

When You're Rich by Dante Blaze

Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Cannot Leave You Outside

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Francis eagerly devoured everything in front of him—the chaga mushrooms, beef kidneys, and meat

wraps.

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Yvonne watched, unable to contain her laughter. “No one is going to take them from you, so relax.”

Francis wasn't concerned about someone stealing the skewers. Instead, he feared that Yvonne might change her mind suddenly.

After about ten minutes, he finished off all the grilled skewers.

Yvonne paid the bill, and the two of them left the barbecue joint.

Casually, Francis asked, “Where do you live?”

Yvonne was slightly surprised. “**Are** you really planning to come to my place?”

5 Bonus

What does that mean? Is Yvonne playing games with me? *If* she didn't want me to come, why order so many skewers to boost one's libido? Or did Yvonne genuinely change her mind?

Francis was prepared for a sleepless night and wasn't ready to give up so easily. “Or we can get a hotel

room.

“Aren’t you afraid that I’m involved in the illegal kidney trade from northern Manchernius, here to drug you and steal your kidneys?”

“If I can have my kidneys taken by a beauty like you, it would be an honor. I would gladly die for a beautiful woman.”

“You certainly know how to sweet-talk.” Yvonne sighed softly. “It’s so late. I promised to take you to my place. I can’t just leave you outside.”

It seemed like Yvonne’s sudden change of heart was intentional, as if she was playing hard to get.

She was indeed clever.

Taking the opportunity, Francis wrapped his arms around Yvonne’s waist. “Let’s go then.”

Her waist felt both soft and firm.

When he pressed his finger down and lifted it up, her skin quickly regained its shape.

Francis couldn’t help but desire to lift her clothes and touch her.

Yvonne playfully raised an eyebrow. “Are you already getting handsy?”

Though her expression seemed slightly resentful, her eyes sparkled with electricity.

How could Francis resist?

Just then, he received a WhatsApp message from Cynthia, Shangri-La, Room 693.

Even a fool could understand what this meant.

The captivating Cynthia, who had enchanted countless men, had taken the initiative to book a room and

1/3

Chapter 9 Cannot Leave You Outside

invite him **over**.

Bonus

Even the Francis from yesterday wouldn't believe he had such luck. He hadn't experienced such fortune in-

years.

However, in this moment, Francis's interest in Yvonne was growing stronger, and Cynthia suddenly lost her appeal.

While Yvonne was momentarily distracted, Francis quickly replied: You need to work tomorrow. Get some rest.

At that very moment, Cynthia had just finished showering in the hotel. After drying her hair with a hairdryer, she put on a white bathrobe and picked up her phone to send a WhatsApp message to Francis.

Initially, she had seen Francis as her "paypig"

However, as she noticed Celeste's growing interest in Francis, her thoughts began to change.

And then there was Yvonne. Even though she hadn't said or done anything, Cynthia couldn't shake off the uneasiness she felt around her.

Though they were best friends, Cynthia couldn't fully comprehend Yvonne.

Yvonne was enigmatic, and her true intentions were unpredictable. Perhaps, like herself, Yvonne was also interested in Francis.

Cynthia couldn't allow other women to snatch Francis away, especially not her best friend, so she took matters into her own hands.

Being a successful seductress, she knew how to get what she wanted from men without giving anything in

return.

Tonight, if Francis came, Cynthia's reputation would be at stake.

But Cynthia didn't care. As she grew older, she felt it was time to settle down.

Women like her typically played around for a few years, then found a decent man to marry.

Francis was a wealthy and honest **man**.

Even though Cynthia had previously treated Francis **as** if he were invisible, they worked in the same company, **so** she remembered him.

He was an ordinary man, so she was confident she could manipulate him with a few tricks.

Nevertheless, Francis had shattered her perception tonight.

When Francis splurged just to have a few drinks, Cynthia knew things weren't that simple.

However, Francis's response, urging her to sleep early, left her puzzled.

What does that mean? Didn't *he* spend all that money to sleep with me? *Why* didn't he seize the opportunity when it was presented to him?

This made Cynthia regret not clarifying their relationship when she bought the Yves lipstick.

The more Cynthia pondered, the more irritated she became. Eventually, she buried herself under her

2/3

Chapter 9 Cannot Leave You Outside

blanket, deciding to stop thinking about anything at **all**.

Meanwhile, Francis hailed a taxi.

He motioned for Yvonne to get in first before he joined her.

Inside the taxi, Francis had one hand around Yvonne's waist and the other on her thigh.

The material of her casual long skirt **was** very thin.

Francis could feel the soft smoothness of Yvonne's thigh.

5 Banus

Yvonne took a deep breath and whispered, "You've already touched and felt me. Don't go any further, okay?"

Shortly after, Yvonne loudly instructed the taxi driver, "Evermore Heights."

Francis **was** taken aback.

He hadn't realized that Yvonne was the true wealthy and influential one.

Since Susanna was in the real estate business, Francis had gained some understanding of this industry.

Evermore Heights was an upscale community consisting solely of detached mansions.

Situated in the scenic area near Bruiville, it wasn't located in the city center, but transportation was very convenient.

With its prime location, it was undoubtedly a place with exorbitant property prices.

Even if one could afford to purchase a property, living there might still be unaffordable.

The residential area boasted beautiful landscapes comparable to parks and provided services akin to those **of** a butler. Naturally, the management fees were extremely high.

For the previous Francis, such a house could only exist in his imagination.

For today's Francis, it wasn't something he could immediately acquire. He needed some time to recoup his investment.

The car came to a stop in front of a villa.

Unable to resist, Francis asked, "Do you reside here?"

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