

When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Come Home With Me Tonight

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5 Bonus

Francis attempted to hide his mixed emotions and casually said, "Cynthia mentioned that you work in a real estate company specializing in high-end properties. You must know, many affluent people, right?"

"You're wealthier. Pausing for a moment, Yvonne informed Francis, "I came back to find you.

Francis's heart skipped a beat. "Is that so?"

"During the drinking session just now, I didn't ask for your contact information because Cyn is very sensitive, and I was afraid she would misunderstand." Yvonne shrugged. "So, it's more convenient to meet privately and discuss matters directly."

"This is our first meeting. What is there to discuss?" Francis replied.

The bar manager, Howard Salzman, approached them. "Oh, isn't this Mr. Quilter? Are you here for supper too?" Howard greeted them with a smile, acknowledging Yvonne with a nod.

"Have you just finished work?" Francis asked casually,

"I just finished work and felt hungry, so I came over to grab a bite. Howard noticed Francis with the

woman and guessed that he didn't want to be disturbed, so he immediately excused himself. "My friends are over there, and I need to go and join them. I won't bother you anymore, Mr. Quilter. We'll catch up later."

Francis had an idea. "Let's exchange phone numbers."

“Sure.”

After Howard left, Francis sent a WhatsApp message: I have something to ask you. Just keep an eye on your phone. Don't come over to talk to **me**, and don't look in my direction.

Howard was very clever. Don't worry, Mr. Quilter. *I* will answer any questions you have.

Francis asked: Did you see the beautiful woman sitting next to me?

Howard quickly complimented: I saw her. I've seen many beautiful women, but it's the first time I've encountered one with **such** a good temperament. I have to say, you have great taste.

Francis continued asking: Have you seen her at the bar before?

Howard replied: I've seen her twice, usually with two *other* girls. But she's rather aloof and seldom talks to people around her. She's different from the other two girls.

Francis: How is she different?

Howard: Those two girls, they've never *left* with any men, but they are quite *open*. *If* someone gives them gifts, they accept them. They talk and drink as they please. But she's different. She's **quite** proud. When men approach her, she doesn't even glance at them.

Francis: Understood.

Howard: Mr. Quilter, I'm only telling you the truth because *I* trust you. Don't betray me. If they stop coming in the future, my sales will be affected.

Francis: Don't worry.

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Nightclubs were undoubtedly chaotic, but it didn't mean that everyone there was bad.

Many people went for fun without getting involved in messy affairs,

According to Howard's description, Yvonne seems to belong to this category.

As for Cynthia and Celeste, going to such a nightclub suggests an intention to cast a wide net and attract the attention of influential figures, fitting their roles as playgirls.

While Francis was chatting with Howard on WhatsApp, Yvonne suddenly asked, "You're not talking to that bar manager, are you?"

Francis was slightly taken aback. How did Yvonne figure it out?

"Generally speaking, when a man is with a beautiful woman, he doesn't have time to play with his phone," Yvonne observed Francis's expression while saying slowly. "The manager just came over to greet you, and you immediately got his number. Then you kept typing on your phone. It's obvious that the two of you are talking."

Francis pretended to be calm. "What could he possibly want to discuss with me?"

"Perhaps... you've been asking about me?" Yvonne responded with a smile. "I've been waiting for you, even invited you to supper. You want to know if I do this often with other men."

Francis was quite surprised, not knowing what to say.

Undoubtedly, Yvonne was intelligent.

She accurately deduced his inner thoughts with just a few clues.

Being with someone like her seemed a bit intimidating.

She could easily control him.

Francis calmly looked at Yvonne.

He **had** prepared for the worst, expecting Yvonne to slam the table and curse at him.

However, Yvonne didn't get angry. She just smiled **and** asked, "Are you worried that I'm promiscuous and only interested in material possessions?"

“I have absolutely no idea **what** kind of woman you are, so I’m quite curious about you.”

“You don’t need to ask others, I can tell you myself.” Yvonne suddenly leaned forward, closing the distance between her **and** Francis. Their noses were almost touching. “Why don’t you come home with me tonight?”

Francis was taken aback. “What?”

“The night is long: I’ll reveal little by little.”

The warm breath exhaled from Yvonne carried a fragrant breeze, tickling Francis’s face.

She **was** very forward, surprisingly even more so than Cynthia.

Desire surged from Francis’s lower abdomen, swiftly spreading throughout his limbs and bones.

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