

# I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 7

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#### Chapter 7 The Wynns' Family Banquet

Reene was shocked when Kingsley behaved like a completely different person.

"Kingsley, you..."

After tucking away his malice, Kingsley smiled warmly at Reene. "Don't worry, Reene. No one can bully you when I'm around."

Instantly, an unparalleled sense of security filled her heart, and her gaze blurred for a split second before coming to her senses.

"Don't be so reckless again, Kingsley. The Wynns might only be a second-class family, but you shouldn't cross them if you want to stay and develop your career in Cleapolis."

"Got it, sis."

At that, Kingsley wrapped an arm around her shoulder and whispered in her ear, "But I don't want to be your brother today. You promised to marry me after we grew up, so why don't you let me be your husband for a day?"

Tickled by his warm breath, Reene blushed and pushed him away limply. "Cut it out. It's bad if people see us like this..."

Meanwhile, Ysabel, who followed behind them, cursed, seeing how intimately they behaved. "Goddammit! We have to arrange a blind date for her quickly. We can't let a piece of trash like him be with Reene!"

Elijah, on the other hand, was looking grim. "President Kean's son happened to have returned from abroad in the past couple of days. I'll ask around; see if we can match them up."

"President Kean from Kean Corporation?!" Ysabel gushed, wide-eyed. "His son is truly a gifted one! If Reene can marry him, then we will never have to bear Clarence's humiliations ever again!"

"Don't worry. With Reene's looks and figure, no man can say no..."

Soon, the four arrived at the banquet hall one after another, causing the bustling crowd to silence in an instant, looking at them with gazes filled with contempt.

“Huh, look, if it isn’t the goddess entrepreneur of Cleapolis. Shouldn’t we all bow down to her?”

“My, she has even brought a man with her. Does she think she can have our family feed another mouth?”

“Her company’s on the verge of bankruptcy, and yet she’s still in the mood to keep a toy boy? Huh, what a sl\*t!”

The relatives of the Wynns scoffed one after another, drowning Reene with their mockery.

Reene paled in response, and her body began trembling uncontrollably.

Kingsley, on the other hand, wrapped an arm around her shoulder, patting her, feeling her delicate, smooth skin when he sensed her anger and fear.

While leaning in her brother’s muscular arms, Reene took a deep breath to calm down before pulling a wry smile, whispering, “This is the hospitality I get in the Wynn Family. I didn’t want you to see this.”

“Why would they treat you like this?”

“The department store I established on my own is now one of the biggest supporting businesses of the Wynn Family, only second to Clark Corporation. They’re intimidated.”

Kingsley got it now. Reene was so outstanding that the Wynns were jealous and fearful of her! They wanted to seize Neveah and claim it as their own!

At that, he held Reene’s arm tightly and promised, “Don’t worry, Reene. No one can take whatever’s yours.”

Just then, a woman in a white evening dress approached them and spoke sarcastically. “My, isn’t this my goddess of a cousin? Hadn’t you been acting all chaste and lofty all this while? How come you’re now also fishing for men?”

This woman was none other than Clarence’s daughter, Mia Wynn.

With that, Mia crossed her arms and sized Kingsly up with a reproofing gaze. “Well, Reene, I have to say, you’ve got pretty bad taste! I can’t believe you actually got yourself a boy toy! What use is there if a man is only good-looking? What’s important is his ability and background!”

“Quit your nonsense and take your seat. Grandpa will come in any minute,” Reene said coldly and walked past her with disgust.

“Tsk, poser!” Mia rolled her eyes and followed after her, swaying her bootylicious backside left and right.

At the head table of the banquet, Clarence crossed his legs and insinuated triumphantly, “Everyone sitting at this table is going to make major decisions in the family business. Those not involved should just mind their own business.”

“Yeah, Uncle Elijah, you have no businesses under your name here. So why don’t you join our relatives next to our table? They’re all employees of our businesses. Surely you guys share a common language,” ridiculed Alex with a face full of derision.

The father and son’s mockery left Elijah seething with fury, and he retorted, “Reene’s the president of Neveah. As her father, why can’t I sit here?”

“You don’t know yet, Uncle Elijah?” Alex took a sip of red wine and gloated, “The five great corporations of the Roseland Chamber of Commerce have boycotted Neveah, and now it’s on the verge of falling. Who knows, someone else might take over her spot by next month!”

What?!

Elijah and Ysabel’s faces turned grim.

Their only hope now was on Reene. If Clarence and his family successfully seized Neveah as their own, they would have nothing left!

“Reene, what is going on?!” Elijah bellowed through gnashed teeth, livid with rage. “Why didn’t you tell us something so important?!”

“You won’t be able to settle it, Dad. Telling you will only add to your troubles,” Reene answered plainly while sitting upright with her eyes drooped.

“Hahaha...” Mia covered her mouth and chuckled. “My, Uncle Elijah, I really pity you. Even a lowly orphan dares to look down on you.”

“Hahaha...” Everyone at the table guffawed at Mia’s words.

Orphan?

Malice flashed across Kingsley’s eyes, for the term was his biggest taboo.

“Reene, you god\*mned brat...” Elijah slammed on the table with veins popping out under his skin, roaring, “I’m going to give you a good beating!”

“Dad—”

Just as Reene wanted to speak up, a row of commotion came from the hall’s entrance.