

THE ULTIMATE TRILLIONAIRE BOSS

C 3

REJECTED BY MORTALS, SUMMONED BY A KING

CloudTech Dynamics looked impressive enough to fool anyone who didn't know better.

The building rose like a polished glass spear—sleek, expensive, and clearly designed to make visitors feel small before they even walked inside. To Ethan Ward, it wasn't intimidating. It was a chance. A breath of fresh air he desperately needed. A possibility that maybe life hadn't decided to cut him out completely. He stepped through the rotating doors, fixing his blazer and steadying his breathing. The lobby was bright and loud with motion—fresh recruits carrying laptops, engineers arguing over prototypes, interns sprinting between elevators. It reminded him of what his own company used to feel like before it collapsed in two painful weeks. A junior staff member of CloudTech Dynamics approached with a tablet. “Are you Mr. Ward?” “Yes.” “The board is ready for you. This way, please.” He followed her through a hallway of glass offices and framed awards. Every step echoed like a countdown. If this interview failed, the Blake family would bury him completely. Getting hired here meant he had a chance to stabilize financially before they tossed him out into the streets. He needed this job more than he wanted to admit. The staffer opened a pair of tall, soundproof doors. Inside sat CloudTech's board of directors. CEO Richard Langford sat at the head of the table—a man with sharp eyes and a colder face. Beside him were five board members, all in tailored suits, their expressions ranging from uninterested to openly annoyed. “Mr. Ethan Ward,” CEO Langford said without standing. “Sit.” Ethan sat, placing his folder on the polished table. Director Harold Denton tapped a pen impatiently. “Okay, now that you're seated, go ahead and state your purpose.” Ethan opened the folder. “I'm applying for an executive role. Strategic Technology Officer, or Head of Development.” One of the younger directors couldn't suppress a snort. Ethan ignored it. “My background is in advanced tech development,” he continued. “My former company led the market in algorithm engineering, predictive coding, and automated systems. I managed a team of sixty engineers and oversaw multiple successful innovations.” The room remained cold. “CloudTech has excellent manpower and equipment,” he said. “What it lacks is direction. I can restructure your R&D division and deliver measurable results within a single quarter.” Soft chuckles passed around the table. CEO Langford leaned back. “Why should we take advice from a man whose company collapsed faster than a student project?” A wave of laughter rippled across the boardroom. Director Denton scratched his chin theatrically. “Yes. The great Ethan Ward. The man who destroyed a company worth tens of millions of dollars.” Another director added, “Maybe he actually meant he is here for an entry-level job? I hear customer service needs recruits.” “Or a janitor position,” someone said, triggering laughter. Ethan's jaw tightened, but his voice stayed steady. “My company did not collapse because of incompetence. It collapsed because I transferred my—” “Yes, yes,” Director Denton interrupted with a bored wave. “Because you were noble. We've

heard the story.” Their laughter grew louder. Ethan felt the anger rising slowly, burning under his ribs. These men weren’t evaluating him. They weren’t even listening. They had judged him the moment he sat down. He kept going anyway. “I understand the tech landscape better than anyone in this room. I know the coming shifts in global algorithms. I know the weaknesses behind your competitors’ AI frameworks. And I know why your last three projects failed.” That earned two seconds of silence. Then CEO Langford burst out laughing. “You know our business better than we do? The same way you knew how to save your own, right?” “Excellent comedy,” another director added, clapping mockingly. Ethan gripped his folder so hard the edges bent. Part of him wanted to stand and end this farce with one punch to the nearest smirking face. But violence wouldn’t feed him. Anger wouldn’t give him a job. He forced himself to stay composed. “You’re making a mistake. CloudTech could become a leading force. Without proper strategy—” “Enough,” CEO Langford snapped. “I stepped away from an important inspection for this nonsense. You are a failed CEO with no assets. Your presence here is insulting.” That was the breaking point. Ethan stood, slowly and with surprising calm. “I came here to offer help. But arrogance has blinded all of you.” The room quieted—not out of respect, but offense. “You want to know why I’m qualified?” Ethan said. “Because I built something from nothing once. And even though it fell, I’m still standing. Every failure taught me more than any of you have learned hiding behind a polished boardroom table.” Silence pressed against the walls. “You laugh at me today,” Ethan added as he turned for the door, “but one day, you’ll regret rejecting me. When that day comes, remember this moment.” He left before they could respond. Outside, the bright lobby felt colder than a winter morning. Security guards barely glanced at him as he passed. He was just another unemployed man walking out with empty hands. On the sidewalk, Ethan stopped. The city noise swirled around him as the humiliation settled like heavy stones in his chest. But deeper than that humiliation was something sharper—clarity. He needed to rise again. He needed to rebuild. He needed to survive. His phone vibrated. He frowned at the screen. A video message. From: Master Magnus Xavier His grandfather. Ethan’s heartbeat stumbled. He hadn’t expected this—not today, not ever. He hesitated, then pressed play. The video opened shakily. An old man sat on a hospital-style bed, tubes attached to his nose and arms. His usual imposing posture was gone. His powerful voice had been replaced by something frail, thin, and close to breaking. “Ethan... my grandson... please... listen.” Ethan froze. Master Xavier sucked in a painful breath. “You... are the only one who deserves this invitation. The only one worthy to carry what I built. Everything I spent my life creating... hangs in the balance.” He paused. “There is a great war coming, and only the stability your presence provides can prevent it.” He coughed, holding his chest. “I wronged you,” he whispered. “I wronged your mother. But I beg you... come to me. You are the only hope left.” The video cut off. Ethan stared at the screen. The world around him blurred—cars passing, voices rising, horns honking—but none of it touched him. He could only see the trembling hand of the man who once banished his mother from her own family. A man who let Ethan’s parents suffer alone. A man who vanished when Ethan needed him most. And now that same man was begging. Ethan closed his eyes, fighting the mix of bitterness, confusion, and reluctant concern twisting inside him. When he opened them, he exhaled slowly and made the call. Steward James Leonard answered instantly, voice breathless. “Young Master Ethan! Thank you for calling. Please—your decision. Are you coming to Verdanis?” Ethan looked up at the sky, letting the cool air fill his lungs. “I accept the invitation.” A gasp of genuine relief came through the speaker. “Wonderful news! Master Xavier will be

overjoyed. A private jet will be waiting at Brookhaven International Airport tomorrow morning to bring you to Verdanis. Everything is prepared.” Ethan lowered the phone slowly. Tomorrow... his life could change forever. But what exactly waited for him in Verdanis? And why did his dying grandfather sound terrified?

The building rose like a polished glass spear—sleek, expensive, and clearly designed to make visitors feel small before they even walked inside.

To Ethan Ward, it wasn’t intimidating.

It was a chance.

A breath of fresh air he desperately needed.

A possibility that maybe life hadn’t decided to cut him out completely.

He stepped through the rotating doors, fixing his blazer and steadying his breathing. The lobby was bright and loud with motion—fresh recruits carrying laptops, engineers arguing over prototypes, interns sprinting between elevators.

It reminded him of what his own company used to feel like before it collapsed in two painful weeks.

A junior staff member of CloudTech Dynamics approached with a tablet. “Are you Mr. Ward?”

“Yes.”

“The board is ready for you. This way, please.”

He followed her through a hallway of glass offices and framed awards. Every step echoed like a countdown. If this interview failed, the Blake family would bury him completely.

Getting hired here meant he had a chance to stabilize financially before they tossed him out into the streets.

He needed this job more than he wanted to admit.

The staffer opened a pair of tall, soundproof doors.

Inside sat CloudTech’s board of directors.

CEO Richard Langford sat at the head of the table—a man with sharp eyes and a colder face. Beside him were five board members, all in tailored suits, their expressions ranging from uninterested to openly annoyed.

“Mr. Ethan Ward,” CEO Langford said without standing. “Sit.”

Ethan sat, placing his folder on the polished table.

Director Harold Denton tapped a pen impatiently. “Okay, now that you’re seated, go ahead and state your purpose.”

Ethan opened the folder. “I’m applying for an executive role. Strategic Technology Officer, or Head of Development.”

One of the younger directors couldn’t suppress a snort. Ethan ignored it.

“My background is in advanced tech development,” he continued. “My former company led the market in algorithm engineering, predictive coding, and automated systems. I managed a team of sixty engineers and oversaw multiple successful innovations.”

The room remained cold.

“CloudTech has excellent manpower and equipment,” he said. “What it lacks is direction. I can restructure your R&D division and deliver measurable results within a single quarter.”

Soft chuckles passed around the table.

CEO Langford leaned back. “Why should we take advice from a man whose company collapsed faster than a student project?”

A wave of laughter rippled across the boardroom.

Director Denton scratched his chin theatrically. “Yes. The great Ethan Ward. The man who destroyed a company worth tens of millions of dollars.”

Another director added, “Maybe he actually meant he is here for an entry-level job? I hear customer service needs recruits.”

“Or a janitor position,” someone said, triggering laughter.

Ethan’s jaw tightened, but his voice stayed steady. “My company did not collapse because of incompetence. It collapsed because I transferred my—”

“Yes, yes,” Director Denton interrupted with a bored wave. “Because you were noble. We’ve heard the story.”

Their laughter grew louder.

Ethan felt the anger rising slowly, burning under his ribs. These men weren't evaluating him. They weren't even listening. They had judged him the moment he sat down.

He kept going anyway. "I understand the tech landscape better than anyone in this room. I know the coming shifts in global algorithms. I know the weaknesses behind your competitors' AI frameworks. And I know why your last three projects failed."

That earned two seconds of silence.

Then CEO Langford burst out laughing. "You know our business better than we do? The same way you knew how to save your own, right?"

"Excellent comedy," another director added, clapping mockingly.

Ethan gripped his folder so hard the edges bent. Part of him wanted to stand and end this farce with one punch to the nearest smirking face. But violence wouldn't feed him. Anger wouldn't give him a job.

He forced himself to stay composed. "You're making a mistake. CloudTech could become a leading force. Without proper strategy—"

"Enough," CEO Langford snapped. "I stepped away from an important inspection for this nonsense. You are a failed CEO with no assets. Your presence here is insulting."

That was the breaking point.

Ethan stood, slowly and with surprising calm. "I came here to offer help. But arrogance has blinded all of you."

The room quieted—not out of respect, but offense.

"You want to know why I'm qualified?" Ethan said. "Because I built something from nothing once. And even though it fell, I'm still standing. Every failure taught me more than any of you have learned hiding behind a polished boardroom table."

Silence pressed against the walls.

"You laugh at me today," Ethan added as he turned for the door, "but one day, you'll regret rejecting me. When that day comes, remember this moment."

He left before they could respond.

Outside, the bright lobby felt colder than a winter morning. Security guards barely glanced at him as he passed.

He was just another unemployed man walking out with empty hands.

On the sidewalk, Ethan stopped. The city noise swirled around him as the humiliation settled like heavy stones in his chest. But deeper than that humiliation was something sharper—clarity.

He needed to rise again.

He needed to rebuild.

He needed to survive.

His phone vibrated.

He frowned at the screen.

A video message. From: Master Magnus Xavier

His grandfather.

Ethan's heartbeat stumbled. He hadn't expected this—not today, not ever. He hesitated, then pressed play.

The video opened shakily.

An old man sat on a hospital-style bed, tubes attached to his nose and arms. His usual imposing posture was gone. His powerful voice had been replaced by something frail, thin, and close to breaking.

"Ethan... my grandson... please... listen."

Ethan froze.

Master Xavier sucked in a painful breath.

"You... are the only one who deserves this invitation. The only one worthy to carry what I built. Everything I spent my life creating... hangs in the balance." He paused.

"There is a great war coming, and only the stability your presence provides can prevent it."

He coughed, holding his chest.

"I wronged you," he whispered. "I wronged your mother. But I beg you... come to me. You are the only hope left."

The video cut off.

Ethan stared at the screen. The world around him blurred—cars passing, voices rising, horns honking—but none of it touched him.

He could only see the trembling hand of the man who once banished his mother from her own family.

A man who let Ethan's parents suffer alone.

A man who vanished when Ethan needed him most.

And now that same man was begging.

Ethan closed his eyes, fighting the mix of bitterness, confusion, and reluctant concern twisting inside him.

When he opened them, he exhaled slowly and made the call.

Steward James Leonard answered instantly, voice breathless. "Young Master Ethan! Thank you for calling. Please—your decision. Are you coming to Verdanis?"

Ethan looked up at the sky, letting the cool air fill his lungs. "I accept the invitation."

A gasp of genuine relief came through the speaker. "Wonderful news! Master Xavier will be overjoyed. A private jet will be waiting at Brookhaven International Airport tomorrow morning to bring you to Verdanis. Everything is prepared."

Ethan lowered the phone slowly.

Tomorrow... his life could change forever.

But what exactly waited for him in Verdanis?

And why did his dying grandfather sound terrified?