

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 8

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Chapter 8 Let's Make a Bet

"Old Master Wynn is here!"

Alex and Mia stood up under Clarence's lead, welcoming the patriarch of their family.

Henry might be over seventy now, but he was still in the pink.

After sitting down next to his eldest with a loving face, he swept his gaze across the room, saying with contentment, "Good. With so many family members, we, the Wynns, will surely have an even more prosperous future!"

Just then, he froze for a split second and turned to Mia. "Mia, why hasn't your fiancé arrived? It's been a long while since I last saw him!"

"Grandpa, Ethan was suddenly summoned home, saying there's something immediate they have to deal with, and he might be late."

"Is that so..." Henry nodded. "The Windsors are a big family, so it's only natural that they're busy with work. Let's wait for a while. We'll start the banquet when he comes!"

Kingsley frowned upon hearing it. What condescending f*cker is so high and mighty that the entire Wynn Family is willing to wait for him?

Just then, Henry noticed a stranger amongst them at the table.

"And this is..."

Reene hurriedly introduced Kingsley, speaking deferentially, "Grandpa, this is my brother from the orphanage."

"And also her future husband," Kingsley added almost instantly.

"Knock it off." Reene gave him a kick under the table.

“Is that so?” Henry shot a disdainful glance at Kingsley before reprimanding Reene. “I was wondering why Neveah’s sales dropped so drastically. So you’ve neglected work for love!”

“It’s not like that, Grandpa. The Roseland Chamber of Commerce—”

But before she could finish her words, Alex butted in. “That’s enough, Reene Wynn. All the money you used to start your business came from our family. No way will we just sit and watch you neglect your duty. So you better hurry up and hand Neveah over.”

The other relatives hurriedly echoed Alex’s condemnation.

“Yeah, don’t be the dog in the manger when you’re incompetent! Have you no shame?!”

“Our family’s business should naturally be managed by one of us. Even if you’ve changed your last name, you’re still an untrustworthy outsider.”

“You guys…” With eyes red-rimmed, Reene screamed, “I’ve worked day and night to build Neveah from nothing. Even if the Wynn Family had provided me with the start-up fund, I’ve long returned it all after all these years.”

“That’s enough!” Henry slammed the table. “Everyone, shut up!”

Just as the tension was at its max, someone pushed the door open, breaking the frozen atmosphere.

“Sorry, I’m late,” the dashing young man apologized like a true gentleman.

Everyone began whispering in awe as soon as they saw who it was.

“So he’s Mia’s fiancé, Young Master Ethan of the Windsor family?!”

“I heard he had just returned from studying in Mittera. Surely his future will be limitless!”

“Goodness, the Windsor Family is one of the top ten families of the city! Who’d have thought Mia could play up to a family like that?!”

Ethan’s nose was now even higher in the air, basking in the crowd’s envious gazes.

After sitting next to Mia, he apologized graciously, “Sorry to keep everyone waiting. There was a family emergency.”

At that, Clarence hurriedly waved his hand. “No need to apologize. It’s only right that we wait.”

Henry, on the other hand, smiled lovingly and asked, "Ethan, what kind of emergency was it? Do you mind sharing it with us?"

He had a keen sense of judgment for business, and he had already sensed an abnormality from Ethan's absence.

With that, Ethan turned sober and said in a low voice, "A giant had landed in Cleapolis from out of nowhere this afternoon with a paid-up registered capital of one hundred billion. Not only that, they even bought the entire Tech Valley in Central Area to become their business site. This has never happened before! They've thrown a few joint projects out in the market. If we're able to bag any one of them, we'll surely jump straight to the top and become the top family of Cleapolis and even the entire Solaris Province!"

Gasp!

Everyone at the table gasped with incredulity. "A paid-up registered capital of one hundred billion? Who can it be that's this mighty?!"

"Coliree Group!" Ethan announced with great admiration. "They're so powerful that it's unimaginable!"

"My dear grandson-in-law." Henry was so excited that his voice was shaking. "Do you think... the Wynn Family will be able to get a chance at half of a joint project?"

"Well..." Ethan's gaze drifted off as he boasted with feigned ability. "Coliree Group will hold a tender assembly in a couple of days. With my family's help, you guys might get a chance."

"Fantastic!" Henry grinned ear to ear. "If this is a success, I'll allocate another eight million to Clark Corporation and fully support your collaboration with Coliree Group!"

"Thank you, Father!"

"Thank you, Grandpa!"

Clarence and Alex were in seventh heaven.

However, while some were happy, there were some in misery, and Elijah and Ysabel's faces were beyond grim.

If things went on like this, no doubt all of their family fortunes would end up in Clarence's and his family's pockets.

Reene, on the other hand, frowned and asked, "Grandpa, where will you take the eight million from you promised so easily? You're going to take it from Neveah again, aren't you?"

Henry glared at her upon hearing that, and he retorted by saying, "What are you trying to say? Neveah is also our family's business! What does it matter if you give a bit of money?!"

"Yeah! What does it matter if we sell Neveah to work with Coliree Group?" Mia rolled her eyes with contempt. "I bet you're jealous of Clark Corporation and that my fiancé is more capable than your boy toy!"

"You..." Reene huffed, gnashing her teeth, livid with rage. No one in the Wynn Family saw her as anybody!

Meanwhile, malice flashed across Kingsley's face.

How dare you pick on my sister? Fine, I'll send all of you to hell!

"Reene, leave this to me."

With that, he swept his cold gaze across the table before landing it on Henry. "Old Master Henry, what do you say to a bet?"

"Who the f*ck do you think you are to make a bet with my father, you low life?!" Clarence chided as he slammed the table.

On the other hand, Reene was rendered pale with shock. "Kingsley, this is no joking matter. I can handle this. Don't drag yourself in," she whispered to Kingsley.

However, Kingsley continued to stare at Henry with a blazing gaze, provoking, "What's wrong, Old Master Henry? Do you not dare to make a bet with me?"