

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 14

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Chapter 14 King of Grandiose?

What?!

Kingsley's words stumped Rosalind so much that her voice went up one octave. "Sir, mind I remind you that the total price of these nine rings goes up to fifty million!"

"Fifty million; got it. Wrap them up then."

"Wrap... Wrap them up?" Rosalind's face was beyond grim at this point. "Sir, we work closely with the police here. If you're just causing trouble, I'm going to call the police over."

With that, she went to the door and called out, "Miss Sheffield, we have someone buying nine of our best rings in one go! Can you please come and deal with this?"

What?!

The entire jewelry atelier stirred upon hearing Rosalind's words, and instantly, all the customers and staff gathered around, wanting to see for themselves who in the world could afford such a large spend.

However, upon seeing Kingsley and his beyond-average attire, everyone began booing invariably.

"Pfft, I was thinking there's really a local tyrant spending big bucks here. Who'd have thought it's just a stinkin' pleb."

"Pretentious b*stard. I bet he can't even afford one!"

"He's definitely just boasting in front of the ladies. He'll be gobsmacked once the bill comes!"

Cecilia's face turned grimmer by the second under the crowd's scoffs.

As the daughter of the affluent Larson Family, when had she ever been in such a humiliating situation?!

“Reene, what’s wrong with your brother? Isn’t he just making a fool of himself?!”

She was on pins and needles, having to come to terms with a judgy crowd.

If Reene weren’t her friend, she would’ve long walked out the door!

Reene, on the other hand, was flushed with humiliation, reproaching, “Kingsley, what in the world are you trying to do? This is not a place for you to screw around!”

“But I’m not. I just want to give you a present. Relax, I’ve got money.”

“You…” Reene was so livid that she was speechless.

As if she would believe Kingsley’s bullsh*t after having met his janky Santana!

Just then, a woman in a classy dress sauntered over.

A sense of languorous classic beauty enveloped her, and her every smile and frown exuded endless elegance.

This woman was none other than the store manager of this Gavell Jewelry Atelier, Cameron Sheffield.

“What’s going on, Rosalind?”

With that, Rosalind pointed at Kingsley and scoffed, “Miss Sheffield, this loser is causing trouble. He said he wants to buy these nine rings.”

Her words stumped Cameron, for only a handful in the entire Cleapolis could afford to make such an act, and every single one of them was a big shot who dominated the game!

This man, on the other hand, was far too young…

After a moment’s hesitation, Cameron still very politely spoke to Kingsley. “Sir, if you’re certain, please follow me to my office to make the transaction.”

The sum was clearly far too massive to be transacted hastily, what more in front of so many pairs of eyes.

“Miss Sheffield!” Rosalind exclaimed. “You don’t possibly think he can afford these rings, do you? He’s just a boastful, pretentious b*stard!”

To that, Cameron shot her a cold glance, warning, “You better keep your mouth shut if you don’t want to lose this job.”

“I—” Rosalind still wanted to retort, but she shut right up upon seeing Cameron’s cold gaze.

However, indignation was still written all over her face as she shot a glare at Kingsley as though taunting, I’d like to see how you’re able to pull out such a large sum!

Meanwhile, Kingsley stood up and said lazily, “Let’s go. I give you the money; you give me the goods.”

“Kingsley!” Reene was truly panicking now. “Things won’t end well if you keep this up. Let’s go!”

“Relax, Reene. Just wait here until I come back with the rings,” Kingsley said with a smile before following Cameron to her office.

While watching their disappearing figures, Rosalind quirked her lips. “This pretentious b*stard. As if he really has the money. Later if the security kicks him out, I’ll surely take a picture of him and put it online so that everyone knows who this king of grandiose is.”

The crowd burst into laughter at that and began commenting.

“Surely he’ll become a meme.”

“If this goes viral, he’ll become the clown of the town. I guess you can call him a social media influencer by then.”

“Haha, I have to be sure to take a picture with him and ride the wave!”

On the other hand, Cecilia’s face was beyond grim. “Reene, I’m going to freshen up.”

She really couldn’t stay any longer, for such ridicule was worse than being burned alive!

Meanwhile, Kingsley sat across from Cameron in the store manager’s office. “Are you not worried that I might actually not have the money to pay?” he asked, curious.

“What’s there to worry about?” Cameron smiled faintly, revealing a shallow dimple.

“What if you do? Wouldn’t I have won the bet?”

“Congratulations, you have indeed won.” Kingsley pulled a gold bank card and put it on the table. “Go ahead, swipe it.”

“T-This is…” Cameron widened her eyes with incredulity upon seeing the print on the card. “Is this the Federacy’s joint Elite Gold Card?!”

She gulped while gingerly scrutinizing the card in her hand.

I can't be wrong!

This was the legendary Elite Gold Card she had only ever seen in her economics textbook!

This card was practically like extraterrestrial life forms, only existing in theory!

No one had ever seen the real thing, but right now, she was truly holding it in her hands!

She was freaking out so much that she had forgotten to breathe.

"H-How may I... address you, sir?" Cameron gasped as she gawked at Kingsley.

"Nicholson."

"Hello, Mr. Nicholson. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Cameron Sheffield, the eldest daughter of the jewelry-making family in Cleapolis, the Sheffield Family. I—"

Tap, tap, tap! Before she could finish her words, a knock came at the door.