

## I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 2

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##### Chapter 2 Kneel or Die!

“H-He... He stopped it?!”

Everyone gasped involuntarily as Kingsley managed to hold a firm grip on Mickey’s arm, which was as thick as an average man’s thigh.

Who’d have thought this lean fellow had such impeccable strength?!

Mickey’s eyes, on the other hand, were even shaking in shock, for he discovered his arm wouldn’t budge from Kingsley’s iron grip when he tried to yank it away.

“What’s going on? What the f\*ck did you do?!”

Mickey’s face was crimson with humiliation and anger at this point, and in desperation, he threw his left arm toward Kingsley.

However, Kingsley was still as steady as a rock in the face of the sudden attack. He didn’t even flinch!

With that, he used Mickey’s right arm to clamp the flying fist to the back of the front seat.

“Feel free to come at me again if you have a third arm.”

Meanwhile, Mickey’s arms were stacked together, stuck as though concreted in cement.

No matter how he moved, he couldn’t break free from Kingsley’s vice-like grip!

Very quickly, beads of sweat began dripping from his forehead.

“Who’d have thought I picked the wrong horse today? Name your game,” he grumbled through gnashed teeth.

“Two options,” Kingsley listed plainly. “One, I’ll chuck you two out of the window like your woman suggested, or two, kneel until we reach the terminus.”

Upon hearing it, Mickey looked behind and glared daggers at the woman, appearing beyond furious.

The coach was currently traveling on the highway. If Kingsley chucked them out, the man would surely be crushed to bits by the next second.

But how could he choose option two!?

“Dude, I suggest you don’t burn bridges. You’re also heading to Cleapolis, aren’t you? I wouldn’t go this far if I were you. Who knows, we might meet again!” Mickey threatened eerily with narrowed eyes.

“Then you better pray that you won’t bump into me in Cleapolis,” Kingsley smirked and said plainly. “I’m going to count to three. If you don’t make your choice by then, I’ll do it for you.”

“You...”

Mickey couldn’t believe this guy actually threw his own words back at him!

This was even more humiliating than being punched in the face!

“Three... Two...”

Kingsley gave him no time to think, counting down like he was chanting a killing curse.

“I... I’ll apologize!” Mickey hurriedly yielded, suffocating from Kingsley’s intimidation. “I’m sorry. I’ll find another seat...”

“One.” After Kingsley leisurely counted the final number, he remarked indifferently, “I’ve told you. You only have two options.”

With that, he exerted a bit of force on his fingers, and Mickey’s arm began visibly bending.

Crack!

A bone-chilling sound came from Mickey’s forearm, and instantly, the man roared in pain, drowning the music playing in the vehicle.

The pain was so brutal that it felt as though Satan himself had yanked his tongue out!

“Ah! My arm!”

As soon as Kingsley let go, Mickey hugged his arm and rolled on the ground in pain.

He was in such a bleak position that he looked like a mutt that had mistakenly eaten rat poison, yet no one would spare him a glance.

“I... I’ll go with the second option. I’ll kneel...”

The excruciating pain got Mickey to realize that this young man was no pushover he could bully as he wished.

If he remained stubborn, this man might actually chuck him out of the window!

He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day, he mused and clambered back up while holding back the pain, then kneeled in front of Kingsley.

Seeing that they were now in an unfavorable position, the shapely woman hurriedly kneeled while shuddering, not even daring to breathe.

With peace and quiet restored, Kingsley smiled and looked back out the window to enjoy the view he hadn’t seen for so long.

“Can you believe it... Mickey Kray is actually kneeling...”

“Everything sure has its vanquisher. Who’d have thought the lawless Mickey Kray would have such a day...”

While Kingsley couldn’t care less about the tyrannical couple, the other passengers began whispering, still reeling at what had just happened.

Mickey, on the other hand, was so livid that he was going to crush his gnashed teeth when he heard the murmurs.

When had he ever looked this humiliating when he had been cocky and tyrannical his whole life?!

At that, he swore to gather his lackeys after reaching Cleapolis and mangle this son of a b\*tch who dared humiliate him.

“Dear passengers, please don’t forget your belongings when you leave the coach...”

As soon as the coach reached the station, Mickey took the woman with him and scurried away like a defeated dog.

Kingsley couldn’t be bothered to waste any more time on him, either. Thus, he left the tyrant be.

Following that, he hailed a cab to Sacred Heart Orphanage, which was located in the old town area of Cleapolis. There hadn’t been any further developments in the area since a couple of decades ago. Hence, the streetscape was practically the same as when he left ten years ago.

Kingsley took a deep breath when he arrived in front of a rusty old gate.

Clank! The gate opened, and he mumbled excitedly, “Grandpa Joe, sisters, I’m home.”

A few scrawny kids were squatting in the yard, playing with ants, and upon seeing a stranger, they all fled in a scream.

A boy even piped while running, "Grandpa Joe, Grandpa Joe, someone's here!"

In no time, an old man in a white shirt came out from the second floor, snapping, "You brats. Can't an old man get his sleep?!"

Kingsley thought he would cry when he saw the old man again, and he got choked up. "Grandpa Joe."

Joseph Vaughn's lips trembled involuntarily, causing his beard to move in turn as he looked at the upright young man at the door.

With incredulity, he hurriedly went up to the young man. "You..." he asked with a shaky voice while rubbing his eyes. "You're Kingsley?"

"It's me, Grandpa Joe!" Kingsley hugged the old man with excitement. "I'm back!"

"Good, good. Welcome home..." Joseph said as he patted Kingsley's firm back. But just as he wanted to say something, a little boy came running to them, crying, "Grandpa Joe, Bailey fainted!"

"Shoot. The child has a heart condition. It must've relapsed from him playing wildly!" Joseph fretted. "I'll tell you about your sisters after sending him to the hospital..."