

# When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

## Chapter 7

Chapter 7 What Is Her Intention

#5 Bonum

On the other hand, Cynthia had numerous tricks up her sleeve to extract money from men, yet she never had the opportunity to touch Francis' **hand**.

Initially, she thought of treating Francis the same way, but it seemed she had to make him suffer first.

Francis's eyes wandered, either glancing at Celeste's cleavage or attempting to catch a glimpse under Yvonne's skirt.

If Francis didn't achieve success tonight, even without the two fake best friends, he might be taken away by other promiscuous women.

She decided **to go** all out.

Cynthia leaned in close to Francis's car and whispered, "Oops, it seems I forgot my house keys. Looks like I won't be going home tonight."

Francis was slightly surprised.

What does she mean? Is she inviting me to a hotel room?

This kind of invitation from a woman who had captivated countless men would have made yesterday's Francis doubt if he was dreaming.

But now, with higher aspirations, Francis remained silent.

His silence was misunderstood by Cynthia as consent.

So, she added. "I'll find an excuse to leave first."

Cynthia raised her voice, informing her two best friends, "It's getting late, and I have work tomorrow. I'm heading back."

Celeste also chimed in, "Let's call it a day."

Yvonne nodded. "Sure."

With a meaningful glance at Francis, Celeste said, "Nice to meet you tonight. Let's exchange numbers. Perhaps we'll have the opportunity to collaborate in the future,"

Francis agreed, "Sure."

Cynthia's face darkened.

She feared **that** Celeste's idea of collaboration might involve sexual favors.

After saving each other's numbers, they stood up and left.

Celeste and Cynthia led the way, swaying their hips dramatically.

The two women were in a competitive spirit, occasionally bumping into each other with their backsides.

Their clothes were already tight-fitting. As they bamped and jostled, their skirts wedged into their buttocks, revealing a deep crease.

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Chapter 6 Focused On Driving His Ferrari

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

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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Francis was certain that tonight, he could at least win over one girl, or even two at the same time,

But should he?

What Cynthia and Celeste truly desired was probably not him, but his money.

Yvonne might be there, but she seemed uninterested in Francis and never even asked to exchange **numbers**.

She kept her distance **from** him.

745 Bonus

At the entrance of the bar, Francis felt dizzy from the wind and said, "I'll find a place to sit for a **while** and sober up a bit. You guys go ahead."

The three girls reminded Francis to stay safe and bid their goodbyes, each taking a taxi home.

They seemed eager to leave.

In reality, the night **was** far from over for them.

Francis found a spot on the street and sat down, lighting up a cigarette.

After a while, a taxi stopped nearby.

When the door opened, an attractive figure stepped out it was Yvonne.

She had returned.

Since there was no streetlight where Francis was, Yvonne didn't see him.

In the bar earlier, while Celeste and Cynthia smoked continuously, Yvonne refrained from doing so.

Francis thought Yvonne didn't smoke.

Yet now, she pulled out a slim cigarette and lit it.

She took a light puff, lifting her head to exhale a ring of pale blue smoke into the night sky.

Bathed in the surrounding neon lights, she appeared enchanting yet elegant.

Francis adjusted his clothes and casually walked over. ‘Why are you back?’

Yvonne countered, “Do you have other plans for the night?”

“No.”

“I’m a bit hungry.” Yvonne pointed to a nearby sign for a barbecue joint. They have good grilled skewers there. Let’s have a late–night snack together. It’s my treat.”

For the first time, a stunning woman extended an invitation to dine with Francis, and she was someone he couldn’t have won over solely with his wealth.

Instinctively, Francis agreed, “Of course.”

The two entered the barbecue restaurant.

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Yvonne Jiang took the menu and began placing her **order**, “Six grilled oysters, four skewers of beef kidney, **two** grilled **meat** wraps, and ten skewers of chaga mushroom.

Francis was somewhat confused.

All the skewers Yvonne ordered were focused on the lower half of the body. Was she trying to enhance his sexual desire?

Furthermore, Yvonne took the initiative to invite him to dinner, indicating **that** she came back specifically to see **him**.

Is something going to happen tonight?

After consuming so many aphrodisiacs, he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to resist before the real action began.

So, Francis suggested, “Let’s also have something else. Five grilled eggplants, please.”

Yvonne chuckled. “That sounds delicious.”

Wait a minute, eggplants are also good for kidney health.

Francis tentatively asked, “W–Why did you invite me to dinner?”

“I wanted to get to know you.” Yvonne smiled and replied, “Because you’re wealthy.”

Francis was quite surprised to hear this.

He had previously concluded that Yvonne couldn’t be won over with money, but now she was bringing up the topic.

Have I misjudged her again?

Francis quickly dismissed this possibility.

He **had** previously ordered three King’s packages, which surprised everyone present.

Only Yvonne remained unfazed, as if she **was** accustomed to such situations.

It showed that she was someone who **had** worldly experience.

This **was** also why Francis had a favorable impression of her.

So, what is her true intention?

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