

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 91**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 91-Shocking news! A mysterious man made a big scene at the funeral of the Jacob Family. He committed the heinous act of killing a man and breaking the coffin!

It seemed that there was no secret that was safe in the world.

Nobody knew who leaked the news to the media outlets. Worst of all, they even managed to film the scene!

However, the video was quite blurry as the person might have been too shocked and scared.

In the video, only Kingsley's domineering height could be seen. His facial features were completely blurred out.

Hillary stared at her phone in surprise and exclaimed, "What on earth?! Someone trashed the funeral hall?!"

Hearing that, Yulia quickly took out her mobile phone to read the news.

When she saw the imposing figure in the photo, she was slightly taken aback.

It... It's him!

The handsome hero who saved her at Summers Residence!

In an instant, Yulia's watery eyes were full of admiration and adoration!

Although it was not intentional, he saved her again today!

Looking at her blushing pretty face, Hillary spat coldly, "What are you thinking about? Are you thinking of a man?"

"No..." Yulia quickly waved her hands and explained, "I just remembered that I still owe someone a meal!"

Before she could invite Kingsley to dinner last time, she was drugged and taken away by Caleb.

She had been traumatized and had been dispirited ever since, so she completely forgot about it.

Seeing the figure in the photo, her heart began to flutter again...

Hillary glared at her and warned, "You'd better be honest with me. Don't ever dream about falling in love! Your job is to rely on rich men! It's gonna benefit you more when you serve people with high status than to get a toy boy!"

When she heard that, Yulia's bright grin gradually froze as she nodded depressingly, "Got it..."

"You better!" Hillary glanced at her watch and uttered while starting the car.

"Since you don't have to serve Mr. Stein anymore, let's shoot your magazine cover for Playboy first!"

When Yulia's van had just left the scene, Kingsley came to the parking lot.

Once again, he lost the chance to bump into her...

After entering the car, Kingsley closed his eyes and carefully reviewed everything that happened just now.

From Felix's words, Kingsley could confirm that Felix was definitely responsible for the fire disaster back then!

Moreover, he was certainly not the only murderer!

Behind the Jacob family, there was a stronger force controlling everything!

Kingsley slowly opened his eyes, and a harsh, cold light flashed instantly!

The most urgent task now was to dig out Jacob Family's crime evidence!

After that, he would be able to find out about the dark past that the real murderers had hidden one by one!

Just as he was planning about what to do next, his phone suddenly rang.

It was a call from Lancer!

“Ares, Boris Oakley has confessed that the person who holds the carrier of the spy website is of mixed-descend—Qustia and Sweoya, called Emory Becker, alias Silas Windham. That person practiced martial arts at the Stewart dōjō in Cleapolis since he was a child and only went to the Sweoya to join the intelligence system two years ago. He knows Cleapolis very well, so the people of Sweoya let him hold the carrier!”

“Stewart dōjō?” Kingsley pondered and replied, “I see. I’ll get in touch with him when I get the chance. Don’t startle him in the meantime.”

Kingsley remembered that when they were in the orphanage, everyone attended a normal school to study, but only Serena went to a boarding dōjō to practice martial arts.

That dōjō was the one and only Stewart dōjō!

He figured that he might need Serena’s help on this matter.

Thinking of that, Kingsley called Serena.

After the call was connected, he went straight to the point and inquired, “Rena, are you still in contact with the people in the dōjō? Is there a person named Emory Becker among your classmates?”

“Emory Becker?” Serena was obviously stunned for a moment before replying, “There is, and we’re having a get-together at noon for a class reunion.”

“I’ll go with you.” Kingsley raised the corner of his mouth into a smirk.

“I’m going to meet Emory Becker!”

Unexpectedly, a chance came at the right time!

Well, it could only be blamed on Emory Becker for having such bad luck!

Serena trusted Kingsley, so without asking any further questions, she simply answered, “Sure. See you at Paradise Mall!”

As soon as the call ended, another call came in.

This time, it was Cecilia.

Her voice sounded like a faint cry. “Hey, Kingsley. Can I meet you this afternoon?”

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

“I want to ask you for a favor…”

Kingsley glanced at his watch before responding, “Sure. Let’s meet in the cafe at the entrance of Paradise Mall at 2 P.M.”

Serena’s class reunion should be over by 2 P.M.!

“Okay… Thank you, Kingsley,” Cecilia sobbed. “I’ll be waiting for you…”

Without further delay, Kingsley drove to Paradise Mall.

As soon as he walked out of the parking lot, he saw Serena’s figure.

“Rena!”

Serena turned back and smiled sweetly, suggesting, “Let’s go, Kingsley. Let’s get some clothes first.”

“Get some clothes? Aren’t we going to the class reunion?”

Serena patted him lightly and uttered, “Most of the students in the dōjō were children of wealthy families who went to strengthen their bodies. Now that they have entered society, they have become elites from all walks of life. I can’t dress too shabby now, can I?”

Serena was a killer, so most of her clothes were black and simple.

Obviously, they were not suitable for such an occasion.

Kingsley nodded and agreed, “Sure, I’ll accompany you. I should get myself some clothes to get rid of bad luck too.”

Serena did not understand him, so she inquired, “Bad luck?”

“Just attended a funeral.” Kingsley pointed to the blood that had been splattered on his body. “Look, it’s all dirty.”

Serena looked at the fresh blood spots and said with a half-smile, "Sounds exciting!"

As she said that, she hooked her arms in Kingsley's and urged, "Let's go. I will buy you new clothes!"

"No way. I should be the one splurging on you! How can I let a woman pay?" exclaimed Kingsley.

Serena waved her hand in dismissal and uttered, "Forget it. When I think of your broken Volkswagen Santana, I can't bear to let you pay for me. Once I land on a good deal, I'll buy you a new car!"

She was not aware that Kingsley had changed to a new car.

However, Kingsley merely grinned without further explanation.

When the two arrived at a luxury brand store, Serena said, "Choose a few that you like, and I'll pay for it."

Just then, a frivolous voice came from the side, "Hey! Aren't you Serena Langley?"

Kingsley turned around to see a handsome man in an expensive suit walking toward them with a charming woman in his arms.

"Serena, did you also receive an invitation from the class president for the reunion at the Bayou?"

The man's squinting eyes scanned Serena's body from top to toe as he uttered, "I didn't expect to see you looking as sexy as six years ago..."

Throwing him a cold glance, Serena snapped, "You still have that nasty mouth of yours as you did back then, Noah."

Noah's face turned ashen as he choked, "We're not in the dōjō anymore! You better speak to me politely!"

At this time, he noticed Kingsley next to him, so he sneered, "You rejected me several times back then. I thought you are currently living the best life! How did you end up getting a trashy boyfriend instead?"

## Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 92

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 92-Noah pursed his lips. “Serena, you were once part of the Two Muses in the dōjō back then. How did you end up falling into such a state?”

“What kind of state have I fallen into?”

One of Serena’s bewitching fox eyes narrowed slightly, and her voice carried a hint of killing intent.

Noah pointed at Kingsley and uttered, “Look at this kid! He looks like a poor college student! Nancy Stewart, who wasn’t even comparable to you back then, has gotten herself an awesome fiancé and is now living her best life!”

As he spoke, a wretched smile appeared on his face.

“Anyhow, an orphan like you has to rely on a man eventually. Why don’t you come with me? I promise to give you all the diamonds in the world!”

Before he could finish speaking, Serena interrupted him coldly, “Mr. Morris, aren’t you ashamed of saying such things in front of your girlfriend? Are you trying to openly cheat?”

“My girlfriend?” Noah pinched the sexy woman’s waist and chuckled, “She’s just my play toy. I pay her, and she entertains me. That’s all.”

For such insulting words, the woman seemed to have pretended to ignore them. Instead, she leaned on Noah’s body and smiled flirtatiously.

Seeing that, Serena was rendered speechless.

She had never seen such a shameless pair of man and woman!

“Serena, give what I said some thought, would you? When will you be able to stand out in today’s society by your own efforts? It’s better to be aware of current affairs and take shortcuts!”

Hearing that, Serena was so angry that she clenched his fists tightly, almost unable to control herself from hitting Noah in the face!

Kingsley held her hand gently, took a step forward, and said in a brief manner, "Mr. Morris, is that right? I advise you to apologize to Rena right now, or else, I'll make you regret it."

"Hahaha... Are you threatening me?" Noah sneered disdainfully.

"Do you f\*cking know who I am? How dare you threaten me?!"

"Who are you? Tell me."

"Alright, listen carefully. I am the general manager of the Investment and Financing Department of Neveah Department Store! The amount of money I earn is so much that you probably can't even earn in ten lifetimes! How dare you threaten me, you freaking bum?!" Noah said proudly.

Upon hearing that, both Kingsley and Serena laughed.

Neveah Department Store?

Wasn't that Reese's company?

Kingsley initially planned to ask Daniel to deal with this person, but now it seemed that there was no need for such trouble at all!

"Haha. I expected you to be more remarkable." Kingsley grinned.

"Didn't you say that women have to rely on men to take shortcuts? Come on, I'll make a woman take care of you now."

"You mean Serena?" Noah pursed his lips contemptuously.

"I admit that she is very skilled, but in today's society, mastering martial arts isn't enough..."

Kingsley ignored him and took out his phone to call Reese.

At that time, Reese was in a meeting, but when she saw that it was Kingsley calling, she quickly stopped the employee who was talking and walked out of the conference room with her phone.

"Hello, Kingsley. What's wrong?"

"Reese, someone is bullying me."

As soon as she heard that, Reene raised her brows.

“Who is it? Who dares to bully you? I will take revenge on them!”

When it came to Kingsley, she could leave everything behind!

Kingsley glanced at Noah with a smile while answering the phone, “It’s a man called Noah Morris. He called Rena an orphan, and he called me a bum!”

“Noah Morris?!”

Reene was like a cat protecting its kittens. In an instant, she was furious!

Through gritted teeth, she questioned, “Is it Noah Morris of our company’s Investment and Financing Department?”

“Yes. It’s him.”

“Okay. I got it.”

After finishing her sentence, Reene hung up the phone.

Noah looked at Kingsley’s schadenfreude and questioned in surprise, “What are you laughing at? Who were you calling just now?”

“Are you curious? Your phone will be ringing soon.”

As soon as Kingsley finished speaking, Noah’s phone rang.

Seeing the caller ID, Noah immediately cleared his throat and answered the phone seriously, “Hello, President Wynn.”

His earnest appearance was in stark contrast to his arrogant look just now.

In an instant, Noah’s smile solidified.

He slowly turned his head to Kingsley in disbelief, and his expression was hideous.

At that very moment, he received an official notice from the president of the company...

He was fired!



“President Wynn... What’s going on? You should tell me the reason why you’re firing me! How could you suddenly... Hello? Hello? Hello?!”

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 93**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 93-When the person on the other line hung up on him, Noah clutched his phone in utter shock.

At the sight of this, Kingsley chuckled. “Did someone just lose his job?”

Noah was rendered speechless. He was stunned for a good minute before he slowly recollected his thoughts. Turning, he pointed at Kingsley angrily. “It was you! You were the one who called President Wynn!” A menacing grimace twisted his face as he demanded, “Who are you and what is your relationship with President Wynn?!”

Kingsley draped an arm around Serena’s shoulders and chortled as he said, “She’s our big sister. You got a problem with that?”

Satisfaction rushed through him. For the last ten years, he had tread on the edge of danger, dodging bullets left, right and center. He had not a relative in this world to turn to nor a place to call home. Now, someone was finally defending him and giving him their full support. He couldn’t remember the last time his heart had swelled with such gratitude and happiness.

“Your sister?” An insidious look flashed in Noah’s eyes. “Oh, I understand now. All of you grew up together in the orphanage, didn’t you?” He spat on the ground to show his contempt as he went on to say, “Reene is nothing but an orphan—a puppet—adopted by the Wynns. Who the hell does she think she is to call the shots like this, huh? I’m going to see Alex about this. How dare she fire me?!”

Kingsley was look more and more murderous each time Noah mentioned the word ‘orphan’ like it was an insult. He stepped forward and warned icily, “Say. That. Again.”

“Hah!” Noah guffawed. “Oh, I’ll say it again as many times as you want! You lot are nothing but a bunch of filthy orphans and bottom-feeders, so don’t get all high and mighty with me, you fu—”

He never finished his sentence because at that moment, Kingsley punched him hard in the face. There was a loud crack when his fist connected with bones under soft flesh, and Noah was knocked off his feet.

“Heavens!”

“What on earth is going on? Why are they fighting all of a sudden?”

The shoppers who were passing by the boutique started to glance over at the ruckus with interest, and some of them even gathered around to watch.

Presently, Noah shook his head vehemently, and the world around him spun like he had just been hit by a truck.

He spat out a mouthful of blood and staggered to his feet, then swayed like a drunkard trying to regain his balance. “I can’t believe you actually hit me, you punk! I’ll skin you alive!”

Noah was just about to lunge at Kingsley when a man in a suit came out from the adjacent designer boutique. He looked cold and aloof as he said in clipped tones, “Gentlemen, I suggest you take the fight elsewhere, because your little ruckus has severely affected our customers’s shopping experience, not to mention tarnished the image of our establishment. Leave before I call the mall security to escort you off the premises.”

Noah looked up and glowered at the man, then glanced at the signboard of the boutique in question. The anger in him immediately waned. He had worked in the mall long enough to know how powerful the brand was, and he would be a moron to stir up trouble here.

He swallowed and humbled himself as he muttered, “I’m sorry, sir. We will leave immediately.”

However, Kingsley merely looked at the man’s man tag, which read, ‘Frank Lowell—Manager’. Upon registering this, he drawled nonchalantly, “Mr. Lowell, is it?” Then, he pulled out the Elite Gold Card, which was without spending limit, and tossed it to the manager as he said, “Take the card and swipe it for whatever damages we owe you for today’s inconveniences.”

Everyone in the vicinity burst into an uproar when they heard this. The crowd turned their eyes on Kingsley as his words hung in the air. None of them could believe what he had just said.

The men's boutique was a luxury brand that was well-known in Cevatte, and any one of its ensembles could easily cost up to five figures. For a man to so easily offer to swipe his card for damages equivalent to a night's worth of sales was beyond imaginable!

Frank was flabbergasted as he held onto the card. As the manager of the store, he was well-acquainted with the logo embossed on the card. The Elite Gold Card issued by the Federacy! There's only five of these in the entire world! He had only ever learned about the card through books, much like Cameron had, but this was the first time he was seeing the real thing.

Right now, he was so overwhelmed by the gold card in his hand that he could cry.

Noah, however, doubled over in derisive laughter when he saw Frank standing there looking dumbfounded by the card. "Haha! Serena, is your brother an idiot or something? What is he trying to prove by throwing out some lame bank card? This has got to be the biggest joke of the decade!"

## **Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 94**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 94-The crowd was roaring with laughter when they heard Noah mocking Kingsley.

"Crap, the guy almost got me! I really thought he was some rich kid with more money than sense!"

"Come on, look at the clothes he's wearing; they're all bargain stuff! As if someone like him has money!"

"Hah! I gotta admit that I'm impressed by how he blatantly hurls empty brags like that!"

Pleased to hear everyone joining in the mockery, Noah scoffed at Kingsley and said, "Maybe you should consider using better props the next time you wanna come off as a bigshot, kid. That bank card of yours is a dead giveaway of how pathetic you really are. I'd die of embarrassment if I were you!"

Serena felt blood rushing to her cheeks as she said in hushed tones, "What are you doing, Kingsley? Everyone's watching. What if your card gets declined and you end up humiliating yourself?"

Upon hearing this, Noah chuckled and interjected contemptuously, “Oh, afraid of public humiliation, Serena? Let me give you a piece of advice as someone who tried to pursue you romantically once: stay away from idiots like this punk over here or his stupid will rub off on you.”

“You—” A cold gleam flashed in Serena’s eyes. She wanted nothing more than to end Noah’s life right there and then!

He ignored the deadly look she was shooting him and turned to address Frank politely, “I’m terribly sorry for the inconvenience, Mr. Lowell. We’ll leave before we affect your business any more than we already have.”

Frank was pulled away from his thoughts when he heard this. He blinked out of his daze and quickly returned the Elite Gold Card to Kingsley as he said respectfully, “Here you go, sir.”

Although he knew the card had no credit limit, he would need nerves of steel to actually swipe it. He shuddered at the thought of offending a man who possessed enough power to own a card like that; he was only a boutique manager, and he couldn’t handle the consequences of rubbing someone like Kingsley wrong.

“So, you realized that the bank card is just a piece of plastic, huh, Mr. Lowell?” Noah pointed out sarcastically. “Honestly, there’s no need for you to treat this desperate wannabe here with such respect. Call security over and have him thrown out!”

“Shall I call security, sir?” Frank asked, but much to everyone’s astonishment, he was addressing Kingsley.

Noah’s eyes widened in shock. “Mr. Lowell, what are you asking him for? He’s just a village idiot—”

However, he had yet to get his insult out when Frank turned and gestured toward the boutique behind him, then bowed at Kingsley in reverence as he added, “If you do not wish to resort to calling security, then you are welcome to take the fight into our boutique. There’s ample room in there for scuffling, not to mention air-conditioning. It’s the optimum boxing ring, if I do say so myself. Should you require back-up, we have three shop assistants, all six-foot-two walking blocks of muscle, at your disposal. I am proud to say that I have a black belt in karate as well, and I would be honored to help you beat up this man.”

The crowd, alongside Noah, gaped at the manager in stunned silence.

None of them could understand why Frank had gone from wanting to throw Kingsley out to offering to beat up Noah for him within minutes.

“M-Mr. Lowell,” Noah stammered in disbelief. He was starting to think that Kingsley had put some kind of mind-controlling spell on Frank.

Presently, Kingsley eyed Noah coldly and asked, “What do you say, Mr. Morris? Care to take this fight inside where there’s air conditioning?”

“You—you little—screw you! You just wait till we get to the Bayou! I’ll get you then!” Noah glared at Serena, then at the eager-to-please Frank. Realizing that he had nothing to gain from picking a fight with Kingsley here, he spun on his heels and stormed off.

Frank asked earnestly, “Is there anything else I can help you with, sir?”

Kingsley paused in thought. “Just a moment, please.” He turned to Serena. “How many people are attending the banquet today?”

“About twenty or so, I suppose,” Serena answered, though not without confusion. “Why are you asking?”

“I have to make you look good in front of them, no?” Kingsley grinned. He tossed the card to Frank once more and said, “I’ll take thirty of the finest belts in your boutique.”

Frank nearly sputtered in surprise as he bowed his head and said with utmost respect, “We have sixty-eight belt designs in our boutique collection, the best of which retails for eighty-eight thousand.”

The crowd drew in a sharp breath collectively when they heard this. Eighty-eight thousand was money that the average working-class person would only see after two years’ worth of labor!

Even Serena swallowed upon hearing the price. She muttered under her breath, “That’s the bounty for killing a Grade C Target.”

Kingsley waved his hand dismissively, unaffected by the lucrative price. “Very well, I’ll take thirty of that design. Could you pack them up nicely and have them sent to the Bayou in a short while?”

“I-I shall get to it right away,” Frank said with a bright smile, then hurried back into the store with the Elite Gold Card in hand.

The passers-by who had gathered here were incredulous as they frenziedly whispered among themselves.

“Holy crap, I didn’t just imagine that, did I? Thirty of those belts? That’s over two million, isn’t it?”

“Maybe this is one of those prank shows. You don’t think that credit card was just a prop, do you?”

While the crowd debated on this, Frank came jogging up to Kingsley and beamed as he returned the card. Then, he asked, “I will personally deliver the orders to the Bayou, sir. How should I address you and which room will you be dining in?”

“You can call me Mr. Nicholson,” Kingsley said. He nudged Serena, who was still dumbfounded, and asked, “Serena, which room will the banquet be held in?”

“Oh, uh, sixth floor, the Carolina Court,” she replied.

At once, Frank said, “Very well, Mr. Nicholson. Don’t you worry; the delivery of your orders will receive utmost priority!”

Having seen the demeanor with which Frank treated Kingsley, the crowd understood that there was no way the card was a mere prop. All of them had their jaws wide open as they gaped at the latter with unmistakable admiration and envy.

Following this, Kingsley bought himself and Serena an outfit each. They left the store after changing into their new clothes, and Frank saw them out of the designer boutique with reverence.

It was only when they had walked out of the premises that Serena asked, “Kingsley, what happened back there? Why did the manager treat you like you’re someone super important?”

**Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 95**

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 95-Kingsley scratched the back of his head, prevaricating, “Uh, well, he’s a brother of my comrade’s, and he was just going along with my act.”

His sisters knew that he had been a soldier in the army before this, and in times like these when lying was a necessity, he credited his imaginary comrades for his behavior.

“A brother of your comrade’s?” Serena frowned as she eyed him skeptically. “And what about the thirty belts you just splurged on? Pretty sure you just racked up a two-million-something credit card bill back there.”

He blinked and stammered, “Oh, um, he... he might be a luxury boutique manager, but he secretly sells counterfeit goods on the side. The belts I bought are all fake, and they’re not worth more than eight hundred.”

“Fake?!” Serena’s eyes widened. “Are you seriously asking me to hand out these counterfeits to my friends from the dōjō? These are people who have been all over the world, and believe me when I say they can spot a counterfeit from a mile away!”

“Don’t worry about it, Serena. We’re talking about high-quality counterfeits here, and I promise you, they won’t be able to tell it apart from the real stuff!” He changed the topic before she could argue with him any further on this. “Anyway, would you have killed Noah if I hadn’t held you back just now?”

A cheeky smile tugged on her lips. “Nah, I don’t go around killing people for free, you know.” She had let the matter drop after Kingsley interjected.

It wasn’t so much that she let the matter drop as it was that she chose to believe Kingsley like how Reese had. She was sure that he would never lie, and that even if he did, it was with good intentions.

“Hey, Kingsley, why don’t you come as my plus-one to the reunion? I figured you haven’t eaten yet,” Serena offered.

He hummed in response as he considered the fact that he truly hadn’t eaten and that he didn’t want Noah to stir up trouble for his sister, then nodded and he said, “Okay.”

The Paradise Mall was close by the Bayou, which was merely a ten-minute walk away.

Presently, in Carolina Court, about twenty young men and women were gathered around a long banquet table as they chattered among themselves.

“My, my, Nancy, aren’t you just gorgeous?” Emory said to a woman who looked ordinary at best. “I haven’t seen you in years and you show up looking even more stunning than the Two Muses had ever looked!”

Nancy Stewart clapped her hand over her mouth and giggled abashedly as she said, “It’s all thanks to the expensive beauty treatments I get every now and then. Looking young sure comes with a price, right?”

Emory chuckled awkwardly at this and his eyes swiveled to the man next to her, then asked, “And this handsome gentleman over here must be your fiancé, am I right?”

“Why, yes.” Nancy leaned into the man’s embrace and announced happily, “Tyler and I are getting married next month!”

Upon hearing this, those around the couple did not waste time in offering their blessings.

“Congratulations!”

“The both of you are a match made in heaven!”

Everyone was well aware of the fact that Tyler was the heir to Spearhead Group and that he had a net worth of more than ten million. If they could be so lucky as to get acquainted with him, then they were set for the high life.

Emory’s eyes practically twinkled as he attempted to curry favor with the man. “So, Mr. Jovovich, the economy has taken quite the downturn these days, and I just don’t think my current job is paying well enough. Do you think you could—”

He broke off when the door to the private dining room swung open, and in walked Serena and Kingsley.

“One of the Two Muses has made it here! Everyone, please give a warm round of applause!” someone cheered, and the guests in the room clapped their hands in good spirit.



Serena had always been beautiful, and though she had no pedigree like the others here, she was still treated like a star back at the dōjō. Now that she was here at the reunion, the men who had not seen for years were looking at her with interest.

However, malice flashed in Emory's eyes. He had been so close to making Tyler's acquaintance, which would be of great help to his intelligence-gathering endeavors, but Serena just had to come in and ruin things for him. The golden opportunity had slipped right through his fingers!

Serena led Kingsley to their seats and smiled as she greeted, "Hey, guys. Gosh, I haven't seen all of you in ages."

She had become the center of attention the moment she walked in. Even Tyler was staring at her with his mouth slightly open, dazed by her beauty.

Next to him, Nancy was seething with rage. She snorted and drawled sarcastically, "Last I heard, you went into some nondescript company after you left the dōjō. Are you even getting paid well?" She couldn't hope to compete with Serena when it came to beauty and charm, so her wealth was the only thing she could lord over the latter's head right now.

Serena merely smirked as she answered, "We work on commission at Orion Tech; there's no fixed remuneration there."

There was nothing wrong with the way she said it, at least not on the surface, but Kingsley understood what she was implying. Orion Tech was probably just a cover for the Mercenary Commission she worked for, and the 'commission' she was talking about was the bounty that came with every assassination she carried out.

Nancy scoffed and rolled her eyes, then pointed out disdainfully, "I don't know what company that is, but it sounds downright crappy."

She had never liked Serena, not since their childhood days. She hated how Serena had managed to win over every boy just because of her pretty face even though she was just a lowly orphan. Whenever Serena was around, Nancy would always be invisible and cast away to the sidelines.

She was insanely jealous of Serena, and she wanted to crush the girl by walking all over her. She wanted to tell everyone that she was better.

When Emory saw how stormy Nancy looked, Emory quickly interjected, “Yeah, Serena, what kind of a crap company doesn’t even have an established portfolio of its own? I can’t believe you’d bring it up without dying of embarrassment!”

Much like Nancy, the other women at the table were rather hostile toward Serena and her pretty face, either. When they heard the taunts and mockery thrown her way, they couldn’t help snickering, too.

Meanwhile, the men, though enamored with Serena’s beauty, were so afraid of getting on Nancy and Tyler’s bad side that they decided to join in the mocking as well.

“You know, maybe Serena is just a pretty face. She certainly isn’t as capable as Nancy.”

“Tell me about it. It’s bad enough that she has a flimsy background, but she just has to ride around on her high horse, too. At this rate, she’ll be stuck as a bottom-feeder.”

Nancy was ecstatic to hear everyone standing on her side. She narrowed her eyes at Serena imperiously, as though she was looking at some pest, and pointed out venomously, “You might as well become a call girl or something if you’re going to spend your life making pittance at some run-down company. Why waste that pretty face of yours when you can get paid well for it, right? At least you’ll get to go home and put dinner on the table for your family.” Then, she pretended to be apologetic as she gasped and put a hand over her mouth. “Oh, I’m sorry. I forgot that you’re an orphan and that you have no family to feed. Guess there’s no need for you to moonlight as a prostitute, then!” Triumphant giggles followed this scathing insult.