

Read Novel i am the ruler of all chapter 271

i am the ruler of all chapter 271-As Kingsley thought about this, he abruptly stepped on the gas pedal and drove at full speed ahead.

He needed to go back to Cleapolis as soon as possible to find out who the culprit was, so that he could avenge the innocent people who had lost their lives.

It only took him about 40 minutes to reach Cleapolis.

Upon arrival, he immediately drove to the Nicholson Family Cemetery, where he parked his car in the empty lot in front of the entrance.

Instead of getting out of his car, he only sat in it while quietly taking in the view in front of him.

Even though the fire had been put out, the main hall, ceremonial column, and other new constructions had all been burned to crisp.

Still, there were numerous firetrucks and ambulances parked outside of the entrance.

They were trying to help the workers, who had been crushed under the rubble and had not yet been rescued.

Everyone in the crowd that surrounded the cemetery had a sympathetic expression on their faces as they prayed for another survivor to be found.

There was even a group of plainly dressed people who were wailing at the entrance as they mourned.

Kingsley knew that they were victims' wives, children, parents and many more.

Feeling it was too heavy a blow to bear, a few of them cried so much they fainted and fell on the ground in fatigue.

Following that, the medical personnel brought them to the ambulance.

This scene was so gruesome that no one could hide the emotions showing on their faces.

Kingsley's fists were balled up tight as the killing intent in his eyes intensified.

The person who set off the bomb in the cemetery is a butcher, an executioner!

Even if it was for the poor victims' sake, Kingsley promised he was going to bring them justice.

He wanted to make the guilty pay in blood for every life lost.

Right at this moment, Leroy, with his eyes red, shuffled over and opened the door to the passenger seat to get into the car.

"Mr. Nicholson..."

He started to choke with sobs again after uttering Kingsley's name.

After taking a deep breath, Kingsley asked, "How many people were found?"

"Twelve," Leroy informed while he held back his sobs. "There are still six of them buried under the main hall..."

As Kingsley listened to Leroy, the former already knew what Leroy was going to say before he finished his words.

Only the finest materials had been used to construct the Nicholson Family Cemetery.

The pillars and beams, especially, were made of the highest quality solid wood sent over all the way from Nephele.

It would be near impossible to save the six workers who were trapped underneath.

"I understand." Kingsley's voice dropped low. "Don't worry. I will make sure I avenge them."

"Mr. Nicholson, the firefighters said that all the explosion points were extremely hidden. They have a regular pattern and are targeted."

The bombs were planted exactly according to the scale of the building. Even the locations and quantities were carefully arranged and calculated.

Leroy lifted his red eyes and choked out, "We can conclude that the explosion was planned in advance. Someone had planned to plant the bombs all along. They were definitely not impromptu or random."

As he spoke, he brought up a hand to wipe his tears and continued, "But I have been here almost every day and night from the beginning of the construction of the cemetery. How did someone have the opportunity to plant so many bombs?"

Kingsley frowned when he heard that. "Weren't you at the hospital for a bit to take care of Mr. Johnson some time ago? The culprit must have worked their way in then!"

"That's right! That must have been when they made a move!" Leroy plopped his head into his hands and kept hitting himself. "It is all my fault," he scolded himself. "It is because I was careless!"

"It is not your fault." Kingsley gazed out the window and looked at the mourning crowd. "The best way to comfort them would be for you to make the necessary arrangements for the families of the victims. As for the compensation, discuss it with Peter. We will compensate 10 million for each worker. Accept any amount Codrington Construction can afford to compensate."

"Roger that, Boss," Leroy mumbled as he slowly lifted his head. His mood had gotten slightly better after hearing Kingsley's words.

It seemed like giving out compensation was the best way to provide comfort now.

After Kingsley gave Leroy a bank card to continue dealing with the aftermath of the incident here, he himself drove off to Coliree Group.

Now that Kingsley was in Lancer's office in Building No. 18, he massaged his temples as he remained seated on a chair. "Lancer, Hades, what are your thoughts on the incident at Nicholson Family Cemetery?"

"Ares, in my humble opinion, this isn't necessarily done by the spies from Sweoya," Lancer suggested in his low voice. "We have always been careful. The Nicholson Family Cemetery, Coliree Group and Coliree Island are three separate entities after all. I don't think your identity has been exposed!"

Hades nodded in agreement. “Yes, I think so too. The culprit of the bombing at the Nicholson Family Cemetery is probably someone else.”

After noticing the look in Kingsley’s eyes, Lancer added, “Ares, I understand that you are fuming about this, but you can’t act impulsively.”

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i am the ruler of all chapter 272-Lancer was worried that Kingsley would lead his warriors on Coliree Island to ransack the city in a fit of rage.

Although it would be easy for them to get to the bottom of the case using such a head-on method, they wouldn’t be able to keep the relationship between Coliree Island and the Nicholson Family Cemetery hidden after that.

Not only that, Kingsley’s identity as Ares, the God of War would be brought out into the open.

“I understand what you mean,” Kingsley said lightly. “I won’t lose my reasoning to that extent.”

He sucked on his cigarette and let a puff of smoke slip out between his lips as he continued, “But how did the bombs come into picture if this wasn’t a ploy by Sweoya? It is supposed to be difficult to acquire such lethal weapon in Qustia, no?”

“Ares, David Marr mentioned a black market when we interrogated him earlier on. Supposedly, one can not only hire killers, but also buy items prohibited by law there. Almost all the guns owned by the bosses of the underworld are bought from the black market,” Lancer informed him.

Kingsley’s eyes immediately lit up when he heard this. “So what you are suggesting is that the bombs that blew up the cemetery was bought by the culprit were from the black market?”

“Affirmative. If we can find the person who sold the bomb, we can easily track down the culprit from there on.”

“Brilliant. We will do that.” Kingsley’s finger on the table moved slightly, and his voice dropped as he gave his instruction. “Act as a private buyer and make a posting on the black market about wanting to buy a bomb. If someone contacts you, we will immediately seize them during the transaction! They will

all be arrested and interrogated together regardless of whether they had anything to do with the bombing of the Nicholson Family Cemetery or not!”

“Understood, Ares! I am on it!”

After Lancer left to carry out his duty, it was Hades’ turn to make his report.

“Ares, The Anonymous is still attacking the website of Sweoya. But it is a bit of a tough situation. It will take a while before it is done.”

Kingsley nodded at that. “The Anonymous is already the best hacker organization in Qustia. We have no choice but to patiently wait it out if even they find it difficult.”

“Also, Ares, there is still no news from the last time you wanted me to contact Diosna Military District to find out the whereabouts of Miss Langley.”

“Still?” Kingsley’s forehead wrinkled. “Is there no clue at all?”

Hades lowered his head and uttered respectfully, “Miss Langley must have used a pseudonym when she went out on a mission. Also, the whereabouts of professional killers are extremely hidden and difficult to track, so it is hard to find her whereabouts using the conventional way. But if we were to have Diosna Military District use their satellite tracker and GPS tracker to filter out every corner of the city, we might be able to—”

Before he finished speaking, Kingsley waved a hand to stop him. “From what I know about Serena, having no news is the best news. There is no need to mobilize resources like that. Just let the Diosna Military District continue to pay attention to the recent deaths by assassination.”

“Yes, sir!”

After getting things settled, Kingsley drove back to Reene’s villa.

It was after dinner when Reene inadvertently brought up the bombing of the cemetery.

Unaware that it was the cemetery that Kingsley built for his parents, she felt bad for the workers who lost their lives in the incident.

As Kingsley didn’t want her to be involved in this dangerous matter, and since it was difficult to talk about those workers from a third party point-of-view, he

could only quickly bring up another topic. “Reene, is the handover of the Clark Corporation going smoothly with Mr. Parker’s help?”

“Everything is going well. Also, I am learning a lot about business from Mr. Parker!”

Sure enough, Reene was immediately distracted when he brought up work.

“What about the people from the Wynn Family?” Kingsley took a bite of the food and asked, “I hope they are not creating trouble?”

He knew that Clarence, with his shameless temperament, would never give up the Clark Corporation so easily.

Reene shook her head at that. “They have been busy with Henry’s funeral these two days after he died. They wouldn’t have the time to disturb me.”

She then let out a sigh. “I am guessing they will mess with me again after the funeral.”

“Don’t worry, Reene. The Wynns will not be able to do anything with Mr. Parker around.”

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i am the ruler of all chapter 273-“I sure do hope so.” Reene let out a helpless smile. “I am just worried that Mr. Parker wouldn’t be able to win against the ever-sneaky Wynn Family.”

Kingsley grinned at that. “Did you forget that I am available even if Mr. Parker can’t deal with them? I pissed Henry off to the point he died. I am sure I can manage to do the same to Clarence!”

“Pfft!” Reene covered her mouth and giggled, “You naughty boy! By the way, Kingsley, why did you suddenly come back? Alice sent me a message about how you seemed to be in a hurry.”

“Uh... One of my comrades’ houses caught on fire...”

Bewildered, Reene asked, “Why did they need you for a fire? It is no like you are a firefighter.”

“Um...” Kingsley scratched his head and explained hesitantly, “Someone set the fire on purpose, and he asked me to come back here to avenge him.”

“Is that so?” Reene had a worried expression on her face. “Kingsley, you must not fight with them. I will be heartbroken if you get hurt.”

“Don’t worry, Reene.” He chuckled. “I won’t get hurt.”

Speaking of this, Kingsley suddenly remembered the numerous scars on his body.

Reene will probably cry like Alice did if she were to see my scars...

At this exact moment, he received a text message from Lancer. ‘Ares, I have gotten a reply on the post about buying bombs on the black market. It was the Spearhead Group who replied. They said that they can provide a certain amount of bombs.’

The Spearhead Group? Kingsley immediately frowned when he read the message. I have heard the name somewhere.

Noticing the look on his face, Reene asked, “What’s wrong, Kingsley? Did something happen?”

“Reene, have you ever heard of the Spearhead Group?” he asked in return.

She thought about it for a moment before she started, “I have heard of them before. It is run by a Chairman Jovovich. I think they are in the security industry.”

“Jovovich?”

As soon as she said that, Kingsley suddenly recalled meeting a woman named Nancy Stewart when he and Serena attended the class reunion at the dōjō.

Nancy’s fiance was Tyler Jovovich, the young master of the Spearhead Group!

At that time, Nancy and Tyler had been ridiculing Serena, and it was not until Paige arrived that Tyler stomped out of the place, absolutely livid!

Thinking of this, Kingsley asked again, “Reene, is the eldest young master of the Jovovich Family called Tyler Jovovich?”

“That’s right! It is him!” She nodded. “He is quite famous in the children-of-the-nouveau riche circle!”

As she spoke, she suddenly thought of something, and hurriedly reminded Kingsley, “Is Tyler Jovovich the one who set fire to your comrade’s house? The Jovovichs are in the security industry. All their underlings are bodyguards and hooligans. You must never get in his way!”

“Don’t worry, Reene.” The corners of his mouth curled upward. “I won’t do that. I only want to make a deal with him.”

Kingsley was spilling words of comfort to Reene, but he was secretly thinking otherwise. The day the deal happens might just be the day Young Master Jovovich dies.

After returning to his room from dinner, he gave Lancer a call. “Have you decided the time and place of the transaction?”

“10.30PM tomorrow. Warehouse 8. The warehouse area of Jetstar Logistics in the east of the city.”

“Alright. Notify Hades to assist in the arrest.” Kingsley stated, “Immediately catch them as long as they can bring out the goods! We will take our time to interrogate them after that!”

“Yes, sir!”

...

The following night in the warehouse area of Jetstar Logistics on the eastside of the city.

A maroon box truck with the word “Qustiaturuk” came to a stop outside the entrance of Warehouse 15 at 9.30PM.

There were five to six vans following after it, and they came to park in one straight line.

Swoosh!

After the door of the first van slammed open, Tyler lowered his torso and jumped out of the vehicle.

Immediately afterwards, more than 20 burly men in black suits got out from the vans behind.

These men were strong and agile. Anyone could tell at first glance they were professionally-trained bodyguards.

The last person who came down was a man in his forties. He was Felix, the manager in charge of underground arms trading who worked for the Spearhead Group.

He smoothed out his clothes before he stepped forward and complained to Tyler, “Young Master, it is too dangerous for you to come and trade in person! Why don’t you head back for now?”

“Can you please stop nagging, Mr. Smith?” Tyler impatiently waved him off. “Don’t you know that this is a three million transaction? I can earn three million for the company just by showing up! Do you think I would pass up such a good opportunity?”

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i am the ruler of all chapter 274-Felix couldn’t help looking worried as he urged, “But Young Master Tyler, we are doing illegal business! We are doomed if there is a slightest mistake! To hell with my worthless life, but you are the heir of the Spearhead Group! You can’t afford any mishaps!”

“The heir of the Spearhead Group?” Tyler’s face fell. “How am I supposed to inherit the family business if I don’t show my father a satisfactory result?”

Even his eyes had started to turn gloomy. “If Father was able to bring home an 18-year-old illegitimate child last month, it means it is possible for him to have a third child next month! I also used to think that my standing as the young master was secure, but now that Gramps has passed away, there is no one that can stop Father from bringing that little *bstard home! If I don’t do something, I am afraid that that little btch* will take my position and rob everything from me sooner or later! ”

Felix could only sigh after listening to his words. “Since you have made up your mind, Young Master, let’s proceed as planned.”

On the other side, Lancer personally drove to Reene's villa before he headed to Jetstar Logistics with Kingsley.

"Is everything in place?" Kingsley asked as he sat in the passenger seat.

"Yes, it is!" Lancer answered while he drove. "I guarantee that not even a fly can escape!"

"Wonderful."

Kingsley only gave a brisk reply before he lightly shut his eyelids.

The agreed trading time was 10.30PM, but the duo arrived at Warehouse 8 at around 10PM.

As Kingsley looked at the empty warehouse, he let out a small smile and hummed, "They are a careful bunch, aren't they? So this is how they want to do it."

"Ares, they could lose their heads for this. Of course they have to be cautious." Lancer also smirked as he continued, "But they can only blame their luck to have us as their opponent."

After saying that, he took his phone out and called Hades. "Hey, tell the scouting party to check the entire warehouse area and have them report back in three minutes."

The entirety of Jetstar Logistics covered more than 300 acres, and had a storage capacity of 180,000 square meters.

There were more than hundreds of warehouses alone!

There were two logistics buildings and more than a dozen mega warehouses just between Warehouse 8, where Kingsley was at, and Warehouse 15, where Tyler was at.

Any normal person wouldn't have been able to find the exact transaction location, and would have no choice but to stupidly and obediently go through each and every corner.

However, the scouts were different.

They were the elite warriors of Coliree Island!

Such a thing was only child's play that they had gotten bored of long ago.

This is also exactly why Lancer said it was Tyler's misfortune to have them as his opponent.

Of course, Tyler and his men had no idea what was going on behind the scenes.

They were even reveling in the assumption that everything was going as planned.

"Don't worry, Young Master. We have done sufficient preparation. Nothing should go wrong during the transaction."

Felix had just assured Tyler when the roaring of helicopters suddenly filled the air from on top.

"What is going on?!"

Everyone subconsciously lifted their heads to take a look.

To their surprise, four helicopters were flying over slowly from all four directions and were noisily circling above them.

The searchlights, which were as bright as day, kept sweeping, and would occasionally shine across their heads.

"*Fck! What the fck is happening?!*"

Tyler was so frightened that his calves and stomach started cramping. "What is going on, Mr. Smith? Are they here to arrest us?!"

"I-I hope not!" Felix was frozen for a second, but he quickly recollected himself and he calmed his voice as he quickly ordered, "Quick, turn off the lights! Hide in the warehouse, everyone!"

As soon as he barked, the bodyguards in black suits hurriedly climbed into the vans, turned off the headlights, and scampered into Warehouse 15.

"What is going on, Mr. Smith?" Tyler blabbered as he squatted in the corner behind the warehouse gate. Listening to the sound of the helicopter blades chopping through air frightened him so much his face was drained of blood.

“Am I really so goddamn unlucky? It is my first time joining in on a transaction, and I am already bumping into cops?!”

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i am the ruler of all chapter 275-“I don’t think it is the police.” Felix wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. “Jetstar Logistics only 20 kilometers away from the airport. It is normal for planes and helicopters to pass by occasionally. You don’t have to worry about it, Young Master.”

Tyler visibly relaxed after hearing that, and he comforted himself, “Yeah, logistics parks are usually close to airports or highways. The plane must have only been passing by.”

As he spoke, the helicopters above gradually flew away.

It suddenly fell silent there, and only their tense and heavy breathing remained.

“Ha! They really were just passing by.” Tyler patted his chest and let out a long sigh of relief before he started cursing. “Fck, *why is it so hard to earn money? I almost fcking died!*”

What they didn’t know was that the four helicopters from earlier were the scouting party dispatched by Hades!

At the same time, Lancer, who was outside Warehouse 8, had received a report.

“The other party has a box truck and six vans. The estimated number of people is around 30. They are currently hiding in Warehouse 15, which is about three kilometers away from Warehouse 8.”

After listening to Hades’ report, Kingsley smirked and said, “Let’s go, Lancer. There is less than 30 minutes left. Let’s not make them wait too long.”

“Alright, Ares!” Lancer briefly responded, and was about to get in the car when his backup phone went off.

Lancer glanced at his phone. “Ares, it is from the Spearhead Group. They are probably calling to inform us to move to a new location.”

“Take the call. We will see what else they have planned!”

Hearing that, Lancer accepted the call.

“Hello? Is this Mr. Houston?” Felix’s voice rang out.

“Speaking. I am already at Warehouse 8.” Lancer looked around and faked a disgruntled tone. “There are only 20 minutes left before the time we promised on. Why are you not here yet? Don’t tell me you are standing me up.”

“Of course not!” Felix blurted out. “The Spearhead Group’s reputation is our top priority. We would never stand our client up. Please understand where we are coming from, Mr. Houston. After all, explosives are different from regular items. We have to be careful about it.”

“So?” Lancer asked nonchalantly. “When are you going to be here?”

Felix, with his phone in his hand at Warehouse 15, looked at Tyler before he replied in a low voice, “How about you head to Warehouse 26 now, Mr. Houston? That is where our men are all at. We will meet there!”

Immediately, Lancer’s cool voice came from over the line. “Fine. See you.”

After hanging up the call, Tyler rubbed his hands together and inquired, “Are our men at Warehouse 26 in position?”

“They are all safely hidden!” Felix smiled confidently. “The trade will only formally begin once we have ensured they are not playing tricks on us.”

Upon hearing that, Tyler threw an arm around Felix’s shoulder and cheered excitedly, “How thoughtful of you, Mr. Smith! I will make sure I promote you as the general manager when I take over the group in the future”

“Thank you, Young Master!” Felix had a happy look on his face as he buttered up to Tyler. “Ever since we got into the arms trade a while ago, we have received two big orders in a row! I firmly believe that it will not be long before you inherit the company, Young Master!”

“Haha! Even God is helping me! As long as I keep this lucrative business going, that little b*stard will never be my opponent!” Tyler boasted.

“Indeed! You are favored by God, Young Master!”

“Hahaha!”

Just as Tyler and Felix were both chortling joyfully, they suddenly heard the faint sounds of a car driving in their direction.

Like a deer caught in headlights, Tyler instantly froze and he whispered nervously, “Did you hear the sound of a car, Mr. Smith? Is someone here?”

“It is probably someone from another warehouse who came to order goods.” Felix reassured him, “Don’t be nervous. We have our line of defense at Warehouse 26. We are safe—”

He was interrupted mid-sentence when a gray jeep quickly came into view and stopped at the door of Warehouse 15.

The next moment, Lancer opened the car door and slowly got out.

Tyler couldn’t help but get the shock of his life when he peered at Lancer’s mountain-like and burly physique. “W-Who are you?!” he squeaked.

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i am the ruler of all chapter 276-Felix pointed at Lancer and stuttered in horror, “W-We’ve booked this warehouse. You better leave right now!”

“Mr. Smith!” Lancer grinned. “Aren’t you a little too forgetful for someone as outstanding as yourself? Weren’t you talking to me on the phone just a while ago?”

“You—” Felix’s eyes were about to bulge out of their sockets as he exclaimed in a shocked tone, “A-Are you Mr. Houston? The one from the black market?!”

Tyler was also surprised when he heard his words. “How did you know that we are here? Didn’t we tell you to head over to Warehouse 26?”

Lancer shrugged at that. “Both you and the goods are here, though. Why should I go to Warehouse 26?”

Hearing that, Tyler and Felix turned to look at each other, both not knowing what to say.

“I understand your concerns about the possibility of me being with the police, and that I might do you dirty. That must be why you are being on high alert.”

Tyler and his men all paled when Lancer said what they were all thinking.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, Felix let out a small cough and admitted, “Um... It is great that you understand, Mr. Houston.” As he spoke, he glanced at the Jeep behind Lancer. “Did you come alone?”

He had just spoken when Kingsley, with his hands behind his back, got out of the car and stood in front of the crowd.

“You... It is you!”

Tyler’s eyes immediately widened when he saw Kingsley. He recalled what had happened when he and Nancy attended the reunion party.

“Young Master, do you know this man?”

“Of course I do!” Tyler growled. “He is called Nicho... Bah! Whatever! He is rubbish that lives off of women! He kept sticking to the young lady of the Tanner Family. He embarrassed me in front of Nancy’s classmates!”

“The young lady of the Tanner Family?” The look in Felix’s eyes changed before he turned to look at Kingsley with a frown on his face. “Mr. Nicholson, it should be easy for the Tanner Family to acquire explosives, no? Why would you take the risk and buy it from the black market?”

He suddenly realized that something was wrong. Why would he offer such a high price to buy something so small if he really was someone close to the young lady of the Tanner Family?

Smilingly, Kingsley denied, “You are having a misunderstanding because you left early that day, Young Master Tyler. The young lady of the Tanner Family and I are not what you think. We are only acquaintances.”

“F*ck if I care!” Tyler roared. “Not only did you embarrass me in front of everyone, you also broke my girlfriend’s skin with a belt! I haven’t had time to settle the score with you but now, you are walking into the lion’s den yourself! You don’t know who you are messing with!”

Tyler was looking at Kingsley with such resentment that he wished he could kill him to vent his hatred on the spot.

He had found someone to teach Kingsley a lesson after the gathering back then.

However, his half-brother, of whom he shared a father with, had popped out of nowhere, and had thrown him into such a mess that he couldn't even bother with Kingsley.

Now that Kingsley had appeared before him again, it immediately awoke the rage he felt for Kingsley that had fallen into a slumber.

"You punk, I wouldn't want to disappoint you since you came to get yourself killed! I will make sure you don't leave here in one piece!" Tyler's face was grim when he continued to roar, "Remember how you humiliated me and beat up my girlfriend back then? I will make you pay back a hundredfold today!"

Lancer's gaze turned frigid as he looked at Tyler's cruel expression. He then asked Felix, "Mr. Smith, is this the Spearhead Group's way of doing business?"

"Ah..." Felix paused for a second before he whispered to Lancer. "Young Master, this is an order worth three million. We must consider the greater good!"

Hearing this, Tyler stopped in his tracks, but he immediately showed disdain by scoffing. "How could he possibly have three million if he wasn't Miss Tanner's boy toy? He must be here to get on my nerves and pick a fight!"

Felix's scrutinizing eyes scanned Kingsley from head to toe. He couldn't help but hesitate when he realized how Kingsley did not look like someone who could spend three million to buy explosives. "If we are going to do the transaction, we would first kindly request for you to show us that you are able to pay for the goods."

"Sure, we will show you the money." Kingsley nodded. "We would like to see the goods as well."

"Nothing difficult about that. They are in the bed of the truck by the entrance. We can hand each other what we need at the same time," Felix suggested in a low voice.

“Alright, but—”

Kingsley hadn't even finished his sentence when Tyler spat a blob of phlegm onto Kingsley's shirt.

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i am the ruler of all chapter 277-“F*ck!” Tyler's eyes went wide as he berated Kingsley. “You little scumbag, you have delayed my work tonight! Are you really trying to piss me off?”

Kingsley was rendered speechless by the man's behavior. “Why would I do that? I don't even remember who you are, and you asked if I am trying to piss you off? You overestimate yourself!”

Tyler's temper immediately flared when he heard that.

“You f*cker! How dare a kiddo like you berate me?” He put his hands on his waist and chastised Kingsley, “I know you are claiming to buy explosives and causing trouble, when you are only here to pick up the remaining pieces of Serena's dignity!”

“What do you mean? What is this about Serena's dignity? What did you do to her?” Kingsley questioned with a frown on his face as soon as he heard those words.

Seeing Kingsley's icy expression, Tyler parted his lips and hesitantly asked, “A-Aren't you here because of Serena?”

Kingsley could tell that there was more than what Tyler was saying, and he stepped forward with his eyes narrowed. “What did you do to my sister?” he hissed.

“Ha! What did I do? Of course I taught her a lesson!” Tyler flashed a sinister smile. “Isn't she an assassin? I have already got all of your backgrounds checked! Well, I lured her into a deal that guarantees her death on the black market. I think... her body should have turned cold by now. Hahaha!”

He raised his chin and gave Kingsley the side-eye as he taunted, “Yeah, I dug a hole for her to jump into. So what? What are you going to do to me?!”

“What did you post about? Who is the target of her assassination?!”

Kingsley's eyes look like twin flames.

It turned out Tyler was the reason Serena was missing!

"Haha! Curious?" Tyler tapped the ground with his foot, his face begging for a punch. He then offered arrogantly, "Come on. Kneel down and kowtow twice to me. I will be kind and tell you what task Serena took."

"You don't have to look at me like that." Tyler scoffed when Kingsley only stood there unmovingly with his cold eyes on him. "It is not like I forced her or anything. I only baited her, and she bit the hook herself when she saw the money. You can't really blame me for that, right?"

As he spoke, he tapped his toes another two times.

"Come on. What is a scumbag who relies on women putting on a brave act for? Come, kneel and kowtow to me. I promise to tell you Serena's whereabouts!"

All Kingsley could feel was a dull pain in his chest when he heard Tyler's words.

Serena only fell for Tyler's trap because she was eager to earn money to buy Kingsley a car.

Maybe she knew that it was going to be a hard task to complete, but she still took the risk because of him.

As he thought about this, Kingsley took a deep breath to suppress his urge to kill the man in front of him, and coldly replied, "I won't force you to say it if you don't want to now. Anyway, it just so happens that I have a lot to ask you. We have all the time in the world to have a nice chat."

"What sht are you spewing now?" A wave of unease suddenly hit Tyler as he listened to Kingsley's chilling voice. He tried his best to put on a tough front despite how his heart faltered at this moment. "Who the fck wants to have a chat with you?!"

Right about then, Felix, who had been silent all this while, hurried forward and reminded Tyler, "Young Master, since he is not here to cause trouble, should we get down to business first?"

Even though he was quiet when he listened to Kingsley and Tyler's conversation, he was, in fact, getting so edgy he was about to puke.

He knew he would be crying rivers if the three million deal went south.

Hearing that, Lancer took notice of Kingsley's mood, and he nodded in agreement. "Right. Let's take a look at the goods. We will then pay for them the same time you hand them over."

They had to confirm whether the explosives sold by the Spearhead Group were the same as the explosives that blew up the Nicholson Family Cemetery before they could proceed with the next step.

"Pfft!" Tyler spat on the ground and pointed at Kingsley in his face. "You punk, I will let you off the hood for now because you brought me money. But if you don't have the three million like you said you do, don't blame me for breaking one or two of your bones afterwards!"

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i am the ruler of all chapter 278-Kingsley wordlessly glanced at him with a cold look before he and Lancer went to the bed of the truck.

Tyler was a dead man to him. There was no need for him to waste his energy talking to someone like that.

Creak! Bam!

After Felix instructed two tough men to open the rear door, he began to walk them through the explosives available. "There are five boxes of primary explosives and 10 boxes of high explosives. The primary explosive is highly susceptible to initiation, which is why the generated detonation wave can set off the high explosives. The high explosives have an even higher detonation velocity and stronger destruction power. Of course, you are welcome to go in and take a closer look."

"There's no need for that." Lancer shook his head as he turned to Kingsley and informed respectfully, "From my experience, the scent from the cargo indicates that the primary explosive is fulminated mercury, whereas the high explosive is TNT."

Felix and Tyler were at a loss of words when they heard that. The jaws of everyone from Tyler and company dropped to the ground as they looked at the monster of a man.

He can tell what kind of explosives by the scent alone? Is he even human?!

“M-Mr. Houston.” Felix’s voice trembled. “May I be so bold as to ask you what kind of work you do?”

“You will find out in a short while,” Lancer replied with a smug smile.

Tyler pursed his lips when he heard that. “You are probably cheating. You are not a goddamn dog, so how is it possible for you to have such a sensitive sense of smell?”

“I will remember that you said that to me.” Lancer threw him a glance. “You will regret your words.”

“F*ck! Are you trying to scare me by threatening me?” Tyler glared angrily at Lancer. “You and Nicholson are birds of a feather! You both just love acting tough, don’t you?!”

After complaining about them, he dismissively waved and urged, “Hurry up! You have seen the goods, now pay up! We will hand it over at the same time you pay us!”

Tyler probably would have served them humbly if the buyer was someone else.

Kingsley, however, was someone he looked down upon and detested from the bottom of his heart.

Although he knew that Kingsley could bring him a three-million profit, he still couldn’t muster a good attitude.

He even thought that Kingsley was giving him alms!

Lancer proceeded to ignore him as he looked at Kingsley and asked, “Boss, is the order correct?”

Kingsley nodded in reply, which meant that this was the exact kind of explosives used to blow up the Nicholson Family Cemetery!

After getting confirmation from Kingsley, Lancer turned to Felix and declared, "Your goods are of good quality. I will give my men a call and have them deliver the money now."

"You will have someone deliver the money over?"

Felix and Tyler's face immediately fell when they heard his words.

In a hushed voice, Felix warningly uttered, "Mr. Houston, you are breaking the rules by having someone send the money mid-transaction."

"Worried I will double-cross you?"

"Worried, my foot!" Tyler chided, "We have more than 30 professional bodyguards here! What are you talking about?! You're surely as broke as ever and not sincere!"

A flash of killing intent glinted in Lancer's eyes then. "Since you are not scared, what is wrong with me asking someone to send the money?"

With that said, he took out a walkie-talkie and barked, "Everyone! Get fully armed! Surround the perimeter!"

After all, Tyler was a firearms reseller. He and his men probably had weapons on them.

That was why Lancer had specially instructed Hades and Lev to make sure the warriors were fully armed when they acted.

However, Tyler was utterly confused when he heard the command.

Get fully armed?

Surround the perimeter?

Isn't he supposed to get someone to bring the money only?!

"You punk, what are you trying to do?!" Tyler was stunned for two seconds, but he quickly regained his senses, and rather angrily at that. "Are you really trying to swindle us?!"

Felix's face was also twisted when he said to Lancer, "Mr. Houston, black market transactions run by certain rules! Are you not afraid that word would spread and you would enrage the people by doing this?!"

"Not at all," Lancer answered without missing a beat. "Because word won't spread."

"What do you mean by that?!" Tyler gasped.

He took two steps back, and pointed at Kingsley as he scorned, "Kiddo, don't think that you can win against me with two imbeciles!"

After he said that, he commanded the bodyguard behind him, "Hurry! Take out the bad boys and shoot the punks!"

"Yes, Young Master!"

Following that, the bodyguards pulled out handguns from the back of their waistbands and aimed them at Kingsley.

Five seconds had passed by then, but the bodyguards remained in the same position without moving.

"Open fire!" Tyler boomed. "What the f*ck are you idiots posing for?!"

Read Novel i am the ruler of all chapter 279

i am the ruler of all chapter 279-The bodyguard who stood in front muttered in a shaky voice, "But... Y-Young Master, they are standing at the rear door of the truck..."

"Do you think I am blind? Of course I see them standing at the rear door of the truck!" Tyler stomped angrily and yelled, "Shoot! How is it a problem for you to shoot whether or not they are standing there?!"

"Young Master, we are not sharp shooters... W-What should we do if the stray bullets hit the bed of the truck..."

Upon hearing that, Tyler turned green in his face.

There were 15 boxes of explosives in the truck, and they all could be bombed all the way to heaven if they were careless!

Caught in a dilemma, he rolled his eyes, and his gloomy gaze soon fell on Kingsley.

“You punk! I am sure you are seeing how we have more than 30 guns pointing at you. You can’t run even if you want to! How about this? We both yield. I will let you go if you get down on your knees and kowtow a few times. How does that sound?”

Without waiting for Kingsley to speak, he continued, “Are you going to do this the hard way? You can bring a mob, but you will never be a match for us! You might as well just kowtow to me, and I won’t shoot! I can keep my reputation, and you get to keep your life. Why not just do it?!”

Swoosh! Swoosh!

He had just said that when a thunderous noise came from the sky.

When they looked up, a total of eight green military helicopters was flying overhead, the blades chopping through the night breeze.

At the same time, eight beams of searchlights shone, and like a piercing long sword, gathered in that one spot above their heads from eight different directions.

In that instant, the entrance of Warehouse 15 was as bright as day!

“W-Why are the choppers here again?!” The look on Tyler’s face was the exact opposite of how it was just moments ago. Shocked, he stuttered, “T-They look like they are here for us...”

Before they could react, the ground suddenly started to vibrate.

Boom! Boom!

A uniform set of clomped footsteps could be heard approaching them from a distance.

“M-Mr. Smith, I think someone is here...”

“I see them...”

Felix’s legs were shaking so aggressively it was as if an electric motor had been installed in them.

With the help of the searchlight, he could see a riot squad, and each member holding a round shield as they rushed over like a giant beast to surround them.

“Holy hell! What is going on here?” The muscles on Tyler’s face twitched wildly as he cried in horror, “D-Don’t tell me they are here to catch us?!”

Felix was extremely pale then. “Young Master.” His voice trembled when he said, “It looks like... the military is here to check the smuggling of arms. What should we do...”

“D*mn it! We have no choice but to fight!” Tyler had a crazed look on his twisted face. “We have more than 30 guns. So what? It is either they or we die!”

As soon as his words fell, six ZFB05A four by four light armored anti-riot vehicles drove out from both sides of the squadron like steel beasts.

Looking at these six behemoths, Tyler sputtered through quivering lips, “W-What the f*ck kind of cars are these?”

“Didn’t you just say you were going to go all out on fighting back?” Kingsley slightly raised the corners of his mouth and clarified, “I can tell you that these anti-riot cars can travel 50 kilometers at a speed of 50 kilometers per hour even if their tires are punctured by bullets.”

Tyler’s face turned pale, and he looked at Kingsley in disbelief. “Y-You brought all these helicopters and cars? How can you possibly—”

Before he could finish his sentence, there was an earth-shattering roar from the other end of the warehouse.

Within a second, 20 advanced main battle patrol cars accelerated in their direction, filling the air with dust and smoke.

The cars were equipped with 25mm caliber cannons and 7.62mm caliber coaxial light machine guns.

And all the guns were pointed at Tyler and his men!

Ba bump!

Ba bump!

Ba bump!

...

Seeing this, the bodyguards in black suits standing behind Tyler all fell to their knees in fright!

Those handguns they were holding looked like toys compared to these steel giants.

How could they possibly be brave enough to hold up guns and even try to show off?

They were so frightened their limbs had turned to liquid, and they could no longer support their body weights nor their guns.

They were trembling all over, as though they were being electrocuted!

Tyler, too, had his jaw on the floor from shock.

He had to rub his eyes hard after seeing the advanced patrol car motorcade zooming in their direction.

“F*cking hell! Am I seeing this right? Is this CGI? Why did so many military vehicles come here?”

Read Novel i am the ruler of all chapter 280

i am the ruler of all chapter 280-Tyler’s body became stiff as he looked at Kingsley. “You... Why did you call the special forces and riot squad? Who the hell are you?”

Kingsley only gave him a cold look and mocked, “This is the ‘mob’ that came to bring me money. What are you so afraid of?”

“|...”

At that point, Tyler was near tears.

‘Mob’.

This was the word he used to ridicule Kingsley just minutes ago.

Now that Kingsley was using the word to taunt him, he couldn't help feeling like Kingsley had just, with all his strength, slapped him across the face.

What was even more ironic was that Kingsley said that these people were here to give him money.

Tyler looked at the machine guns the special forces were holding and the cannons on the armored vehicles, and his face turned so sour he looked like he was about to suffocate on the spot.

"B-Bro, let's stop with the jokes now... You have all these guys, yet you still buy explosives from me? Aren't you deliberately digging a hole for me to jump into?"

"Deliberately digging a hole?" Kingsley's eyes flashed with murderous intent as he repeated. "Didn't you also dig a hole for Serena? It is your turn now!"

His voice was so cold that it sounded as though it came from an icy mountain.

Tyler couldn't help the tremors passing through his body when he heard that.

"M-Mr. Nicholson, I know that I was wrong for doing that to Serena, but—"

Bang!

A deafening explosion sounded from the southeast direction, cutting Tyler off before he could complete his sentence.

In an instant, the sky in that direction lit up like it was on fire!

"Ah! My ears!"

Startled by the sudden sharp pain in their ears, Tyler and his underlings immediately covered their ears as they squatted down on the ground.

A few of them even started bleeding from their ears, making them permanently deaf.

Tyler forcefully shook his head to shake off the sharp buzzing noise in his ears.

It took him a while before he gasped, pale-faced, "W-What just happened? What was that explosion?"

“Warehouse 26,” Kingsley replied with nonchalance. “Didn’t you ask us to go to Warehouse 26 to do the trade? My men must have went over and detonated a bomb out of anger when then found no one there.”

“W-What...” Tyler’s expression changed completely. “We have a few of our men hiding in Warehouse 26! Does this mean that they are...”

“Don’t worry,” Kingsley let out a humorless smile. ” You won’t even find a piece of their body with this kind of explosion.”

No one said anything upon hearing his words.

Just the thought of their colleagues who they had spent time with being bombed to dust in the blink of an eye made all the bodyguards shake like leaves.

One of them crawled to Kingsley’s feet and bawled his eyes out. “Sir, we are only contracted workers at the Spearhead Group! We don’t know anything! Please don’t kill me!”

Seeing this, the rest of them started pleading for their lives too.

“Yeah! We are just employees. Everything we do is under our leader’s instructions!”

“Young Master Tyler and Mr. Smith were the one who committed the crime! We had no choice but to help them...”

Tyler’s face instantly turned white when he heard the bodyguards, and he shrieked, “Are you motherf*ckers betraying me?!”

At that, one of the bodyguards begged, “Young Master, you are the son of a rich man. You can still be exonerated even if you were caught by the military. That is not the case for us!”

“He’s right,” someone else agreed. “You can just spend a little of your money to get a suspended sentence and bail, but we are going to have to go to prison! We could even lose our lives!”

“You!” Tyler was trembling with anger as he roared, “It is your responsibility at the company to deal with the trading of arms. That is why you lot were offered sky-high wages. Is this how you are going to fulfill your responsibilities?!”

“We didn’t think we would have to deal with this scale of military suppression! If I had known earlier, I wouldn’t have had the guts to accept the wage no matter how brave I may be!”

As they argued with each other, Kingsley suddenly interrupted in a cold voice. “Enough! Keep your mouths shut!”

With just one sentence from him, everyone closed their mouths tight, and no one dared to utter another word.

Kingsley then glanced at the bodyguards kneeling on the ground and questioned them, “Tell me this—have you been involved in any arms trade before?”