

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 66

Chapter 66 Buy 200 Cars

Hearing Kingsley's words, Harry shivered all of a sudden.

Immediately, he turned his head and roared at Nicole and the others, "Hurry up and apologize to this gentleman and this lady!"

The employees of the Mercedes-Benz store looked at each other, and their faces all turned pale.

They all realized something was wrong, and they had done something terrible today!

At once, the few Mercedes-Benz employees stepped forward tremblingly. "We're sorry; we were ignorant..."

"Get down on your knees!" Harry shouted angrily.

Plop! Plop! In an instant, all the Mercedes-Benz employees fell to their knees. Shaking like a leaf, they lay on the ground, not even daring to lift their heads.

As for Nicole, she covered her red and swollen cheeks and stood there in a daze, as she was completely dumbfounded.

What the hell is going on here?

Just a second ago, she was still proud that she was finally better than Cecilia.

Why would my manager kneel before her out of nowhere?

Before she could figure it out, Harry had spat out her name in a roar. "Nicole! What the hell are you doing? Why don't you come over and apologize?"

Nicole's eyes were full of disbelief. "You're asking me to apologize to this penniless man and this stinky b*tch?"

As soon as she spoke, Harry nearly peed himself again.

This woman is so brainless! Now that we're up to this point, can't she make some sense of the situation?

He stood up abruptly, rushed to Nicole's side, grabbed her updo, and roared, "If you want to court death, don't drag me with you! My life is really messed up by you!"

While speaking, he threw Nicole at Kingsley's feet. "Quickly apologize to these two!"

Nicole was thrown so hard that her neat updo fell apart, leaving her disheveled, unlike her usual self. She slowly raised her head and looked at Cecilia, who was standing in front of her, her expression ugly.

Feeling exhilarated, Cecilia said, "Kingsley, let them kneel here. Let's go buy a car first!"

"Sure." Kingsley then turned to address Leo, the general manager of Volkswagen. "Let's go and check out the cars."

"Yes, yes... Please, let me introduce you to the various models of our brand..."

Leo did not dare to disregard him and hurriedly led him to the VIP reception room.

Watching them enter the room, Nicole asked bitterly, "Mr. Pumice, what do you mean by this? Why do you want me to apologize to them?"

As she spoke, she was about to stand up while supporting the ground with her hands.

"Hold your horses," Harry gritted his teeth and demanded. "No one is allowed to stand up before he allows you to!"

"Mr. Pumice..." Nicole opened her mouth wide, and a horrifying thought suddenly came to her mind. "Could it be that that person just now wasn't actually a useless simpleton?"

"Not only is he not a useless simpleton, but he is the person with the highest status I have ever known in my life!" Harry said in awe.

On the other hand, Nicole was speechless, along with everyone else. "We have even received the chief of the city hall before. His status is not higher than that, right?" When she asked her manager, her lips were so pale that there was no trace of blood.

Harry curled his lips and thought to himself that this guy could even hang up on the chief of Westwood Military, so what was the chief of the city hall even worth?

Looking at Harry's expression, Nicole completely finally put the pieces together. She slumped to the ground, her face ashen. She thought that she was finally better than Cecilia, but she didn't expect that they had never been in the same league at all!

In the end, she was nothing but an arrogant clown.

After a while, Leo sent Kingsley and Cecilia out with a bright smile, then roared to the onlookers, yelling, "Mr. Nicholson needs to buy 200 cars that cost more than 500,000! Volkswagen now has 60 cars in stock, so the remaining 140 cars can be purchased

from other brands! In addition, 50 high-end branded cars with a value of more than 1 million are needed, so please give your best recommendations to him!”

As soon as this statement came out, the Auto Mall staff surrounding them went crazy. One by one, their faces were flushed with excitement, and they shouted in agitation.

“We have a BMW in stock!”

“You should pick a Volvo for the price of half a million!”

“Audi! Audi! We are also owned by Volkswagen!”

“Mr. Nicholson! Support Tesla!”

For a moment, it was as if there was a riot in the area.

Nearly 200 cars were sold in one go, which turned the whole situation into a frenzy.

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Chapter 67 Get Out Now

All those who mocked Kingsley for the trade-in were dumbfounded. Little did they know that the person they looked down on was filthy rich.

At this time, someone shouted loudly, “We Lexus can trade in old cars for you! A Santana can be worth 1 million!”

As soon as these words came out, everyone spat, “Bah! Shameless!”

Kingsley didn’t expect the situation to get so out of control. “Mr. Whitaker, I trust your tastes. After you help me choose, have them delivered to Neveah. I will give you a 10% commission for each car.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Nicholson! I will definitely choose the most cost-effective models for you!”

Hearing about the 10% commission, Leo felt his blood suddenly surging in a frenzy. He was indescribably grateful, and he almost kneeled down and offered his soul to Kingsley.

Seeing all this, Harry immediately burst into tears. If they hadn’t offended Kingsley and the people in the Volkswagen store, they would have been able to sell 200 Mercedes-Benz cars!

But now, he could only kneel there and watch other people make crazy money

It's all Nicole, this b*tch's fault!

Harry glared at Nicole and gnashed his teeth, wishing to chop off her head on the spot.

After leaving everything to Leo to handle, Kingsley brought Cecilia to Harry and the others. "Mr. Pumice, I think it would be better for an employee like Nicole to be fired. What do you think?"

Hearing Kingsley's words, Harry didn't dare to hesitate, and he immediately turned to Nicole. "You're fired! Pack up and get out of here now! Never let me see you again!"

"Fired?" Nicole's face instantly turned pale. She now had to pay tens of thousands of mortgage and car loans a month. If she lost this job, she could not survive.

"No... Harry, you can't be so ruthless!" Nicole cried bitterly, "You promised to make me a sales manager! You can't just break your promise!"

"Shut up! Say one more word, and believe it or not, I will tear your mouth to pieces!" Harry's face turned green. If Nicole tattled about the two of them, how could he continue to work in this Auto Mall in the future?

Startled, Nicole immediately changed direction. She crawled to Cecilia's feet and pleaded, "Cecilia! Cecilia, considering that we were once classmates, please forgive me this time! I really can't lose this job!"

Cecilia looked at her with disgust and said indifferently, "As I said, I have nothing to say to you. As for whether to fire you or not, it's up to your boss and has nothing to do with me."

"Cecilia... I beg you... Please talk to your boyfriend, please..." Nicole completely panicked and groveled at her former classmate's feet.

Kingsley took a picture of her embarrassed appearance with his phone and said with a smile, "Cecilia, I will send you the video. Just as she said just now, we can spread it to your other classmates."

Hearing this, Nicole instantly turned ashen. She lost her job, and now she lost her classmates too. In under a few minutes, she had lost everything she was building. Seeing her humble appearance begging for mercy, Cecilia felt extremely happy.

I finally vented this grievance that I have accumulated for many years! Finally, there's light at the end of the tunnel.

At this moment, the gaze she gave Kingsley was no longer just curiosity and admiration but more of gratitude.

However, she was not an unreasonable woman, so she pulled the corner of Kingsley's shirt and said, "Kingsley, let's go. I don't want to see this kind of person anymore."

"Okay, let's go." Kingsley didn't look at Harry and Nicole again, leading Cecilia away.

After the two of them left, Harry had security throw Nicole and her belongings out of the door of the Mercedes-Benz store without a word. He seriously felt like killing her right there, so he would not let her stay for one more second.

Nicole stood outside in embarrassment as everyone pointed at her and gossiped about her.

"This saleswoman has such a bad eye for people that she can't even tell the difference between a rich man and a useless simpleton. How can such a person sell a car?"

"That's right. I saw at a glance just now that the woman beside the rich man was Miss Cecilia Larson."

"Miss Larson? I heard she is engaged to the young master of the Carter Family? Why is she with another man?"

Hearing everyone's discussion, Nicole felt her expression change involuntarily, and she quickly took out her phone to call a boss she once served.

"Hey, Mr. Jordan, do you know Shane Carter? I saw his fiancée cheating on him with another man..."

Two days later, there was a sight to behold at Neveah. Twenty large double-decker trucks parked one by one in the parking lot in front of the office building, and each had a dozen new cars on it! Moreover, all of them were high-end luxury models!

Looking at these cars, all the employees began to gossip.

"What are all these many cars for? Will they be given to us as end-of-the-year prizes?"

"Hehe, dream on! There are Lincolns that cost more than 3 million there!"

Reene was also very excited. She had just received a call from a person calling himself Mr. Johnson. The man told her that these cars were given to Neveah by Mr. Nicholson in order to reward the employees who had been loyal and not defected previously.

"Mr. Nicholson?" Reene's heart moved.

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Chapter 68 Raising the Price

However, Reese immediately rejected the idea.

It makes sense for my brother to have a little money, but these cars add up to hundreds of millions, so how could he afford them?

She came out of the office building and exclaimed to the curious employees, "Everyone, curb your curiosity! These cars are indeed your awards!"

As soon as this statement came out, everyone was in a frenzy.

Even Benjamin and others, who were going to search for Reese before, looked at these cars with excitement and secretly swore that they would stay forever loyal to Neveah until death!

"But!" Reese glanced at everyone and added lightly, "Not everyone is eligible to receive this award."

"What? Not everyone?"

"Is it only for people above the managerial level?"

Everyone looked at each other while guessing in their hearts, while Benjamin and others all looked pleased. They were confident that they were the pillars of the company, and Reese was probably trying to win over them in this way so that they would no longer defect and join Alex.

"Mr. Gibson, congratulations. It seems that you can at least get a Jaguar XJ!"

"Yeah, I'm so envious..."

Being cheered on by his subordinates, Benjamin laughed and said, "After I get the car, I will let you all have a good time driving it!"

Reese gave them a disdainful look and continued, "Now, those on the list that I will now read out may come over and take the car keys."

"Sasha Hompton, the BMW X5 on Transporter No. 1 is yours."

“Thank you, President! Oh, my! Thank you!”

A woman stepped forward, her face flushed with excitement.

During the company crisis two days ago, she was kicked out by Alex’s men because she refused to betray Reene. At the time, she thought she was going to lose her job.

Unexpectedly, not only did she not lose her job, but she also got a car worth more than 800,000!

“Mike Lamb, the Lexus RX on the first truck is yours.”

“Steven Cole, that red Volvo S90 is yours.”

...

Reene gave out over 60 cars in one go, but Benjamin’s name was not mentioned yet.

Benjamin felt his heart pounding in his chest. Is she saving the best for last?

However, after Reene gave a Volkswagen CC to Gus, the security guard guarding her office floor, she concluded, “The current round of rewards for loyal employees is now over. The rest of the cars will become your motivation! I will be generous to whoever performs well!”

At that, the crowd cheered, and all the employees could not wait to sell their souls to the company at once. Only Benjamin’s expression was terribly ugly.

Even the security guard got a car, but he didn’t even get a wheel. Looking at the strange gazes of everyone, he felt that his dignity had just gone down the gutter, so he left after flinging his sleeve. While Neveah was in full swing with the distribution of rewards, Kingsley drove his new car to Summers Residence.

Today Leroy was going to sign a contract with a construction company for the construction of the Nicholson Family Cemetery, so he intended to take a look.

Seeing Kingsley, Leroy quickly and respectfully stepped forward. “Mr. Nicholson, the representative from Codrington Construction has arrived.”

“Let’s go. It’s still up to you to negotiate with them, though. I’ll only be watching.”

Leroy smiled. “Mr. Nicholson, I feel better with your presence.”

The front hall of Summers Residence looked bleak after being burned down.

A man in a floral shirt was sitting on a chair with a knife and two walnuts in his hand. Behind him stood more than a dozen young men in black suits, each looking ferocious and definitely not normal bodyguards from regular security companies.

Leroy sat opposite the man and put a document on the table between the two.

“Mr. Stephen Cooley, this is the construction contract we have drawn up. If there are no problems, the two parties will sign it, and you may start working in the afternoon.”

Stephen squinted at the contract, but he didn't even touch it as he said directly, “I'm not gonna look at it further. According to our company rules, you must first triple the price!”

“What?” Hearing that Stephen requested they triple the original offer, Leroy changed his expression immediately. “The price given by Mr. Nicholson has already exceeded the market price! I suggest that you don't push it.”

“Then I don't care!” Stephen crossed his legs and raised his chin. “This is the rule of Codrington Construction!”

He threw the contract in front of Leroy. “Change the price so that we can sign the contract immediately and start construction right away!”

Leroy's face changed again. “Mr. Cooley, we have already negotiated this before. How can you change the contract on the spot?”

Stephen raised his eyebrows. “Are you still a child? Negotiating the price and signing the contract are two different things, right?”

“You are clearly trying to take advantage of us!” Leroy slammed the table and added angrily, “Even if Mr. Nicholson is rich, we won't be extorted by you like this!”

“Extortion?” Stephen's face sank. “Codrington Construction is the industry leader in Cleapolis, so don't you dare slander us!”

At the comment, Leroy was so angry that he stretched out his hand toward the gate. “Mr. Cooley, please leave. We will no longer collaborate with your company in the construction of Nicholson Family Cemetery!”

“Hehehe...” Instead of getting up and leaving, Stephen sneered, “Mr. Johnson, it seems that you are really a child. Do you know that every industry has its own rules? How would anyone dare to take over the project that Codrington Construction is interested in?”

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The construction of the Nicholson Family Cemetery was massive, and Kingsley himself was willing to spend money. Hence, the required materials and construction standards were above the industry standard. After completing this order, the profit obtained could be said to be an astronomical figure! With such a great deal, how could Codrington Construction be willing to hand it over to others?

If they couldn't get this contract, they would never allow other companies to take it either!

After listening to Stephen's words, Leroy frowned and said, "What do you mean? With so many construction companies in Cleapolis, can you all monopolize all contracts?"

He knew that Codrington Construction was powerful; otherwise, he would not choose to cooperate with them. But what he didn't expect was that this company would be such a bully!

Stephen leaned forward to put his arms on the table, then crossed his fingers and stared at Leroy nastily. "I'm afraid you still don't know which family Codrington Construction belongs to, right?"

"W-Which one?"

"The Lawson Family in Cleapolis!" The volume of Stephen's voice suddenly increased. "Would anyone dare to fight for business with the Lawson Family?"

Hearing that, Leroy suddenly turned pale. The Lawson Family was on close terms with both legal and illegal avenues, and they had made a fortune walking on the knife edge. They also had very close relationships with all the bigwigs in the city.

In fact, their reputation was so great that even a poor kid from the mountain village like him had heard of them!

If Codrington Construction really belonged to the Lawson Family, then no one would dare to take over the project of Nicholson Family Cemetery!

Leroy wanted nothing more than to slap himself hard. Of all companies, how could he choose to work with the company of this family?

He looked back at Kingsley in fear, for fear that the other party would blame him. However, Kingsley patted him on the shoulder and saying comforting, "It doesn't matter. Codrington Construction is well known. If it were me, I would definitely choose them too."

After saying this, he cast his cold eyes on Stephen, then said lightly, "Are you the one who set the rule of tripling the price before signing the contract?"

Stephen glanced at him. "I'm talking to your manager; you're in no position to interrupt!"

He regarded Kingsley as an employee under Leroy.

Though Kingsley gave a warm smile, his eyes were icy. "I'm just asking you who set this rule!"

Stephen was a little intimidated when he saw Kingsley's gaze, so he subconsciously replied, "I-It was set by Young Master Lawson, the vice-chairman of our company."

"Young Master Lawson? Is it Peter Lawson?"

Stephen looked surprised. "Do you know him?"

"We briefly met once."

"Pfft!" Stephen breathed a sigh of relief when he heard Kingsley's words. "There are so many people who have met him. Don't think about getting involved with him for connections, you little brat!"

Kingsley said coldly, "I'll give you two choices now. One, sign the original contract immediately and start with the construction, or two, give up and let another company take over!"

"I'm not going to f*cking choose!"

Stephen waved his hand and added brashly, "If you have what it takes, just try and see who the f*ck dares to take over! Even if there are people who dare to sign a contract with you, I won't let you construct the cemetery smoothly! You haven't heard of the power and influence of the Lawson Family, have you? My friend, you can buy peace and prosperity for just three times as much money. It's a good deal!"

Seeing Stephen's arrogant appearance, Leroy clenched his fists hard. He gritted his teeth and yelled, "You are taking advantage of this deal! You're asking for too much!"

"That's right. I am indeed. So what?" Stephen lit a cigarette and spat out a mouthful of smoke at Leroy's face. "You're going to bury your boss' father in the Nicholson Family Cemetery, right? I can tell you straight away that if you don't sign a contract with Codrington Construction, believe it or not, even if the cemetery is built, he won't be able to find peace in his afterlife!"

"You!" Leroy was so angry that the veins on his forehead nearly burst, and he wanted to tear Stephen's arrogant face to pieces.

“Repeat what you just said.” Kingsley looked at Stephen with an icy expression, and his voice was as cold as frost.

“What if I do?” Stephen pursed his lips. “If you don’t let us make money from this, I can guarantee that even if the dead man’s bones are buried in the ground, we will dig it out for you again!”

His voice just fell when Kingsley slammed his fist on the table with a bang. “I’m afraid that even if you get the money, you won’t be able to live to spend it!”

Stephen was stunned by him for a moment, then he laughed and said, “Hahahaha... I have been in this business for so many years, and this is the first time I have encountered someone who dares to threaten me!”

After some raucous laughter, he suddenly stopped smiling, waved his hand behind him, and shouted loudly, “You guys, show these two boys what we can offer them!”

Previously, there were people who were unwilling to change the price on the contract, but under his threat of violence, all of them accepted their fates in the end.

Therefore, this time he was also doing the same. He thought that after both Kingsley and Leroy were beaten up, they would definitely sign the contract obediently.

Hearing Stephen’s order, the men in black suits all stepped forward.

On the other hand, Leroy turned pale and said to Kingsley, “You go first! I’ll deal with them!”

It’s just getting beaten up! I believe I can handle it!

Kingsley looked at Stephen indifferently. “I will give you one last chance.”

“Chance? You’re still pretending to be a goddamn hero? Guys! Hit him with all you have!”

Stephen didn’t bother to waste any more breath and simply just waved his hand to order his subordinates to beat them up.

In the next moment, the young men immediately rushed forward ferociously without a word.

Leroy’s eyes were spitting fire, and he clenched his fists tightly, ready to fight, while Stephen slowly exhaled a puff of smoke while looking victorious.

Just at this moment, Kingsley supported the table with one hand and jumped up, and in the next instant, he landed on his feet lightly beside Stephen.

At that, Stephen's eyelids twitched, and his hand holding the cigarette trembled slightly.

All of a sudden, the hairs all over his body stood up as he froze on the spot when he felt a muzzle against his temples.

"If you don't want your head to blow open, you'd better be straight with me!"

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Chapter 70 Meeting an Enemy

Kingsley's icy voice reached Stephen's ears, causing goosebumps all over his body. Cold sweat broke out from Stephen's forehead as he slowly raised his hands and said in horror, "I won't move... I won't move..."

Those men of his who had just rushed to Leroy's side all stopped before they could start. They were just a bunch of street thugs, so when they saw real guns, they were scared stiff.

"M-Mister, you said earlier that you are also one of us. We're all family, right? This will just harm both sides." Stephen raised his arms and didn't dare to move at all, for fear that he would lose his life if he accidentally made a move.

"Who the hell is your family?" Kingsley's voice was cold. "You're not worth it!"

Hearing this, Stephen was so frightened that his eyes lost focus. "Could it be... Are you from the police station?"

In his heart, there could only be two kinds of people who had guns in their hands—bigwigs in life or the police.

"O-Officer, Young Master Lawson and the captain of the police station are good buddies. Y-You must not shoot... Let's discuss this in a good way..."

Stephen was about to collapse from fright as his voice trembled like a sheep's.

Kingsley pointed at his head with the gun. "Weren't you a big guy just now? Come on! Finish what you started!"

"No, no, no... I won't dare to do so..." Stephen's face was utterly bloodless by now.

"O-Officer, you call the shots here!"

At this time, a young man with yellow hair next to him said, "Mr. Cooley, I go to the police station almost once or twice every week. I'm familiar with the people there, but I've never seen this person before."

"Yeah, I've never seen this person before too," someone echoed.

"And there is absolutely no such bigwig in Solaris."

The yellow hair frowned and added, "Is this gun fake?"

It dawned on everyone when he said this, and Stephen's expression stiffened.

Guns are not something that anyone can own casually. I can't possibly be so unlucky that I actually met a man who is neither a policeman nor a big shot but has a real gun in his hand, right? This probability is even lower than winning the lottery.

"Boy. If you dare to frighten me with a toy gun, believe it or not, I will really kill you today." Stephen was ruthless in his words, but his body did not move.

"Toy gun?" Kingsley raised the corner of his mouth.

"If you are not afraid of death, you can try it."

The yellow-haired man next to him was eager to make a name for himself, so he shouted loudly, "Let's try it!"

While speaking, he suddenly rushed toward Kingsley.

At once, the muzzle moved slightly, and a bang was heard.

Bang!

As the gunshot rang in the air, an appalling red dot appeared between the yellow-haired man's eyebrows in the next second. It was one gunshot right between the eyebrows.

Everyone present was terrified. Staring blankly at the man's corpse, they almost forgot to breathe.

Stephen was so frightened that he peed himself. If it weren't for his hands on the table, he would have collapsed to the ground long ago. Feeling fearful, he secretly scolded in his heart that the man really deserved to die.

I almost got myself killed because of him.

Kingsley put the warm muzzle on Stephen's temple again and said lightly, "Do you want to try it too?"

“No, no, I don’t want to...” Stephen’s legs trembled wildly.

“M-Mister, this rule about the tripled price on the contract price was truly set by Young Master Peter. It’s honestly none of my business. I’m just a part-time worker...”

“Call Peter and have him come over.” Kingsley’s voice was icy. “Looks like he has to eat his own sh*t now.”

Stephen didn’t understand what Kingsley meant, but he hurriedly called Peter.

“Y-Young Master Lawson, I’m Stephen. There is something wrong with the Nicholson Family Cemetery...”

Before he finished speaking, Peter said impatiently, “Is it because the other party refuses to change the contract price? Just beat them up. Don’t let them get away with it.”

“I-I did... But we failed...”

“What the hell? Are you in trouble? Wait there. I happen to be nearby, so I’ll be there soon.”

After that, he hung up the phone.

Stephen shivered and raised his phone. “Hey, he will be here soon. Just let me go...”

Kingsley retracted his gun and pointed at the yellow-haired corpse on the ground. “Take him away. Don’t pollute the land of my family.”

“Yes, yes, yes...” Stephen nodded and bowed, after which he instructed the two frightened subordinates next to him, yelling, “Go, take the body back to the company for disposal!”

Those two subordinates acted as if they were pardoned. At lightning speed, they lifted the corpse and left in a hurry.

After a while, there was a sudden screeching of brakes from the gate.

Roughly 5 or 6 Mercedes-Benz business cars parked at the entrance of Summers Residence, and then more than 20 big men with tattoos all over their bodies got down.

The person leading the group was none other than Peter. Behind him, there was also a man with a ferocious and vicious face.

This person was none other than Mickey Kray, who met Kingsley on the bus the first day he came back.

Peter shouted arrogantly, "Where are those punks?! Let me see who dares to go against the Lawson Family!"

While speaking, he had already stepped into the front hall.

"It's you?"

When he saw Kingsley, his pupils shrank suddenly.

That day when he helped Caleb find a place, he was kicked by Kingsley until he vomited blood and had to lie in bed for a week before he recovered.

At this moment, he was outraged to meet his archenemy. He turned his head and said to Mickey, "Mickey, I have a grudge against this kid; you help me teach him a lesson."

"I have a f*cking grudge against him too." The veins on Mickey's face trembled; the man wished nothing more than to kill Kingsley on the spot to relieve his hatred.

On the bus that day, he kneeled all the way. It was the most humiliating moment in his life.

"Boy! We'll meet again. This time, unluckily for you, you've fallen in my hands!"

Kingsley ignored him but said to Peter, "Young Master Lawson, I made it very clear last time that you need to live broadcast yourself eating poop before the end of the month, but I don't seem to have seen you eating sh*t on any live platform?"

As soon as these words came out, the whole place fell silent.

Even the angry Mickey looked at Peter in surprise.

The second young master of the Lawson Family is supposed to eat sh*t on live broadcast? This is unbelievable.

Peter's expression changed rapidly, and he gritted his teeth and said, "Boy, don't get on your high horse. Right now, you don't have the support of the second young lady in the Tanner Family. It's easy for me to end you."

He pointed at Mickey. "This is the general of Advisor Shane from the first military division of Jarett Cole. You will surely die today."

As soon as they heard Peter's introduction, Stephen and the others, who had been frightened to death, recovered a bit.

Advisor Shane's men were here. Even if Kingsley had a gun in his hand, they shouldn't be afraid.

How can a gun possibly kill more than 30 people at once here? What's more, Advisor Shane is also an exceptional armed man.

On the other hand, Kingsley gave a cold, disdainful smile. "A successful general? Even if Kenny himself comes here, he has to kneel down before me."