

# I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 16

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### Chapter 16 You're Not Worthy!

"I've learned my lesson, Mr. Nicholson. Please forgive me!"

As a biracial, Rosalind was inherently much more curvaceous than most Qustians. Thus, her bootylicious figure was fully displayed when she kneeled by Kingsley's legs.

"Why are you apologizing to me?" Kingsley looked down at her. "I'm not the one who fired you."

"I'll do anything if you can forgive me! I can't lose this job, Mr. Nicholson!"

"Anything? Like what?"

In response, Rosalind looked up at Kingsley with fathomless, pleading eyes. "Whatever you want. I can even spend the night with you!"

With that, she even raised her chest, showing her impressive mountains to Kingsley.

The white dress shirt underneath her fitting suit skirt set was so tight that it looked like the buttons on her chest might give way at any second, and now that she raised her chest, she successfully attracted every man's attention.

"Huh, spend the night with me?" Well, every man but Kingsley, for he merely took a plain glance at her and snorted. "You're not worthy enough yet!"

"My God..." The men in the store were all already green-eyed when a seductive, bootylicious, biracial beauty threw herself at Kingsley, and yet he couldn't care less about her!

Just how high of a standard did this man have?!

Kingsley spared no more glances at Rosalind after that, leaving indifferently under everyone's envious and admiring gazes...

After exiting the store, Reene couldn't contain her curiosity anymore, and she asked, "Kingsley, what in the world is going on? How can you afford to buy so many rings?"

To that, he shrugged and used Cecilia as his cover. "Ask her!"

He didn't want to lie to Reene, but his mission this time was far too dangerous.

He didn't want them to worry or drag them into it, so he had to keep his identity a secret.

However, one lie would lead to many, and he didn't want to come up with so many excuses. Thus, he used Cecilia as his cover.

Cecilia stuttered under Reene's dubious gaze. "Um... You see, I paid for them all. To gift them to you."

"You paid for them all?!" Reene exclaimed with shock. "Where did you get all the money from?"

The Larson Family and Wynn Family's influences were on par—both second-class families.

So she knew no way was her bestie able to fish out fifty million.

"It's not my money," Cecilia said ambiguously. "My fiancé's Shane, no? He has the money..."

"The Carter Family paid for it?"

At that, Reene took the rings out of her bag hurriedly. "I can't possibly accept something this expensive from the Carters! You should return them!"

"Reene, how can you return something like this?" Kingsley stopped her at once. "Since it's from Miss Larson, you should just keep it. Take it as your bridesmaid present."

"Yes, yes, yes," Cecilia hurriedly echoed. "It's precisely your bridesmaid present. The Carters are so rich; why not spend a couple more bucks?"

"Well... I'll take it then. I'll get you something when the time comes..."

Reene felt stuck in a difficult position. She refused to accept these rings for nothing, but she didn't want to overlook her kindness either.

So she decided to return Cecilia something comparably priced after she earned money.

Seeing that she was no longer suspicious, Cecilia sneakily shot Kingsley a hinting gaze before changing the subject with a chortle. "By the way, Reene, who's this guy you're seeing later?"

"The son of President Kean of Kean Corporation, I think."

“Well, look at you. Kean Corporation has been riding high lately, and I heard Mr. Kean is a talented young man who studied abroad!” Cecilia held Reene’s arm excitedly. “C’mon, I want to see if he’s really as the rumors say!”

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Ramada Hotel was one of the most exclusive hotels in Cleapolis. Located in the central business district, the 66-floored hotel was also arguably a local landmark!

The minimum spending on a meal there was up to six figures, and anyone who wasn’t rich or noble wasn’t allowed to dine there.

It could be said that dining at Ramada signified a person’s identity and status!

Moreover, the sixtieth floor and above were priceless.

Not everyone could book a table even if they had the money, for they needed to have the identity, status, influence, and connection...

Cecilia dreamed while looking at the towering building. “If only I could hold my wedding on Floor 66. I can die in peace by then.”

“Stop dreaming. The Carters aren’t that powerful,” Reene jokingly said.

With that, Cecilia took a knowing glance at Kingsley. “For all we know, Reene, you might be able to hold your wedding on the top floor...”

“Fat chance! There are only so many in Cleapolis with that much ability!”

On the other hand, Kingsley scratched his chin and commented, “Isn’t this just another freaking hotel? If you really want to eat on the 66th floor, Reene, I’ll book a table.”

“Sure. You work hard, and I’ll wait for the day you’re successful enough to treat me here!”

“I want to follow along too!” Cecilia raised her hand. “I want to see for myself too.”

Reene might think Kingsley was only joking, but Cecilia knew well that he was very well capable of doing so.

How hard could it be for him to eat on the top floor of Ramada Hotel when he could spend fifty million on rings like they were nothing?!

At that, Kingsley leaned his face close to Cecilia's cheek, smelling her faint perfume as he teased, "If you marry me, we'll hold our wedding on the 66th floor."

"You mean it?" Cecilia's eyes lit up.

Kingsley just barely touched her ear with his lips as he mumbled, "I never go back on my words."

With that, breaths belonging to a man came at Cecilia, causing her face to flush and her heart to pound wildly...