

# I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 1

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#### Chapter 1 Seven Sisters Waiting for Me

Inside the black, gold-laced Blaise Castle of Coliree Island, the first fortress of Empire Qustia, stood the one and only Kingsley Nicholson. With his hands behind his back, he was announcing to the Four Great Celestial Saints and Eight Infernal Demons, “The Empire of Qustia will enter a decade of peace now that the fire has ceased. Meanwhile, I will return to Cleapolis to investigate the fire. I will entrust everything in the fortress to you, my fellow comrades.”

The Four Great Celestial Saints and Eight Great Infernal Demons were frontier chancellors of Qustia’s twelve military districts.

Thus, giving all twelve of them power over the whole of Qustia’s military forces.

A man in silver armor known as Lancer, came forward and spoke deferentially. “Ares, although the fire has ceased, according to reliable sources, our three neighboring countries will probably send forces to infiltrate Qustia. We have to be on alert!”

“That, I know.” Kingsley’s light brown eyes shifted slightly. “The first batch of informants from the Empire of the Setting Sun, Sweoya, has infiltrated Cleapolis. My return would be to obliterate these swines myself.”

With that, he ambled down the black stone steps to the twelve men and cooed, “My seven sisters are still waiting for me. It’s been a decade; time to go home...”

Flabbergasted, the Four Great Celestial Saints and Eight Great Infernal Demons exchanged glances, for they had never seen Ares, the God of War, reveal such gentleness throughout their decade spent with him.

Meanwhile, Kingsley swept his gaze across the floor and ordered, “Lancer, Hades, you two follow me to Cleapolis. The rest of you will return to your stations in the military districts. Keep a close eye on the movements at the border and wait for orders.”

“Sir, yes, sir!” Everyone boomed and escorted the God of War out of Coliree Island to annihilate the enemies’ spies.

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After arriving at Solaris Province, Kingsley ordered Lancer and Hades to travel to Cleapolis ahead of him in the military vehicle while he traveled light on a coach.

He had two purposes for returning to Cleapolis this time.

One, to dig into the fire tragedy that happened seventeen years ago when he was five.

Amidst the fire, he saw how someone used a rope to strangle his parents to death.

This was one revenge he could not overlook!

And two, to dig out the first batch of foreign informants hidden in Cleapolis and nip their enemy’s schemes in the bud!

However, both purposes required him to keep a low profile. Thus, he decided to part ways with Lancer and Hades in advance to return to Cleapolis alone by coach.

“The terminus of this coach is Cleapolis Central Tech Plaza North Railway Station. The duration of this journey will take up to two hours. Please fasten your seatbelts. We will

be departing shortly.”

Kingsley could barely contain his excitement as he looked out the window at the familiar yet strange streetscape while listening to the public announcement.

Ten years, and I’m finally coming home!

After his parents were brutally murdered when he was five, he was sent to an orphanage where he lived with seven sisters with whom he had no blood relations. When he turned twelve, he believed he had already grown up and it was time to avenge his parents. Hence, he sneaked out of the orphanage.

On his journey, he met a man who took him in as his godson. After that, the man took him to Coliree Island and guided him every step of the way until he became the God of War, Ares, who ruled over the military world.

Within this decade, he had survived thousands of big and small battles. Despite accomplishing unprecedented exploits, he had a good few dances with the grim reaper amidst the crossfire.

And every time he did, the thing that kept him going was his seven sisters.

He had told himself to make it out alive during countless battles, for only then could he return home and reunite with his seven sisters to protect them as well as shield them from harm’s way just like how they did to him.

While Kingsley was deep in his thoughts and lamenting, a bald guy came to his seat and commanded while wrapping an arm around a shapely woman, “This seat is mine now. Get up and sit somewhere else!”

Kingsley furrowed his brow slightly and looked toward the voice. “Why should I give it to you when I bought this seat?” he asked plainly.

“This seat next to yours is mine,” the woman said, “and I must sit with Mickey. So, you better hurry up and sit somewhere else!”

“And if I say no?”

At that, Kingsley sized the couple up with a deadpan face and commented indifferently, “As if you two are cursed to die if you’re separated for two hours.”

“You f\*cking son of a b\*tch...” the man roared, livid with rage. “I’ll have you know that I’m Mickey Kray of Cleapolis. So, you better get up now, or you’ll be mangled after entering Cleapolis.”

Many surrounding passengers immediately looked away from the commotion at the mention of Mickey Kray for fear of being dragged into trouble. Mickey Kray was an infamous rogue assailant who had just been released recently after being sent to prison for an atrocity two years ago.

“Mickey, I bet this b\*stard has never touched a woman in his life. No wonder he wants to sit next to me!” The woman rolled her eyes, then rubbed her body against Mickey’s arm while suggesting, “Forget about talking. You should just chuck him out of the window!”

Mickey guffawed upon hearing her words. After pinching her on the cheek, he turned to Kingsley before threatening, “You heard that, punk? My woman has spoken up. I will count to three, and if you still don’t give up your seat, don’t blame me for doing it for you!”

“One, two, three.” Kingsley counted with a deadpan face. “There, I’ve done it for you. Go on, hit me.”

“You...” Mickey glared while his meaty face turned crimson with anger in an instant.

Never would he imagine he would encounter someone even more of a scoundrel than him! “You asked for it, punk!”

As if Mickey would swallow this kind of humiliation when so many people were staring. With that, he introduced Kingsley’s head to his punch.

Instantly, the other passengers’ hearts skipped a beat.

Mickey was a beefy man. So, Kingsley would surely get a concussion at the very least, and if the punch landed on his temple, he might not even live to see tomorrow!

Bam!

Kingsley leisurely raised his right hand amidst the crowd’s horrified gaze and effortlessly stopped Mickey’s flying punch. “Is this all you got?” he mocked.