

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 41

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Chapter 41

“Lancer, has the invitation for Coliree Group’s pre-bid conference been sent out?”

“The invitations haven’t been officially sent out, Boss.”

“What’s with the Lawson Family, then? How come they’ve already received two invitations?”

To that, Lancer explained, “A few of the big families and conglomerates in Cleapolis are on the insider’s list.”

“Whose decision is this?”

Hearing the displeasure in Kingsley’s tone, Lancer hurriedly explained, “Boss, Hades and I have been busy scouting for the enemies’ spies. Daniel Robinson is currently in charge of the company’s affairs, and he’s the best at trading amongst all the soldiers on Coliree Island. He might not stand out in the military, but he’s definitely a force to be reckoned with in the marketplace. The enemies certainly won’t be able to see through it!”

“Daniel Robinson?” Kingsley ordered. “Whoever made the decision, withdraw the Lawsons’ invitations immediately!”

“Yes, Boss!”

Lancer wouldn’t ask questions but only follow orders.

After hanging up, Kingsley checked his watch. “Today’s the twenty-third. I want to see you set up a live stream and eat sh*t by the end of this month.”

At that, the crowd began whispering again.

“Why does it feel like this dude is out of his mind? Could it be that he has experienced some kind of trauma and has gone nuts?”

“He surely has! If his one call can influence Coliree Group, would he need to drive such a janky car?”

"I bet he has been boasting for so long that he's beginning to believe his own words. Typical delusional behavior!"

Likewise, Peter looked at Kingsley as though he was some madman. "You act well, I'll give you that. If Caleb hadn't wanted to kick your a*s, I'd love to continue watching you act like a mad dog!"

The crowd burst into laughter once again, extolling Peter for calling Kingsley a mad dog.

On a high, Peter wanted to continue his taunts, but his phone suddenly rang at this time.

With that, he answered it. "Hey, Dad. What's up?"

"What's up?! Get the f*ck home now, that's what! We're in big trouble!" A voice thundered the moment Peter finished his words, causing his ears to buzz. "What happened, Dad?" he asked, baffled.

"Coliree Group just withdrew our invitation! We've lost all our chances!" The head of the Lawson Family roared so loudly that everyone close by heard him.

The news left Peter dumbfounded, and so did everyone else.

The Lawsons' invitations have really been withdrawn!

Peter's face blanched instantly, and his hand holding the phone began shaking uncontrollably as well. "Dad, I-I don't know anything about this... Did Coliree Group say why?"

Meanwhile, he looked toward Kingsley in horror, and he thought his heart would jump out of his chest at any second.

Could it really be... because of that phone call?!

Shock and awe enveloped everyone's gazes as their jaws dropped, looking like imbeciles.

None of them believed a penniless young man such as Kingsley could actually shake up Coliree Group's decision.

It was Coliree Group, for heaven's sake!

This company was considered the prime existence in the six provinces of the north!

Just then, Peter's father spoke. "They didn't say why, but if I were to guess, it might have something to do with our company's drop in sales! Stop fooling around with your scoundrel friends and come back home at once!"

It was at that that Peter huffed a murky breath.

He could finally relax now.

It doesn't matter as long as it isn't because of that phone call... Phew, what a relief!

"Got it, Dad. I'll go back as soon as I help Caleb take out the trash!"

After hanging up, he roared at Kingsley with arms akimbo, saying, "D*mn, I nearly let you get away with it! You've got dumb luck, though. Coliree Group happens to be readjusting their policy."

With that, he scrutinized Kingsley's austere clothing and janky ride, and he scolded himself for having such ridiculous thoughts.

The crowd was relieved after hearing Peter's words too. "What did I say? How can that broke loser be that powerful? He just got lucky!"

However, Paige turned grim. She didn't think the honored guest of their family her father had insisted on was really a penniless loser with dumb luck.

"You made me break into a cold sweat. You'd better kneel and apologize today, or I'm going to come after you!"

Peter took a step forward and balled his hand, intending to punch Kingsley in the face.

He thought he had humiliated himself when he showed his flustered side out in public.

However, before he could even land his punch, Kingsley had already raised his right foot and booted him right on the chest.

Thump! Peter was sent flying a couple of yards away, crashing into an SUV right behind him. At once, he spewed a mouthful of blood.

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Peter thought his chest felt so excruciatingly painful that it might explode any second.

Meanwhile, the crowd gasped when they saw how badly Peter was injured.

They assumed this loser had a death wish for daring to lay a finger on someone from the Lawson family.

Peter's face was ashen, and he held his chest while cursing through gnashed teeth, "How dare you kick me... you b*stard... You're dead meat..."

Meanwhile, Caleb had been reeling for a long time before he finally came around. He then dashed toward Peter, squatting down as he asked, "Peter, are you alright?!"

Peter coughed painfully. "F*ck, how is that b*stard so strong..."

"It's precisely because he can fight and strikes hard that I asked for your help!" Caleb fretted. "Haven't you contacted Mr. Birch?! Why hasn't he shown up?!"

"He'll be here soon..." Peter hissed through gnashed teeth. "When he comes, I want this b*stard dead!"

Just then, a black Hummer pulled over, and a man in a black shirt who appeared to be around thirty-five years old came out of the vehicle. He was holding a hand fan with the word 'Reaper' written on it.

The man was none other than Ashton Birch, Solaris Province's notorious underworld lord.

Along with the Seven Legends, he was the underworld's most powerful existence, second only to Boss Jarett.

When he saw the crowd in front, he went over with a frown.

After pushing the spectators away, he instantly found Peter on the ground.

"Peter! What happened to you?!"

Peter had asked him to come and stick up for Young Master Caleb, but who'd have thought this was the first thing he saw after arriving?!

A glimmer of light flashed across Peter when he saw that Ashton had arrived.

With that, he struggled to sit up, but the pain was so unbearable that he grimaced and winced. "Ashton, you're finally here!"

"What happened, Peter? Who did this to you?"

Ashton had always been an affiliate of the Lawsons.

The Lawsons provided him financial support, and in turn, he settled their nuisance for them.

Lately, he heard the Lawsons had associated themselves with Coliree Group. Thus, he became even more responsive to the family.

Peter pointed to Kingsley, saying, “It was him! He booted me!”

Following that, blood trickled down the corner of his lips, and he began gasping for air.

With that, Ashton stood straight up and looked toward Kingsley viciously. “Are you the b*stard who hurt my brother over here?!”

When the crowd heard the name ‘Ashton Birch’, they hurriedly stepped back.

He was one of Solaris Province’s notorious underworld lords, and his lackeys were all cold-blooded lawbreakers! No one would dare to mess with him.

However, Kingsley couldn’t care less if he was a lord of the underworld or the king of an empire, for he would have to cower before Ares, the God of War!

Meanwhile, Caleb turned to Ashton and affirmed, “Yes! It’s him! Mr. Birch, he’s the one who wreaked havoc during my father’s birthday banquet and even injured Peter! You have to show him who’s the boss!”

In response, Ashton narrowed his eyes and snarled, “Don’t you know that there are some people you can’t afford to mess with?!”

“Well, it just so happens that I’ve never met anyone I can’t afford to.” Kingsley stood with his hands behind his back, looking collected. “If you don’t want to end up like Lawson, I suggest you mind your own business.”

The crowd was rendered dumbfounded!

Is this dude mad, dumb, or both?! How dare he talk to Ashton like that?! He has a death wish, doesn’t he?!

“Hahaha!” Ashton was so livid that he actually burst into laughter. “You think you’ve got f*cking balls, eh? First, you injure Peter, and now you’re threatening me?”

“Anything wrong with that?” Kingsley smirked. “I’ll have you know that there are some people you can’t afford to mess with—for instance, someone like me!”

“You f*cking son of a b*tch!” Ashton thundered as he flipped his paper fan around, revealing the words ‘World Peace’.

Horror laced the crowd’s eyes upon seeing the words, for the Reaper’s idea of ‘world peace’ meant zero mercy and pardon.

With that, the crowd looked at Kingsley as though he was a man on the verge of this death.

Instead of feeling bad for the man, they abhorred him for fear that they would be dragged into it as well.

Lo and behold, Kingsley sneered disdainfully and said, “Decent handwriting. I wouldn’t call it a work of art, though.”

“You!” Ashton was livid with anger, for no one had ever dared disregard his supremacy before this.

“I have hundreds of mobsters in my command. As soon as I give the word, there will be nothing of you left!” While speaking, he pulled his phone out to call his men over.

“Mobsters?” Kingsley quirked a brow while pulling the Northern Draken Tag out of his pocket, saying plainly, “I happened to have just gotten a treasure. I heard it’s specifically used to govern mobsters like you.”

Ashton looked up reflexively and happened to land his gaze on the Northern Draken Tag, causing his hand to jerk and the phone to drop to the ground.

“T-The Northern Draken Tag?!” He was so shaken that even his pupils trembled. “H-How d-did you g-get the Northern Draken Tag?!”

“That’s for me to know and you to find out! I’ll only ask you once—do you adhere to this tag?!”

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Appalled, Ashton dropped to the ground with a thud.

He had chucked his paper fan to the ground as well, no longer the haughty man he was a few seconds ago.

It wasn't like he'd continue causing trouble in the face of the Northern Draken Tag!

The tables had turned, and Ashton was now on all fours, kneeling like a tortoise right there and then.

"W-What's going on?!" The crowd became apprehensive.

Ashton was the Solaris Province's notorious underworld lord, and those who shared the same power and reputation were only Boss Jarett and the Seven Legends.

However, never had they expected Ashton, who was also commonly known as the Reaper, to kneel to this twenty-year-old man!

In particular, Paige was shaken to the core.

The average citizen might not know the Northern Draken Tag, but she did.

It was her family's crown jewel and the reason why her family was able to remain standing in the north!

She then recalled how her father, Uncle Gavin, and Aunt Chermaine treated Kingsley with enthusiasm and hints of servile.

No doubt it had something to do with the Northern Draken Tag.

However, she was so livid back then that it didn't dawn on her until now.

At that, she felt even more shocked that her stern grandfather had given this young man the tag, for it was the ultimate grace and recognition!

At this point, her gaze at Kingsley had turned complicated.

Meanwhile, Kingsley sauntered to Ashton and shoved the Northern Draken Tag at his face. "Take a good look!"

"I'm looking, I'm looking..."

This was Ashton's first time seeing the Northern Draken Tag for himself, and he thought he was going to sh*t his pants. At that point, he was already drenched in cold sweat, thinking if he should beg Kingsley for mercy.

Caleb, on the other hand, was livid when he saw Ashton's actions.

He had expected the man to stick up for him, but who'd have thought he'd immediately kneel when Kingsley pulled out this wooden thing?!

F*cking hell...

Meanwhile, Peter's expression looked even worse. "Ashton, did you even look closely? Could it be a fake?"

Though he wasn't a part of the underworld, he often hung out with people like Ashton. Thus, he had heard a thing or two about this Northern Draken Tag.

Ashton froze upon hearing Peter's words.

He had freaked out the moment he saw the words 'Nothern Draken' that he never even stopped to verify its authenticity.

"I-It can't be, can it?"

Ashton's expression changed multifold within that moment.

He had never heard of a fake Northern Draken Tag in all his years in the underworld.

What was more, who would have the balls to create a fake?!

"Ashton, do you see the Volkswagen Santana there? That's the b*stard's ride! As if someone like him can really pull out the Northern Draken Tag!"

Ashton's facial muscles twitched in response.

That ancient Volkswagen Santana got him wanting to flip.

F*ck! Have I really been fooled?

"What's your name?" he asked through gnashed teeth.

"Nicholson."

Kingsley knew Ashton was trying to find out if he was a Tanner.

"You f*cking piece of sh*t!" Ashton shot right up to his feet at the revelation and thundered, livid with rage, "How dare you f*cking lie to me using a fake?! I'm going to kill you!"

He was truly and utterly pissed right now.

He, the Reaper of Solaris Province, had been duped by a callow and even kneeled before him in front of so many people!

His dignity had been severely damaged!

At that, Ashton cracked his knuckles with a face enveloped in malice. “Just you wait, you motherf*cker. My men will tear you into pieces!”

His forces were spread all across Solaris Province. With one call, his lackeys nearby would instantly rush over.

However, Kingsley wasn't bothered at all, still looking collected.

He was ever-victorious in the face of the enemies' elites and artilleries, so why should he be afraid of a bunch of scoundrels?

Just then, a crisp voice came from within the crowd. “I'll prove the authenticity of this Northern Draken Tag!”

The one who spoke up was none other than Paige, who had been watching among the crowd.

Though she loathed Kingsley's 'rascality', she would not allow anyone to slander her family's Northern Draken Tag!

“And who the f*ck—” cursed Ashton as he looked in the direction of the voice to find a young woman in a black leather jacket, and his gaze instantly turned into a leering one.

“My, aren't you gorgeous.” He licked his lips and grinned.

The leather jacket fit snugly on Paige's shapely body, and though she didn't show an inch of skin, it made her very alluring.

Ashton couldn't take his eyes off her at all, for he had never seen a woman who could combine adorable and sexy so perfectly.

“How dare you act presumptuously in front of the Northern Draken Tag?!” Paige chided, her adorable face covered in frost.

However, Ashton continued the size Paige up, leering. “The great Northern Draken Tag isn't something a little girl like you can identify, babe.”

“Where are you looking at?!” Malice filled Paige's eyes when she saw Ashton's lascivious gaze on her.

“Chill, babe. I’ll let you do whatever you want with me after I’m done dealing with this b*stard. Hehehe...” Ashton’s smile was super creepy.

“You asked for it!” Paige scowled and pulled her Serpent Whip out from her waist and whipped it hard on the floor, producing a loud pow!

“You insolent scoundrel, I will punish you in the name of justice!”

The crowd was astonished how Paige pulled a snakeskin whip out from her waist like magic.

“Why does she carry a whip on hand?”

“Who knows? Maybe it’s her kink...”

At that, the crowd smiled with hints of obscenity.

However, Ashton dared not pull even a sliver of a smile, and his calves were cramping from fright.

Everyone in the underworld knew the second young lady of the Tanner Family held a seven-section Serpent Whip, and it spared its victim no mercy!

As dumb as Ashton was, he knew he was in deep sh*t when the Serpent Whip and the Northern Draken Tag appeared at the same time.

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“P-Paige...” Ashton stuttered with an ashen face, his legs shaking as though they had been electrocuted.

Just how dumb and blind was he to audaciously hit on Miss Tanner?!

“I’m sorry, Miss Tanner!” Ashton dropped to the ground with a thud and begged Paige for mercy.

Before the crowd had time to react, Paige swung her whip while chiding, “Sorry? It’s too late for that!”

With a crisp pow, the Serpent Whip slapped viciously on Ashton's back, and the cloth instantly ripped apart, revealing a crimson whip mark.

Ashton grimaced in pain, not daring to make a sound as he gnashed his teeth.

Everyone was flabbergasted by the turn of events, for none of them had thought this innocent-looking young woman could be so ruthless.

However, what was even more shocking was that the Reaper dared not even make a sound when he was being whipped.

With that, everyone started to look at each other, wondering who in the world this hot young woman was.

Peter and Caleb, on the other hand, were even more dumbfounded.

In their minds, Ashton was someone who could get anybody to do whatever he wanted.

But now, he was cowering in front of a woman like a dog!

"Mr. Birch! What are you doing?!" Caleb's eyes widened with incredulity. "She's just a girl. Can't you handle her?!"

"Shut up!" hissed Ashton, shaken to his core when he heard Caleb's words. "If you don't want to die, just keep quiet!"

"You should shut up too if you don't want to die!" Paige ordered coldly as she looked down at him.

"Yes, yes, yes. Whatever you say, Miss Tanner." Ashton didn't even dare to look up.

His influence was nothing in the face of the Tanner Family, so he didn't dare to continue acting rampantly.

It was only then Kingsley sauntered to Paige and waved. "Hey, we meet again."

The image of his naked body popped into Paige's head when she looked at Kingsley, and her face flushed instantly. "You stinkin' mug! As if I'm pleased to meet you!"

Ashton raised his head gingerly to find Paige behaving a little bashfully, leading his jaw to drop.

Is this really Miss Tanner, the one who has her enemies cowering in fear?!

Kingsley chuckled awkwardly. "I didn't mean it that day. Your bed was so nice that I forgot to put my clothes on before—" Accidentally falling asleep, he wanted to say.

“That’s enough!” Paige cut him off before he could finish his words. “I don’t want to hear it!”

However, for those who didn’t know what actually went down, Kingsley’s words sounded rather suggestive.

He didn’t put his clothes on before...

Ashton finally realized why this b*stard dared to be so arrogant—he was Miss Tanner’s boy toy!

“How do you plan on dealing with these guys?” Paige asked coldly as she put her whip back on her waist.

With that, Kingsley beckoned to Caleb and Peter. “You two, come here.”

Caleb’s face changed multifold, and his legs took him nowhere as he stayed rooted to the ground.

On the other hand, Peter’s face was bloodless, and he held his chest in pain while saying, “I’ll apologize. I’ll apologize, how about that? I really can’t move. It hurts too much...”

How dare he continue acting tough when Ashton had yielded?!

However, Kingsley had booted him so ruthlessly that his chest felt unbearably painful when he breathed even a little heavier, let alone move an inch.

Kingsley smirked in response, then looked over at Caleb. “You’re unscathed; how come you’re not moving? Are you scared of me?”

“I...” At that, Caleb went up to Kingsley resolutely. “What do you want?”

“Young Master Caleb,” Kingsley said plainly. “I won’t take your life now when I’ve given you and your family a month.”

Then, he pointed at Ashton. “You two—break each other’s legs, and we’ll call it a day.”

“What?!” Ashton looked up angrily. “Ever heard about sparing when you can, kid? Don’t burn bridges!”

“Don’t worry. I will still find a way even when all hope is lost.”

With that, he chucked the Northern Draken Tag at Ashton’s face while saying monotonously, “My patience is limited. What’s it going to be, then?”

As Ashton took a dreaded glance at the Northern Draken Tag, a hint of malice flashed across his eyes. "Alright, I'll do it!" he said.

Following that, he slowly got up and mercilessly booted Caleb on the calf, and the sound of a bone snapping in half could be heard immediately.

"Ah!" Caleb howled in pain. Beads of sweat instantly gathered on his forehead, and he fell to the ground with a thud.

Kingsley sneered in response. "Looks like Young Master Caleb won't be able to retaliate."

"Are you happy now?" Ashton's hands were balled into fists.

"What about yourself?" Kingsley asked emotionlessly. "Are you going to do it yourself, or do you want me to help you?"

Ashton took a gander at the paralyzed Peter before saying through gnashed teeth, "I'll do it myself!"

With that, he grabbed a large rock from the ground and smashed it against his left arm.

Bam! Blood instantly flowed from his hand while his bones deformed.

Ashton grimaced due to the pain and said through gnashed teeth, "Is this... good enough for you?"

Every single person in the crowd was shocked by what they witnessed.

This young man is really ruthless!

To think he can have the Reaper self-mutilate submissively!

At that point, everyone looked at Kingsley with utter awe, no longer daring to say another insult or mockery.

Seeing Ashton's bloody hand, Paige scrunched her nose and said, "This is too brutal. I'm done playing with you guys. Bye!"

Ashton, on the other hand, hit the roof and nearly cursed.

Why didn't you think it was brutal when you whipped me?!

After Paige left, Kingsley looked down at Caleb. "I've said this before; I won't take your life today, but you'd better behave yourself."

Caleb couldn't talk tough anymore, for he was already on the verge of passing out from so much pain.

Following that, Kingsley walked over to Peter and squatted down to his eye level. "Young Master Peter, I hope you won't forget about your promise."

The terrified Peter shuddered, looking at him like he was Satan. "W-What promise?"

"Didn't you say that you'd set up a live stream and eat sh*t if your family's invitation is withdrawn?"

"But..." Peter still wanted to quibble.

"Young Master Peter, I would advise you not to go back on your word," said Kingsley as he patted Peter's face lightly. "You have seven days until the end of the month. I look forward to your live stream then."

With that, he slowly stood up and left, disregarding Peter's terrified and begging gaze.

It wasn't until the janky Volkswagen Santana disappeared from everyone's sight that Ashton dared to raise his head.

"Pfft! You're just Tanner's boy toy! How dare you act so rampantly?!" he cursed then turned to Caleb and Peter. "You two hang on. I'm calling the ambulance. Don't worry, I'll definitely make sure he pays for it!"

"I'm going to kill that son of a wh*re! I want him dead!" Caleb roared, lying on the ground while hugging his leg.

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Connor, the eldest young master of the Summers Family, rushed back home from the next town when he heard someone had broken his younger brother's leg.

Veins popped from his clenched fists when he saw Caleb lying on the bed with a plastered leg. "This is intolerable! No one is allowed to trample all over us! He has to pay for what he's done!"

"Yes, he has to pay!" Caleb was outraged. "Connor, what are you going to do? Do you have a good plan?"

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Caleb explained worriedly, “We need a good plan if we want to retaliate! That b*stard can really fight, and force won’t work. Also, he has a woman with a strong background backing him. Even those in the underworld can’t do anything about him!”

Connor frowned in response. “How did you get yourself tangled with this fiend?!”

“He came to Dad’s birthday banquet and wreaked havoc first!” Caleb snapped with enmity. “He even got belligerent there and then for a model, so I had to teach him a lesson!”

At that, he punched the bed and bellowed, “Dad’s birthday banquet was ruined, but that b*stard went home with the model. The two are definitely dating now! I’m f*cking pissed! F*ck! After my leg heals, I’m going to make that model mine! I want that b*stard to watch me f*ck his woman!”

“Model, eh?” Connor mused. “Why don’t we start with her?”

Caleb’s eyes lit up upon that. “Connor, you don’t mean…”

“You like that model, don’t you?” A hint of ill will flashed across Connor’s eyes. “In that case, we’ll end her. By the time that b*stard finds out, it’ll be too late! This will definitely put him in agony!”

Caleb exclaimed happily, “Great idea! Since we can’t fight that b*stard, we’ll crush him mentally! Break him! Have him go nuts!”

Randy nodded in agreement as he listened to the conversation. “Hurry up and get to it, then! Our family’s honor must be redeemed as soon as possible!”

On the other hand, Yulia had no clue about the Summers’ plan.

She had rendezvoused with Kingsley for lunch at 2.00PM after work to thank him for saving her at Summers Residence the other day.

It was 1.30PM when Kingsley entered Reed Modeling Agency, and just as he was about to find a spot to wait for Yulia to get off work, a woman shrieked, “Security! Where’s the security?!”

Kingsley turned around reflexively, and it was none other than the woman he saw at Summers Residence—Kayla.

After being severely injured by Kingsley, Kayla had to recuperate in the hospital for a solid week before she could return to work.

It hadn't only held up an important endorsement, but the other models also seized a lot of her resources!

Kayla was so pissed upon seeing Kingsley again that she gritted her teeth until they nearly cracked.

Upon hearing Kayla's screams, a young man in a security uniform came running over. "What can I do for you, Miss Reed?"

"Can't you do your job right? How can you let just anybody in?!" Kayla snapped while pointing at Kingsley. "Don't you know that a lot of crazy fans and perverts will find all sorts of ways to sneak in?!"

The security scratched his head. "He didn't do anything out of line, though. I can't stop him from entering, can I?"

Slap! Kayla gave the security guard a solid slap and scolded, "Did the company hire you to people-watch?! Wouldn't it already be too late by the time he actually does something?!"

The security was rather young; it was obvious he was from an impoverished family and that he had to begin working at a young age.

His eyes instantly turned red-rimmed upon being slapped, yet he dared not fight back, for Kayla was Caleb's lover, and the Summers Family was also the company's main investor.

In other words, he dared not cross this princess.

Kingsley's gaze turned cold when he saw the security's grieving look. "I've come to look for Yulia. You have no business here," he said with seething rage.

He'd have long dealt with this condescending woman if he hadn't had to mind the fact that this was his sister's workplace.

"Haha, what's the matter? Do you want to give me another kick?!" Kayla shrieked with crossed arms. "You don't have Mr. Tanner to back you up now! If you dare lay a finger on me, I'll make sure you get more than what you've bargained for!"

While speaking, she approached Kingsley and swayed provocatively in his face. "Come on, hit me if you're so great! Do you even dare?!"

Ever since successfully hooking up with Caleb, she had been super arrogant and overbearing in the agency.

Even the CEO of the agency turned a blind eye to all the evil deeds she had done.

She was acting even more outrageous right now, looking super insolent, certain that Kingsley wouldn't dare to do anything to her on her turf.

Many staff had gathered around them at this point, and many shapely models were also watching from the side.

"Who is this? How dare he mess with Kayla in our office?"

"Huh, beats me. Princess Kayla won't go easy on him, though. You'd better get your popcorn ready."

When the security guard saw more and more people gathering to watch, he hurriedly advised, "Sir, why don't you just wait outside? Miss Reed isn't someone you can mess with—"

Slap! Kayla suddenly raised her hand and gave the security another solid slap, snapping, "Why the f*ck do you have so much to talk about?! Keep yapping and I'll f*cking cut your tongue off!"

How would she be able to take revenge for what he did to her back in Summers Residence?!

Besides, she wasn't done throwing her weight around!

The security's cheeks were swollen from being slapped, and he gritted his teeth aggrievedly, wishing he could just burst into tears.

"What's with that look?!" Kayla glared daggers at the security. "Are you upset because I slapped you?!"

"N-No..." He dared not talk back to her, for he needed this measly wage.

"Hahaha!" Kayla guffawed triumphantly, then turned to Kingsley. "Do you see this?! No one dares to mess with me here! If you don't want Yulia to be bullied like this, then you'd better kneel and apologize for what you did to me in Summers Residence!"

A hint of malice flashed across Kingsley's eyes when he heard her words. "You've been bullying Yulia like this?"

“Huh, what’s wrong with that? I just can’t stand how she pretends to be all noble!” Kayla crossed her arms, looking all arrogant. “Who would back her up when she can’t even read between the lines?! It serves her right to be bullied!”

“I will back her up!” Kingsley snarled. “It won’t be as simple as coughing up blood if you dare bully her again.”

Hearing that, Kayla guffawed. “You, back her up? Who do you think you are?! Do you want to bet with me? Later, I will—”

Slap! Not waiting for her to finish her clamor, Kingsley raised his arm and slapped her cocky, odious face mercilessly, causing her face to swell instantly with blood trickling down from the corner of her mouth.

“How dare you slap me?!” Kayla held her swollen cheek. “How dare you f*cking hit me when Mr. Tanner’s not here?!”

Kingsley’s gaze was laced with frost as he warned, “I’m already being merciful! I don’t mind killing you if you dare to bully Yulia again!”