

# I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 61

## Chapter 61 Insanity

“What’s wrong?” The father and son’s faces changed.

“There was a team of construction workers who parked a truck right outside our residence, but the vehicle was left behind without anyone spotted in sight. Then, we found Jerrick, the manager of Mount Rochwick’s tourism department, to be bloodied and insane.”

“What?!”

Felix sprang up from his chair and said, “Let’s check out what’s going on!”

When they got to the Jacob Residence’s main entrance, they were greeted by the sight of a huge truck that was parked just in front of the main gate. In the meantime, Jerrick was seen sitting in the corner, curling up while hugging his knees. After all, he had been sharing the same space with William’s dead body in the dark container, which was believed to have rendered him insane and mad. As soon as Felix and Trevis walked out the door, they asked, “What happened?”

With a pair of soulless eyes on his face, Jerrick pointed at the container with his shivering finger. “M-Mr. Jacob...” Upon hearing Jerrick’s words, Felix stepped forward to open the container’s lid. After a creaking sound from the door, Felix staggered backward like he had been hit with several bullets, his face turning pale in that instant.

When everyone else sensed the man’s reaction, they all instantly knew something was wrong. Thus, they all peeked at the container’s interior to see what was going on, only to find William’s mutilated and amputated corpse lying in a pool of blood. At the same time, the truck’s container was filled with an unpleasant and sickening smell that could make anyone’s hair stand on end.

While some of the witnesses were so disgusted that they immediately puked there and then, Felix grieved and shouted at the top of his lungs, “William!” After all, William was his favorite and youngest son among his children, so it broke his heart to see him die such a horrible death. “William...” Felix staggered, nearly losing his footing as he was about to faint.

“Dad.” Trevis quickly got a hold of his father and told him to pull himself together. “You need to calm down, Dad. We need to find out who murdered William.”

When Trevis' words got to his head, Felix opened his eyes wide and strode toward Jerrick, grabbing the latter by his collar and questioning him. "Tell me! Who the f\*ck killed my son?!"

Meanwhile, Jerrick appeared to be much calmer now as he replied with a shaking voice, "I-It's a man known as... Mr. Nicholson, but I don't know much about him."

"Mr. Nicholson?" Felix pressed on with a menacing look on his face. "Why did that guy kill my son in such a horrible way?!"

Jerrick answered, "Mr. Nicholson had his men dig up two skeletons from Mount Rochwick, but when Mr. Jacob trampled one of them, that guy went nuts and killed him."

Skeletons? Mr. Nicholson? When Felix heard those two words, he was stupefied and shocked. He then shoved Jerrick aside and looked at Trevis. "Take William's body to the House of Mercy. After that, come see me in the study."

"Alright, Father."

Upon telling his son what to do, Felix made his way back to the study with a hunched back and sat on the chair in a preoccupied manner. At that moment, he seemed as if he had aged by ten years after the surprising event of his son's death. He then set his eyes outside the window, his mind flooded with endless sorrows and worries.

Did someone from the Nicholson Family dig up Xavier's and his wife's remains? Is the Nicholson Family's descendant back for revenge? At the thought of that, Felix knitted his eyebrows and murmured to himself, "Wait a second. Was the Summers Residence's destruction related to the Nicholson Family? Because if it was, we're going to be in huge trouble..."

A few moments later, the door was pushed open, whereupon Trevis walked in tearfully. "Dad, William's body has been delivered to the House of Mercy."

Felix nodded, still grieving over his bereavement. "Compile the names of those who are going to attend William's funeral. I'm going to honor him with a grand funeral in five days." He then took a deep breath and pulled himself together. "By the way, are you sure that the Summers Family was wiped out only because they got on the wrong side of Ares? Could there be something else we don't know about?"

"No, there wasn't anything else." Trevis shook his head. "I didn't hear any news about that either."

"What about the land upon which Summers Residence was built? I heard it was bought over by..." Felix paused for a while with a horrified look on his face. "Mr. Nicholson." Although he initially paid no attention to that matter because he thought the buyer was

just nothing more than a rich man who was interested in the piece of land, he couldn't help but feel his hair stand on end at the thought of Mr. Nicholson.

"Dad, what do you think about Mr. Nicholson? Is this guy trying to plot against us?"

Felix nodded and replied with a glacial look on his face, "That man is probably just a nobody, so let's not worry about him. If he ever dares to show up again, I'm going to skin him alive to avenge William!"

In the meantime, Kingsley instructed Leroy to contact an architecture company for the construction of Nicholson Family Cemetery right after giving his parents a proper burial. When everything was done, he got into his car and held onto the steering tightly, his fingers shivering like crazy.

While his parents' remains had been found, he realized he was also one step closer to discovering another murderer. Just wait and see, Jacobs!

Overwhelmed by his anger, Kingsley turned red in his eyes as he began to think about wiping out the entire Jacob Family, but suddenly, his phone's loud ringtone interrupted his train of thought.

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### **Chapter 62 What a Small World!**

It was then that Kingsley snapped out of his hatred and rubbed his face as he felt grateful that he managed to keep himself from being consumed by hatred and vengeance.

After all, he wiped out the Summers Family because he had always thought that Randy was the only person responsible for his parents' death, only to learn that the matter was not as simple as it appeared. Knowing Randy was merely just a pawn for someone else bitter, he believed the murderer—as well as the actual mastermind—was still at large out there.

I must execute my plan secretly without alerting the murderer and his accomplice. When I find out who they are, I'm going to make them pay! An eye for an eye! At the thought of that, Kingsley took a deep breath and answered the call. "Hello, Reene."

"Kingsley, didn't you say you wanted to buy a car the last time?" Reene gently added, "I talked to Cecilia about this earlier. She said she'll be free later in the afternoon."

When Kingsley heard Reene's voice, his mood was lifted. "Sure, I'll see you all today." I need to do something else to take my mind off my rage and grief. Therefore, he hit the

road and made his way to Vertex Automotive Mall as instructed by his older sister in the text message.

In fact, the place where he was going was the best and biggest car-selling mall in Cleapolis, with an area as big as 300 thousand square meters. Upon arrival in the car park, he immediately noticed a red Ferrari right next to his car and Cecilia, who was taking a selfie in it.

Deep down, he couldn't deny the fact that Cecilia was the prettiest lady he had ever met, believing her title as one of the five beauties of Cleapolis was well deserved. In the meantime, Cecilia was seen in a casual outfit with a white t-shirt that barely covered her curvaceous behind as she bared her long legs completely.

Since she drove there, she didn't wear her high heels. Instead, she wore a pair of white sneakers, which made her look like an innocent teenage girl.

Soon, Kingsley walked up to Cecilia and greeted her with a smile. "Long time no see, Miss Larson."

When Cecilia heard the man's voice, she quickly put away her phone and waved at him. "Oh, hi. I've been waiting for you for like forever." It was only when she moved that Kingsley realized she only wore a pair of shorts below her loose white t-shirt.

Cecilia reacted with a smile on her face. "I'm your sister's bestie, so don't call me Miss Larson. Cecilia will do."

"Sure, Cecilia." Kingsley changed the way he addressed Cecilia, thinking he shouldn't turn a beauty down.

"Well then, c-can I also call you Kingsley like Reese does?" Cecilia appeared to blush in her cheeks.

"Of course, you can."

"Okay, Kingsley. So, what kind of car are you planning to buy?"

"I haven't had an idea. Do you have any suggestions, Cecilia?" Kingsley was beginning to get comfortable with the way he addressed Cecilia.

Cecilia glimpsed the Volkswagen Santana behind Kingsley and said, "You have a pretty unique taste. I know Cadillac has a vintage-looking car that may just be up your alley. Perhaps we could take a look at that later..."

"That's not my taste..." Kingsley was helpless. "That car was given to me as a gift, but now I'm looking for a modest-looking car."

It was then that Cecilia realized she got the wrong idea. "But Volkswagen seems pretty nice to me. Furthermore, your car is also one of the products of Volkswagen Group. Although it can be purchased for 1.5 million, its modest-looking appearance looks very much like a Passat."

"Okay." Kingsley returned to his car and said, "Leave your car. We should probably get inside together since my car is a Volkswagen. Who knows I can even trade this ride in and even get a discount worth a few hundred?"

Cecilia was speechless upon hearing Kingsley's words. After all, she couldn't understand why Kingsley wanted to trade in his old car for a new one since he could afford a diamond worth 50 million. Is this dude rich or poor? I really can't figure it out.

Sitting in the front passenger seat, she carefully looked around the car's interior and said, "Your car was launched in the market back in 1993 for about two hundred thousand, which was something not everyone could afford back in the old days." Soon, she added, "But now, I'm not even sure if you can sell this thing for 500 unless your buyer is a person who fancies a collection of antiques."

As soon as Cecilia and Kingsley arrived at the shop's entrance, the duo stepped out of the car just before they heard a surprised voice. "Oh, my god! If it isn't Miss Larson herself."

When Kingsley looked back, he saw a lady with heavy make-up in a formal suit. At the same time, he noticed a Mercedes-Benz logo on her shirt, indicating that she was a salesperson from the shop that was selling Mercedes-Benz next door.

"Nicole?" Cecilia knitted her eyebrows.

In fact, Nicole was Cecilia's roommate when they were both studying at university. As a petty and cynical person, Nicole got jealous of Cecilia's good looks when they lived together back then. Thus, she always tried to give Cecilia a hard time or quarreled with her over something trivial until she found out about Cecilia's wealthy family background and decided to ease up on her.

Nevertheless, she continued to express her bigotry toward Cecilia by speaking ill behind her back, spreading false rumors about how she slept around with several rich men for money like she had seen it with her own eyes.

Because of those rumors, Cecilia suffered discrimination and negative judgment wherever she went and eventually had to take a year's break from school because of severe depression before resuming her studies. Thus, when she met Nicole again, she couldn't help but recall those painful memories, her face turning as pale as a white sheet.

The next second, she seized Kingsley's hand and said, "Come on, let's go!" Deep down, she didn't want to have anything to do with the likes of Nicole, fearing the trouble and disaster that the spiteful woman would bring her. Please! Stop messing with me, Nicole.

Nevertheless, Nicole wasn't about to let Cecilia walk away in peace as she stood in her way and mocked her. "Weren't you a rich little girl back then? What has become of you now?"

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### Chapter 63 Buying a Volkswagen

Folding her arms, Nicole sized Kingsley up and fixed her contemptuous gaze on his Volkswagen Santana as she ridiculed him and Cecilia. "Cecilia, out of all the admirers who wooed you back then, you chose a man like this guy in the end?"

Cecilia reacted with a darkened face and said, "You and I have nothing much to talk about, Nicole. Please step aside because we're here to look for a new car."

"Seriously? You guys are here for a new car? Why don't you come to our shop for a Mercedes-Benz car?" Nicole asked with a sarcastic smile on her face.

"Haha." Nicole's colleagues laughed out loud in amusement when they heard her words.

Meanwhile, Kingsley set his eyes on Nicole's face, feeling annoyed with her nasty attitude as he asked Cecilia whether she knew her with a soft voice. "You know this lady?"

"She was my roommate when we were in university." Cecilia's face turned pale. "Forget about her. Come on, let's pick your new car." She seemed reluctant to reveal more about her past with Nicole, but Kingsley could sense the fluctuation in her emotions.

Thus, Kingsley stepped forward and coldly gawked at Nicole. "You'd better show us some respect, and I might consider buying a few cars from your shop for Cecilia's sake."

"Oh, for real?" Nicole sniggered with disdain. "You're going to buy a few cars from our shop? Is there something wrong with your head? We're selling Mercedes-Benz here, not some cheap cars that a nobody like you can barely afford."

Soon, the bystanders began to echo Nicole's words and said, "It's obvious that the two of them are for Volkswagen Group's cheap cars, and this guy is telling us he'll buy a few Mercedes-Benz cars from us? I must admit he's got the courage to say that."

“Haha. Why do young people nowadays like to brag so much? Do they think that makes them look cool?”

Sensing the discrimination from the people around her, Cecilia felt as if she had returned to her darkest days when she was a student. Therefore, she began to shake like a leaf uncontrollably as Nicole gleefully enjoyed the sight of her fearful look. Deep down,

Nicole was happy that she could finally humiliate Cecilia and show her up but was still jealous of her for being admired by so many men even after years had passed. “You know what, Cecilia? You should probably get off your high horse, girl. You’re so cheap that you had to settle with a guy who drives a Volkswagen Santana, so please stop acting like you’re every man’s dream girl.”

“How dare you...” Cecilia’s face turned pale.

Kingsley wrapped his arm around Cecilia’s shoulder and demanded an apology from Nicole. “I’m going to give you a chance to right the wrong before things turn ugly. Apologize to Cecilia now!”

“You want me to apologize to her? Who does she think she is?” Nicole rolled her eyes upward. “I’m the best salesperson around here, and the people I deal with are all big shots, but you? While a piece of trash like Cecilia is enough to catch your eye, I don’t even bother to look at you. So, how dare you demand that I apologize to her?! This is absurd!”

In fact, Nicole had been so ‘close’ with a few big shots that she had a hard disc full of videos taken in the motel. Nevertheless, when she recounted those moments she spent with those men, she didn’t appear to be embarrassed at all because, deep down, she despised destitution more than promiscuity.

As long as there was a way to sell off the cars and earn lucrative commissions, she would do it even at the cost of dignity and pride. Soon, she teased Cecilia and said, “You were quite a badass when we were still students at our university. Even my crush was among your admirers like a dog that stuck its tongue to its master for food, but things have changed now. I’m richer than you are, and your man isn’t even qualified to be my admirer!”

With a glacial look on her face, Cecilia warned Nicole not to push her luck. “Nicole, I’d rather leave our past behind us, so you’d better not push it!”

“Or what? What are you going to do if I push it?” Nicole jutted her chin arrogantly. “You know what? I’m going to give you a 20% discount if you let me record you kneeling down while giving me a kowtow before I forward it to our class chat group. That way, you and your boyfriend can walk away with a Mercedes-Benz and live happily ever after. What do you say?”

Kingsley reacted with a cold look on her face and replied, "Why don't you sink to your knees and give Cecilia a kowtow instead while I record it and forward it to my own chat group? In return, I'll buy eight of your most expensive cars. How does that sound?"

When everyone heard Kingsley's response, they laughed out loud along with Nicole, thinking the man was just paying lip service. Did he just say he'll buy eight of our most expensive cars? What a big mouth he has there! Soon, their laughter caught the attention of Harry Pumice, the manager of the shop selling Mercedes-Benz cars. When Harry came to investigate the commotion, he asked with a pair of furrowed brows on his face. "What's going on? Why are there so many people here?"

"Mr. Pumice, there is an arrogant guy here trying to mess with us. He said if I kneel down and give him a kowtow, he'll buy eight of the most expensive cars from our shop." Nicole explained the situation but omitted the part that she was the one causing all the trouble by provoking Cecilia first.

"What? That's outrageous. Who said that?" Harry was excited for a second, thinking he was about to get richer from such a huge sale that month, but when he noticed the Volkswagen Santana behind Kingsley, his face darkened. "Nonsense! What's he doing in front of our shop? He is only going to ruin our business that way." He then waved his hand in frustration and tried to shoo them away. "Tell them to leave at once!"

In the meantime, Nicole covered her mouth and chuckled ironically. "Did you hear that, Cecilia? Our manager just told you to leave, but mind you, those words didn't come from me." She spoke in a haughty manner that disgusted Cecilia and Kingsley.

On the other hand, Cecilia reacted with a nonchalant expression on her face. "We weren't coming to your shop in the first place, so what makes you think you can drive us out of here with no good reason?"

"Oh yeah! How can I forget? You can't afford a Mercedes-Benz anyway." Nicole pretended to pat the back of her head and played dumb. "You can only afford a cheap Volkswagen. Haha..."

## **I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 64**

### **Chapter 64 Whose Military ID Card?**

Then, Nicole waved at the employees standing at Volkswagen Group's entrance. "Hey! Your customers are right here, so what are you waiting for? Hurry up and receive them! If you manage to sell a Santana, you could probably make some commission worth a few hundred."

As soon as Nicole made her words heard, her colleagues laughed in the face of Volkswagen Group's employees, who were seen with darkened expressions. While they had always taken the moral high ground and tolerated their taunting and ridicule, they



were disheartened to be humiliated by Nicole and her colleagues in front of Kingsley and Cecilia.

At the same time, Leo Whitaker, who was the Volkswagen Group's manager, glimpsed Cecilia with an emotionless face as he walked up to Kingsley and politely said, "Sir, do you have any preference in mind? We could arrange a test drive for you."

"I'd like to get a Phaeton."

As soon as Nicole heard Kingsley mention Phaeton, she intentionally overreacted and thundered, "Oh my god! What did I just hear? You want to buy a Volkswagen Phaeton?"

After all, while Land Rover and Mercedes-Benz were widely approved of by people across the country, Volkswagen Group didn't seem to share the endorsement, particularly its Phaeton series. Despite the similar appearances between its other cars and Passat, their price could go up to more than 1.5 million.

In fact, limousine editions of the series could even be worth over 2.4 million. Therefore, when Nicole heard that Kingsley wanted to buy a Phaeton, she immediately thought that he was paying lip service.

On the other hand, Leo, who appeared to be glad, said, "I'll arrange the test drive right away."

"Haha!" Harry Pumice, Nicole's superior, laughed and ridiculed Leo. "Come on, Leo. You've been in this line of work for so many years, so can't you see through these people? You're only wasting your fuel giving someone like him a test drive, or are you simply so desperate to make a sale that you no longer care anymore?"

Nicole echoed her superior's words and said, "Take a look at him. Does he look like he can afford to pay 2 million? It seems to me that he just wants to take a few selfies of himself during the test drive and share it on his social media account to make himself look cool."

Meanwhile, Leo was seen with a gloomy look on his face because he also doubted Kingsley could afford a sweet ride, but nonetheless, he decided to adhere to his professionalism and treat every single customer right. Thus, he ignored Harry and his subordinates' taunting and turned his attention to Kingsley. "Sir, please come with me if you're interested in a test drive. We'll be entering from the back entrance."

However, Kingsley waved his hand and replied, "No need for a test drive. Please have a look at my Volkswagen Santana and see if it could be traded in and used to offset the price of a new car."

When Kingsley's words were heard, everyone else sniggered with contempt, thinking Kingsley's Volkswagen Santana was worth around 800 at most. Furthermore, neither of them had heard of the tradition of trading in old cars to offset the price of the new ones.

"Haha!" Nicole laughed out loud in amusement. "Cecilia, what's wrong with your boyfriend here? I thought he said he wanted to buy a luxury sedan, but here he is, trying to save a few hundred. Is he a clown who's trying to make us laugh? Hahaha..."

At the same time, Harry was also laughing haughtily with Nicole. "I've been selling cars for more than a decade, but this is the first time I've ever heard of someone who is trying to trade in his Volkswagen Santana for a new Phaeton. What a genius!" He then wiped off his tears of glee and said, "If you can't work things out, you might as well just sell him a new Santana with some discount. Oh my god! This is so funny! Haha."

Despite the bitter look on his face, Leo continued to treat Kingsley with a polite attitude. "Sir, we don't do trade-ins here, but if you really want to sell off your car, I could keep an eye out for you to see if there's anyone who's interested in buying your car for collection."

"Sure." Kingsley nodded. "Please assess my car's value and give me a quote."

"Well—" Leo was seen with a bitter look on his face because he didn't think it was even necessary for him to assess the car's value. Well, it's probably not more than a thousand.

However, before Leo could finish his sentence, Harry interrupted him with a laugh. "Come on, your customer is asking you to quote his little Volkswagen Santana. You can't say no, can you? If you're too embarrassed to do it, then maybe our people should do it for you." He then waved his hand and gave his employees an instruction. "Examine his car."

Upon hearing their orders, a few of Harry's subordinates approached Kingsley's car with a smile. Although they looked like they were about to examine the car, they actually wanted to seize the opportunity to make fun of Kingsley's car. Soon, one of the salespeople, who looked young and skinny, went through the backseat of the car as he suddenly found something strange.

He then pulled out what seemed like a card from the gap between the cushions and asked himself what it was in bewilderment. "What's this?" The next second, his eyes were left wide open in horror when he saw the three big words written on the card—military ID card. "W-Wait a second! T-This is..." He immediately ran back to Harry, shivering in fear. "Mr. Pumice, take a look at this. We found this in the man's car."

"What's this?" Harry held the card in his hands, seemingly unconcerned about it. "What more could it be than an ID card?" Nevertheless, he instantly sensed something wrong

as soon as he finished his words. He then took a closer look at the card with his eyes wide open. “M-Military ID card?!”

At that moment, the rest of the bystanders got closer out of curiosity and commented about what they found. “What military ID card? Is this some kind of prop that was bought from Amazon?”

“No, it looks authentic on the other hand. There is even the logo of Qustian Bureau of Political-Military Affairs here.”

In the meantime, Nicole took a peek at the card and brushed it off like it was no big deal. “So what? That guy could just be a decommissioned officer who’s now jobless and broke.”

“Hurry up and flip it open. Let’s take a look at the title and see what it says.” Upon hearing someone say that, Harry slowly skimmed through the details further to find out the answer.

## **I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 65**

### **Chapter 65 The Military Big Shot**

When the nosy staff realized the picture shown wasn’t Kingsley’s face, they all heaved a sigh of relief, knowing that they would be in trouble if they were messing with someone from the military. While the words printed on the card had become blurred and illegible with time, someone from the crowd dismissed it as nothing of a big deal in an unconcerned manner. “Ah, come on! Whoever this ID card belongs to is clearly just a sergeant, as written here. That just seems like a normal soldier to me.”

“Haha. Yeah, so what’s there to be scared of? It’s not like this ID card’s owner is a lieutenant.”

“Hey kid, did your friend leave this behind in your car? Jim Holland? What a lame name!”

Jim Holland? Kingsley had no idea that Jim’s military ID card had been in the backseat of his car all this time until he heard Harry reading out his name shortly. Wait a minute! Jim is the Chief of Army in Westwood District, isn’t he? At the thought of that, he smiled ambiguously and asked, “Why don’t you take a look at the issue date?”

“The issue date?” Harry subconsciously looked down. “February 2, 1987.” It was when he saw the date that he realized the ID card was issued back in the 80s. Thus, he couldn’t help but wonder about Jim’s current rank in the military.

Seeing Harry's confused state, Kingsley reached for his phone and dialed Jim's number to give the former an answer. "Hello, Jim. Someone here found your military ID card." He then walked up to Harry and put the phone close to his ear. "Why don't you tell him yourself?"

At that moment, Harry was shaking like a leaf, overwhelmed by his fear and horror. He then subconsciously said, "I-I found a military ID card here that was issued in 1987, and it belongs to someone called J-Jim Holland."

Jim laughed out loud on the other end of the phone. "Oh, that military ID card. I lost that about 20 years ago when I was driving the lieutenant elsewhere. I guess I can't be more surprised to hear that it has been found. I'll tell you what. Just deliver the ID card to The Staff of Westwood Military and mention my name, or you could tell the people that it's for the Chief of Army. Then, I'll..."

While Jim was still talking, Harry could no longer concentrate on the rest of his sentence. Instead, all he could hear was buzzing, as if there was a bee flying just right next to his ear. The Staff of Westwood Military? Jim Holland? The Chief of Army? With all those thoughts flooding his mind, Harry went weak in his knees and collapsed onto the ground.

On the other hand, the others, who didn't hear what Jim said on the phone, were bewildered when they witnessed Harry's reaction. "What's wrong?"

"What happened, Mr. Pumice? Who is on the phone?"

Nevertheless, Harry was too stunned to answer their questions as Kingsley bent over and took back his phone from Harry. Then, he spoke to Jim and said, "Alright, it's all done. Ciaos." After that, he hung up the call and looked at Harry. "So, I guess Jim owes you his thanks, doesn't he, Mr. Pumice?" Kingsley smiled and looked at Harry. "You're about to be rewarded handsomely."

Upon noticing how Kingsley just hung up the phone so casually when talking with the Chief of Army, Harry couldn't stop his legs from shaking as he wetted himself in the process. As his trousers appeared to be soaked with his own pool of urine, he stared at Kingsley in a terrified manner, feeling as if his blood had frozen. Who is this man before me? He is surely a military big shot who just wants to keep a low profile.

"Are you alright, Mr. Pumice?" Nicole was surprised when she saw Harry wetting himself. "Are you unwell? If you are, you should probably go back home and have some rest. I promise I'll send you the video once I record this ugly thing kneeling while giving me a kowtow later. You won't miss..."

Nonetheless, before the lady could finish her words, Harry sprang up from the ground and gave her a hard slap in the face. Then, he shouted in a furious manner, "Shut your

mouth up! If I hear one more word coming out of your mouth, I'm going to break your neck!"

The next second, Nicole covered her cheek with a puzzled look on her face. In fact, she had a promiscuous relationship with Harry in exchange for more clients to be referred to her. However, she didn't expect that Harry, who was gentle to her in bed, would slap her in front of so many people. "Mr. Pumice..." As soon as she called out to Harry, the man swung his arm and gave her another slap in the face.

"I told you to shut up!" After two slaps in the face, blood could be seen trickling from the corner of Nicole's lips as she felt dizzy. In the meantime, the other employees were confused by what they saw, wondering what was wrong with Harry and why he would hit someone on his side.

While the bystanders continued to watch in surprise, Harry pathetically crawled toward Kingsley's feet and begged for forgiveness. "I'm so sorry, Sir. It's all my fault. Please forgive me for my insolence." He repeatedly apologized while groveling at Kingsley's feet.

While there were other managers and salespeople from the other car brands among the bystanders, they all took a deep breath at the sight of Harry.

Meanwhile, an employee from Eastwheel, another car-selling shop, was seen with a stunned expression. "Wait, what? Am I seeing things? Is that Mr. Pumice who is kneeling and groveling at someone?"

"I don't believe my eyes either." At the same time, the saleswoman beside him nodded rigidly.

"Oh, gosh! Who is this young man? What has he done to scare the manager of the Mercedes-Benz shop so much?"

"Some rich man's son, I guess."

Upon hearing everyone else's murmurs, Harry couldn't help but complain to himself on the inside. Why would someone so outstanding like him drive an old Volkswagen Santana? Furthermore, why the heck did he want to trade in his old car for a new one? How was I supposed to know he is a military big shot with such a low profile?

Meanwhile, Kingsley coldly looked at Harry and asked, "Your employees insulted me and my friend. So, what are you going to do about that?"