the deceitful behavior of his fake friends.

At **that** moment, the music began to play.

It **was** time to get excited.

As the music blared, the girls on the dance floor occasionally glanced at Francis.

He had never experienced this level of attention from girls before.

It turns out the life of the wealthy was so enjoyable!

Cynthia and Celeste noticed that. Temporarily setting aside their differences, they retaliated with fierce glares, letting the other girls know that Francis was taken.

Feeling the need to use the restroom, Francis went to the restroom.

Upon his return, he found someone in his seat.

It was **a** handsome young man, dressed in **a** casual suit.

He sat next to Yvonne, chatting with her and taking sips of his drink.

He's drinking my liquor and flirting with my girl. Who is he?

Francis walked over, his smile not quite reaching his eyes. He asked, "Excuse me, who is this?"

Yvonne introduced, "Yadiel Baines, my former colleague who recently resigned.

Yadiel glanced at Francis and nodded slightly in greeting. He didn't say a word.

Clearly, he didn't take Francis seriously.

Wealthy people **had** their own way of doing things.

Francis inherited **a fortune** of a hundred billion in Atharian currency just **a while ago**, so he needed to **focus** on refining his demeanor.

"Mr. Baines, what line of work are you **in**?"

"I work in a multi-channel network, focusing on **creating** influencers."

Yadiel's tone was arrogant, with a subtle implication: Do you even know what a multi-channel network is?

Francis remained unperturbed. "What specifically do you handle?"

"Assessing the performance of influencers," Yadiel arrogantly replied. "All influencers have to impress me. It don't want to be too strict, but some internet celebrities **are** just lazy..."

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"Don't criticize others for being lazy. You make it seem like you're hardworking, capable of achieving great things

Yadiel's face turned unpleasant.

Im delighted to meet you, Mr. Baines. We should have a couple of drinks together” Francis flashed a relaxed smile before calling out. Where is the manager

The manager stayed nearby, keeping an eye on Fra

People in this business were sharp, and Francis was a important client who needed to be served well.

What can I do for you. Mr. Quilter?”

The drinks in the set meal aren’t enough. Recommend the most expensive one.”

“The Macallan 12 Single Malt Whisky just awed. We’re selling it at a special price of eighteen thousand eight hundred eighty–eight.”

“I’ll have a bottle of that.”

“Sure.”

Yadiel seemed a bit dazed hearing rinese words.

He often frequented social scenes and knew how popular Macallan 12 was. It was almost like an investment, with prices rising every year.

He understood that Francis was using money to make a point.

At first, he indeed didn’t take Fes seriously.

Now, he had changed his mind

At the same time, Francis posed a glass for each person and said casually, “Try it and see how it tastes. Pour it out if it’s not good

Yadiel took a sip. What a mouth and long–lasting aftertaste. No wonder this **is a** premium while

“You’re a friend of Yome Naturally, you’re my friend too. Francis instructed the manager. Till another bottle and pack it for him”

“Thank you, Mr. Yadiel said respectfully, expressing his desire for a bottle off the wine

Although spending money on Yadiel didn't bring immediate returns, Francis didn't mind muling the investment to ensure **that** others didn't overlook him.

"By the way

there are many beautiful women around you. Have you even and to get close to of them." Franc wiked, his question carrying a hint of provocation.

Tadiel's animate became more humble in response. "Even if I have feelings **for** a woman. I maintain a professional humance as long as we have a working relationship."

Have you ever mistreated Yvonne before?" Francis inquired.

Yadiel quocitly replied. "Of course not. She holds a higher position than me."

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Upon hearing this, Francis couldn't help but inwardly chuckle.

+5 Bonus

Yadiel had previously acted arrogantly, pretending to be a big shot. Now it turned out he was just an office

worker.

"What brings you here?" Francis asked.

I happened to run into Yvonne and came over to **chat**, discussing the possibility of her becoming a streamer. Yadiel explained. "With her looks and personality, she would undoubtedly be top-tier. There's no need for her to continue selling houses, especially when the real estate industry is declining rapidly."

Francis looked at Yvonne and asked, "What do you think?"

"I'm very satisfied with my current job, Yvonne replied.

Francis smiled and turned to Yadiel. "Did you hear that?"

This was a clear dismissal, implying that Yadiel was not needed there.

Yadiel handed over his business card, placing it in front of Francis. “I just remembered there’s some **urgent** work at the company. I’ll take my leave now,”

“Hold on,” Francis said, not planning on letting him go so easily.

As an office worker, Francis was skilled at reading people and situations.

Regardless of what Yadiel had said earlier, Yvonne had simply smiled and rarely participated in the conversation, indicating her dislike for him.

Now, Francis saw an opportunity to help both himself and Yvonne regain some dignity.

“This whisky has a strong smoky flavor, which I don’t enjoy. But since it was purchased with money, don’t let it go to waste. Drink it all,” Francis pointed to the first bottle of Macallan 12 and said firmly. “If you don’t finish it today, we’re not friends. Besides, I’ll make sure you get to take a bottle home to enjoy later. His tone allowed no room for negotiation.

Francis’s presence became even more intimidating.

Yadiel dared not refuse, so he reluctantly pinched his nose and downed the remaining half bottle.

“Goodbye.” Francis nodded with a smile.

Yadiel struggled to his feet, feeling his stomach churn **as** waves of cramps hit him.

Yvonne looked at Francis and smiled, nodding slightly, showing her satisfaction.

Her admiration for Francis seemed to have significantly increased.

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