

## Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 121

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 121-Suddenly, Will's whole body trembled.

Could it be... Reene? I seem to have only offended one woman, and that's Reene.

"Sir, do you have any other objections?" Jay asked.

However, before Will could answer, he continued, "If you have any objection, you'll be going up against Coliree Group. I advise you not to make trouble for yourself."

Will slumped down on the chair, his face as pale as a dead man's.

How could he dare to oppose the Coliree Group?

Next to him, a fat man in a gold suit was smiling from ear to ear. He kept stretching his hands toward Will and said, "Oh, thank you Mr. Maslow, for offending people everywhere you go! Otherwise, how could the Sunrise Corporation win the bid?"

Hearing that person's words, Will felt something surging up his throat and almost vomited blood.

His Scarlet Heart Group and the Sunrise Corporation had always been tit-for-tat competitors in Diosna City.

At this time, when the chairman of Sunrise Corporation said these words, it was like stomping on his face.

Will turned to Reene with an ugly expression and said in disbelief, "A-Are you the chairman of Coliree Group's woman?"

Before Reene could answer, Kingsley said lightly, "Mr. Maslow, have you learned what regret is?"

"You..."

Will was dazed. Immediately, he pointed at Kingsley in horror. "Y-You're the one who made the Coliree Group change their mind."

He had seen that Kingsley was sending a text message, but he didn't pay much attention at all. Thinking about it now, he truly regretted it. His knees went weak, and he slid off the chair and kneeled at Reene's feet while begging for mercy. "Reene... President Wynn, if I screw up this bidding, my dad will honestly kill me. Please, please help me..."

Seeing that some people were already casting odd glances over here, Kingsley said coldly, "If you say one more word of nonsense, I will uproot the entire Scarlet Heart Group. Do you believe it or not?"

Hearing Kingsley's bone-chilling voice, Will slumped on the ground with a face full of despair, his mood crushed. He knew that when the news got back to Diosna City, what awaited him would be his father's violent fury.

I'm really dead this time...

Seeing Will's miserable appearance, everyone around him sighed.

As for Jeremy Windsor, the head of the Windsor Family sitting not far away, he had a gloomy expression on his face.

The project he had made a bid for was the same as the one selected by Reene. It was the construction of a state-owned luxury brand. The tender he had prepared by staying up late for half a month was taken away by a mere woman, so he was furious. He glanced at his watch and muttered to himself, "What's Ethan doing? Hasn't he gotten the job yet? It's a real shame for the adopted daughter of that second-class family to get the project!"

Thinking of this, he immediately called Ethan.

"Sorry. The number you've dialed is temporarily unavailable. Please try again later."

Hearing the recording on the phone, Jeremy frowned even more.

Could it be that he didn't get the job, so he's not answering my call?

Jeremy snorted coldly, then called the housekeeper of the Windsor Family. "Hello, Morris! Has Ethan returned home?"

"The eldest young master just came back. He had packed his luggage and gone to Mittera." Morris' voice came.

“The plane has probably taken off by this time. Didn’t you know about that, Mr. Windsor?”

“What?” The veins on Jeremy’s forehead almost burst. He was in such a rage that he almost jumped out of his seat.

He was still eagerly waiting for Ethan to get the job successfully. Yet, Ethan had actually sneaked out of the country!

Of course, what Jeremy didn’t know was that Ethan had offended Kingsley, and Ethan would never dare to step into Qustia again in his life.

Just when Jeremy was dizzy with anger, a man in a waiter’s outfit walked in through the side door with a cart of champagne and red wine.

This was the last part of the event to celebrate the successful end of the bidding conference.

When Kingsley saw the waiter, the smile on his face faded as a terrifying feeling spread all over his body in an instant.

Danger.

He sensed a strong killing aura from that man who was supposed to be a typical server. Kingsley was just about to speak to prompt the guards next to him when the waiter had already pulled out a black pistol from under the cart and aimed it at Kingsley.

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 122-At this moment, everyone’s hair immediately rose up. The soldiers from Coliree Island dressed as guards all reached for their lower backs at the same time.

Even Lancer, who was monitoring the audience in secret on the second floor, rushed out swiftly. However, the reaction speed of human beings was not as fast as the speed of bullets after all.

In an instant, a gunshot rang out.

Bang!

“Ah!” Everyone screamed and dived toward the ground. For a moment, chaos ensued.

At the same time as the gunshot sounded, Reene got up with extraordinary reaction speed and leaped in front of Kingsley, where the bullet shot directly into her chest.

In an instant, bright red blood spread all over her white outfit like a blooming flower.

“Reene!” Kingsley’s eyes widened, and he yelled fiercely with an infuriated look, “I want him alive!”

With that order, the guards in black suits next to him all drew their guns at an alarming rate.

Bang!

Bang! Bang!

A burst of gunshots sounded, and all the bullets were aimed at the waiter’s limbs.

This was the fighting style of Coliree warriors. First, they’d halt the opponent’s ability to move, and second, prevent the opponent from activating any forms of explosives.

In the blink of an eye, the waiter’s limbs were already shot to pieces, and he fell to the ground.

A soldier rushed forward in an instant and broke the man’s jaw with a kick. This was to prevent him from taking poison and committing suicide. It was also a conventional means of dealing with other prisoners of war and spies.

Everyone in the area was dumbfounded and shocked beyond words at the sight.

Are these people the security guards of the Coliree Group?

Their marksmanship was comparable to that of special forces soldiers.

At this time, Lancer had also rushed into the hall before he commanded aloud, "Team One! Suppress the enemy and bring him to Building No. 17 to be imprisoned. Be careful. Team Two and Team Three. Block off the entire Building No. 1 and strictly investigate any other enemies in the area. Not even a fly is allowed to get out. Everyone else, escort Miss Wynn to the hospital immediately."

After all the arrangements were completed, he came to Kingsley's side and whispered, "Boss, it was my mistake."

Kingsley's eyes were blood red, and he gritted his teeth while saying, "Don't let that person die; I will personally punish him."

At this moment, Reese, who was in his arms, spat out another mouthful of blood. Her pretty face was pale and bloodless, and her breathing gradually weakened.

Kingsley sealed the two major meridians around her wound one after another, then whispered, "Reese, don't be afraid. I have stopped the bleeding for you, and you will be fine..."

"I'm not afraid..." Reese tried her best to offer a smile, and she was still comforting Kingsley. "I'm fine... Cough... Don't worry..."

Seeing that her snow-white outfit had been dyed red with blood, Kingsley felt his heart constricted in so much pain that he could hardly breathe. When they went out this morning, she even asked for his opinion about the dress.

Kingsley, what do you think of this dress? Does it look good on me?

That excited smile was still clearly visible in his mind, but at this time, she was dying in his arms...

"Boss, the car is already parked at the door. You can take Miss Wynn to the hospital immediately."

It was the first time Lancer saw Kingsley looking so sad yet angry.

His voice trembled slightly with fear as he said, "Miss Wynn's shot is right in her chest. She needs to have an immediate operation. It's better to be sent to the hospital within 10 minutes."

Everyone in the Larson Family also came to the front, and Cecilia burst into tears in anxiety. “It takes nearly half an hour to go to the nearest hospital that is Hill Crest Hospital. Unless there are cars to open the way and green light all the way, then it is possible to arrive within 10 minutes. “

The realization dawned on everyone at once.

Kingsley roared, “Find me cars to open the way right now!”

Will, who was standing at the side, saw that the opportunity to make a name for himself had come, so he quickly volunteered. “I came in an Aston Martin DB11, and I can drive. Nobody will dare to hit my car!”

The chairman of Sunrise Corporation also exclaimed, “My car is a Maybach, and I can also drive.”

When ordinary people saw such luxury cars on the road, they tended to avoid the cars for fear of accidentally scratching them and losing years of salaries to pay for the scratches. So, driving luxury cars would be even more effective than driving police cars.

As soon as these two people spoke, the other bosses understood what was going on, and they all spoke up.

“I drive a Bugatti, so I can drive and open up the road.”

“I drive a Maserati, so I can drive too.”

“I drive a Rolls-Royce, and I can drive too.”

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 123**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 123-On the other hand, Daniel has already contacted the traffic department and asked them to conduct traffic control immediately.

Kingsley picked up Reene, who had fallen into a coma, rushed out of the gate, and got into Lancer’s car. At that moment, dozens of luxury cars worth more than 1 million poured out of Coliree Group’s parking lot.

The people who participated in the bidding conference were all famous businessmen and local bosses with a net worth of over 100 million. Their cars,

therefore, were luxurious and expensive too.

Although they didn't know Reese, they could see that the Coliree Group attached great importance to her.

These people were all humans, so as soon as they saw the opportunity to get on the Coliree Group's good side, they all rushed out in their favorite cars, unwilling to lag behind others.

Rumble...

The engine sounds of various sports cars came one after another, nearly blasting half of the city apart with the loud booms.

At the same time, the traffic police department that received the notice from Daniel also began to take action.

The entire police force of the traffic police brigade was in full swing. Dozens of police motorcycles rushed to each intersection and switched off all the traffic lights on the way from Coliree Group to the Hill Crest Hospital. The traffic police directed the other vehicles away and blocked all the roads that would lead toward North-South Avenue. What was left was only the North-South Avenue that led to the Hill Crest Hospital.

Seeing such sudden mayhem, all the drivers and pedestrians couldn't help but wonder what had happened.

Is there some kind of bigshot coming out?

Just when people were wondering, there was a deafening roar of engines coming from the north all of a sudden.

Rumble...

In the next second, 30 or 40 million-dollar luxury cars drove along the road at top speed, leaving dust behind them.

"Oh my God!"

Seeing this scene, the drivers, who parked their cars on the side of the road to watch, were all so terrified that they hurriedly started their cars and drove into the greenery next to the road.

What the hell!

If we so much as come close to one of these cars, we won't be able to pay for the damages even if we sell our organs, let alone sell our houses! It's just a joke if we expect the other drivers to take responsibility. A person who can afford to drive a luxury car of this level can settle everything on their side with just a few words. Who would dare to ask them to be fully responsible?

The bevy of luxury cars drove by in a blink of an eye.

The first car was the Bentley Mulsanne driven by Francis Stein, which was worth more than 5.5 million.

As early as at William Jacob's funeral, he had already regarded Kingsley differently. At this time, there was the reputation of the Coliree Group to consider, so he naturally took the lead without hesitation.

Moreover, as a local force, he was also more familiar with the terrain, so it was also the most appropriate for him to lead the way.

He was followed by Will's Aston Martin and various luxury cars of other bosses. The cars were methodically arranged in three rows, and the eight wide lanes were accurately divided into thirds.

Seeing this, pedestrians on the side of the road all widened their eyes and took a deep breath. One by one, their mouths opened wide as they felt extremely shocked.

For the first time in their lives, they saw so many luxury cars dispatched at the same time. Even the top auto shows were not of this scale. Moreover, what surprised them even more was that the license plate numbers of these cars were also truly astonishing.

'Solar A·888888'

'Solar B·666666'

'Solar E·888888'

'Solar V·000000'

...



These cars were from various cities in Solaris. It was clear that almost all the top license plates in the province were gathered. Thus, everyone who saw this scene was stunned on the spot. They didn't know what had happened that had gathered so many big shots together at the same time.

Rumble...

There were no vehicles blocking the road, so those luxury cars could speed past.

At the end of the journey, Lancer stepped on the accelerator hard.

8 minutes! It only took 8 minutes in the end, and they had arrived at the Hill Crest Hospital of Cleapolis.

Seeing Reene being pushed into the operating room, Kingsley felt a little relieved.

He had sealed all the meridians around Reene with ancient healing techniques so she did not lose too much blood.

As long as the bullets were removed from her body through surgery, she would be fine.

Looking at the big bosses crowded in the emergency room, Kingsley said in a low voice to Daniel, "Tell them that Coliree Group owes them a favor. Let them leave after that."

The clothes and cars of these people were too ostentatious. If they stayed for a long time, they would draw unnecessary attention. Moreover, the identity of the person who broke into the bidding site and aimed a shot at Kingsley had not been ascertained, and he feared that the enemy's spy had already seen through his identity.

With so many bigwigs gathered in one place, if something went wrong here, the entire economy of Solaris would be paralyzed.

He would never allow this kind of thing to happen.

After Daniel took the order, he came to the big bosses and exclaimed, "Everyone, Miss Wynn was hurt in the Coliree Group. Therefore, we have a

responsibility to get treatment for her wound. However, thank you for your help. The Coliree Group owes you all a favor.”

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 124**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 124-These words directly separated Kingsley from this incident and made it such that the reason why Coliree Group rescued Reene was just out of humanitarian responsibility.

The big shots didn't care about the details either. Their attention was all on the word 'favor' because having Coliree Group owe them a favor was much better than any monetary reward.

They did not lack money, but they did lack opportunities for favors. After getting a satisfactory response, they all drove away one after another, and only Daniel and Lancer stayed.

Kingsley glanced at them and instructed, “Daniel, contact all the news media and make sure to completely suppress this incident. Not a single piece of related news is allowed to be published. Lancer, you extend the waiter's life first. After the hospital makes sure that Reene is all right, I will personally interrogate him. “

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

Daniel and Lancer responded and left the hospital quickly.

Kingsley sat on a chair by the door of the operating room, frowning. No matter who sent that waiter, he would definitely make them pay with blood.

How dare they hurt my eldest sister! They must endure the rage of the Coliree God of War. Death will become their only wish. I must have the mastermind behind suffer without dying!

Just when the anger in his heart was rising, a doctor in a white coat came over to him.

“Hey? It's you! How dare you show up, here again, brat!”

The person who came was Zayne, who had competed with Alice for the right to operate on a child before. Kingsley raised his eyes and glanced at him but said nothing. He wasn't in the mood to have a pointless verbal dispute with the other party now.

Nevertheless, Zayne didn't care so much. He pointed at Kingsley's nose and scolded, "Do you think this place is your turf just because you get away for punching Dr. Lynch last time? Dr. Lynch ended up needing surgery, you know?!"

As he said that, he glanced at the indicator light that was showing the words 'In Operation' next to him, after which he sneered, "What's the matter? Who has been sent to the operating room by you again?"

Kingsley's eyes flashed with anger, and his voice was cold as he replied, "My eldest sister is currently undergoing surgery. If you don't want to die, you'd better stay away from here."

"Your eldest sister?" Zayne raised his eyebrows and said snarkily, "Boy, this time you have fallen into my hands."

With that said, he kicked open the door of the operating room and shouted loudly, "Stop! The operation is suspended. You are not allowed to operate on this little brat's eldest sister!"

"Do you want to die so badly?" Kingsley flew into a rage and roared.

Immediately, he rushed forward and reached out for Zayne's collar. Gritting his teeth, he spat, "I'm warning you, if something happens to my eldest sister, you and your family will be buried along with her!"

Lifted into the air by Kingsley, Zayne shouted in horror, "Help! Help! Someone is committing a crime in the hospital!"

Immediately, many doctors and nurses gathered around.

"Boy! You'd better let me go. Do you know who my dad is? My dad is the director of this hospital."

Zayne waved his arms vigorously and roared at the doctors who were watching, "What the hell are you watching for? Why don't you call security?"

As soon as he spoke, a few doctors quickly turned around and ran to the security room downstairs.

Some other doctors also spoke to Kingsley.

“Excuse me, if you have any grievances, please sit down and discuss them. Don’t hurt others in the hospital.”

“Yeah, violence is not the way to solve the problem. You should calm down.”

They all thought that Kingsley was a family member of a patient who came to cause trouble with the doctor in charge, so they could not help but speak up to discourage him.

Kingsley hurled forcefully and threw Zayne out a few feet away, then said coldly, “I’m in a bad mood right now. If you don’t want to die, you’d better stay away from me.”

“Cough, cough, cough!” Zayne got up from the ground, coughing, his face ashen.

He pointed at Kingsley and said ruthlessly, “Boy, don’t walk away if you dare. Wait for the security to come, and I will see how arrogant you can still be then.”

He simply hated Kingsley. Last time, it was because of Kingsley’s intervention that he didn’t have the rare opportunity to be in charge of Bailey Weiss’ surgery. Hence, he missed the opportunity to make a name for himself in the medical world. Instead, Alice became the one to gain both fame and fortune.

But the only thing that made him feel better was that Alice didn’t take long to resign because of Kingsley injuring Dr. Lynch. This gave him some much-needed comfort.

After a while, more than a dozen security guards with electric batons rushed over aggressively.

“Who? Who came to make trouble in the hospital again? D\*mn! Are you really not afraid at all?”

Those security guards were all thugs specially recruited by the hospital to deal with troubles at the hospital. They usually didn’t have a chance for violence,

so at this time, when they finally found a chance, they all rushed over in agitation.

Seeing the arrival of the 'professional' thugs, Zayne immediately regained confidence.

He pointed at Kingsley and shouted, "It's him! Beat him to the ground!"

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 125**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 125-Those security guards knew that Zayne was Jeffred Church, the hospital director's eldest son.

As soon as they heard that Zayne had spoken, all of them immediately approached Kingsley.

"Boy! You f\*cking don't know anything, do you? How dare you make trouble in Hill Crest Hospital protected by me?"

The head of the group was a muscular man with a hideous scar that ran across his entire face. It was obvious that he was not someone one could offend. He put the electric baton on his shoulder, struck it up and down, and said ruthlessly, "You f\*cking dare to make trouble in the place where I, Scarface Louie, am at? Are you f\*cking tired of living?"

Looking at Scarface Louie's bulging muscles, Zayne waved his fists excitedly and thundered, "Louie! This kid is actually capable. Last time, he injured Dr. Lynch. If you take him down, I will ask my dad to give you a 50% raise in your salary."

Hearing this, Scarface Louie and the men behind him all became enthusiastic.

Scarface Louie smirked and said to Kingsley, "Brat, it seems that I have to thank you. If you didn't hurt Dr. Lynch last time, how would Director Church hire us to be here with a high salary?"

As he spoke, he flicked his wrist and pointed the electric baton at Kingsley. "Since you have our gratitude, I will give you a chance. Kneel down and apologize to Zayne, and I will spare you the pain of the flesh."

Zayne immediately raised his chin and said arrogantly, "Yes, if you kneel

down and bow three times to me, I can spare your life for the time being.”

Seeing that Kingsley was still standing there motionless, Scarface Louie snorted coldly. “Hey, we can do it the easy way or the hard way, you know!”

“Yes! Louie! Go straight on and take this kid down!” Zayne cursed as he stomped his feet.

“Since this trash is so shameless, let’s show him what we got.”

Watching the two of them shouting together, Kingsley remained still. His eyes were extremely cold, but there was hardly any emotion on his face.

“My eldest sister is in surgery, so I don’t want to kill anyone at the door of her operating room. I will give you one last chance. Get out of here immediately.”

His voice was flat, but it was full of killing intent.

Feeling the cold murderous aura, Scarface Louie shook his head a little unnaturally, then laughed drily. In a stern voice, he said, “Haha, haha. Boy, how dare you act boldly in front of me when your death is imminent? Aren’t you afraid I will chop off your little arms and legs?”

Kingsley narrowed his eyes slightly. “If you could, feel free to try it.”

“F\*ck? You dare to taunt me?” Scarface Louie was completely furious by now. “Today, I will show you my strength!”

While speaking, he waved his hand and shouted to the men behind him who were wearing their security hats crookedly, “You guys! Take him down!”

As soon as the words fell, those vicious young men slowly approached Kingsley with their batons swaying.

Zayne excitedly punched twice in the air and bellowed, “F\*ck! Since you dare to stand in the way of my future, I have to let you know what it means to be powerful!”

The doctors and nurses who were watching all knew that Scarface Louie was a ruthless character, so they covered their eyes and dared not look on directly for fear of seeing the tragic scene of Kingsley’s blood spurting out on the spot.

Then, an elderly doctor tried to persuade in a low voice, saying, “Young man, take a step back and calm down. I think you should apologize to Dr. Church.”

Hearing this, Zayne immediately looked angry and said displeasely, “Professor Gershwin, this matter has nothing to do with you. You’d better mind your own business.”

Immediately, several young doctors echoed after him.

“That’s right! Since this kid dares to provoke Dr. Church, he deserves to be beaten up. What are you trying to do?”

“Professor Gershwin, you should stay quiet. You are so old. Why are you still talking so much?”

“You...” Alan Gershwin’s gray beard shook with anger, and his voice trembled slightly. “For the benefit of the sick, we must practice with warmth, sympathy, and understanding. Are people like you worthy of being doctors?”

“F\*ck, why are you talking so much nonsense?” Scarface Louie glared at Alan. “Do you want to taste my fists too?”

Alan pointed at Scarface Louie and scolded, “The hospital is a sacred place to save and heal the wounded. How can you reckless people stay here and abuse this place?”

As soon as Professor Gershwin’s voice fell, Scarface Louie suddenly threw the electric baton at him.

Bang!

A muffled sound echoed as the electric baton smashed hard on Alan’s forehead.

In an instant, a stream of blood slowly trickled out from his gray hair, flowed along his temples, and dripped to the ground. What a shocking sight!

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 126**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 126-Alan was almost 70 years old this year, so obviously, he couldn’t bear such a heavy blow. Immediately, his eyes dilated, and he collapsed to the ground.

Scarface Louie sneered, "D\*mn, you old geezer! How dare you mouth off at me? You're really not afraid of death."

The doctors and nurses next to him were petrified. They froze in place, and no one dared to step forward to help Alan.

A trace of coldness flashed in Kingsley's eyes as he strode to Alan's side. After checking his injuries, he checked Alan's pulse. When he finally confirmed that Alan's life was not in danger, he pressed on Alan's acupoints to stop the bleeding.

After a few seconds, Alan let out a long breath and slowly opened his eyes with quivering eyelids.

He was dazed for some time before gradually regaining his consciousness.

"Young man, d-did you save me with the traditional acupuncture method?"

Alan was a professor of ancient healing and had been obsessed with it all his life.

So, he immediately felt that someone had sealed his acupoints with the traditional acupuncture technique. However, when he saw Kingsley's rather young face, he was shocked.

The skills of ancient healing mostly depended on experience and practice. To be able to have such a technique at such a young age was simply astonishing.

Kingsley helped him up from the ground, then said lightly, "Let's not talk about this for now. I'll deal with this trash first."

"F\*ck, who are you calling trash?" The scar on Scarface Louie's face kept contorting like a worm. "Do you want to be kicked too?"

Kingsley pointed at Scarface Louie. "You, come here and apologize to Professor Gershwin."

"You're asking me to apologize to this old b\*stard?" Scarface Louie said incredulously.



“Are you f\*cking right in your mind? Do you even know who Scarface Louie is? You dare to ask me to apologize to him?”

“I don’t care who you are.” Kingsley’s voice was as cold as frost.

“If you don’t kneel and apologize to Professor Gershwin today, you will never get out of here alive.”

Kingsley could see that Alan was a kind-hearted and benevolent old doctor who had saved the injured most of his life; not only did he not get the respect he deserved, but he also almost died at the hands of a hooligan.

This was simply going over the bottom line of morality!

Kingsley was the protector of Qustia. In addition to protecting the borders from the enemy’s intrusion, he also protected the people of Qustia. If he couldn’t even guarantee the dignity of an old doctor at this time, how could he still talk about protecting the peace and happiness of the people and the prosperity of Qustia?

Kingsley’s eyes were cold as he roared angrily, “Come here! Kneel and apologize to Professor Gershwin!”

“What the f\*ck? Are you seeking death?”

Scarface Louie glared at Kingsley hatefully. Since he made his debut as a lawbreaker with a machete, no one had ever dared to order him to kneel.

Zayne immediately fanned the flames and said, “Louie! Can you take this lying down? Why don’t you go up and kill him?”

“F\*ck!” Scarface Louie spat on the ground, then rushed forward with a ferocious look as he swung his huge fist at Kingsley’s temple.

It was a fatal punch.

“Oh God...”

Everyone in the audience covered their mouths in horror, for fear that they would scream.

Someone said anxiously, “Quick, push the operating table over and prepare to save him.”

They had already decided that Kingsley would definitely fall under this fierce punch from Scarface Louie.

If not treated in time, he might even die.

Yet, under the astonished gazes of everyone else, Kingsley raised his right hand and calmly grabbed Scarface Louie's fist.

Immediately afterward, he rotated his wrist inward, causing Scarface Louie's arm to twist 180 degrees.

At the same time, Kingsley also raised his right foot and kicked Scarface Louie's leg in a smooth action.

Bam!

Scarface Louie's knees slammed to the ground, and his arms were broken into an angle that was difficult for ordinary people to achieve.

"Ah!"

Scarface Louie's scream was like a pig being butchered; it spread throughout the entire floor in an instant.

"It hurts! Let go! D\*mn it! Let me go!"

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 127**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 127-Scarface Louie's face contorted in terrible pain, and a large amount of sweat trickled down from his forehead in an instant.

"What are you trying to say?"

Kingsley squeezed Scarface Louie's arm and asked coldly, "Do you want to apologize or not?"

Scarface Louie screamed in pain again. He twisted his neck back, glared at Kingsley, and gritted his teeth. "D\*mn it. How can I, a big and tall man, apologize to an old geezer? Even if you kill me, I will never apologize."

“You do have a backbone, but you’re using it in the wrong time and place. Also, do you really think I dare not kill you?” Kingsley said indifferently.

Scarface Louie laughed loudly. “Hahaha, you’re a stinky brat. So what if you’re good at it? You won’t dare to kill anyone even if I lend you my courage.”

“Really?” Kingsley’s tone was still cold, but his fingers were constantly exerting strength. “Unfortunately, you’re out of luck. One of the things I’m good at is killing people.”

While speaking, his fingers deeply dug into Scarface Louie’s joints.

“Ah!”

Scarface Louie’s voice changed from the extreme pain. His cry was like the wailing of the evil spirits in hell. He raised his head with great effort and roared at his frightened subordinates, “What the hell are

you all doing? Why aren’t you guys beating him up?”

Hearing that, Zayne also suddenly came back from his senses. His face was pale, and he frantically waved his arms and shouted loudly, “Yeah! You guys f\*cking come and hit him! Did I pay you money to hire you to watch the fun?”

He was so frightened because he did not expect that Kingsley’s seemingly thin body would have such a powerful explosive force. Even Scarface Louie was not his opponent. The only plan for now was to use underhand tactics.

When Scarface Louie’s subordinates heard that both their boss and Zayne had spoken, they all swallowed and rushed over with electric batons.

Seeing that, Kingsley pushed his arm hard and threw Scarface Louie out like a bowling ball.

Bang!

With a muffled sound, Scarface Louie smashed against the first few young men who were rushing toward them to the ground.

All of a sudden, there were wails of pain, so the others stopped to help Scarface Louie and their fallen comrades.

Scarface Louie roared in a heart-wrenching manner, “Don’t f\*cking care about me! Get the kid first!”

His voice just fell when a loud bang sounded.

The door of the treatment room next to them was kicked open by someone.

A big man with tattoos all over his body walked out of it and shouted loudly, “What the hell are you doing? My friend was injured and is being bandaged here, and I’ve been listening to all of you wailing and screaming out here. Will you just not let him rest in peace?”

Scarface Louie supported his arm and got up from the ground, then said unhappily, “Hey, where did you come from? I, Scarface Louie, am doing business here. If you don’t want to die, hide your f\*cking self away.”

“Scarface Louie?”

The tattooed man snorted coldly and strode forward.

Slap!

He slapped Scarface Louie in the face and bellowed, “F\*ck! The disciple of Terry ‘Tiger’ Wharton dares to talk back at me?”

Scarface Louie was slightly startled by the slap. “Y-You know my boss?”

“Hehe, since when can Tiger Wharton be considered a boss?”

Listening to his tone, it was clear that this man was very disdainful of Terry ‘Tiger’ Wharton.

Scarface Louie couldn’t help but stare at him for a moment, then tentatively said, “You are—”

“I am Wendell Martin, the right-hand protector of Boss Howe. Have you heard of my name?”

Scarface Louie’s legs trembled uncontrollably when he heard what the tattooed man said.

“Howe... Boss Howe?” His Adam’s apple moved up and down quickly, then he said in horror, “Y-You mean Baron Howe, one of the Seven Legends?”

Wendell Martin crossed his arms and said coldly, “Apart from the Seven Legends, who else dares to call themselves Boss Howe?”

As soon as this statement came out, the expressions of all the doctors and nurses around changed. Everyone knew that there were three major forces in Solaris.

Since the fall of Ashton Birch, the forces of Jarett Cole and the Seven Legends had grown rapidly.

At this time, Baron Howe, one of the Seven Legends, was actually in this Hill Crest Hospital.

Everyone was horrified, and Zayne was even more frightened. Trembling, he asked respectfully in a quavering voice, “M-Mr. Martin, Boss Howe is here for medical treatment, right? Why didn’t you let me know in advance? W-We should be giving him the best service...”

Wendell waved his hand and said, “Our boss is accompanying one of our men to bandage a wound, so there is no need for so much unnecessary attention.”

Then he frowned and asked, “What the hell happened here? Why are you people being so noisy that our men can’t rest?”

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 128**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 128-Scarface Louie scrambled forward and bowed respectfully to Wendell. “I’m a security guard here and I was just teaching a troublemaking brat a lesson. It was very careless of me to have disturbed you and your bosses. Please accept my apologies...” Louie said with a subservient attitude.

“Haha!” Wendell glanced at Louie’s dislocated shoulder before snorting. “Are you sure you were the one teaching him a lesson? It looks like you got your arm ripped off instead!”

“That’s...” Louie’s expression turned grim, and then he spat, “That guy’s got some moves, Mr. Martin. If you hadn’t come out just now, I would have gathered a bunch of guys together to take him on!”

Wendell became intrigued. "I've heard about the notorious Scarface Louie before. Are you telling me that you've just met an opponent you couldn't defeat?"

He turned around to take a look at Kingsley as he said, "I'm curious to know who gave Scarface Louie a good beating..."

Suddenly, Wendell froze halfway through his sentence.

W-Why does this guy look so familiar? I've seen him somewhere before...

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

...

Wendell stared at Kingsley for ten whole seconds without being able to utter a single word. He recognized Kingsley!

Wendell had attended William's funeral service as well, but he did not have the privilege to come forward and pay his respects. He was simply one among the crowd who stood behind Baron.

On that day, he had witnessed how Kingsley shot down Sergio and smashed William's casket to smithereens.

That dreadful scene had haunted him ever since!

Even just thinking about it now was enough to make him tremble!

Baron had also fled the scene that day after being scared out of his wits. Wendell swore to himself that if he ever ran into Kingsley on the streets, he would bolt and stay out of sight.

He knew better than to go up against Kingsley!

Wendell became as still as a statue, so Zayne piped up in confusion, "What's the matter, Mr. Martin? Do you know him?"

However, Wendell remained in a daze. In fact, his entire body was stiff and it looked like his soul had been sucked out of him!

“M-Mr. Martin?” Louie mustered up the courage to step forward and prod Wendell’s arm.

All at once, Wendell snapped out of his daze and stared at Kingsley in fear. “You... You...”

Louis assumed that Wendell was irritated by the disturbance Kingsley had caused, so he quickly groveled, “Mr. Martin, please go ahead and rest. I’ll get rid of him at once, and I promise that he won’t be disrupting your bosses’ recovery any longer!”

When Wendell heard what Louie said, he felt a jolt down his spine.

Smack!

Wendell turned around and slapped Louie right across his face. “What f\*cking recovery are you talking about?!”

Wendell was stricken with fear.

If any of them offended Kingsley, the God of War over here, then they would not be getting off with just an injury or two. Chances are, they would lose their lives!

Meanwhile, Louie cupped his face in utter confusion. He had no clue why he was slapped again.

Even if the first slap was because he had spoken out of turn, there was still no reason to give him another!

“M-Mr. Martin...”

The moment Louie tried to speak to Wendell, Wendell gave him yet another slap.

“Shut the f\*ck up! Stop f\*cking talking to me!”

To Wendell, Kingsley was just like the devil who had come to harvest his soul.

He did not want to catch Kingsley’s attention at all!

And yet, this clueless Louie kept calling his name over and over again. Was Louie trying to make sure that Kingsley knew who he was?

Once again, Louie was in absolute shock over the slap he just received.

He had no idea what he had done wrong this time.

Zayne was also at a loss.

He thought to himself, Aren't they on the same side? Why did Wendell start hitting Louie again?

Zayne was cursing internally but did not dare to say a word out loud.

Even Louie kept quiet now after being slapped twice. He would only be asking for more if he continued speaking.

The other doctors and nurses around them glanced at one another in bewilderment.

All at once, the place fell into an awkward silence...

Only Kingsley remained indifferent as he could tell that Wendell recognized who he was.

Kingsley had an excellent memory, and he never forgot a face. Despite only giving the crowd at William's funeral service a cursory glance, he still recognized Wendell.

"We meet again, Mr. Martin."

Kingsley's voice was relatively quiet, but loud enough for everyone to hear him.

Both Louie and Zayne felt their hearts sinking.

So, Kingsley and Wendell did know each other! But before either one of them could dwell on this newfound information...

Wendell, a hulking man of six feet five who was covered in tattoos, suddenly let out a hair-raising scream!



He immediately ran toward the treatment rooms like he was being chased by the devil!

He even yelled, "Boss, help! The devil's talking to me!"

He screeched so loud that his voice broke.

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 129**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 129-Louie and Zayne looked at one another with mystified expressions after seeing how Wendell ran off like he was being chased.

Why did the fearsome Mr. Martin run off like that?

All of a sudden, a thought flashed across Louie's mind.

Does this Nicholson fellow have some sort of powerful background? One that is frightening enough to scare Mr. Martin off like that?

However, Louie brushed that thought away at once.

Mr. Martin answers to Master Howe. Why would he be scared off by a kid in his early twenties?

He had to be missing something here!

Just then, Zayne came over and muttered to Louie, "Louie, what's going on? Is something wrong with Mr. Martin?"

"I don't f\*cking know!" Louie placed his hand against his burning cheek and retorted, "F\*cking hell! Did he see a ghost or something? Why did he run off like he was about to pee his pants?"

As soon as Louie said that, everyone felt a chill run down their spine.

It seemed like this was the only possible reason to explain why the menacing Wendell Martin ran off like a scared puppy.

Only Alan shook his head and sighed. "You shouldn't jump to such conclusions. You..."

Before Alan finished his sentence, Louie cut him off rudely. “F\*ck! Haven’t you learned your lesson, old man? You should’ve made yourself scarce when I let you go earlier! What gives you the guts to stick around and run your mouth off?!”

“You...” Alan felt a stir of anger, but out of his duty as a doctor, he advised, “Young man, your arm has been dislocated from your shoulder. If you don’t get it treated as soon as possible, you might end up with some long-term side effects!”

Upon hearing Alan’s words, Louie growled menacingly, “Are you trying to curse me, you old bugger? You’re asking for it!”

Immediately, he pulled up his sleeves and stormed over to Alan in fury.

It seemed like Louie wanted to start throwing fists again.

The crowd scrambled back in fear and left a wide berth.

Alan stumbled backward as well, and his voice trembled as he exclaimed, “W-What are you doing?”

“I’m going to f\*cking bash your head in, old man!”

With a bellow, Louie raised his left fist and aimed straight for Alan’s head.

Thump!

Kingsley grabbed Louie’s fist from behind the moment he raised it.

“I’m giving you one last chance to apologize to Professor Gershwin!”

Louie had goosebumps when he heard Kingsley’s icy voice.

His face turned pale as he tried to move his arm away, but he found that he couldn’t get out of Kingsley’s firm grip.

“Let me go, you f\*cker, or else I’ll bash your head in as well!”

However, as soon as Louie’s words rang out, the door to the treatment room beside them flew open.

Baron came rushing out with dozens of his men.

Quite a few of them were covered in bandages that looked fairly recent.

Wendell was right behind Baron, but his eyes were fixed on the ground as he did not dare look up.

He was deadly afraid of looking into Kingsley's cold eyes.

When everyone else saw that Baron himself had come out, they gasped in trepidation.

The crowd began to whisper among themselves. "Mr. Howe has come to deal with this personally. That young man is probably going to meet his end!"

"Exactly. Mr. Howe's men are all excellent fighters. If it came to a fight, that guy wouldn't stand a chance against them!"

"I think we should move back a bit in case the blood splatters..."

Even Alan's expression grew grim. "Young man, I think it's best if you leave at once. I'll help you slow them down for a bit. I doubt that they'd beat up an old man like me!"

At first, he might have come to Kingsley's defense out of his duty as a doctor, but now, he truly wanted to save Kingsley from this calamity.

Kingsley's skills in acupuncture had made a lasting impression on him, and he was willing to give up his own life to save this gifted young man!

When Louie heard that, he sneered. "Hah! No point in sacrificing yourself, old man! Both of you are going down today!"

As soon as he said that, he turned to Baron and greeted him respectfully. "Mr. Howe, it was this b\*stard who disturbed your peace. You..."

Louie wanted to fan the flames and convince Baron to teach Kingsley a lesson.

However, his words were only halfway out his mouth when he had to force the rest back down his throat.

Because what he saw was Baron and his men rushing out of the treatment room before coming to a stop right in front of Kingsley.

Thud!

Baron had fallen right down to his knees!

All of his men behind him followed suit!

In an instant, over a dozen burly men had kneeled to the ground!

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 130**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 130-The loud thudding of their knees rippled through the air.

Everyone's jaw dropped when they saw the scene in front of them.

No one would have expected that Baron Howe, one of the Seven Legends, would actually kneel in front of Kingsley!

Even Louie was dumbstruck!

He was absolutely shell shocked as he stood still with a look of disbelief on his face.

Louie had not even noticed that Kingsley had released his arm.

He was frozen with his fist raised in the air like a madman.

In fact, there was a lot that Louie was unaware of. After leaving William's funeral service that day, Baron had reached out to Kenny Shane at once.

He had paid nearly five thousand to wine and dine Kenny before Kenny finally let him in on a little secret.

"Kingsley Nicholson is not someone you want to mess with. He has the Tanner family's Northern Draken Tag!"

The moment Baron heard the words 'Northern Draken Tag', he felt like he was about to get a heart attack.

He had to down three shots of alcohol before he finally stopped trembling.

After knowing that, Baron convinced himself that as long as he was on his guard, he would never run into Kingsley again.

Who would have thought that he would stumble right onto Kingsley's warpath today?

Earlier on, Baron had heard a ruckus outside and sent Wendell to go and take a look.

When Wendell came back in fright and told him that the devil from William's funeral service was outside, Baron felt like his head was about to explode!

He knew that Wendell was a loose cannon, and he undoubtedly would have offended Kingsley.

Immediately, he smacked all of his men awake and brought them over to Kingsley to apologize, which led to the scene right now.

Baron remained kneeling on the ground and his voice trembled as he spoke. "M-Mr. Nicholson, if my subordinate has offended you in any way, I beg you to please let him off just this once..."

Then, he grabbed Wendell by his collar and hissed, "Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Nicholson!"

Wendell was on the verge of tears. "Boss, I didn't say anything disrespectful at all... All I did was slap Scarface Louie a few times..."

"Scarface Louie?"

Only then did Baron notice Louie, who looked like the Statue of Liberty as he stood there with his arm raised. He was frozen in shock.

Baron queried incredulously, "Mr. Nicholson, is... is Scarface Louie one of your men?"

"No," Kingsley stated coolly. "He's someone who wants to bash my head in."

"W-What?!"

Baron's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when he heard that.

Bash Kingsley's head in?! Does he have a f\*cking death wish?!

"Scarface Louie! What the f\*ck is going on?"

Baron's roar managed to snap Louie out of his daze!

"M-Mr. Howe..."

All color drained from Louie's face, and even the alarming scars on his face no longer seemed quite so terrifying.

Louie's knees were trembling violently.

In their world, seniority was unshakeable.

And Louie's boss, Terry 'Tiger' Wharton, was a subordinate of one of Baron's men.

This meant that Louie himself was nothing but an inconsequential foot soldier!

In fact, Louie had turned pale with fear when he saw Baron kneeling obediently in front of Kingsley!

"Mr... Mr. Howe... that punk just now... No, I mean this boss offended Mr. Church earlier..."

As soon as Louie said that, his expression shifted and it looked like he had found a lifeline. All at once, he pointed at Zayne and declared, "It's him! It's all because of him! He was the one who offended Mr. Nicholson! I was just trying to do my job!"

By now, Zayne was also scared stiff!

When he heard Louie pinning the whole thing on him, he felt a stabbing pain in his abdomen and nearly shat his pants!

Kingsley gave Zayne a baleful look before saying to Louie, "He won't be getting away with it, but neither will you. What did I say to you just now?"

"I... I..."

Louie's mind was blank, and he had a lost expression on his face.

"Let me remind you then," Kingsley drawled. "I gave you one last chance to kneel in front of Professor Gershwin and apologize!"

When Louie heard that, he did not hesitate at all!

With a loud thud, he fell right down to his knees in front of Alan!

Grabbing Alan's legs, Louie cried, "I'm so sorry, Professor Gershwin! I shouldn't have spoken so rudely to you, and I shouldn't have tried to hit you! Please forgive me!"