

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 76

Chapter 76 Someone You Can't Afford to Offend

As Kingsley looked at the kneeling Daniel, who admitted to his mistakes, his gaze turned even colder.

"Do you not know your place?! Did your supervisor educate you to be such a useless coward?!"

"I..."

Daniel couldn't help but shiver. It suddenly dawned on him that he was now the vice president of Coliree Group, and his actions represented Coliree Group. Besides that, he was also an elite soldier of Coliree Island.

I'm supposed to be a warrior! A soldier! How could I have kneeled in public?

"Yes, sir! I know my wrongdoings." Then, Daniel quickly got up and said respectfully, "I'm sorry, Mr. Nicholson."

With a serious look, Kingsley announced, "I'm not the one you should be sorry to. It's everyone else!"

As he said that, he pointed at Jay and Richard. "How could you hire these two clowns for the company? Are you trying to ruin Coliree Group?"

The others might not understand the meaning behind Kingsley's accusations, but Daniel could.

There were hundreds of elite soldiers in Coliree Group, and every one of them was in a raging battle of wits with other spies outside the company. If someone Daniel hired were to sabotage their spy-exterminating mission, how would he be able to face those warriors who were risking their lives for the mission?

How would he be able to face the citizens of Qustia if their enemies infiltrated the country because of his mistakes?!

"I understand what you mean, sir."

Afterward, Daniel approached the unconscious Richard and kicked him while growling, "Get up! I know you're awake."

"Vice President Robinson..."

As Richard slowly opened his eyes, his teeth were chattering in fear. Previously, he had fainted due to shock but quickly regained consciousness after falling to the ground.

However, he knew it wouldn't end well for him today, so he closed his eyes and pretended that he was still unconscious. Daniel's words at that moment made him lose the desire to pretend anymore, so he shakingly rose to his feet.

"You better tell the truth about what happened!" Daniel gritted his teeth.

"I-I saw this person getting out of a cheap car, so I wanted to chase him away...."

Looking at Daniel's gradually darkened face, Richard felt warmth between his legs...

He had peed his pants in shock!

When Daniel heard Richard's explanation, he couldn't help but want to skin Richard alive! Richard had the guts to chase Ares away. It was a suicidal act!

Plop! After falling to his knees, Richard's posture still remained straight. "Vice President Richardson, I know what I did wrong. It was all my fault. I am guilty, but please spare me this once!"

"The one you should be begging is not me!" Daniel put some sense back into him by yelling.

Immediately, Richard understood Daniel's words and approached Kingsley on his knees. Then, he begged while groveling, "Sir, please be gracious and spare me once...."

"Didn't you just say I'm trash?" Kingsley sneered without any mercy.

"I'm trash! I'm the one who's trash! You can treat me like a nobody"

As his eyes narrowed, Kingsley asked, "Do you know what you did wrong?"

"I know. I know." Richard nodded repeatedly. "I shouldn't have driven you to the side entrance. I shouldn't have insulted you. I promise I will never do that again! Never again!"

"That wasn't what you did wrong, can't you see?" Kingsley couldn't hold back telling the man off. "You judged a book by its cover! Those who drive luxurious cars and are wealthy have your respect, while ordinary people who drive average cars can't even enter from the main entrance? What rule is that, and who made it?!"

Every word Kingsley said was loud and clear!

“N-Now, I understand! I won’t be a stuck-up snob no more!” Richard’s face was drenched with tears as he cried, “Please don’t fire me... I have parents and children to feed. What would I do if I lost this job....”

He was over forty this year and didn’t have any skills that made him stand out.

Ever since he left the factory, he had been doing labor-intensive jobs. Now that he finally had an honorable job of being the security guard of Coliree Group, he was reluctant to get fired in such a way.

There was no way he would let himself return to how he was after just a few days of getting his job. Who knew how many sarcastic remarks would await him if he were fired?

“Please, I beg you... Please don’t fire me...”

The more Richard thought about it, the more terrified he was. Even his forehead was bloody from all his groveling!

Looking down at Richard, Kingsley slightly sighed. “If I see you acting snobbish again, I’ll fire you immediately!”

“Yes, of course... Thank you, sir. Thank you so much...”

Once Richard knew he still had his job, he ignored his bloody forehead and bowed several times more at Kingsley.

Meanwhile, Kingsley ignored Richard and set his eyes on the trembling Jay. “Young Master Jay, how about we talk about your problem now?”

Although Kingsley spoke with a calm tone, once his voice entered Jay’s ears, it was like an emergency bell!

All he could hear was a loud buzzing in his mind as if the sky was falling! Being the eldest young master of the Carter Family, the responsibility on his shoulders was no smaller than Richard’s.

Richard’s responsibility was to provide for his family and not embarrass himself in front of his friends and relatives. Jay’s responsibility was to continue the Carter Family’s honor!

Moreover, Jay had several siblings born to different mothers who were all watching his every move.

Any tiny mistake would make those people pounce on him like hungry wolves, wanting to steal a piece of the shareable cake, which was the Carter Family inheritance!

As Jay thought of that, his lips started to tremble while he pleaded with Kingsley. " Mr. Nicholson, I—"

Before Jay could beg him, Kingsley raised his hand and interrupted, "There's a lot of people here. Let's head inside to discuss your matters."

"Yes..." There was a trace of gratitude in Jay's eyes.

There were so many bystanders looking at them, so whether he was fired or criticized, it would tarnish the Carter Family's name. By then, his relatives would start a wave of opposition against him.

Thus, Kingsley's action was the same as saving his life!

With Daniel in the lead, the three arrived at Coliree Group's second building and into Daniel's office.

Kingsley then sat on Daniel's chair and said, "Now, let's have a good chat."

There wasn't anyone else in the room, so Jay plopped onto his knees and stammered, "M-Mr. Nicholson, I was overly ignorant. May I ask who—"

Once Jay got to that, he suddenly stopped talking. Until that very moment, he still didn't know about Kingsley's identity!

He could tell from Daniel's attitude that the man before them was not someone he could afford to offend!

After that, Kingsley calmly looked at Daniel without speaking a word.

Daniel caught his meaning and took a step forward to say, "You have no right to know who he is!"

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Chapter 77 An Interrogation in Person!

Daniel's tone was serious as he spat out the words one by one. "Curiosity killed the cat, my friend. Stop being noisy if you still care about your family!"

"Y-Yes... I won't say another word..."

Jay was scared out of his wits! To think the Vice President was using his family's lives to threaten him! It was as clear as day that Daniel was more powerful than Jay had initially thought!

Kingsley's fingers tapped against the office desk as he asked, "Daniel, why did you recruit a person like him into our company?"

"To answer your question, Mr. Nicholson." Daniel stood as straight as a ramrod.

"I've considered his family background. The Carters have long been a well-known aristocratic family in the city, so they have a good reputation. Jay is not only the young master of the family, but he has also graduated with a DBA from the best-ranking university in the world. Hiring him will be very beneficial for Coliree Group's future developments."

Although Daniel was dressed in a suit, his mannerism and speech still had traces of a person who had once trained in the military.

"DBA?"

Well, this is new. Kingsley's initial impression of Jay was just a rich lad who was arrogant and domineering due to his family background. This dude is not as bad, I guess.

After all, the best university wasn't a place where someone could enter with just money and mere connections.

Worried that Kingsley would place the blame on him, he quickly explained, "Yes. Although Jay is a little arrogant, he's the real deal. If not for that, I never would have let him become the General Manager for the company..."

Kingsley nodded his head in response. If this lad could be trained well, there is a possibility that he could become a real asset to the company in the future.

Noticing that Kingsley's expression had relaxed slightly, Jay felt as if he saw a ray of hope, so he took the chance to make his plea. "Mr. Nicholson, as you know, I'm the young master of the Carter Family. I had to learn how to grow up under everyone's gaze on me. Everyone jumped at the chance to flatter me, yet they were all waiting for the day I would make a single mistake. I had no choice but to become who I am today in order to protect myself..."

Although Kingsley knew he was speaking the truth, he still questioned coldly, "Are you trying to give excuses?"

"N-No..." Terrified, Jay kneeled down and begged for mercy. "I fully understand that my attitude was the problem, and I'll promise I'll change. I swear on my life, so please don't fire me..."

"I can consider not firing you." His fingers were still tapping rhythmically on the table. "I'll consider it if you can correct your arrogant behavior and obey all my orders."

Feeling as if a huge burden was suddenly lifted from his shoulders, Jay bowed and thanked him, announcing, "I'll make sure to correct all my bad habits and follow your lead!"

"Alright, I'll ask Daniel to keep an eye on you. If I ever received news that you looked down on someone again, I'll make sure to finish you off myself!"

"Yes, yes. I'll never do that again..." Jay was overjoyed to the point he felt like crying because he was finally out of danger...

As for Kingsley, he had his own reasons for keeping Jay.

Daniel was right, they had to build a connection with the local forces in order for their company to have a perfect disguise.

At the same time, they had to make sure they had a secured place within the business industry. In that case, Jay was definitely the perfect choice. By recruiting him, they could kill two birds with one stone!

"You can continue your work now. There are still a few matters I have to discuss with Daniel."

Kingsley gave a sign for Jay to leave. Noticing the meaning behind Kingsley's words, he quickly left the office.

"Come on, let's go and have a look at how Boris is doing." Kingsley stood up and said, "I want to interrogate him personally."

Daniel quickly stood up straight and saluted him. "Yes, Ares!"

He had to abide by the military rules when no outsiders were around!

Daniel started to introduce the interior design of the building as they were taking the lift, explaining, "Ares, there are a total of eighteen buildings for our company. Nine of them are used as decoys and are known as the external factions. The rest of them are used to carry out missions, called the interior factions. A plaza separates the two factions, and there are guards keeping watch secretly all day. The external faction's workers will never find out about our disguise."

They arrived at Building No.17, the place where Boris was imprisoned.

Kingsley had just got out of the car when a couple of soldiers came out from hiding. Saluting respectfully, they greeted, "Ares!"

"Keep it up, people." He nodded with a smile on his face. With just one sentence, he ignited the fire in the soldiers' eyes!

Stepping inside the building, he began to examine the surroundings. There were about twenty floors in the particular building, yet not a single worker was in sight. The only things in sight were the flashing red lights of the numerous security cameras monitoring every corner of the building.

“Ares, Boris is imprisoned on the second floor. Let’s go up.” Daniel had just finished speaking when Lancer came running in their direction.

“Ares!”

Nodding his head, he turned around and ordered, “Daniel, you can return to your post for now. There’s no need for you to pay attention to this matter, for I want you to focus on maintaining the external affairs of the company.”

“Yes, sir!”

Standing at attention, he saluted Kingsley and Lancer before leaving.

“Where’s Hades?” Kingsley asked as they walked toward the interrogation room.

“He’s hiding in an ambush at Boris’ mansion to see if there were any idiots who would expose themselves.”

Shaking his head, he said, “Ask him to come back. His partners have probably all hid away since Boris has disappeared for such a long time. It’ll be hard to lure any of them out.”

Lancer brought him in front of a large iron gate. “Boss, Boris is inside this room.”

As he spoke, he knocked on the door rhythmically a couple of times. After a moment, a soldier opened the door from inside.

The window in the room was sealed shut without letting a hint of light come through. The only thing there was a small area for ventilation, approximately eleven inches.

The sound insulation was installed perfectly, and not a single sound was transmitted from the outside. The silence in the dimly lit room was eerie, so any person would break down after staying for a long time here!

Thus, it was the perfect place to interrogate criminals!

Lancer gave his report, saying, “The whole building has been remodeled to be specially used for imprisonment and interrogation.”

Breathing in the metallic scent of blood, he nodded satisfyingly. “You’ve done a great job.”

After he took a few steps forward, he saw a few chairs placed in the center, while rows upon rows of terrifying torture devices were placed at the side.

It was a sight that would cause anyone to get goosebumps all over their bodies. Boris was tied in a chair, his whole body covered in blood stains, with an apathetic expression on his face.

This was obviously not the first round of interrogation!

Striding right in front of him, Kingsley questioned, "Are you Boris?"

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Chapter 78 Ancient Acupuncture

Hearing Kingsley's voice, Boris raised his head and glared at the man silently without saying a single word.

"You're a professor, yet my men used such cruel methods on you. It seems they were too rough."

Kingsley's voice was very soft, as if he came to have a cup of tea with an old friend instead of interrogating a criminal.

"That's right. I came to Qustia to attend the academic forum. How dare you treat me like this! I will sue you in the international court!" Boris yelled out furiously in broken Qustian.

Lancer sneered coldly, "Why would you need to attend the academic forum with a gun?"

He picked up a baton and told Kingsley, "Boss, this b*stard is stubborn to a fault. Let me give him a lesson to remember!"

A frightened Boris struggled against the rope as he yelled, "This is illegal captivity! It's illegal! I demand to be contacted by Sweoya's embassy!"

Raising his hand, Kingsley stopped Lancer. "It's not a good idea to use interrogation without a care."

He took one of the chairs and sat right in front Boris as he stated impassively, "I don't have much time. This is the last chance I'm giving you, so tell me the names of all the spies in Sweoya and their undercover identities."

"I have no idea what spies you're talking about! I'm just a normal professor. You're just trying to throw dirt on me!" Because Boris refused to yield, Kingsley's expression became colder. "Have I been too nice to you?"

“N-No...” Shivers ran down Boris’ spine. Staring straight into Kingsley’s hazel eyes, he could see the world’s most terrifying killing intent directed at him!

Standing up, Kingsley took out a 4-inch needle from a metal box. “I despise wasting my time.”

“You... What are you trying to do?”

Boris came to the realization that the soft-spoken Kingsley was more terrifying compared to Lancer!

He would rather be whipped or even beaten with the baton than face Kingsley’s cold, soulless gaze!

“My godfather was a god-like person who taught me a lot of things.” Holding the needle in his hand, Kingsley walked over to Boris as he continued in a cold voice, “However, there was only one thing I learned from him that has benefitted me my whole life. It was an ancient medical skill.”

Boris’ eyes dilated as he stared at the needle in terror. “What medical skills? Are you talking about Qustia’s acupuncture skills?”

“Your knowledge is quite vast. No wonder you were able to become a professor,” Kingsley smirked coldly. “Then, you should also know that this one needle can either kill or save a person’s life, right?”

Boris’ face turned deathly pale as his lips trembled. “I don’t know anything, really! I have no idea what you’re talking about even if you kill me...”

“Alright, you’re indeed a tenacious person.” Kingsley’s smile widened. Holding the needle between two fingers, he pierced the back of Boris’ head in a precise manner!

The needle pierced seven spots in a matter of seconds, and it sank deep into his head!

“Ahhhh!” A blood-curdling scream rang out in the entire room!

Kingsley continued without any care, “This acupuncture is good for your spleen, and it can also treat the muddy dirt in your brain.”

He had just finished speaking when Boris’ whole body began to shake uncontrollably!

“After a few moments, you’ll feel the pain being transmitted to your whole body. Compared to the pain you’re going to feel a few seconds later, this much is nothing.”

It was as if his voice was echoing from the depths of the underworld. Even Lancer couldn’t help but feel shivers running through his body.

"I- I'll tell you... I'll tell you everything that I know!" Boris had never been so terrified, nor had he felt so much pain because he yelled out loud, "I'll tell you everything I know! Get this d*mn needle out of me!!"

Kingsley flicked his fingers at the speed of light as the needle came out of his head.

The clinking sound of metal hit the ground.

"Phew..." He let out a deep breath of relief.

It had only been a few minutes, but his whole body was already soaked in a cold sweat. He never wanted to experience that terrifying feeling again!

Kingsley sat back in his chair as he commented calmly, "There would have been no need for you to go through this pain had you given up earlier."

"Now, tell me. How many of you have sneaked in, and what are the identities and code names you're all using? What's the purpose behind the operation in Qustia? And what's the operation for?!"

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Chapter 79 Cecilia's in Danger!

"You're right because I'm indeed a spy from Sweoya. But... I really don't know the answers to your questions..."

Taking in a deep breath, he continued, "I'm not lying. I really am an ordinary professor. I came here to attend the academic forum. However, just before I set out, a person reached out to me and said that he wanted me to work for the country. He told me to sneak in as a spy and wait for further orders, but before I could receive any missions, your men have already captured me..."

Hearing his response, Kingsley frowned. Boris' expression was too sincere, so he wasn't sure if he was lying.

"Then how do you get in contact with them?"

"There's an internal server," he explained. "I could contact the person using it. However, I'm not sure of his real identity."

"Give me the link to the website."

Instantly, his eyes brightened up. If he could track down the website, he would be able to capture all of them in a single strike!

Boris told him the website's name without hesitation. "Both the account and password are 0908."

"0908? What does that mean?"

"This was the code they used to register, which also happens to be the day the academic forum will be held. I would have no idea if they decided on the code intentionally."

"Is there any other information? I'm sure you know what the consequences are if I ever came to know that you withhold anything."

Staring straight into Kingsley's cold gaze, he could only answer in a trembling voice, "I've already told you everything I know. As for the rest, I really don't know anything else..."

Keeping his gaze on Boris for several seconds to make sure that he wasn't lying, Kingsley stood up slowly and ordered Lancer, "Treat the wounds on his body. There's no need to interrogate him anymore."

"Yes!" Lancer responded before continuing, "I'll ask someone to check the IP address immediately. Once we find their location, we'll immediately send our men there to capture them!"

"Alright. Inform me if you face any troubles."

"Roger that!"

Seeing that Kingsley was about to leave, Boris quickly shouted, "I've already told you everything I know. When can you let me out of here?"

"I'll let you out when your student, Andrew, begs for me to set you free."

Spitting out those words, Kingsley strode off.

On the second day, Kingsley had just woken up when he received a call from Hades.

"Ares, there's a slight problem when we try to hack the website. We couldn't log in using the account and password Boris told us. The technical team reported that they needed a string of random numbers as the carrier. However, we still have no idea who's the person who has the numbers! Moreover, Sweoya's core technology is at least twenty years ahead of our empire. It will be nigh impossible for us to break through their firewall in a short amount of time. Besides that, it will be difficult to locate the moderator's location!"

Kingsley frowned. "Try to find the location of the person who has the carrier. Dig it out from Boris' mouth if you have to! As for the firewall, it's true that their technology is much more advanced compared to ours. If nothing works, try getting external assistance."

"Assistance? By assistance, are you talking about The Anonymous?"

The Anonymous was the first hacker organization that had just risen to fame in Qustia. They were extremely powerful and had risen to become one of the world's top five hacker organizations despite being new to the scene. Not only were they powerful, but they were also very mysterious! No one knew a single detail about the identities and locations of the boss and its members.

Hades' voice echoed from the phone. "Boss, we still don't know their identity. I'm afraid it'll be hard for us to place our trust in them."

"It's better to have no trust than to have no clues at all." Kingsley asked in a low tone, "Hades, can you contact them?"

Hades replied, "Cleapolis Military District has previously cooperated once with them. I should be able to contact them."

"Alright, make sure you get to it immediately!"

Hanging up on the call, Kingsley clicked into a live streaming platform.

He was going to check if Peter and Mickey were going to complete the bet they made!

Clicking into the live broadcast room link Kenny had sent him, he saw the two of them sitting side by side as if they were students.

Mickey's face was completely pale as he stammered, "M-Mr. Nicholson, are you watching? We have... urgh... we have prepared the poop..."

Quite a few people entered the broadcast as they typed out their comments.

'What's going on? They're going to broadcast themselves eating sh*t?'

'What the f*ck, are my eyes deceiving me? Are the two of them crazy?'

'I guess there's no limit to the things a person will do for money! They'll do anything to get attention and clout!'

'What the hell? I was eating lunch when I entered the wrong broadcast room. Goodbye!'

At that very moment, another person commented, 'Are you guys in your right mind? You're just going to stay here and watch two men eating sh*t? The broadcast room next door has Young Master Shane abusing his fiancée. Now that's what you call a real show!'

Kingsley's eyelid twitched as he read the comment.

Young Master Shane?

Fiancée?

Were they talking about Cecilia?!

He narrowed his eyebrows. Is Shane broadcasting his abuse on Cecilia?

Thinking about that, he immediately exited the current room and clicked on the stream that was captioned as 'Beating up the Cheating B*tch'.

The video showed a luxuriously decorated bedroom. In the middle of the screen was a large, round bed. A chair was placed in front of the bed with a gorgeous woman tied in the chair.

Her mouth was stuffed with a smelly sock, and her face was swollen red. From the looks of it, she was barely conscious.

Standing beside her was a drunk young man who was ranting to the people who had tuned into his stream. "This b*tch is engaged to me, but to think she still went out to play with other men! Today, I will beat her up until she's no longer recognizable before giving her to my brothers to play with!"

There were a few people commenting on the stream.

'This girlie is one of the Five Beauties of Cleapolis! Don't ruin her beautiful face!'

'That's right, I don't want to play with a woman who's as swollen as a pig's head!'

Looking at the woman on the screen who was about to faint, Kingsley felt a wave of chills.

That's not nobody! That's Cecilia!

Although the two of them had only met each other twice, this gorgeous woman had left a deep impression on him.

Her gaze was filled with admiration and curiosity whenever she looked at him.

Even if he didn't take that into account, there was no way he could leave her like this when she was Reene's best friend!

If anything were to happen to Cecilia, he was certain that Reene would be devastated!

Reaching a conclusion, Kingsley sent the broadcast link to Lancer. He was going to ask him to check on Shane's location.

After a short while, he received a reply from Lancer. 'Boss, we've magnified the buildings outside of the window using our technology. From the looks of it, we've deduced that this is the eastern bedroom on the eighth floor of La Myriade. We'll still need to investigate the specific room number. Should I send our men over?'

'No need.'

Kingsley replied with two words and gave a call to Mickey. "There's no need for you to eat sh*t anymore. Call your men over and follow me to a place!"

Mickey was about to cry as he whimpered, "You should've told us earlier... We've just finished eating it..."

"Don't talk nonsense. Bring your men and go to La Myriade!"

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Chapter 80 Pay My Respects

After the call with Mickey, Kingsley immediately hung up, changed his clothes, and went out.

As Mickey's forces were more than enough, there was no need to use the folks from Coliree Island to deal with someone like Shane!

Now that Kingsley was inside the car, he pondered for a moment before giving Jay a call. He recalled that previously at Ramada Hotel, Hugo mentioned that Cecilia's betrothed, Shane, was an illegitimate child from the Carter Family.

On the other hand, Jay was the legitimate eldest young master of the Carter Family, so Kingsley would be able to solve this matter effortlessly with Jay's help!

La Myriade was relatively close to Reene's villa, and it only took about ten minutes to get there by car.

Looking at the building that had more than twenty stories, Kingsley estimated that it hosted roughly a hundred rooms of various sizes.

If Shane had hidden Cecilia inside, Kingsley would have to request for the military to lock down the building and conduct a thorough search. However, he didn't want to reveal his identity because of such a small matter.

After looking at his watch, he calculated that Mickey would need about twenty minutes to gather his men and arrive. So, he had to use that time to find Cecilia's exact location.

Once Mickey and his men arrived, they could save or destroy the enemy's lair at once without letting them have a chance to hide her. This was the fastest way to save her and not cause any unnecessary trouble!

As Kingsley entered the club, he saw an empty first floor with only one receptionist with heavy make-up scrolling on her phone out of boredom.

When she saw him walking in, she immediately rose to her feet and greeted, "Are you here to attend the party hosted by the president's friend? The party is being held on the eighth floor. You may use the elevator here to get there."

After giving her a slight nod, Kingsley went into the elevator without saying anything. Things were going smoother than he anticipated, but his expression was still as cold as ice!

Did they hold this party just to humiliate a weak young woman?!

When the elevator arrived on the eighth floor, Kingsley got out of the elevator and was met by deafening music.

Then, a uniformed beauty walked over and sized up Kingsley for a bit before asking politely, "Hello, I'm the attending manager, Abigail Braxton. How may I assist you, sir?"

"Isn't there a party here?" he asked coldly. "I'm here for the party."

Abigail was stunned. The president only invited eight young masters from prestigious families to the party, and all those eight young masters had arrived. Where did this person come from?

Maintaining her composure, she nodded and replied, "Please wait while I ask—"

Before she could finish speaking, someone came out from the opposite room. That man had medium-long hair and looked drunk. He was staggering toward Abigail and Kingsley with an empty wine glass in his hand.

"Pretty manager, didn't we ask you to bring a few bottles of Hennessy? Why haven't you brought them back?"

Abigail quickly replied, "Mr. Covey, there's a man here. He says he's here to attend the party."

"Huh?" Simon Covey looked at Kingsley with glassy eyes, questioning, "Who the hell are you? Do you think you are worthy of joining the party?"

He staggered forward and sized up Kingsley before shouting drunkenly, "Kid, this is not a place for the likes of you! Burp! You're not one of us!"

As Simon spoke, he reached out to push Kingsley, but Kingsley dodged and answered, "Don't make me beat you up."

"What the heck?" Simon burped. "You've got skills!"

After that, Simon threw away the wine glass, rolled his sleeves, and pointed at Kingsley. "It just happens that I've recently slept with a fitness coach and gained muscles! Come on, let's have a duel and watch me beat you up!"

Once he finished, he swung his fist at Kingsley's face! However, Kingsley was not in the mood to deal with such an inexperienced person, so he grabbed Simon's weak fist and casually threw him ten meters away!

Bang!

Simon was like a sandbag that was heavily dropped on the floor. He then curled into a fetal position and started wailing in pain. "Oh, what the heck! That hurts! Is anyone there? Someone's here to spoil our party!" He had shouted so loud it even obscured the electro-music playing in the background!

"F*ck! What are you shouting about, Simon?"

The door to the room was opened again to reveal a tall man walking out. "Why does your shouting sound even more miserable than that woman's?"

When he finished, he suddenly saw Simon lying on the floor, moaning in pain. The tall man's pupils contracted as he sobered up. "Simon, what's going on?!"

Gritting his teeth as he stood up from the ground, Simon pointed at Kingsley and growled, "This b*stard came here to spoil our party. Go beat him up for me!"

"What? Spoil our party?"

The tall man immediately went back to the room while shouting, "Trevis, Joe, come quick! Someone's here to spoil our party!"

Not long after, a few young masters wearing expensive branded clothes came out of the room with arrogant expressions on their faces.

“What the heck! Who dares to spoil our party at La Myriade? Are you done living?!”

“Let me see which b*stard has dared to disturb our party! Trevis, just do away with him!”

The leading man with broad shoulders and a sinister expression was the eldest young master of the Jacob Family, Trevis Jacob!

Taking a step forward, Jacob sneered, “Kid, you better wipe your eyes and see who you’re dealing with! I’m the eldest young master of the Jacob Family. How dare you cause trouble in my territory!”

“The eldest young master of the Jacob Family?” Kingsley raised his eyebrow. “You’re such a magnanimous person!”

Kingsley had just dismembered Trevis’ brother, William Jacob, not long ago, but as William’s elder brother, Trevis still had the mood to hold a party?

Once Trevis heard Kingsley’s words, his expression dulled. “What are you trying to imply?”

“I’m not implying anything,” stated Kingsley. “I just want to ask when William’s funeral will be held?”

“Tomorrow...” Trevis unconsciously replied, but then he suddenly fell into shock. “Who are you? How do you know about my brother?!”

In order to save the Jacob Family’s reputation, the Jacob Family did not publicize news of William’s death. Moreover, Trevis had gone through the guest list for William’s funeral and was very sure that the guest list didn’t have an unknown name!

With a faint smile, Kingsley explained, “It doesn’t matter how I found out about the funeral, but I will be attending the funeral tomorrow to pay my respects to Young Master William.”

“W-What are you trying to do?!”

Trevis paled as he heard the meaning behind Kingsley’s words.

“Didn’t Jerrick Kidman from Mount Rochwick tell you? I told him very clearly to tell all of you Jacobs to ready your necks for me to head there to settle our scores personally!”

Kingsley’s voice was icy cold, and every word he said was infused with the intent to kill!

Tap, tap, tap...

Terrified, Trevis took a few steps backward and pointed at Kingsley. "You... It was you who killed William!"

Once Trevis made the statement, the other young masters had their mouths wide open in shock.

"What the heck? He killed William?!"

"Isn't he acting overly arrogant? Showing himself after killing someone!"

Hopping on one foot, Simon boomed, "Manager Braxton, what are you waiting for?! Hurry and call the cops to arrest the murderer!"

Stunned by the shocking events, Abigail quickly nodded after hearing Simon's order. "Yes. I'll call the police—" Ding! However, before Abigail could head downstairs, the elevator door opened.

After that, dozens of burly men came out in black suits. Each of them had frowns on their faces and looked ferocious! Anyone could tell from a glance that they were people who had blood and people's lives on their hands!

"W-Who are you?!"

Those young masters all had pale faces and were instantly sober!

One of the burly men shouted in a hoarse voice, "We're all Mickey Kray's subordinates!"