

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 17

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Chapter 17 Condescending *ss

Just as the trio was about to head into VIP Room 6, located on the sixtieth floor of Ramada Hotel, someone in a supervisor uniform extended his hand, blocking their path. “Sorry, Mr. Kean has booked this room, and he has only invited Miss Wynn.”

Standing behind him were six regular servers, not giving them any chance of entering the private room.

Reene frowned in response. “These two are my friends, and they’re tagging along with me. Can’t they go in too?”

“We have a rule here. The number of booked guests cannot be changed, or it’ll affect other guests dining in,” the supervisor disclosed as he sized Kingsley up, growing visibly impatient. “Anyone without a reservation will have to leave immediately.”

In other words, they would chuck him out.

“Well, I’ll just book a table then.” Kingsley scanned the empty space. “So many of your rooms are unoccupied. I’ll book one right now.”

“Hahaha...” The supervisor burst out laughing. “Do you even know the rules of our reservation?”

At that, Kingsley pulled a pack of cigarettes sold exclusively to the military from his pocket and lit one up. “What’s the rule? Please, do enlighten me,” he said plainly.

When the supervisor saw the brand-less white cigarette pack, he snorted disdainfully and revealed by explaining, “One seat is two hundred thousand, not including any spending. As if you have what it takes to get a seat here!”

“Two hundred thousand? That’s it?” Kingsley smiled plainly. “How much for an entire floor?”

Taken aback, the supervisor fought back his laughter and asked, “What did you say? You want to book the entire floor?”

“That’s right. I want the whole floor.”

“Hahaha...” The supervisor couldn’t hold it in any longer, belly laughing.

Likewise, the servers behind him sniggered contemptuously.

“Haha, I’ve never seen anyone as much of a pretentious b*stard as you are. You want to reserve the entire sixtieth floor of the Ramada Hotel? What a joke! You better leave now. We don’t have time to entertain a madman boast!”

Reene frowned at the unpleasant words and retorted, “Is this how you serve your customers at Ramada Hotel?”

But right as Reene finished her words, a facetious voice came. “Yo, which b*stard has upset the great and beautiful Reene Wynn?”

Everyone looked reflexively to find a man, about thirty years old, sauntering over to them with a few burly bodyguards behind him.

He was none other than Hugo Stein, the first young master of the Stein Family of Cleapolis and the CEO of Ramada Hotel and many other corporations.

As someone born to a super-rich family, Hugo screamed ‘prodigal coxcomb’ from top to bottom.

The suit he was wearing alone was already equivalent to the half a lifetime salary of an average salaryman.

Right then, he was leering at Reene while swaying toward them.

“Tell me, which b*stard has pissed off Cleapolis’ goddess entrepreneur? I’ll deal with him!”

However, Reene’s expression wasn’t at all friendly. “We’ve come to have lunch, but who’d have thought we’d come across a condescending a*s!”

At that, the supervisor hurriedly explained, “Young Master Hugo, Mr. Kean had only reserved two seats, but these two here thought they could sneak in!”

Hugo dismissed Kingsley completely after sizing him up but was all smiles toward Cecilia. “My, isn’t this the beautiful Cecilia Larson? It took me so long to get over the fact that you’ve gotten engaged to Shane Carter.”

His expression changed in a split second, and he booted the supervisor’s stomach, cursing, “You f*cking son of a wh*re! How can you let Miss Larson wait out here?!”

While snapping, he even brazenly leered at Cecilia's long legs. "We haven't had enough of such beautiful legs; better not wear them out!"

Made uncomfortable under his lecherous gaze, Cecilia hid behind Kingsley. "In that case, can we go in now?"

Pissed that Kingsley prevented him from ogling Cecilia, Hugo announced, "You ladies can but not this punk!"

"Why?" Reene retorted with a frown. "All three of us came together. Why is only he not allowed to enter?"

"Well, he can," Hugo suggested with a face screaming 'horny'. "You just have to agree to one request."

"What is it?"

"Sleep with me in the room downstairs. If I'm satisfied with your service, I'll let this punk in to see what he can never have."

"You..." Livid, Reene gritted her teeth. "You've gone way too far!"

"Have I?" Hugo grinned like a scoundrel. "You have a blind date with Andrew, don't you? We grew up together. We share everything, and naturally, women."

When had Reene ever been humiliated like this?!

"I'm warning you; mind your language. I'm not the kind of woman you think I am!"

"Hahaha..." Hugo guffawed and wiped away a tear at the corner of his eye—if there was even any. "Haha, what a joke. Do you really think Kean will marry you? You're nothing but a toy to him! You're no different from those lowly h*es! Do you really think you're f*cking somebody just because you've been adopted into a second-class family?!"

Reene was so livid that her body shook, and her nails dug deep into her palms.

You asked for this! Kingsley narrowed his eyes and stepped forward.

The next second, a kingly magisterial aura burst from within him, and he roared, "Kneel and apologize!"

His voice was so cold and emotionless that it felt like he summoned it from the void.