

Read Novel i am the ruler of all chapter 501

i am the ruler of all chapter 501-One Gun Each

“Do it as soon as possible before anything changes!” Kingsley glanced at his wristwatch before saying, “If it’s possible, set the date for the talk to today. I’ll go and talk to him personally.”

“You’ll go alone?” Hearing that, Lancer hurriedly said, “Then, I’ll bring two people and come with you in disguise!”

Kingsley’s fingers gently drummed the steering wheel. “No, you look too much like soldiers. I’ve decided to take Kenny with me. Contact Mr. Field now and tell me the time and location of the meeting.”

“Yes, Ares!”

...

Not long later, Lancer called him again.

“Boss, they’ve agreed to meet up tonight. He set the location at Golden Bar, and the time is tonight at eight. He said to order a glass of sparkling water at the bar, and after he has confirmed your identity, he’ll come to you first.”

“All right, got it.”

After hanging up, Kingsley couldn’t help but think that this Sweoyan really was cunning. Not only did he set the location at a crowded and noisy bar, but he also wanted him to show his face first. After all, it was extremely rare for someone to only order a glass of sparkling water in a bar, so they would be able to recognize him at a glance, while they could hide among the crowd and make sure that the surroundings were free of danger before making their appearance.

Kingsley’s lips curled upward. “They’re nothing but bait. No matter how cunning they are, they won’t be able to make a difference!”

At that thought, he immediately drove back to Reene’s residence.

When it was around seven in the evening, Kenny showed up at Reese's manor with five burly men for his rendezvous with Kingsley. When Kingsley entered the minivan, he was met with a heavy atmosphere.

He jolted slightly in surprise. "Advisor Shane, we're going to have a talk before doing business with them; why are you acting like we're going to war?"

"Boss Nicholson, didn't you tell me to bring a few men who are good at combat?" Kenny said, "I assumed that we must be dealing with someone dangerous for you to make that order." He pointed at the muscular men. "These are five of my most skilled warriors. Each of them can easily take on ten men alone!"

Upon seeing their solemn expressions as if they were about to face a huge battle, Kingsley said with a smile, "I told you to bring some men who are skilled at combat as a precaution. Actually, if things really get physical today, I don't think they'll be enough even if each of them takes on ten men alone."

"W-What?!" Kenny and the others looked at him in shock. "Not even if they take on ten men alone? Who exactly is our opponent?"

"You don't have to worry about that for now." Kingsley pulled out a few guns from his bag and tossed one to each of them before saying indifferently, "Hold onto this. Do you know how to use it?"

Upon seeing the guns that Kingsley tossed toward them, Kenny and his men turned pale with fear while picking up the guns with trembling hands as if they were holding a ticking time bomb.

"B-Boss Nicholson, we're a bunch of boors who use our fists to fight. W-We've never used this..."

Kenny added in a stammering voice, "I'm just an advisor, and I rely on my brain to get by in the underworld. I-I've never used a gun..."

Kingsley smiled slightly. "It's fine if you don't know how to use it. Just scare them with it."

He then took out two more guns from his bag and shoved them behind his waist. "If anything really happens, I can handle it alone. You can just deal with the outsiders."

The Sweoyans set the meeting location at Golden Bar, a well-known nightclub in Cleapolis. Once night fell, the hundreds of patrons would definitely not be easy to deal with.

Hence, Kingsley gave Kenny and his men a gun each so that they could disperse those outsiders when the timing called for it. After all, even if they were drunk, they would definitely listen to any orders when faced with the dark, murky barrel of the gun.

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i am the ruler of all chapter 502-Give Up My Life for Boss Nicholson

At Kingsley's words, Kenny gulped. "Boss Nicholson, do you mean that if anything happens, we have to scare all of the patrons in the bar away with the guns?"

"That's right." Kingsley nodded. "We're facing firearms dealers this time, so this is to prevent them from panicking and hurting the innocents as well."

"F-Firearms dealers?"

Upon hearing those words, everyone in the car began to sweat profusely.

Kenny said nervously, "Boss Nicholson, are you saying that they might plant explosives in the bar?"

Kingsley laughed at his question. "You don't have to be so nervous. This meeting was set at the last minute, so what you're saying probably won't happen. I only called you over as a precaution."

Hearing that, Kenny and the group finally let out a sigh of relief.

After a moment of silence, Kenny gritted his teeth viciously and ordered his subordinates, "Boys! We bet our lives on our fists in the underworld, so don't f*cking act like a bunch of cowards! You better give up your lives for Boss Nicholson. Are you still scared of death?"

Upon saying that, he sent the muscular men a look. They had already heard that Jeanne Gang had a thug named Leoric who was now in charge of Sunshine Casino just because he had done a few jobs for Kingsley.

At that thought, it was as if the men were fired up, and they began to roar in agreement.

“Yes, we’ll give up our lives for Boss Nicholson! We aren’t afraid to die!”

“Dammit! I’m going all out tonight!”

“That’s right! If anyone dares to hold Boss Nicholson back, I’ll definitely make them regret they were even born!”

Upon seeing their pumped-up looks, Kingsley smiled faintly and said, “All right, if everything goes smoothly, I’ll make sure that you’ll be compensated.”

After receiving his promise, the crowd instantly beamed happily.

“Thank you, Boss Nicholson!”

“We’ll give up our lives for you!”

Surrounded by a passionate atmosphere, they soon arrived at Golden Bar.

Kingsley instructed, “I’ll head in first, and you’ll follow me in later. Don’t stand out too much, and don’t reveal yourselves without my order.”

“Yes, Boss Nicholson!”

After giving out his orders, Kingsley opened the car door and leaped out. As he looked at the colorful, merry streets before him, he casually adjusted his shirt before making a beeline for Golden Bar.

Upon entering the bar, a rush of hot air immediately swept across him, and his ears were filled with loud and rhythmic music. Kingsley frowned slightly, wondering how they would discuss anything with all the noise around them. However, when he arrived at the bar and ordered a glass of sparkling water, he immediately came to a realization after seeing the young couple next to him conversing through text messages.

Kingsley scoffed coldly. These spies really were cunning to always be calculating their next move.

Soon, Kenny walked in with his men, and they entered separately as per Kingsley’s instructions so that they would not draw any attention.

Kingsley only swept a brief glance at them before he instantly retracted his gaze. Glancing at his wristwatch, he saw that it was already two minutes past eight. He knew that the two Sweoyans had most likely already arrived long ago and were now hiding among the dancing crowd, watching him in silence.

Kingsley did not panic either. Instead, he held his glass with one hand, lightly tapping on it with his finger as his gaze roamed over the passing women as if he were a regular man who was here to hunt for beautiful prey.

Soon, two men clad in black T-shirts sat next to him and ordered a glass of sparkling water each. At their arrival, Kingsley turned to look at them.

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i am the ruler of all chapter 503-One of them appeared to be around his thirties and was about five feet seven, with a rotund belly, dark skin, and a pair of unfocused eyes. The other was around the same age, but he seemed younger, and he was more muscular as well.

Kingsley thought to himself, These two must be the other two members of Earthworm!

Just then, his phone buzzed. When he turned it on, he saw that he had received a message from Mr. Field.

'Hello, Mr. Nicholson, I'm sitting right next to you now. It's too noisy here, so we can proceed with our talk through text.'

Kingsley couldn't help but lift a corner of his lips in a smile. As expected, they were afraid of falling into the Qustian army's trap, so they did not dare to reveal their identities as foreigners. He lifted his eyes to look at the man with the large belly, who sent him a perfunctory nod.

Kingsley replied through text, 'Mr. Field? The amount of explosives I'm planning to purchase is nearly enough to clear all of your stock. Aren't you being too insincere by choosing a place like this to meet?'

The man smiled slightly. 'Mr. Nicholson, people in our line of work have to be cautious. If negotiations go well tonight, I'll find a quiet place to go through the fine print with you.'

Before waiting for Kingsley's reply, he sent him another text. 'This question might be out of the rules, but our identities are quite special, so I want to ask if you can tell us who you are and what you're working as, Mr. Nicholson.'

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he was more muscular as well.

Kingsley jolted before immediately replying, 'I dabble in the underworld; I'm buying explosives to take over the other groups' territories.'

After he read Kingsley's message, a look of elation appeared on Mr. Field's face. He knew that in Qustia, the army and the underworld were two sides that never got along with the other. If Kingsley really was part of the underworld, he was definitely not sent by the army to capture them.

However, he did not drop his guard and continued asking, 'Mr. Nicholson, please don't blame me for being too talkative, but there's something else I want to ask you. How can you prove that you're from the underworld?'

Just as this message reached Kingsley's phone, a loud thud sounded as a luxuriously dressed young man kicked a chair over, sweeping all of the wine bottles on the glass table to the ground.

Crash!

As the sound of glass breaking sounded, the entire place erupted into chaos.

The crowd instantly dodged aside with bouts of screams, looking at the drunk man who was going on a rampage with fear in their eyes. At the same time, the two Sweoyans exchanged a glance before their hands immediately shifted to the back of their waists. Their expressions were taut with anxiety, clearly suspecting that this was a move pulled by the army targeted toward them.

Only Kingsley understood that the scene playing before him was a complete accident, but this minor

accident caused the two spies, who had practically let their guard down entirely, to become cautious again.

With a slight frown, he looked at the drunk young man, feeling a trace of fury boiling in him. As the saying went, a small leak could sink a big ship. During an undercover mission, every mistake that appeared in each step could possibly affect the big picture.

If the two spies had their suspicions raised because of this and went into hiding again, it would delay Stork's capture, and without capturing Stork, it would be impossible to find out why these spies were hiding in Qustia. In the end, it could very possibly cause this undercover mission to fail.

Kingsley stared at the young man who was still smashing bottles in a craze, his murderous intent practically brimming from his eyes. Meanwhile, the surrounding crowd stood far away, afraid to provoke this crazed drunk.

Due to the commotion, the music in the bar stopped, and it seemed that some of the staff were already calling the people in charge of the bar.

Read Novel i am the ruler of all chapter 504

i am the ruler of all chapter 504-The young man smashed a beer bottle with a loud crash and roared angrily with the half-broken bottle in his hand, "Dammit! I just arrived at Cleapolis, and nothing is going my way! Where are those girls? You're at a nightclub, so what are you acting all pure and naive for? I want you to spend a night with me, and you have the nerve to refuse? You can ask around Seavale; which woman would dare to refuse me once I, Clive Arison, make a move?"

Next to him, a group of girls, who appeared to be university students, huddled together, trembling in fear. Seeing that, Kingsley instantly understood what was going on.

The girls were clearly clueless students who had come to have some fun in the club, and the man called Clive Arison had just arrived in Cleapolis from Seavale. Seeing that one of the girls had a pretty face, he planned to make her spend some time with him, but after he was rejected, his embarrassment turned into anger, causing him to throw a drunken tantrum.

Clive let out a drunken burp and spun in a circle, pointing the broken bottle at the crowd as he cursed, "Dammit! I'm the second son of Seavale's Arison Family! What, are you all looking down on me because my father was sent to a godforsaken place like Cleapolis? I'm telling you, my father will return to Seavale soon and inherit the Arison Family, so don't even think about throwing me under the bus! I..." The young man smashed a beer bottle with a loud crash and roared angrily with the half-broken bottle in his hand, "Dammit! I just arrived at Cleapolis, and nothing is going my way! Where are those girls? You're at a nightclub, so what are you acting all pure and naive for? I want you to spend a night with me, and you have the nerve to refuse? You can ask around Seavale; which woman would dare to refuse me once I, Clive Arison, make a move?"

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As he spoke, he met Kingsley's icy stare, and he instantly broke into fury. "F*ck! What are you looking at, brat? Are you also trying to f*cking pick a fight with me because my father is losing his power in the family?"

Upon saying that, he stumbled toward Kingsley.

Seeing that, the spy with the rotund belly asked under his breath in Sweoyan, "Emmett, do you think they're part of the army and putting on a show? Have we fallen into their trap?"

The muscular man named Emmett Campbell said in a low voice, "Cedric, I don't think that's the case! This drunk has clearly lost his mind due to the alcohol, so he's definitely not part of the Qustian army!"

Cedric Stanton, also known as Mr. Field, rubbed his large belly and asked dubiously, "Is this mess... really an accident?"

As they spoke, they removed their hands from the back of their waists. Although their expressions still remained cautious, they were not as anxious as before.

Just then, Clive had already stumbled before Kingsley and demanded loudly, "You brat, I'm asking you a question! What are you f*cking staring at me for? Listen up, even if my father has lost power within the family, I'm still the Arison Family's young master!"

Kingsley said with a frown, "I don't care who you are or what family you're from, but you'd better not disrupt my business, because you can't handle the consequences!"

"Haha... Haha! I can't handle it?" Clive let out a crazed laugh. "You're just a f*cking piece of Cleapolis trash, and you dare to speak to me like that? Who do you think you are?"

At that, he made to swing the bottle in his hand toward Kingsley's head.

"Hiss..."

Seeing that, the crowd inhaled sharply. If the bottle was broken over someone's head like this, they would definitely leave with a bloody skull.

Thud!

Before the crowd could react in time, Kingsley had already lifted his right leg and viciously kicked Clive's stomach. He did not want to start yet another problem, but he could not hold back anymore as Clive was about to hit his head.

Crash!

Clive was instantly tossed a long way forward, sending all the broken bottles next to him flying.

"Ow... That really hurts..."

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i am the ruler of all chapter 505-After the ruckus, Clive sobered up considerably. He staggered up from the ground, his branded white shirt turning into a mess of alcohol and blood.

"F*ck, I think my back is bleeding!" Clive groaned in pain before gritting his teeth at Kingsley. "You brat, how dare you hit me? You're done for! I'm going to end your life today!"

Kingsley looked at him icily. "You were the one who broke all those glass bottles, so how can you blame me for wounding yourself after falling on the glass shards? You got what you deserved!"

Hearing that, Clive immediately exploded in fury. He pointed at Kingsley with a twisted expression and said, "Just wait, you brat! Just wait and see!"

After that, he swiveled around and yelled, "Where's the bar staff? Where's the person in charge, Wyatt Beckham? I've already spent thousands on this place in the past three days! Why isn't anyone coming to take care of things when I've been hit?"

A man dressed in a manager's uniform walked forward and bowed as he explained, "Please wait for a moment, Mr. Arison. Wyatt has some matters to deal with today, so he took the men watching over the place with him. But fret not, I've already notified him, so he'll probably come back soon!"

Clive smacked him on the back of his head and cursed, "Dammit! When I gave him all that money yesterday, he was still f*cking calling me his boss all the time! Why is he missing now that I need him?"

The manager looked at him bitterly. "Wyatt said that the underworld is hosting some kind of meeting because of Xanxus Norton and Ashton Birch getting overthrown one after another. Everyone is joining,

so he took all his men with him today..."

Clive sent him another slap before raising a hand to point at Kingsley. "You brat, don't f*cking leave if you've got the guts! Once Wyatt comes back with his men, I'll show you what I'm capable of!"

Kingsley frowned slightly. He still had to get Emmett and Cedric on his side as well as worm out the previous person who had bought a large number of explosives from them, so he had no time to spare on a drunk. However, just as he stood up to leave, he met eyes with the trembling girls and saw the fear and pleading in their eyes.

Instantly, he knew that these girls would not be let off easily if he left now. Although he was not sure what influence Seavale's Arison Family had, it was clear from Clive's actions that they certainly had a strong background.

A young trust fund baby who wanted to fool around with a bunch of female university students would not have to pay any price at all, and these girls would be doomed. Tonight might become one of the darkest memories in their lives.

The manager looked at him bitterly. “Wyatt said that the underworld is hosting some kind of meeting because of Xanxus Norton and Ashton Birch getting overthrown one after another. Everyone is joining, so he took all his men with him today...”

With a sigh, Kingsley slowly returned to his seat. He turned around and said to Cedric, “Didn’t you ask me how I can prove that I’m from the underworld? I’ll prove it to you now.”

At that, he waved toward Kenny who was amongst the crowd.

Upon seeing Kingsley calling for him, Kenny hurriedly strode forward. When he witnessed Clive throwing a drunken tantrum in front of Kingsley earlier, he was already stomping his feet with anger. He’d wanted to rush forward recklessly many times and teach this insane young man a lesson, but when he recalled that Kingsley instructed them not to reveal themselves easily, he did not dare to step forward on his own and could only watch anxiously amongst the crowd.

When he saw that Kingsley finally signaled for him, Kenny instantly walked toward him with the five burly men and asked respectfully, “Boss Nicholson, should we make our move?”

Kingsley narrowed his eyes. “Don’t be too hasty. Do you know the man in charge of this place that the manager mentioned earlier, Wyatt Beckham?”

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i am the ruler of all chapter 506-“Wyatt Beckham?” Kenny then added thoughtfully, “Zion Quintana, one of the Seven Legends’ subordinates, right?”

Kingsley nodded. “See how he acts when he arrives in a while, and we will decide whether to make a move or not. Those ladies, though... You must protect them tonight.”

“Yes, Boss Nicholson.”

Kingsley could have gone ahead and gotten rid of Clive and then asked Kenny to send those young women home.

However, he changed his mind when he heard the bar manager mention that the underworld would soon have a meeting related to Xanxus’ downfall.

Clearly, the meeting was most likely aimed at the Jeanne Gang's takeover of Sunshine Casino.

Someone from the underworld must have found it difficult to sit still after seeing the Jeanne Gang gradually grow stronger.

That was why they decided to hold such a meeting between the underworld forces—it was to gather all of them to besiege the Bright Summit together!

If this was the case, Kingsley would definitely go to this meeting with Victoria.

There was no way he would let her walk into danger by herself.

Having a friend now would make things easier for him, rather than having an enemy.

It was a good thing if there was another person who could stand up for him during the meeting between the underground forces.

That was why Kingsley asked Kenny to wait for 'Wyatt' to arrive to see how he would act.

At that thought, Kingsley asked Kenny, "Advisor Shane, have you heard anything about what kind of meeting the underworld is organizing?"

The look on Kenny's face changed when he heard that. "I haven't heard—"

He was in the middle of his sentence when Clive stormed over and roared, "F*ck! Punk, don't start thinking you can f*cking scare me off with just a few thugs. As soon as Wyatt gets here, I'll—"

A subordinate beside Kenny didn't wait for Clive to finish his sentence before he swung his fist at the man. "Advisor Shane is having a conversation with Boss Nicholson! You'd better piss off!"

Bam! Clive heavily fell to the floor again, blood coming out of his nostrils from the punch.

He no longer dared to approach them. After wiping off the blood on his face, he sat exactly where he fell and bellowed, "Just you f*cking wait! I'll rip the skin right off all of you!"

Kenny proceeded to ignore him and continue talking to Kingsley. “Boss Nicholson, I really haven’t heard anything about an underworld meeting. So... I’m guessing that Boss Jarett was the one who suggested the meeting...”

Kingsley had an idea of what was going on upon hearing that.

With Kenny’s influence in the underworld of Solaris Province, he would surely be informed if there was a big meeting taking place. The only reason why he wouldn’t know anything would be that Jarett was the one who gave the instructions.

At that thought, Kingsley asked Kenny, “Advisor Shane, have you heard anything about what kind of meeting the underworld is organizing?”

Judging from how Rupert mentioned that Jarett had seen through Kenny’s intentions to go independent, it wasn’t hard to deduce that Jarett had stopped considering Kenny one of his own.

Kenny’s face was glum when he mentioned, “Boss Jarett was reluctant when I passed him your words about having him announce to the underworld to not compete with the Jeanne Gang over Sunshine Casino. He’s been drooling over Xanxus’ territory for a long time. He just didn’t have a reason to make a move because of his reputation in the underworld. I bet he can’t sit still after seeing how much Sunshine Casino has flourished under the Jeanne Gang’s management, so he is using other forces of the underworld as an excuse to destroy the Jeanne Gang!”

Kingsley’s expression gradually turned cold after he listened to Kenny’s explanation.

Cedric and Ava, who were sitting beside them, exchanged a look as relief flooded through them. They understood the conversation going on between Kingsley and Kenny, and they were convinced that Kingsley was a mobster who wanted to expand his territory.

It turned out that he wasn’t an undercover agent sent by the military to arrest them.

Right then, there was a sudden commotion from the main entrance.

Someone yelled in an arrogant voice, “F*cking hell! Which one of you motherf*ckers stirred up sh*t in my territory?! You f*cktard, are you sick of living?!”

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i am the ruler of all chapter 507-Following the sound, a man with red hair could be seen separating himself from the crowd and walking over.

Behind him were more than two dozen thugs swaggering over as well.

The man with red hair was Wyatt Beckham, the person who helped to look after the Golden Bar. He was also the right-hand man of Zion Quintana from the Seven Legends!

Seeing the group of approaching underworld thugs, those present began to cower in fear as they quietly discussed among themselves.

“Wyatt’s here! This is getting out of hand!”

“Exactly! The guy at the bar only brought five or six people with him. How can they fight against Wyatt with just that? He’s surely going to be taken care of tonight!”

“Not only him but those girls are also doomed tonight. If Young Master Clive enjoys one of them, the rest will probably go to these burly men.”

The female students were so startled they turned pale and started sobbing their eyes out when they heard the discussion around them.

Wyatt took a glance at them with a perverted glint in his eyes.

But immediately after, he saw shattered beer bottles all over the floor and Clive, whose face was

covered in blood, sitting where the shattered bits were.

His eyes narrowed as he boomed, “Damn it! What the f*ck is going on?!”

Clive endured the pain as he got up and pointed at Kingsley.

“Wyatt, that punk and his underlings beat me up! Hurry, finish them!”

Hearing that, Wyatt looked at Kingsley. He was about to make a scene when he suddenly saw Kenny, who was standing beside Kingsley. "You..." Wyatt's right eyelid twitched like crazy. "Who are you? Why do you look so familiar?!"

Kenny scoffed at that. "You would've seen me when you went to pay Boss Jarett a visit with Master Quintana."

"Master Quintana..." Wyatt's face suddenly fell. "A-Are you Master Quintana's subordinate, Advisor Shane?!"

"Well, aren't I glad you remember!" Kenny put his hands behind his back and continued, "This Arison b*stard not only wanted to take advantage of these girls in public, he even disrespected Boss Nicholson! Are you sure you want to help the jerk?"

The look on Wyatt's face was replaced by one of suspicion when he turned to Kingsley. "Boss Nicholson? Since when is there a Boss Nicholson in the underworld?"

Kenny dismissively waved a hand. "That's none of your business. I'm asking if you will help this sc*mbag and make Boss Nicholson your enemy."

"I..." Wyatt hesitated.

Although he had already heard that Jarett and Kenny had fallen out, he didn't dare act rashly because Kenny was undoubtedly a man of power.

Everyone around them was surprised when they saw how wary Wyatt was toward Kenny.

"What's going on here? Wyatt is pretty awesome, so why does he seem timid when facing this person?"

"I bet Advisor Shane is more influential in the underworld than he is! It's the meeting between a Duke and a King. Of course, he is chickening out!"

"Oof... But Advisor Shane called the young man beside him 'boss'! Could that young man be a top dog in the underworld?"

"It makes sense. No wonder he dared to beat Young Master Clive up just now!"

Clive felt his scalp go numb when he heard the conversation around him.

Eyebrows furrowed, he wondered if Kingsley was indeed a bigwig in Cleapolis' underworld.

He felt blood trickle down his nostrils right after he started to think about this.

The alcohol in him went to his head. He aggressively wiped off the blood and bellowed, "Bah! So what

if you are the big boss of Cleapolis' underworld? I am the second young master of the Arison Family from Seavale! It's bad enough that we lost power within the family and were sent to this bullsh*t place. There's no reason for us to be bullied by some thug on top of that!"

He took determined and arrogant steps to Wyatt's side and hissed, "Wyatt, I don't care if this punk is some kind of big boss. Have him and his underlings dealt with tonight, and I will pay you 70 thousand. These two dozen subordinates you have here will get seven thousand each. Dammit, I'm f*cking going all out today!

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i am the ruler of all chapter 508-Wyatt's heartbeat accelerated the moment he heard Clive mention such a big amount of money.

Even the more than 20 thugs behind him were so excited that their faces had turned red.

They were now waving their fists, ready to strike the instant Wyatt gave the green light.

Meanwhile, Wyatt gulped, and his eyes turned slightly red.

Taking a step forward, he said to Kenny, "You know how money comes first and reputation comes second for people like us, Advisor Shane. Now that Young Master Clive has put a huge bounty on your heads, I can't possibly give out the money that is already in my hands, can I?"

"Wyatt Beckham, you'd better not dig your own grave!" Kenny warned with a cold expression. "I'm telling you, Boss Nicholson is not someone you can afford to offend."

“Ha! Someone I can’t afford to offend, eh?” Wyatt snickered. “There’s no need to try and scare me, Advisor Shane. I have been in the underworld for a long time, and I have never heard of someone called Boss Nicholson. I also heard about what happened between you and Boss Jarett. Without him to back you up, your underlings will all run away after I get rid of you. There is no telling who is the one who can’t afford to offend the other person.”

A cruel glint flashed in Kenny’s eyes when he heard Wyatt’s words.

He then turned around and asked Kingsley, “What do you think, Boss Nicholson? Should we make a move on them?”

Before Kingsley could speak, Clive guffawed and mocked, “What’s this? You actually dare to fight us when there are only five or six of you trash?!”

With a contemptuous expression, Wyatt chimed in, “Young Master Clive is right. Advisor Shane, I suggest you forget about struggling futilely. We have more than 20 of us here. It will be easy for us to handle the five or six of you. You can at least save yourself from embarrassment if you just be good and surrender. Don’t you agree, Advisor Shane?”

Everyone around took two steps back when they saw this. They were scared that they would be involved if these mobsters ended up fighting.

On the other hand, the female students had fallen into despair.

They were now tightly huddled together while they sobbed and wailed.

Hearing their miserable cries, the crowd sighed. “Poor girls. They happily came out to have fun, only to experience something like this. Their parents would be devastated if they knew.”

“There is nothing we can do about it. It’s their fault for coming to this kind of place despite their young age. Young Master Clive is obviously a man of influence and wealth. Those who have both are the ones in power. These girls will have to submit to their fate.”

“And that young man called Nicholson sure is pitiful. He is going to either end up dead or crippled after Wyatt is done with him.”

Upon hearing the sighs from around him, Clive put his hands on his waist and boasted, “The world is a

place where the strong prey on the weak. I can play with these powerless chicks however I want! I can throw so much money it can kill anyone who dares go against me.”

While speaking, he took out a wad of bills and hurled it on the girls’ faces.

“You see this? I have plenty of money! Even if my father lost his influence in the family, I have enough money to play with you until you are dead!”

Everyone around unknowingly frowned when they saw how crazed he was.

Despite that, no one dared to stand up to him.

They didn’t have the courage to provoke Wyatt, who was from the underworld, and neither did they dare to offend the rich and powerful Clive.

“Haha!” Clive cackled with his head held high. “Being sent to Cleapolis has its advantages, huh? This small town is filled with wimps! This is my world now!”

As he spoke, he walked up to Kingsley with big strides, gave him the middle finger, and then forcefully poked Kingsley’s shoulder with that finger.

“Hey, punk! You f*cking kicked me, eh? I’ll have that leg of yours removed later. I’ll make sure you wish you were dead!”

On the other hand, Kingsley pushed Clive’s finger away. His eyes were utterly emotionless when he instructed, “Do it!”

Read Novel i am the ruler of all chapter 509

i am the ruler of all chapter 509-“Yes, Boss Nicholson!”

Kenny and his five subordinates had long since been clenching their fists to the point they were on the verge of exploding.

As soon as they heard Kingsley’s order, they charged ahead with their arms raised.

The air grew tense in that instant.

“You overestimate yourselves!” Wyatt’s expression was glum as he suddenly waved a hand. “Get them, boys! Let’s teach these trashes a lesson!”

Wyatt's subordinates also cracked their knuckles before they rushed toward Kenny with ferocious looks on their faces.

However, they had barely taken a step when they abruptly stopped in their tracks.

These thugs with their arrogance written all over their faces turned ashen as they froze right where they were standing.

A few of them didn't manage to stop in time, ultimately crashing into the backs of the people in front of them.

Other than a beer bottle that fell to the floor and spun once when someone accidentally kicked it, the crowded bar had turned dead silent in an instant.

Kenny and his five subordinates were each holding a gun.

The sight of six black muzzles shook everyone to their core.

Clive, however, was unaware of what was going on behind him as he was now facing Kingsley.

He was still getting hiccups from the alcohol he had and was making a racket. "Hick! Do it? You think my boys are weak—"

He slowly turned around mid-sentence.

"Wha—" When he saw what was happening, he rubbed his eyes hard and muttered to himself, "W- What is going on? Are my eyes deceiving me?"

At that point, everyone else came back to their senses.

They were so shocked and frightened they only stood there without moving a muscle.

"Oh, my goodness... They're using guns? This will definitely cause a scene if they start shooting!"

"Exactly! And they have six guns! What exactly does that Nicholson guy do for a living?!"

"S-Should we call the cops?! This isn't a joke!"

The people around immediately scolded the person who suggested calling the police.

“Even if they have guns, they are only using them to help those girls!”

“Yeah, man! You didn’t even dare stand up to them earlier, and now you’re going to hold the good guys back?”

Those who were going to call the police promptly kept their phones when they heard this.

Even they hadn’t liked that crazed Clive for the longest time.

Clive gulped with difficulty as he stared at the six black weapons. “Do you folks from Cleapolis’ underworld usually take it this far?”

Kingsley only cast a cold glance at him. “If memory serves me right, you wanted to ‘remove’ my leg, didn’t you?”

“I—” Clive sobered up a great deal in that instant. His voice was shaking when he replied, “I-It was a joke...”

He was the high and mighty young master of the Arison Family back when he was in the capital.

As someone who spent most of his time leading a life of dissipation with other young masters, he had never dealt with people from the underworld.

He couldn’t help being dumbstruck now that his opponents had pulled out guns without saying a word.

Forcing an ugly smile, he mentioned, “This is between you folks from the underworld. I-It’s got nothing

to do with me...”

The blood drained from Wyatt’s face when he heard Clive’s words and he hissed through his teeth, “Arison, you piece of sh*t! What do you mean by it’s between us people from the underworld? I wouldn’t have come and handled this rubbish if you hadn’t picked a fight and made a mess here in the first place!”

Clive's face fell and he stole a glance at Kingsley as he mumbled, "H-He was the one who started glaring at me, and I had one too many. That's how the conflict started... It wasn't even my intention to provoke him... Also, it's not like I did anything... I only wanted to have some fun with the ladies, and I was going to pay them for it!"

Kingsley's gaze had a cold glint when he narrowed his eyes. "So, you're saying that you can play with them as long as you give them money?"

Read Novel i am the ruler of all chapter 510

i am the ruler of all chapter 510-Clive was sure of himself as he nodded and insisted, "Yes! I give the money and I get the goods. There is nothing wrong with that, is there?!"

"You give the money and you get the goods?" Kingsley repeated in a chilling voice. "How much were you planning to give them?"

Clive sized the girls up and stated, "Considering their quality, I can give them seven hundred if they are brand new."

"Seven hundred?" Kingsley nodded, his indifferent eyes on Clive as he purred, "I see."

After saying that, he turned to Kenny and asked, "Advisor Shane, do you have cash on you?"

"I do, but I don't have much." Kenny took out his wallet and checked how much he had. "I have less than seven hundred."

"That's fine." After Kingsley took the money, he tossed it in front of Clive and casually mentioned, "Now that I think about it, you're not 'brand new', are you? This means you should be cheaper. I'll buy you for the night with these few hundred."

Clive was silent for a few beats. With a sour expression, he hesitantly retorted, "Bro, those women are the goods I'm talking about. I am the second young master of the Arison Family!"

"You are not even worthy of being considered 'goods' to me!" Kingsley sneered.

He then instructed the pale-faced Wyatt standing off to one side, "You, come here and cut his leg."

"What are you trying to do?!" Clive was horrified when he heard that. "You dare touch me? I'll call the cops!"

The corners of Kingsley's mouth lifted into a smirk. "You said that the world is a place where the strong prey on the weak. I give the money and I get the goods, no? I'm paying for your leg. It's not unreasonable, is it?"

"How dare you?" Tongue-tied, Clive looked at Wyatt with a horrified look in his eyes. "W-Wyatt, my friend! I'm a member of the Arison Family from Seavale! D-Don't listen to him!"

Wyatt frowned and said to Kingsley instead, "I don't know where you popped up from, but this is Boss Quintana's territory after all. You can't give me orders! The most I can do is not get involved in what happens today. You got beef with each other; you solve it yourselves."

Right after he said that, Kenny immediately went up to Wyatt and pressed the muzzle to the latter's temple.

"Wyatt, you were bragging about wanting to get rid of me earlier, and yet, you're trying to get away now? It's too late for that!" Kenny roared. "Boss Nicholson is asking you to cut that punk's leg off because he wants to spare your life. Don't be ungrateful, you sh*t!"

Wyatt immediately had goosebumps all over his body when he felt the coldness pressed to his temple.

His body turned rigid and he slowly raised his hands in surrender. "A-Advisor Shane, please put the gun down first... I-I'll listen to Boss Nicholson, alright?"

"Hmph!" Kenny huffed. "Glad you know what's good for you."

After saying that, he smashed the butt of the gun on Wyatt's head.

Wyatt's pain was written all over his face, but he didn't dare make a sound.

All he could do was release his anger on Clive.

He angrily yelled at the thugs, "F*ck! Why the hell are you guys still standing there? Hurry up and cut this punk's leg!"

All his subordinates were now trembling as they turned pale with fright. They only came back to their senses after they heard the order from their boss.

“Yes, Wyatt...”

Getting out of the black gun muzzles’ way, they gnashed their teeth in anger and threw themselves at Clive.

They were thinking the same thing as Wyatt.

They wouldn’t have suffered such a setback if it weren’t for Clive!

“Stay... stay away...” Clive was shivering all over as he scooted backward and shrieked in horror. “I-I have money! I’ll give you as much money as you want! Stay away...”

However, his words were like a stone dropping into the ocean. Not even a ripple could be seen.

In short, no one cared about what he had to say.

Wyatt’s subordinates had already rushed in front of him within the next second.

Clive didn’t even manage to beg Kingsley for mercy when he was completely surrounded.