

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 9

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Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Sister, You're Flashing!

"Alright, name your bet," Henry said with a grim face.

"The collaboration with Coliree Group! If Clark Corporation can strike a deal with Coliree, then my sister will hand Neveah to you on a silver platter."

Clarence's eyes lit up after he heard Kingsley's words, for he had been coveting Neveah for the longest time!

"Don't get so excited just yet," Kingsley smirked. "If Neveah signs the deal first, you guys will have to transfer all of Clark Corporation's shares to Reene!"

But... Henry's expression changed multifold at that moment.

Yes, he wanted to kick Reene out of the game, but he also dared not make a bet with such high stakes.

"We'll bet!" Alex snarled. "This guy is nothing but a boy toy that lives off of women. He knows nothing about the business world. When else are we going to bet if not now?! Am I right, or am I right, Ethan?"

At that, Ethan gave Kingsley a side-eyed glance disdainfully. "Do you really think you can get a Coliree's project just because you want it? With all due respect, Neveah might not even be able to enter the tender assembly."

After hearing their words, Henry felt secure and announced confidently, "Alright, we'll bet as you say!"

The entire banquet erupted!

"Who the hell does this guy think he is? He's just asking for a death wish!"

"Reene's doomed. What does she have to go against the Windsors?"

"Get your popcorn ready. We have a good show during the tender assembly. Reene's boy toy sure has screwed her for good!"

Mia, on the other hand, was even chortling. "Say, how stupid are you, Reene? You actually let your boy toy call the shots?! Do you really have no other family?!"

Following that, the entire banquet boomed into laughter.

Elijah was livid with rage while Ysabel was crying. "Reene Wynn, you evil wench! How can you drag us down to hell with you?! Oh, heavens..."

Reene was rendered dumbfounded.

"Kingsley, you... You've messed up big time..."

However, Kingsley grabbed Reene's hand, stood up, swept his gaze across the room, and said with zero enthusiasm, "Since the bet has been made, and I have no interest in your family banquet, we'll be leaving. No need to see us out."

With that, he led Reene out of the hall.

"Kingsley... Kingsley Nicholson!"

After exiting the hotel, Reene flung Kingsley's arm away. "Kingsley, what are you doing? Do you know what Neveah means to me?!"

"I do, and it's exactly that that I want to help you retain it."

"But..." Reene's eyes turned red-rimmed. "But you don't know anything about the stakes. The Windsor's influence is far greater than you imagine."

Kingsley took a step forward and fixed his light brown eyes on her, asking, "Reene, do you trust me?"

naturally do, but..."

"No buts then."

Kingsley grinned, then changed the subject abruptly. "Then again, Reene, I'm famished. I miss the braised short ribs you used to make!"

Sure enough, Reene yielded in the face of her little brother's 'pestering'.

"Oh, well, what will be will be." At this point, she could only sigh. "I'll think of a way to engage with Coliree Group. C'mon, let's go home and eat..."

Reene's home was located in an average mansion neighborhood in Sector 4 of Cleapolis.

Worse than some but better than many.

After pulling over at the front of the mansion, Reese turned to Kingsley. "Kingsley, you head inside while I'll go and get some ingredients at the local supermarket. The password for the main door is six zeros."

"Why don't I go with you?"

"Nah, it's fine. The supermarket is real close. Go inside, take a shower or a nap."

Kingsley nodded at that. He indeed needed a good shower. Besides, he hadn't had time to sit and take a breather ever since leaving Coliree Island.

After entering the mansion, he went to the bathroom on the second floor.

However, the sound of a booming shower came from inside, and it baffled him. Is Reese not living alone? Or how can someone else be in the shower at this time?

The person inside must've heard Kingsley, for the water was turned off, and a voice then followed, "Hey, sis? Is that you? Bring my nightwear in for me, will you?"

Sis?

Kingsley stopped in his tracks and grinned.

No doubt the person inside was one of his other six sisters!

With that, he looked around and found a black-laced nightgown hanging on the rack by the bathroom door. Then, he brought it down and handed it through the crack of the door.

However, the person inside grabbed his wrist the next second.

"Who are you?!" A crisp female voice with hints of malice came.

Just as he wanted to answer, something white flashed across his eyes, and the woman came out the next split second, giving him a kick without a word.

"Sis, you're flashing!" Kingsley joked while dodging her attacks without as much as breaking a sweat.

But slowly, he realized something was off.

Her every attack was accurately aimed at his vital points!

None of it wasn't deadly!

Her MO was so masterful that the elites on Coliree Island might not even be her match!

Hold on... MO?

It suddenly hit Kingsley that his hot woman must be his third sister, Serena Langley!

Back then, both Alice and Serena loved to play with blades. It was just that Alice used it to save while Serena used it to kill.

Then again, Serena didn't just stop at blades. She was a master in making and dropping poison, ambush, injuring insidiously, and many more.

And because of her, Kingsley had never seen a live rat in his seven years in the orphanage!

A ten-year-old Serena had even once said to a seven-year-old Kingsley, "I only kill who and what should be killed."

With that, Kingsley shackled the woman in his arms with her back facing his front. "Man, you sure have no mercy. How can you kill your husband?"

"Let go of me!"

All Serena was wearing was a skimpy nightgown, so after a fight, her private bits were pretty much out on display...

"Who the hell are you? Why have you snuck into someone else's home?"

Serena struggled to break free a few times, only to fail all of them, and she couldn't help feeling shocked, wondering who in the world could be this strong.

"I was going to ask you! How can you throw a punch at someone without a word, Serena?"

"You—" Right as Serena retorted, something hit her, and she turned her head around with incredulity. "What did you just call me?" she asked with a shaky voice, looking at the face that was only inches away.