

## Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 171

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 171-Nicholas' expression morphed into one of condescension after hearing what Matt said.

"I remember now! He's the guy from Ethan Windsor's video!" Nicholas narrowed his eyes and sneered. "The Larsons are truly scared that Grandma won't be leaving them anything in the will, huh? They got a useless piece of trash to pretend to be their wealthy son-in-law! Don't worry, Dad. I'll handle this punk myself!"

While the father-son duo was engaged in their quiet discussion, Kingsley and Megan had taken a seat beside the hospital bed.

Helen was propped up against the hospital bed in a sitting position. She scrutinized Kingsley as she asked Michael, "This... is the wealthy son-in-law you mentioned?"

Michael nodded at once. "Yes, mother-in-law. He's the one who gave us the five invites from Coliree Group."

However, as soon as he said that, Nicholas snorted and declared, "Hah! He's already admitted in a video that he had nothing to do with the invites! Everyone knows that by now! Don't bother trying to make him look good, Uncle Michael!"

Michael's expression hardened. "And what do you know? Kingsley is just trying to keep a low profile. He doesn't need to prove himself to the likes of Ethan."

"Hahaha, low profile indeed." Nicholas scoffed as he pointed at the fruit basket in Kingsley's hands. "Are you telling me that a guy who can get invites from Coliree Group would come bearing a measly fruit basket when he visits someone in the hospital? How f\*cking low profile!"

"That's..."

Michael did not expect that a simple fruit basket could become the object of mockery.

Once Megan saw the fruit basket, the smile on her face vanished instantly and was replaced by extreme displeasure.

She had the ultimate say in the Larson family, and she was a proud and lofty woman in front of others, but she had to keep her head down in front of her brother and nephew.

This was all because of the disparity between the two families' influence in the business world.

The Larsons' used car business was child's play in comparison with Prime Corporation!

As long as Michael remained less capable than Matt, she would never be able to stand tall in front of her own family.

She thought that Kingsley would be her ticket to finally being able to stand tall in front of them, but she never expected that the bubble would burst over a fruit basket.

Helen sighed when she noticed Megan's colorless expression. "Megan, why are you still the same after over twenty years? Back then, you insisted on marrying Michael for his good looks, and even went so far as to turn your back against your family, and it turned out exactly like what I said back then. He's not a man who can achieve greatness. Why are you still being so foolish when it comes to your daughter's marriage?"

Both Megan and Michael's expressions stiffened after hearing Helen's criticism.

Matt added scornfully, "Michael, oh Michael. Even if you wanted to prove yourself to Mom, at least get someone who's worth his salt! You actually got a bum from the underworld to pretend to be your wealthy son-in-law! Hmph! Even I can't let you continue this farce any longer!"

"What? From the underworld?" Helen clutched her chest and cried, "You two want to marry Cecilia off to such a man? Are you trying to kill me?!"

Megan hurriedly tried to soothe Helen. "Mom, it's not what you think it is. My son-in-law is actually..."

Nicholas cut her off before she could finish her sentence. "Aunt Megan, what are you guys thinking? You know very well that Grandma has a weak heart, so why did you bring such a guy over to piss her off?"

He then turned to the other relatives in the room. "Tell me, how can a daughter treat her mother this way?"

All of the Foxes swiftly jumped in.

"You're absolutely right. Why did they bring a bum here when they know that Old Mrs. Fox has a weak heart? Are they trying to make her mad on purpose?"

"I think the Larsons have gone mad over their greed for the inheritance! What a lousy trick they're playing!"

"Sigh. I never thought that a daughter would be so cruel to her own mother. How despicable!"

Megan was on the verge of exploding from all their insults.

"I did no such thing! Stop making all these false accusations!" She wept into her hands. "Michael, say something! I thought you were going to let me hold my head up high! You're so useless!"

Michael glanced at Kingsley and apologized, "I never thought things would turn out this way. I... I think I'll have to donate that one million to the hospital after all..."

Michael was in turmoil on the inside. He knew very well that Kingsley was an immensely powerful man, but he could not defend him because of the video that Ethan had taken...

Seeing the hopeless expression on Michael's face, Kingsley sighed and said, "Forget it. Since this is happening because of me, I'll help you."

"Hah! What a load of crap!" Nicholas snorted derisively. "You talk big for someone who's just a useless bum from the underworld!"

He then crossed his legs and scoffed in condescension. "Forget everything else for now. Shouldn't you at least switch that rotten fruit basket out for a proper gift?"

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 172-The Fox Family relatives began to jeer as well.

“That’s right! Doesn’t he know who Old Mrs. Fox is? How could he visit her with just a measly fruit basket that’s probably only worth about twenty? Even I feel ashamed for him!”

“He’s probably just a beggar from some low-income family who has never seen how the other half lives! Does he think that our family is the same as his poverty-stricken relatives?”

One by one, they all piped up to express their disdain for Kingsley.

Nicholas chortled scornfully. “Hahahaha... A beggar like you wants to help the Larsons? You’re such a shameless wannabe!”

There was a flash of repulsion in Matt’s eyes as he muttered, “The last time I met someone who was such a wannabe was also a guy named Nicholson! Really now, why is every Nicholson so deplorable?”

“Dad, are you talking about the chairman of Frost Corporation? I heard you mentioning him a lot when I was young.”

Nicholas searched his memory. “What was his name again? I think it started with an ‘x’.”

“Xavier Nicholson!”

Matt fumed. “That shameless wannabe’s name was Xavier Nicholson! It’s been nearly twenty years, and I still get so worked up whenever I think about him!”

“Hahaha... Dad, you’re just trying to have your cake and eat it too.” Nicholas laughed. “Didn’t you say that our company, Prime Corporation only managed to grow this big because we swallowed up Xavier Nicholson’s Frost Corporation seventeen years ago?”

Nicholas spoke very loudly for the sake of bragging in front of Kingsley.

He wanted Kingsley to know just how powerful the Fox Family's corporation was.

But he did not realize the implications of his words.

Kingsley's fists were clenched so tightly that his nails were digging into the palm of his hands.

Xavier Nicholson!

That was his father!

Matt had no remorse for what he did at all. Up till now, he was still humiliating a dead man.

And Nicholas even bragged about stealing Frost Corporation like it was their spoils of war.

Kingsley's eyes were pools of ice as he began to give off a murderous aura.

When Nicholas noticed the unnatural expression on Kingsley's face, he taunted, "What's up with your expression, punk? Scared sh\*tless by how powerful our Prime Corporation is?"

Kingsley did not dignify Nicholas with an answer. Instead, he took a deep breath and looked at Helen. "Did you know about Prime Corporation taking over Frost Corporation?"

The moment Helen looked into his clear brown eyes, she felt like a puppeteer was pulling her strings as she subconsciously replied, "My husband was the one in charge of the family back then. I didn't know anything about the business."

However, she snapped out of it after replying and asked him curiously, "Why are you asking?"

"No reason." Kingsley's expression became neutral once more. "You're in luck, Old Mrs. Fox. Your time hasn't come after all."

The words meant well but were unpleasant regardless.

Helen turned red with anger.

However, Matt's expression froze for a second before he asked with a frown, "What do you mean? Could it be that you're related to Xavier Nicholson?"

"You'll know sooner or later whether we're related or not," Kingsley retorted icily. "I trust that you've heard this saying before— revenge is a dish best served cold!"

He did not give Matt a direct answer, but he gave him a warning instead as he did not plan on confronting Matt now.

Kingsley sensed that something sinister was afoot with the fire that happened seventeen years ago.

First, there were the Summers, then the Jacobs, and now the Foxes.

These were all influential families in Cleapolis, and all of them had received some kind of benefit from that incident seventeen years ago.

They were like pieces of the same puzzle that slowly came together in the form of the incident of the terrible fire back then.

By that logic, it meant that others must have been involved as well apart from Randy Summers, Felix Jacob, and Matt Fox.

Kingsley was determined to dig up every single one of these perpetrators and eliminate them all at once.

He would not be letting anyone who was involved in that incident seventeen years ago escape from the retribution they deserved. Not a single one could get away with it!

Once he dealt with all of them, then the true mastermind would surely rise to the surface as well.

When Matt saw that Kingsley was deep in thought, he began to feel a little agitated.

He had heard the news about the Nicholson Family Cemetery being refurbished.

Could it be... that this punk in front of him was Xavier Nicholson's son?

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 173-Just then, Nicholas scoffed impatiently. “Hey punk, can you f\*cking do it or not? If you’re going to brag so much, then at least prove some of it!”

Matt snorted once he heard what Nicholas said.

So what if this useless piece of trash is Xavier Nicholson’s son?

He did not have the ability to compete against Prime Corporation.

I’m the chairman of the Roseland Chamber of Commerce! Why should I be afraid of a worthless bum?

With that thought in mind, Matt calmed down and leaned against the couch. He vented furiously at Kingsley, “That’s right. Hey you, Nicholson fellow, weren’t you all high and mighty when you got those guys to mess with Clarence? And yet you can’t even bring a decent gift?”

Kingsley’s finger shifted slightly along the armrest of his couch as he said plainly, “What did you guys prepare for Old Mrs. Fox?”

He looked at Matt like he was staring at a dead man.

“Us?” Matt snorted and declared arrogantly, “I spent 1.3 million and used all my connections to hire over a dozen international specialists from Mittera. I also set up a research team to look specifically into my mother’s condition.”

He eyed Michael smugly before hinting, “Why do you ask? You think you can compare with me?”

Michael’s face was stormy.

He knew that no matter how much money Kingsley had, he would not be able to one-up Matt this time. It was not a matter of spending tens of millions.

It took more than money to hire that team of international specialists.

True enough, Helen began to shower Matt with praise. “My son is truly a filial child. He’s much better than my daughter and son-in-law.”

Having said that, she glanced at Kingsley derisively. "Hurry up and leave. I don't want to look at you. Our family doesn't welcome a listless bum like you."

Kingsley smirked and did not bother to argue with an old woman in her eighties.

He simply stated, "I am certain that Old Mrs. Fox will be very pleased with my gift. However, I'm afraid that once my gift has been received, there won't be any need for yours, President Fox."

"What could you possibly mean?" Matt snorted. "Don't tell me that you're going to get a bunch of village doctors to come and treat my mother?"

Nicholas and all the other Foxes began to laugh at Matt's comment.

Nicholas was bent over with laughter. "I'm dying from laughter! Are you planning on getting a bunch of nameless doctors from your village to form a team to compete with our team of international specialists?"

Michael had not expected Kingsley's response either, and he muttered under his breath, "Why don't we just donate some money to the hospital? We can't joke around with Old Mrs. Fox's life at stake..."

Megan was also displeased. "The specialists my brother found are already at the top of their respective fields. Are you sure that you can find someone even more skilled than they are?"

Under the sea of derisive stares, Kingsley simply raised his finger and shook his head slightly. "I don't need to look for any specialists. I can treat Old Mrs. Fox's heart condition."

The hospital room fell silent the moment he said that.

It remained quiet for an entire minute before Nicholas snorted. "Hahahaha... you're killing me! A piece of trash from the underworld like you claims that he can treat my grandma's heart condition! Hahahaha..."

Matt joined in with a condescending laugh of his own. "How do you come up with all these shameless claims? All the top experts in the medical field are at a loss over my mother's treatment, and you think you can guarantee a full recovery just by wagging your tongue?"



Michael and Megan were also feeling rather awkward. “Kingsley, even if you’re trying to prove yourself, you shouldn’t make such baseless claims! Isn’t that just asking for it?”

However, Kingsley ignored their taunts. He looked at Helen and asked, “Mrs. Fox, I could be the only hope for you to recover from your condition. Do you want my help?”

Before Old Mrs. Fox could even speak, Nicholas cut in and declared, “Grandma, I think this punk is just trying to find the opportunity to take his anger out on you for scolding him earlier.”

Matt added snarkily, “That’s right. How can a kid in his twenties be better than all those international specialists? I think he’s up to no good.”

Noticing the hesitation in Old Mrs. Fox’s expression, Kingsley smirked. “That’s fine. If you don’t believe me, Mrs. Fox, you can wait for me to prove it.”

He checked the date on his watch before continuing, “There’s a patient who’s had paralysis for over ten years, and he’s currently getting his medical checkup. If the results come back with no red flags, then two days later, I’ll proceed to treat his condition using acupuncture. You are all invited to witness this yourself before deciding whether you want to accept this gift of mine.”

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 174**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 174-Helen wavered once she saw how confident Kingsley was. She nodded and said, “Alright. If you manage to treat that patient who has been paralyzed for over ten years, then I’ll trust you.”

“Grandma, what’s gotten into you? How can you believe such bullsh\*t?” Nicholas exclaimed incredulously. “Even Hippocrates himself would have a hard time treating a man who has been paralyzed for over ten years!”

The other Fox relatives spoke up in agreement.

“He’s right! That guy is just a shameless wannabe! How could he possibly treat a man who has been paralyzed for over ten years?”

“Hahaha, and he even said he’d use acupuncture! What a joke!”

“You hit the nail right on the head! The experts from Mittera are trained in the

best techniques available in modern medicine, and this punk wants to go up against them with a few needles? It's the biggest joke I've heard in a while!"

Kingsley's eyes glinted icily when he heard them ridiculing Qustia's ancient healing.

He got up slowly and retorted icily, "When I conduct the acupuncture treatment, you bunch of disrespectful fools better bring along those doctors that you have so much faith in! All of you can witness how Qustia's ancient healing remains useful and relevant even alongside modern medicine!"

Kingsley turned around and left the room right after saying those words.

Nothing that he said would penetrate those thick skulls of theirs, so it was pointless to continue talking to them.

Once the door slammed shut, Matt started criticizing Michael to his face. "Take a good look at your wonderful son-in-law. What an arrogant b\*stard! Who does he think he is?"

Michael took a deep breath, and for the first time in his life, he stood up to his brother-in-law as he enunciated every single word clearly, "I trust him. He will heal that paralyzed patient, and he can treat Mom's heart condition."

"Hah!" Matt spat in response. "Fool! You're all fools!"

Nicholas sneered. "You don't need to be angry, Dad. Isn't that punk still trying to put on a show? Why don't we take the chance to completely humiliate him?"

"What's your idea?"

"Tell the entire hospital—no, the entire medical field in Cleapolis about his boasts!" Nicholas narrowed his eyes and suggested slyly, "We can expose him as the shameless wannabe that he is in front of everyone. Let's see if he dares to show his face in Cleapolis ever again after that!"

Matt's eyes glinted once he heard Nicholas' plan. He smacked his hands together and declared, "Yes, we'll do just that! I want to destroy him and leave his life in shambles!"

He burst out in raucous laughter.

Here he was trying to think of a way to wipe the floor with both Michael and Kingsley when the opportunity came knocking on his door.

That punk, Kingsley Nicholson, delivered himself right to the doorstep.

Megan's expression darkened as she watched Matt and Nicholas laughing themselves silly.

She did not believe that Kingsley would have such medical expertise.

Megan leaned against Michael's shoulder and started crying. "What's going to happen now? I thought we found ourselves a wealthy son-in-law, but now..."

Meanwhile, Kingsley bumped right into Alice after leaving Helen's room.

Alice asked cheerfully, "How was it, Kingsley? Did you get along with your girlfriend's family?"

"Alice, Cecilia Lawson is not my girlfriend." Kingsley massaged his brows and explained, "We're just pretending to be a couple. Reese knows about this as well."

"A pretend couple..."

Alice's bright eyes flashed in surprise as she never expected this to be the case.

"By the way, Kingsley, Mr. Johnson's medical report is out. Do you want to go over and take a look at him?"

"Yeah, let's go and take a look."

Kingsley had announced to the Foxes that he would be treating Joshua two days later, but this depended on whether Joshua's body could handle the treatment.

When they got to the hospital wards on the 14th floor, Alice brought Kingsley over to Joshua's room.

There were quite a few people there already. Larry Daniels, the head of general surgery; Jude Lynch, the head of cardiology; as well as doctors from relevant departments were crowded around Joshua's bed to discuss the results of his medical examination.

Jude was the first to react when Kingsley entered the room.

He rushed over like an overeager puppy and greeted Kingsley courteously. "Do come in, Mr. Nicholson. We were just about to go over the patient's medical report!"

Larry had heard all about the goings-on between Kingsley and Jude from his colleagues, and he also knew that Kingsley was the Larsons' son-in-law.

He hurried over and greeted Kingsley respectfully as well. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Nicholson. I'm the main doctor in charge of Mr. Johnson's treatment. My name is Larry Daniels."

Kingsley nodded and walked straight over to the bed before asking Larry, "How's his condition?"

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 175**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 175-Larry flipped through the medical report and said, "The patient has been bedridden for too long. He has low levels of immunity, and there are signs of joint contracture along his Achilles tendon. Also, he did not maintain a proper dietary intake, so his body lacks the necessary vitamins and nutrients, or in other words, he is malnourished."

When Larry noticed the frown on Kingsley's face, he hurriedly added, "However, due to the patient's active lifestyle prior to this, his body is still in relatively good health. The aforementioned symptoms will not pose too much of a problem."

"Explain."

"Malnutrition can be easily addressed with a gradual increase in dietary intake, while the Achilles tendon contracture can be remedied with physical therapy," Larry elaborated. "It's clear that the patient's family has taken very good care of him. The patient doesn't have any of the usual rashes, sores, or inflammation that we usually see in bedridden patients."

Kingsley nodded. "This means that he will fully recover once we look into his nutrition, treat his paralysis, and conduct physical therapy?"

"Yes... Uhh, actually no..." Larry's expression became a little awkward.

“About that... Let me be frank with you. His injury is on his lumbar spine, and it has been a very long time, so there is very little hope of him regaining the ability to walk...”

Kingsley had a faint smile on his face. “You don’t need to worry about that. I have my ways of treating him.”

All the other doctors present, including Larry, were left speechless.

Even Alice muttered under her breath, “Kingsley, what are you saying? Even I can tell that there’s no hope in treating his injury. Don’t make a fool out of yourself by speaking so carelessly.”

Kingsley smirked and did not bother defending himself.

All would be proven once he performed acupuncture on Joshua the day after tomorrow!

Kingsley lowered his eyes to gaze at Joshua, who was lying on the hospital bed. He spoke reassuringly, “Did you hear that, Mr. Johnson? The doctors said that your body is in good condition. The hospital will be giving you nutritional supplements for the next two days, so just stay here and have a good rest. You don’t need to worry about anything else.”

Overwhelmed with emotion, Joshua trembled as he grasped Kingsley’s hand and declared, “Thank you. Really, Thank you so much, Mr. Nicholson. I never thought that I would be able to get such a thorough medical checkup.”

“You don’t need to thank me. This is all credited to Leroy’s excellent performance at the company, and it’s the company that’s providing this benefit in return.”

He took a look around the room and asked curiously, “Didn’t you tell Leroy about you coming to the hospital? Why isn’t he here?”

Joshua wiped his grateful tears away and explained, “I did tell him, but he said that he was supervising on-site, so he couldn’t leave.”

Kingsley nodded in understanding. He recognized that this was Leroy’s way of repaying him.

He could not help but sigh at Leroy’s innocence and sincerity.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Johnson. The company will ensure that Leroy takes a few days off to come and accompany you,” Kingsley said. “Make sure you rest well over these two days. I’ll start your treatment the day after tomorrow.”

“Thank you. Thank you, Mr. Nicholson. I am forever in your debt...”

Joshua’s tears were streaming down his face as he thanked Kingsley profusely.

At the same time, all the other doctors exchanged glances with one another and shared similar looks of derision.

They were all specialists in different medical fields, and they had looked into Joshua’s injury in great detail. There was no hope for recovery at all.

Yet Kingsley kept repeating that he would be treating Joshua in a few days.

How could that even happen?

However, none of them dared to voice their doubts due to Kingsley’s status.

They could only purse their lips and exchange scornful expressions with one another.

Alice noticed their behaviors.

Her lips twitched as she decided to find a time to knock some sense into Kingsley.

Where did he learn to talk big at such a young age?

Now that Kingsley was assured about Joshua’s condition, there was no need for him to stay on any longer.

He needed to head back to Coliree Group and see if Lancer had any updates after his interrogation with Jonas Kolstad and Karl Osberg.

“Alice, could you look after Mr. Johnson for a bit?” Kingsley asked. “I’ll get his son to come over this afternoon.”

“Alright. Don’t worry, I’ll be here at the hospital, so you don’t need to be concerned about Reese or Mr. Johnson.”

Just a moment ago, Alice had been contemplating how she intended to lecture Kingsley for his actions, but looking at his face, she lost all the fight in her.

It seemed like no matter what Kingsley asked of her, she would agree without a second thought.

She wouldn't even hesitate at all.

After instructing Larry and the other doctors to take good care of Joshua, Kingsley and Alice exited the ward.

In the corridor, two people stepped out from the restrooms dressed in cleaners' uniforms.

They were carrying a mop and several rags with them, and their expressions were filled with discomfort and contempt.

It turned out to be Jennifer Crawford and Brian Malkovich, the two who had mocked Alice.

"It's you?"

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 176**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 176-At this moment, Jennifer and Brian saw Kingsley as well. Thump!

Stunned by the presence before them, they immediately tossed away the cleaning tools in their hands and fell on their knees simultaneously. "Mr. Nicholson and Dr. Kramer, we were wrong! We don't want to clean the toilets anymore... Please plead with Dr. Lynch and Dr. Daniels for us. We're really sorry for what we've done..."

Kingsley shot a frosty and condescending look at the pair. He left right away, taking Alice by the hand while leaving Jennifer and Brian kneeling on the ground in a flood of tears. He refused to care about these sinister fools who abuse those who were down.

Then, he reminded, "Alice, let me know if these people give you a hard time again. I'll sort them out for you."

Alice's face broke into a smile. "Don't you worry. I'm not the kind of person who puts myself at the mercy of others."

"Is that so?" He squeezed her little hand. "Well, a surgeon's hands indeed feel different. It's soft and tender—"

A blushing Alice retracted her hand and gently pounded Kingsley. "Stop it!" she chided. Then, she stopped in her tracks and feigned anger by saying, "Alright, just leave on your own. I won't be seeing you off. I'll be busy telling Reene what you did to me!"

He let out a chuckle, knowing that she still had work to do. So, he gestured for her to make a move by nodding. "Alright, Alice. You should proceed with your work. I'll come again the day after tomorrow."

After leaving Hill Crest Hospital, he drove straight to the construction site of the Nicholson Family Cemetery where the Summers Residence once was.

As soon as Kingsley drove past the gate, his eyes instantly brightened as the cemetery's layout began to take shape. It was built in complete accordance with the standards of ancient imperial tombs. Not only was it complete with everything that included an enclosure, a sacred passageway, a pavilion housing, a stone tablet and ornamental columns, they were all made of materials of the highest quality. The main hall had yet to be built, but it was evident how much care and effort Leroy had exercised into the cemetery.

After entering the internal construction site via a road lined with newly-planted trees, Kingsley saw Leroy at a glance. Wearing a safety helmet, Leroy was crouching on the ground and eating from a lunch box with a bunch of workers.

When Leroy saw Kingsley's car, he hurriedly placed his lunch box onto the ground that was covered with plastic and stood up. "Mr. Nicholson!"

The other workers also followed suit and respectfully addressed, "Mr. Nicholson."

"Is this what you guys have for lunch?" Kingsley frowned slightly. "Hadn't I told you before that you don't have to be penny-pinching?"

Leroy scratched his head with a silly grin. "It's not about saving money. I just wanted to speed up the construction instead of wasting time on meals. Old



Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson's remains are still in the House of Mercy, so I want to work extra hours to finish building the cemetery as quickly as possible."

Kingsley was inwardly moved by Leroy's words, after which he patted Leroy on the shoulder with gratitude. "Thanks for the hard work."

As soon as Kingsley had said so, Leroy knelt before him. "Mr. Nicholson, my sister has told me everything. Not only did you help us, the Johnsons, through the crisis, but you had even treated my father's long-time illness. I can never repay the great kindness you've shown us!"

"Alright, that's enough. A guy shouldn't be weeping like this." Kingsley pulled Leroy to his feet. Then, he deliberately and stoically advised, "Be more cautious about your meals. Be sure to follow the standard of 100 per meal for everyone. Also, starting from this afternoon, you no longer have to oversee the construction here."

A stunned Leroy wiped his tears away and asked, "Mr. Nicholson, do you have other tasks for me..."

"Yes, I do. Starting from this afternoon, you'll have to go to the hospital to look after your father," Kingsley said with a smile. "You're not to return for work until he's able to stand up on his own."

"H-How can I do that?" Leroy waved his hands repeatedly. "I can only repay you by working hard over here. How can I—"

Kingsley interrupted Leroy before Leroy could finish his sentence. "This is an order! Are you gonna go against it?"

"I..." Leroy's lips quivered as he shed tears of appreciation. "I got it, Mr. Nicholson. From now on, my life is entirely yours!"

Kingsley waved his hand. "Cut it out, will you? That's too sappy. Just go to the hospital after you've made the arrangements. I still have something else to deal with."

"Yes, Mr. Nicholson!" Leroy bowed to Kingsley humbly with respect and admiration.

Soon after, Kingsley drove to Building No. 17 of the Coliree Group. By the time Kingsley arrived, Lancer had already been waiting downstairs upon

learning the news of his arrival. “Boss, Hades is interrogating the Sweoyans. Would you like to take a look?”

“Let’s go.” Kingsley nodded. Then, he and Lancer took the elevator to the fourth floor where Jonas Kolstad and Karl Osberg were being imprisoned.

As soon as they entered the interrogation room, they were greeted by the disturbing smell of blood. Walking to Hades’ side, Kingsley asked with a frown, “Did you torture them?”

“Ares.” Hades immediately stood up from his chair to give Kingsley a military salute before replying, “They had been stubborn and vowed not to betray Sweoya at first, but as soon as they were tortured, the one named Karl Osberg began to confess.”

Kingsley raised an eyebrow. “Oh? What did he confess?”

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 177-Hades reported, “He said that both he and Jonas belonged to a spy team named Earthworm. The team consists of five people in total, but he has only met the team leader, so he doesn’t know who the other two team members were.”

“What about the rest?” Kingsley asked, “Is that all?”

“Yes.” Hades nodded. “He hasn’t come clean about the rest yet.”

Kingsley took a look at Karl, who was beaten black and blue in the face and commented impassively, “Alright, I got it. I’ll take over from here.”

“Yes, sir!” Hades replied before easing his mind. With the kind of capabilities that Ares has, he’ll get even the most tight-lipped person to talk!

Kingsley pulled a chair over and sat across Jonas and Karl. It was something that Kingsley preferred; sitting down and being at eye level with his enemies whenever he was interrogating them would allow him to observe the other party’s eyes. A cigarette was taken out of his pocket as Kingsley said to Jonas, “Wanna have a try? It’s supplied specially for our country’s military, so most people have never even seen it.”

Jonas grinned as he shifted in his seat while replying in stilted Qustian language, "But you guys tied my hands and feet!"

"That's simple," Kingsley replied. Then, with a wave of his hand, he ordered impassively, "Untie them."

The instant he said that, both Jonas and Karl were stunned. "W-What? You're gonna untie us?" They were so astounded that they could not believe their ears. "A-Aren't you worried that we're gonna run away?"

"If you think you could do that, you should give it a try." Kingsley crossed his legs. "I'm very generous to my prisoners, but if they attempt to escape... I usually shoot them dead on the spot."

Jonas was rendered speechless as his color came and went several times. Finally, he said with a sigh, "Just as expected of Ares, the God of War. I don't have the nerve to run away in front of you."

Hades stepped forward and untied the hands of both men. As promised, Kingsley tossed them a cigarette each while interrogating, "Tell me about your spy team."

Jonas and Karl turned to look at each other before exchanging looks.

Kingsley smirked. "Stop looking at each other. It doesn't matter which one of you confesses," he began before slowly blowing a smoke ring. Gradually, his voice turned frosty as he continued, "However, my patience is limited, so I'll only hear the confession from one of you."

"W-What do you mean by that?" Karl placed his cigarette between his lips with trembling hands before taking a breath. He asked in horror, "What do you mean by 'I'll only hear the confession from one of you.'?"

"The person who confesses first can be extradited back to his country..." A corner of Kingsley's mouth was curled up to reveal a dry smile. "Whereas the other person will have no choice but to be buried on this foreign soil, I'm afraid."

Both Jonas and Karl were rendered speechless before they stopped exchanging glances in that instant. Instead, they withdrew their gazes and lowered their heads in thought.

The situation right now was completely different from back when they were captured. If they had died during capture, they would have become martyrs and heroes. However, if they were to be killed at this very moment because of a late confession, they would definitely die in vain! The person who managed to survive and return to Sweoya probably would not even identify his comrade as an honorary hero; instead, he could even frame the other person as the nation's biggest traitor! After all, the dead could not speak, so the person who lived could vilify and take advantage of the person who died however he wanted.

Both Jonas and Karl had the same exact thought; instantaneously, the atmosphere in the interrogation room became quiet and strange...

It was at this moment when Kingsley added, "Let me add that if the second person who confesses can tell more than the first person, then the second person will survive. In other words, the person who provides the most useful information will be able to walk out of here alive."

As this new piece of information sunk in, both Jonas and Karl paled at once. Kingsley's words meant that not only did they have to vie with one another to speak first, they also had to confess to everything in great detail without giving the other the opportunity to add a word or two!

Seeing how the prisoners' faces looked as terrible as they could get, Lancer and Hades secretly gave Kingsley a thumbs up. What a nasty trick this is, Ares! You just dispelled the bit of military awareness and self-sacrificing ideas left inside them completely!

Kingsley gently tapped his fingers on his knees. "Like I said, my patience is limited. You better not keep me waiting for too long."

As soon as Kingsley finished his sentence, Jonas and Karl shouted simultaneously, "Me! I'll confess first!" Both of their eyes were bloodshot as they scrambled to speak at the top of their voices.

"I'm first! I raised my hand first!"

"I'll confess first! I know more than he does! He's nothing but a piece of garbage!"

"Jonas, you son of a b\*tch! You're an idiot! I'm the one who knows more than you do!"

## Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 178

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 178-“Alright, stop fighting, you guys.” Kingsley blew a smoke ring as he continued impassively, “Since you guys are taking the initiative, I’ll give both of you the opportunity to confess.”

As Kingsley’s words washed over them, Jonas nearly spat blood in anger. “You!” Initiative my \*ss! We’re clearly forced to do so or else it’s death, alright?!

Kingsley stood up and tossed his cigarette to the floor. After squashing the cigarette with his foot, he ordered Lancer and Hades, “Take them to separate rooms and interrogate them separately.” Then, he turned to Jonas and Karl and warned in an icy voice, “If there is any discrepancy in anything you say, both of you will die!” As he spoke, he gave off a chilly, murderous aura, which he naturally adopted by having slaughtered his way through countless battles and the numerous body counts.

Both Jonas and Karl paled as they shuddered with fright. At this point, they had suffered from a mental breakdown. These two men who used to be comrades had gone through suspicion, betrayal, division and hostility within this little matter of time with Kingsley. Now that they were going to be interrogated separately as prisoners, they had completely lost all of their psychological defenses. As a result, they would reveal everything they knew without the need for further rigorous questioning.

As expected, Hades and Lancer came back with the results of the interrogations after only half an hour.

In Lancer’s office...

“Ares, both of them have confessed. Everything they said matches up; there are no discrepancies.”

“Tell me what they’ve confessed.”

“The ‘Earthworm’ spy team has five members in total. Their leader has a code-name of Stork, but his real name is unknown. Apart from these two prisoners, the other two team members are also working as a pair, but they don’t know what kind of missions are being carried out,” Hades explained. Then, he added, “They get in touch with Stork via one-way text messaging. In

other words, they could only get in touch with Stork when Stork texts them. Stork had only contacted them once before to tell them to meet up at a cafe named Thinking Cup Coffee in the city's north. It was there that Stork tasked them with renting the warehouse in the urban village."

Kingsley frowned slightly. "Is that all?"

"That's all for the time being." Lancer placed the interrogation materials on the desk. He added respectfully, "Ares, Sweoyans are not only very cunning, but they are also cautious and suspicious by nature. Apart from that, their espionage activities are highly organized and airtight. It's already considered huge progress that we're able to obtain such information. And besides, we can look forward to arresting Stork at the cafe named Thinking Cup Coffee."

"What are you gonna do? To ambush the cafe?"

"Yes." Lancer nodded. "Judging from Stork's meticulous way of doing things, I'd say it was definitely not by chance that he chose the cafe as their rendezvous. I dare say that he'll definitely show up there once again!"

Tapping the desk gently with his finger, Kingsley argued thoughtfully, "But all our men have strong military vibes. I reckon he'll be alerted as soon as he shows up." Then, he looked up at Lancer and suggested, "How about this? I'll give you the contact information of Kenny Shane, Jarett Cole's top strategist. Just give him a call for his cooperation in arresting Stork."

"You mean to say, we are getting the underworld involved in this?" Lancer had some misgivings, though. "Can people like them be trusted?"

Kingsley smiled. "Those at the bottom rung of society often have a stronger sense of justice. And besides, there are both good and bad people in the underworld, so you can't tar all of them with the same brush. As long as you give them enough benefits while deterring them enough at the same time, their loyalty will be unimpeachable. All you need to do is make up an excuse and declare that we only want him because he owes us money. It's fine as long as you don't let them know too much inside information."

"Yes, Boss! I got it!"

Having instructed Lancer, Kingsley turned to Hades and asked, "How is it going with The Anonymous—the hacker organization?"

"I've asked The Anonymous to start tracking the spying website again," Hades replied in a grave voice. "But Ares, what you predicted last time was right. The Sweoyans have strengthened the website's firewall, so much so that even The Anonymous has trouble breaking through it."

Kingsley pondered silently for a moment after listening to Hades' report. "I see. Have The Anonymous increase their progress as much as possible. At the same time, map out the plan to capture Stork. Just work along both lines and make sure that we don't lose our clues."

"Yes, Ares!" Lancer and Hades replied in chorus.

At this moment, Lancer suddenly recalled something. "By the way, Boss," he said, "I heard a few days ago that Andrew Kean, the eldest son of the Kean Corporation's owner, seemed to be searching for Boris Oakley everywhere like mad. Could he have something to do with those spies?"

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 179**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 179-Kingsley shook his head. "Boris Oakley was Andrew Kean's tutor back when the latter was studying in Sweoya. The academic forum they're organizing this time is a crucial turning point in Andrew's career, and Boris is one of the key figures playing a crucial part in it. I think Andrew's frantic search for Boris is only for the sake of his own career prospects; it probably has nothing to do with Sweoya's espionage activities," he said. Then, he asked Lancer, "How is Boris?"

"He's now being held in the modified cell at Building No. 16," Lancer replied with a grin. "That old man is just a pedantic scholar, and he's threatening to punish us in his papers every single day."

"Don't kill him, but don't let him live too comfortably either," Kingsley instructed impassively. "Even if he isn't very useful in catching the spies, he can be used as a means to keep the Kean Corporation in check in the future." At the thought of this, he curled his lips into a chilling smile. Didn't Elijah want to set Reene up with Andrew? Well, it's enough if Andrew knows what to do. If he blindly insists on asking for trouble, I don't mind cutting short his career right away!

While Kingsley was mapping out the follow-up plans to exterminate the spies, Matt was on pins and needles in the hospital. Upon recalling Kingsley's frosty

and venomous eyes, he felt uncomfortable all over. Although he kept telling himself that Kingsley was just a little gangster and was nothing to be afraid of, he had never been able to get the words “You’re gonna get your due when the time comes” said by Kingsley out of his mind. Finally, he said, “Nicholas, stay here with your grandma. I have something to deal with.”

“What’s wrong, Dad?” Nicholas asked in puzzlement. “Did something wrong happen to the company?”

Matt shook his head. “Just stay out of this. All you have to do is keep your grandma company and not give Michael and his family any opportunity to act.”

“Got it, Dad.” Nicholas nodded, knowing that his top priority right now was to win his grandmother’s favor. Now that his grandmother’s health was worsening by the day, he had to make her will all the Fox Family’s fortune to his family. I mustn’t let Michael and Megan get in the way and get a share of the Fox Family’s wealth!

After leaving the ward, Matt headed straight for the parking lot. Sitting in the driver’s seat, he pondered for a moment before taking out his phone to call Felix.

At this moment, Felix had just returned to his office after a meeting. When he saw the caller ID, he was somewhat puzzled. Why would Matt call me? Even though they were both in Cleapolis, their businesses didn’t overlap, so they hadn’t gotten in touch for a long time.

“Hi, Matt. What brings a busy man like you to call me?” Matt’s Prime Corporation wasn’t as large as the Jacob Corporation, but Matt’s standing in Cleapolis’ business circles wasn’t much lower than Felix’s when the whole Roseland Chamber of Commerce’s clout was taken into account. Therefore, Felix sounded very friendly when he answered the phone.

“Mr. Jacob, I have something important to discuss with you,” Matt said while lowering his voice. “I wonder if it’s convenient for us to meet up right now.”

Felix’s expression turned serious at the grave tone in Matt’s voice. “Sure. I’m at Jacob Corporation right now. Just come straight to my office.”

After hanging up the phone, Felix couldn’t help but knit his brows. Matt had no business dealings with him, and they had rarely come into contact in recent years, save for a few occasions they had met each other at business parties



in Cleapolis. The only connection between them was probably what had happened 17 years ago... When Felix thought of this, the look in his eyes gradually became grave and vicious. Could the Nicholson brat have attacked the Fox Family as well?!

Soon after that, Matt came to the chairman's office at Jacob Corporation. As soon as he sat down, he asked right away, "Mr. Jacob, has someone from the Nicholson Family come back?"

Felix's eyelid twitched when he heard that. So, my guess is correct after all! "What's wrong? Did the guy named Kingsley Nicholson go to you?"

"That's right! We ran into each other somehow; it was like we were bound to meet!" A hint of viciousness flashed across Matt's eyes. "He's now on the same side with my sister and brother-in-law. I bet he's after the Fox Family's fortune!"

Seeing how Matt gnashed his teeth in resentment, Felix made a cup of tea and handed it to him. "Come on, have a cup of tea. Tell me what happened."

"As you know, Mr. Jacob, my mother is already over 80 years old, and she's been hospitalized lately after a heart attack. I hired a dozen specialists from Mittera, but they couldn't do anything about her cond

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 180**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 180-Matt downed the cup of tea in one gulp. He said resentfully, "And yet, that brat popped up at such a time and became the son-in-law of Michael, my brother-in-law! Not only that, but he even said he's gonna cure my mother! Isn't he openly vying for my family's inheritance by doing so?!"

"How are you gonna deal with him, then?" Felix asked sinisterly. "Are you gonna kill him?" He had hated Kingsley's guts since the latter ruined the funeral of William, his youngest son. Otherwise, he wouldn't have hired David from the Assassins Market to assassinate Kingsley. Unfortunately, David had only injured Reene by mistake without even touching a hair on Kingsley's head!

Upon learning that David had disappeared after failing to kill Kingsley, Felix dared not sleep for two nights in a row. He surmised that Kingsley was probably the right-hand man of an underworld bigwig, which would explain

why he had the ability to kill David effortlessly. Seeing that Matt also wanted to deal with Kingsley at this very moment, he couldn't help but want to try assassinating Kingsley again through Matt.

However, Matt shook his head. "This little brat has some clout in the underworld, with many ferocious and vicious lackeys working under him. It won't be easy to kill him."

Felix's eyes flickered for an instant. "What do you want to do, then?"

"Well, since I can't play rough with him, I guess I can only set him up!" Matt narrowed his eyes. "He's gonna treat a patient at Hill Crest Hospital who's been paralyzed for more than ten years the day after tomorrow. I'm planning to make an issue of this."

"Pffft!" Upon hearing Matt's words, Felix spat out the mouthful of tea that he had just drunk. "Cough... Cough... Did I hear that right? He, a gangster, wants to cure a patient—and a patient who's been paralyzed for more than ten years at that?!" He choked and coughed repeatedly with a look of disbelief.

Matt curled his lips. "You've got no idea how the situation was at the time. That little brat came to visit my mother while carrying a fruit basket. When we ridiculed him, he felt so humiliated that he boasted about what he could do!"

"In that case, Matt, you mean..."

"Isn't he talking big? In that case, I'll put him on the spot and embarrass him in public—forever!" Matt said while grinding his teeth. "I'm planning to invite some renowned experts and specialists in the field of medicine to see how much of a blowhard he is. Once this gets blown out of proportion, he'll definitely not be able to gain a foothold in Cleapolis anymore!"

Upon hearing Matt's words, Felix slapped his thigh. "Marvelous! How marvelous! Why didn't I think of this before?" He clapped his hands and laughed excitedly. "Haha! Kingsley, aren't you so powerful that not even an assassin could kill you? I'm gonna have you mortified this time and make you a universally hated blowhard! Let's see if you'll still have the face to keep on living in Cleapolis!"

Matt's face contorted into a chilling smile at the thought of how Kingsley was going to be mocked and humiliated by everyone. He said to Felix, "Mr. Jacob,

I'm afraid that I'll need your help in this matter. The more people we can invite, the more embarrassed that Nicholson guy will be! You are more well-connected than I am. If you take up the matter yourself, he'll surely be condemned to hell forever!"

"Sure!" Felix had sinisterness written all over his face. "As it happens, I've sponsored a lot of medical foundations before. I'll call them right away!"

Matt nodded and replied, "I'll go around spreading the news right away. If we work together, we can invite at least over 100 prestigious medical authorities in the next two days!"

After he said that, the two men looked at each other and smiled, as though they had foreseen the scene where Kingsley fled Cleapolis with his tail between his legs after his bragging was exposed!

Over the next day and a half, Matt and Felix used their respective connections and called the medical professionals, including the directors, department heads, and doctors of all the major hospitals in Cleapolis. At the same time, they didn't forget to invite leading medical experts and authorities from medical organizations like the Society for Research in Traditional Medicine, Cleapolis Medical Association, and all the medical foundations.

In an instant, the whole medical community of Cleapolis was astir. Almost everyone in the field of medicine heard that a young man in his thirties had claimed that he was going to cure a patient who had been paralyzed for over ten years via acupuncture, a method of traditional medicine!

Everyone who had heard of this couldn't help but sniff in disdain, swearing inwardly that this young man must be another buffoon who wanted to use the name of ancient healing to draw the public's attention.