

Chapter 11 Betting the Dunns' 50-Billion Investment

Zachary's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

He was certain of his riding and shooting abilities, confident that he was unrivaled not only in Harmonfield but also on the Gold Coast.

His love for these sports began in his youth, and he had accumulated numerous awards over the years.

The previous year, he had won the national amateur championship in riding and shooting for adults.

If Robin agreed to participate, it would be the perfect chance to publicly humiliate him.

"Fantastic! How would you like to compete? Team event or individual?" Zachary inquired, giving Robin a disdainful look.

"I can handle it on my own. You can choose whether it's a one-on-one or a team event," Robin responded coolly.

"However, this competition feels a bit dull. If you're serious about competing, let's spice things up —let's place a bet!"

Zachary's interest was piqued. This guy is about to meet his match in a bet on riding and shooting!

"Alright! That'll make it more interesting. What's the wager? Mr. Ramsey, are you ready to bet a few bucks?" He chuckled, joined by Raymond, Alice, and Vera in laughter.

Robin glanced at Shirley before continuing, "I'll wager the entire Dunns' investment in the Eastvale Ecological Project!"

Shirley's body tensed, nearly spilling the glass of water she had just picked up.

Trembling, she set it down on the coffee table, her mind racing. Is he serious?

The Dunns' total investment in the Eastvale Ecological Project is nearly 50 billion!

Offering that as a bet is nothing short of outrageous.

This isn't a mere game.

A loss in this competition that costs 50 billion, even with our immense wealth, would deal a serious blow to our resources.

Robin's proposal stunned not just Shirley but also Zachary, Raymond, Alice, and the rest.

Is he really serious about this?

The 50 billion investment is far from trivial.

The project's future returns were expected to be enormous.

Many in Harmonfield would do anything for even a fraction of that, making it highly improbable that Shirley or the Dunns would agree to such a wager that Robin proposed so casually.

After a moment of shocked silence, Zachary sneered at Robin. "Ms. Dunn, he's suggesting a bet on the entire Dunns' investment in the Eastvale project. Do you accept? Does Mr. Dunn Sr. approve?"

Shirley was genuinely conflicted.

Yet Robin had been the Dunn's rescuer.

Her grandfather had said that even if it meant risking all the Dunns' assets, they would still consider it.

Furthermore, Robin's bet was merely the 50 billion investment in the Eastvale project.

Even if they lost, it wouldn't be completely out of the realm of reason for the Dunns.

Determined, Shirley set her jaw and declared, "Of course! If Robin is putting it on the line, then I agree!

"But are you bold enough to take on a bet of this scale with the Dunns?"

Zachary and the others were taken aback.

Shirley was right. A 50 billion wager exceeded their combined financial capacity.

Seeing their hesitation, Robin smiled nonchalantly. "You don't have to bet that much. Just 300 million in cash will suffice.

"If you're too timid for even this modest bet, then leave now and stop yapping!"

Robin signaled to several staff members at the venue to bring over the betting contract.

Daphne's Violetcrest Club, renowned for its luxury amenities and entertainment options, also provided betting services.

Wealthy patrons often sought additional excitement in their leisure activities.

They would typically ask the club to handle betting services and other gambling-related arrangements privately.

This meant that specialized staff were assigned to manage contract signings, oversee match arbitration, and handle other administrative duties.

Once a contract was finalized at the Violetcrest Club, it became legally binding.

Failure to honor the agreement would lead to enforcement by the club's dedicated team.

Daphne's reputation for managing such matters was well-established in Harmonfield, and no one dared to breach a contract there.

300 million dollars?

Zachary wavered. While the Gills could afford that sum, betting it on a game was something his father would never sanction.

However, since they had gotten to this point, backing out now would lead to embarrassment in Harmonfield's elite circles.

In this social tier, maintaining one's reputation was crucial.

Zachary looked at Raymond, Alice, and Vera, signaling that this bet involved them all.

Each would need to contribute.

Noticing their hesitation, Robin sneered, "If you're intimidated, just back out. If you can't handle a bet of this magnitude, then stop talking nonsense in front of me."

Zachary and the others bristled at the thought of losing face in front of Robin, whom they considered beneath them.

It's just 300 million dollars!

We can endure some criticism from our families for the sake of maintaining our pride.

Determined, Zachary said, "Raymond, I'll put up 100 million."

Caught up in the moment, Raymond added, "Alright, I'll match that with another 100 million. Alice and Vera will cover the remaining 100 million."

Alice, initially reluctant, felt she had no choice but to agree.

The thought of being outdone by Robin was too much to bear.

She still felt that Robin was a lowlife who wasn't on the same level as them.

Hesitating on a 300-million bet wouldn't make sense.

"Fine, I'll contribute 50 million," Alice and Vera said through clenched teeth.

Soon, staff from Violetcrest Club's betting management brought the agreement to both parties.

Shirley paused momentarily but signed the contract without delay, thinking, Robin, I hope you don't end up dragging my family down.

Zachary, Raymond, Alice, and Vera looked at the contract with perspiration on their brows.

Their hands shook as they signed.

The stakes caught the attention of all patrons at the dart and archery center.

Some quickly abandoned their activities to witness the unfolding drama.

A bet of this scale was unprecedented at the Violetcrest Club.

What was intended to be a simple act of humiliation had turned into a major spectacle.

Zachary regretted the situation but felt trapped by his own arrogance.

Despite his confidence in his riding and shooting skills, the enormous wager made him anxious.

If he lost, he knew his father wouldn't easily part with the 100 million dollars, and he might lose his allowance altogether.

Alice was equally apprehensive.

50 million dollars was a significant amount for the Millers.

As the CEO of Miller Group, losing such an amount could attract severe criticism from her relatives and even threaten her position.

Robin observed their unease with a private smirk.

He had no intention of paying them any more attention, but their repeated provocations had made him determined to show them the sting of defeat.

With the agreement signed, the Violetcrest Club's betting staff provided an official guarantee similar to notarization.

This meant that if either party failed to honor the bet after the competition, the club would manage the recovery of the wager.

A bet involving 50 billion dollars was a rare event, especially with Shirley, the heiress of the Dunns, taking part.

This was a unique and exciting spectacle.

Zachary was already well-known in Harmonfield for his riding and shooting skills.

He had won the national championship in the adult amateur division last year.

Few could rival his ability on the Gold Coast and even across Draconia, except for professional champions.

Thus, many people were supporting him even before the competition had started.

Once the contract was signed, Zachary quickly prepared himself for the match.

Ten minutes later, he emerged from backstage in a stylish riding and shooting outfit, carrying a metal bow and arrows, and riding a magnificent white horse.

His appearance was nothing short of impressive, showcasing the grace and skill of a seasoned professional.

His entrance was met with enthusiastic applause and cheers.