

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 131

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 131-Scarface Louie was shaking like a leaf as he groveled with a hoarse voice.

Kingsley stared at him impassively. "Didn't you say earlier that you wouldn't apologize even if I killed you? What happened to all your bravado?"

"I..." Louie smacked his own mouth and wailed, "I'm sorry! I was stupid! It was all a bluff! I'm so sorry!"

Louie was filled with regret and self-reproach.

Why did I act tough just now?! I'm the one who's asking for it now!

Even if Kingsley did not go so far as to take his life, the same could not be said about Baron.

If Baron, the underground fighting champion, wanted to take his life, it would be a piece of cake for him.

When Louie thought about this, he began to quiver in fright again!

He hurriedly bowed to Alan and repeated, "Professor Gershwin, I'm really sorry! Please forgive me just this once!"

Louie knew that Alan was a kind person, so he hoped that Alan would speak on his behalf.

Alan had a complicated expression on his face, but just as he was about to speak, Kingsley cut in and said, "Professor Gershwin, you should go and get your head injury checked. I'll sort this mess out."

"Just as well..." Alan sighed. "There is no progress without change. Rules are important to maintain social order."

He tottered away slowly after saying his piece.

"Prof..."

Louie's heart sank as he stared after Alan's retreating figure.

He was dead meat!

No one could plead on his behalf now!

Louie turned around and kneeled to Kingsley. "Mr. Nicholson, please forgive me! I beg you, please let me off just this once..."

However, there was a dangerous glint in Kingsley's eyes. "Professor Gershwin is right. Rules need to be set in place to maintain social order. In any case, I've already given you a chance earlier."

Kingsley gestured to Baron and commanded, "Lay down the law! Bury him!" His voice was ringing in Louie's ears, and Louie felt like he had been struck by lightning!

Everything went dark!

Thud!

Louie fainted from terror!

Meanwhile, Louie's men were frightened out of their wits as well!

All of them fell limp to the ground and begged for Kingsley to forgive them.

Kingsley gave them a fleeting glance. "I'll let you handle these guys, Baron. I trust that you won't disappoint me?"

"I won't let you down!" Baron promised. "I'll toss them all into the underground fighting ring tonight and let the new recruits have some fun!"

What?

The moment they heard what was in store for them, all the thugs dressed in security guard uniforms nearly peed their pants!

While they could deal with a bunch of civilians, they were nowhere near skilled enough to fight against underground fighters. Even if they got out of the ring alive, they would still be beaten to within an inch of their lives!

Thud!

Thud! Thud!

.....

...

All at once, the menacing bunch of thugs who were waving their batons around just a moment ago were now lying unconscious on the ground.

Baron ordered his men to drag Louie and the others away before asking courteously, "Mr. Nicholson, I've been meaning to apologize to you in person. Would you happen to have some time tonight?"

Kingsley waved him off. "I'm busy today. Maybe some other time."

Reene was still in surgery, so he was in no mood to sit around with Baron.

"Of course, of course..." Baron nodded agreeably.

A thought occurred to Baron and he muttered to Kingsley, "By the way, Mr. Nicholson, I heard that Felix Jacob is putting out a hit on you. It's best to be cautious and keep an eye out..."

Kingsley's eyes grew sharp once he heard this news.

Felix wants to assassinate me?

Could this mean that the server at the pre-bid conference today was sent by the Jacobs?!

“Alright, I got it,” Kingsley said to Baron. “You don’t need to concern yourself with this. Just deal with Scarface Louie.”

“Yes, Mr. Nicholson. I’ll see to it at once.” Baron bowed politely to Kingsley before leaving with his men in tow.

Now that all the men from the underworld had left, there was only a group of frightened doctors and nurses left, including a trembling Zayne.

Kingsley swept his gaze across them. “Do you all remember what Professor Gershwin said?”

“Yes, we remember! For the benefit of the sick, we must practice with warmth, sympathy, and understanding! We must respect every patient as fellow human beings! We remember his words clearly!”

All of them nodded obediently.

They were all scared stiff, and no one dared to speak out against Kingsley. Then, Kingsley turned to Zayne and questioned in an icy tone, “Mr. Church, are you still keen on teaching me a lesson?”

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 132-“Y-You win this time!” Zayne took a step back before retorting hoarsely, “But just you wait. I’m going to tell my father about this!”

Immediately, he hightailed it for the stairs, and in just a few seconds, he disappeared from Kingsley’s sight.

Kingsley’s eyes glinted dangerously.

Getting backup?

Sure, if Jeffred has the guts to come and mess with me, then I don’t mind pulling him down a peg!

Just then, the doors to the surgical theater slid open. A doctor who was still in his surgical gear came over to Kingsley and asked, “Are you the patient’s next of kin?”

“Yes.”

Although Kingsley knew that Reene had not been severely injured, he could

not avoid feeling anxious.

“We have removed the bullet from her body,” the doctor reported after removing his mask. “And because the patient had been brought to the hospital in time, she did not lose much blood. Therefore, her vitals are good and everything is fine now. She will need to stay in the hospital for a short period of observation, but she is well on her way to making a full recovery.”

Kingsley finally could heave a sigh of relief. “Thank you so much, doctor. I’ll go and make the arrangements for her stay right now.”

He was about to leave when he paused and asked, “By the way, would you happen to know where Dr. Alice Kramer’s office is? Is she on-call today?”

Kingsley had not seen Alice since his last trip to this hospital.

He had been wanting to find the time to give her a surprise, but other things kept cropping up.

However, he felt the need to inform Alice about Reese’s situation after today’s incident.

To his surprise, the doctor was startled by his question. “Are you talking about the cardiothoracic surgeon, Dr. Alice Kramer? She resigned over malpractice!”

“Resigned over malpractice?” Kingsley frowned. “What did she do? Why would she resign because of malpractice?”

The Alice that he knew was an upright and vigilant person.

What kind of mistake would she have made to be forced to resign?

“I heard that someone injured Dr. Lynch, so Dr. Lynch’s family wanted to sue the person for intentional injury, but Dr. Kramer voluntarily resigned in exchange for getting them to not pursue the matter further.”

Kingsley’s eyes began to look a little chilly once he heard what the doctor said.

“I see. Thank you for telling me, doctor.”

“Not at all. The nurses will be sending the patient to the ward in a little while, so once you’re done with the admittance procedures, you can go straight to her ward.”

The doctor turned around and went back into the surgical theater.

Meanwhile, Kingsley’s expression hardened.

He had been wondering why no one came looking for him after he crushed Jude’s chest.

It turned out that Alice had chosen to resign and forego her career in order to appease Jude.

Kingsley was furious, but he also felt very touched.

He was fuming over the fact that Jude and Zayne had forced Alice out of her job!

At the same time, he was touched that Alice was still as kind hearted as she had been when they were young.

Even though she did not know who he was yet, she was still willing to give up her career to save a complete stranger.

Kingsley swiftly completed all the check-in procedures for Reese before giving Cecilia a call. “Miss Larson, have you gone back yet? Could you do me a favor?”

“I’m still in Hill Crest Hospital. I’ll come over right away.”

Megan’s mother was currently in this hospital.

Earlier, when all the others had left, the Larsons went over to visit Old Mrs. Fox.

Therefore, it only took Cecilia a few minutes to hurry over from the hospital wards after receiving Kingsley’s call.

Kingsley handed Cecilia the invoice and said, “Reese is in VIP room 9 on the 17th floor. Could you please help me check in on her once the nurse brings her up to her room?”

“Certainly. I’ll take good care of Reene!” Cecilia took the invoice from him before asking, “What about you? Do you need my help? My father is acquainted with the hospital director here.”

“I don’t need anything. Just take good care of Reene.”

After instructing Cecilia, Kingsley immediately marched over to Jude’s office.

There was a murderous glint in his brown eyes.

He was going to seek justice on behalf of Alice!

It had been Alice’s dream to be a doctor ever since they were children. She was a kind and determined person who would staunchly refuse to back down in the face of all obstacles. If it had not been for him, she would not have had to give up on her dream!

Just how far had she been pushed that she chose to resign voluntarily?

In that instant, a fiery storm threatened to explode out of Kingsley!

How dare you, Jude? How dare you treat my sister like this? You must have a death wish for messing with her when I am Ares, the God of War!

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 133-When Kingsley reached the office of the head of cardiology department, he heard Jude talking over the phone. “Hey, don’t worry, Larry! Cough—cough—”

“Yes, that’s right. Director Church has said that as soon as the donation of one million has come in, he’ll give both our departments 200 thousand as research budget.”

“Hahaha, cough. Don’t worry, it’ll be up to us, the heads of department, to decide how to spend that money!”

Jude kept coughing feebly as he spoke. It was clear that he had not fully recovered from the blow he received from Kingsley the other day.

Just as he was about to chortle into the phone...

Bang!

His office door was kicked open.

Jude jumped in shock, but once he saw Kingsley's dark face, his eyes narrowed.

"It's you?!"

Jude shifted his glasses, which revealed the flash of malevolence in his eyes.

"Give me a moment, Larry. Something's come up. I'll call you right back as soon as I've dealt with it."

He gave a short explanation before ending the call.

"Do you still recognize me, Dr. Lynch?"

Kingsley's tone was frosty as he stepped into the office.

"I'd recognize you anywhere!" Jude pointed to his chest with a murderous expression on his face. "I was hospitalized for two weeks thanks to what you did to me! I haven't even fully recovered yet!"

Kingsley did not dwell on these unimportant things. He got straight to the point and asked, "Where's Dr. Kramer?"

"Alice Kramer?" Jude sneered. "You have the gall to ask about her? Do you think you'd be able to stand here right now if it wasn't for her offering to resign in order to save you? I would've gotten you arrested by now!"

Jude gave Kingsley a once-over before snorting derisively. "I have no f*cking idea what Dr. Kramer was thinking. Why did she give up her career for a bum like you? But thanks to you, Alice has become the stepping stone for the young Dr. Church's career. Director Church has even given me an additional 75 thousand for research as compensation!"

As soon as Jude finished speaking, a young doctor came striding in. "Is everything alright, Dr. Lynch? I heard some commotion."

The sound of the door slamming after Kingsley kicked it open had drawn quite a crowd of doctors and nurses. This young doctor, Beau Woolley, was on good terms with Jude, so he decided to step in and ask.

Beau Woolley lived up to his name. He was a dashing young man who stole the hearts of many young women at the hospital, including several nurses who were standing at the door and staring at him with adoring eyes.

Beau eyed Kingsley for a moment before asking Jude, "What's going on, Dr. Lynch? Should I get the security guards we just hired to come over?"

Before Jude could respond, Kingsley commented coolly, "Don't bother calling them. They're not here anymore."

Louie and his men had all been dragged away by Baron, so Hill Crest Hospital no longer had any security guards.

Beau frowned at Kingsley's words. "What do you mean they're not here anymore? Who are you?"

Kingsley ignored him; instead, he knocked on Jude's desk and demanded icily, "Give me Dr. Kramer's contact."

He planned to reach out to Alice first, and once he reunited with her, he could sort out the issue with her job.

However, Reese was still unconscious after her surgery, and Serena was on an assignment.

Even though he had met Yulia, she did not know who he was yet.

And he had not even met his other sisters yet.

Therefore, in order to get Alice's contact, he needed to go through the hospital.

When Beau heard Kingsley's demand, his eyes grew wide and his tone was hostile as he questioned, "Why do you want Dr. Kramer's contact? Who are you?"

He was glaring at Kingsley with a grim expression.

Beau had been trying his hardest to woo Alice, but she never gave him the time of day.

This was a humiliation for Beau!

He had slept with nearly every female nurse and doctor in this hospital!

It was only Alice who remained out of his grasp despite his overwhelming attraction for her.

Alice was the hospital goddess due to her beautiful features and voluptuous figure, and Beau was nearly driven mad with obsession.

In fact, he had already thought of Alice as his.

Therefore, when he heard a man asking about Alice, he was filled with rage.

Jude saw the fuming expression on Beau's face and chuckled. "By the way, Dr. Woolley, didn't you ask me who it was that claimed to be Dr. Kramer's husband? That's him right there!"

Back then, when they were all gathered outside Bailey's surgical theater, Kingsley had pulled Alice into his arms and told everyone that he was her husband.

It fueled the hospital gossip for a very long time.

Alice was labeled the "Ice Queen" by the staff at the hospital, and they all found it hard to believe that she had a husband.

Beau had had countless sleepless nights over this news as well!

"So you're the b*stard, huh?"

Smoke was about to come out of Beau's ears as he growled through gritted teeth, "I've looked into it before, and Dr. Kramer isn't married! Just who do you think you are, you f*cker? How dare you say that you're her husband?"

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 134-Kingsley glanced at Beau. "Alice promised to marry me over ten years ago. Do you have a problem with that?"

“Over ten years ago?” Beau stilled for a moment before sneering. “Dr. Kramer is only 26 years old this year! You’re claiming that she promised to marry you over ten years ago? You must be dreaming!”

Beau turned to Jude and insisted, “Dr. Lynch, you must not give this b*stard Dr. Kramer’s number! Who knows what he’s planning to do?”

“I’m definitely not giving it to him!” Jude had a sinister look in his eyes. “I despise him with every fiber of my being, so why would I let him get what he wants?”

Beau calmed down a little after hearing what Jude said. He walked over to Kingsley and wagged his finger at him. “Hey, I’m warning you. Stay away from Dr. Kramer! If you really care about her, then get out of my way! With my connections and influence in the medical world, it’ll be a piece of cake for me to help her find work in some other hospital! Do you think you can do that, you f*cker?”

Kingsley shook his head. “If she wants, I can just set up a new general hospital for her. I wouldn’t ask her to continue suffering under the command of others.”

“Hah!” Beau was taken aback for a moment before letting out a derisive laugh. “Hahaha, you? You want to start a new hospital? Are you delusional?”

“Hahaha...” Jude also started mocking Kingsley. “You’re just a fool who’s all brawn and no brains. Do you think you can set up a new hospital just by running your mouth off?”

All the other spectating doctors and nurses also began to mock Kingsley.

“Hahaha. This guy must have watched one too many dramas. He wants to start a hospital? What a joke!”

“And a general hospital at that! What a braggart!”

“Just take a look at the clothes he’s wearing! It’s obvious that he’s just a beggar! He probably can’t even pay for a hospital visit, so what does he know?”

“Exactly. Does he think setting up a hospital is the same as setting up a food stall? Hahaha...”

Amid the crowd’s jeering, Beau scoffed. “How can you call yourself Dr. Kramer’s husband with such a low IQ? Have you even f*cking graduated from elementary school?”

“Nope,” Kingsley stated plainly.

After he ran away from the orphanage at twelve, his godfather took him to Coliree Island.

That being said, thanks to his godfather’s tutelage over the past decade, he was not at all less educated than his peers. In fact, he was quite the expert when it came to chess, ancient healing, and various other subjects.

However, he did not hold any certificates of education that society would recognize.

Kingsley was upfront about it, but Beau’s expression faltered.

He only meant his question as an insult.

After all, in this day and age, were there still people who had not graduated from elementary school?

He never expected Kingsley to be that person!

“Hahaha... and I was wondering why you could make such a foolish boast!” Beau nearly bent over from laughter. “So you really are the f*cker who didn’t even complete mandatory schooling!”

After his bout of raucous laughter, he stuck his nose in the air and taunted, “Do you know the education I’ve received, you fool? Let me enlighten you! I am a postgraduate student at the Solaris University of Medicine! Who do you think you are to come and try to steal a woman away from me?”

When the nurses at the door heard Beau’s words, they blushed and exclaimed, “Oh my gosh, Dr. Woolley is so cool!”

“He’s so handsome and highly educated. Isn’t he just perfect?”

Beau became even bolder after hearing the nurses fawning over him.

He pointed at Kingsley and jeered, “Hey, you fool, what makes you think you can come and steal my woman?”

Kingsley swiped his finger away. “So what if you’re well-educated?”

“Hahaha... You didn’t even graduate from elementary school, so what do you know?” Beau taunted. “Do you even know how to read? What gives you the balls to criticize my credentials?”

“A person’s education doesn’t equate to their knowledge, and certainly doesn’t equate to their worth as a human being,” Kingsley stated coolly. “I’ll take pity on the fact that you studied hard for many years. If you don’t want to destroy your future, you better stop trying to rile me up!”

“Hah! You’re threatening me?” Beau bellowed, “I have a bright future in front of me—one that you would never be able to achieve even in your next lifetime! You’re nothing but a piece of trash, so what makes you think you can threaten me, huh?”

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 135-After making a mockery of Kingsley, Beau turned to Jude and suggested, “Dr. Lynch, since this punk wants Dr. Kramer’s contact, why don’t we make a deal with him? We’ll give him Dr. Kramer’s number if he kneels and begs us.”

Beau was not the least bit worried about Kingsley snatching Alice away anymore.

He’s an illiterate guy who didn’t even graduate from elementary school, so there’s no way Alice would like him!

Beau was no longer jealous of Kingsley. He felt nothing but scorn for him!

“Hahaha! You are indeed a genius, Dr. Woolley! Your suggestion suits me perfectly!”

Jude leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

Jude had already signed an agreement with Alice in front of Director Church. As long as Alice resigned over malpractice, he was not allowed to sue

Kingsley for intentional injury.

Right now, all of Alice's research had been taken over by Zayne, who claimed credit for her work without lifting a finger.

It was a bitter pill for Jude to swallow, but for the sake of Zayne's future prospects, he could not go against the agreement and seek damages from Kingsley.

If he could seize this opportunity to humiliate Kingsley, then he could at least get some satisfaction out of it!

Jude crossed his legs and commanded Kingsley, "Hurry up! Kneel down in front of me and beg, then I'll give you Alice's number!"

"Yes, hurry up and kneel in front of us!" Beau taunted. "Shouldn't you be willing to give up your pride if you want to win over a woman?"

The nurses who had been eagerly soaking up all the gossip quickly agreed with Beau.

"That's right! How can he even think of pursuing a woman without any education, money, or prospects? What a foolish dream!"

"Haha. Even beggars don't have any self-awareness these days! He's nothing but scum, but he still dreams of bagging a goddess!"

"Exactly! A beggar like him can't even hold a candle to Dr. Woolley! Only a distinguished man like Dr. Woolley deserves to be with Dr. Kramer!"

Beau flicked his hair out of his eyes and stuck his hands into his doctor's coat. He said arrogantly, "Did you hear that, you useless piece of trash? You don't f*cking deserve an ounce of respect if you don't have any money! No one gives a D*mn about you! Letting you get Dr. Kramer's number by kneeling to us is already a bargain!"

Kingsley swept his icy gaze over Beau and Jude. "And if I don't kneel?"

"If you're not going to kneel, then get lost!" Jude checked his watch and yelled in irritation, "I'm not wasting any more of my time with you! Cough... I still need to go over to the wards and visit Old Mrs. Fox! Do you think you can

f*cking shoulder the responsibility if you jeopardize the Larsons' donation to our hospital?"

As soon as Beau heard Jude's words, he smacked himself on the forehead and exclaimed, "D*mn it! I almost forgot about it thanks to this b*stard! I heard that Mr. Larson, Mrs. Larson, and Miss Larson are all here today. We should hurry over and pay our respects!"

Beau turned to Kingsley and declared viciously, "Consider yourself lucky, punk! An important donor for the hospital is here today, and we don't have the time to stick around and waste our breath on a useless piece of sh*t like you! If I ever see you again, I'm going to make you kneel down to me and beg until I'm satisfied!"

Kingsley smirked and said, "There's no rush. You won't be getting that donation."

"What did you say?" Jude's brows were deeply furrowed. "If you say that again, I'll rip that stupid mouth of yours to shreds!"

The Larsons' donation of one million was the biggest sum that the hospital would receive this year. If they failed to get this donation, then a lot of their projects would go to waste.

Also, the 75 thousand that Director Church promised him was also coming from this donation.

If the donation fell through, then would it not mean that he had signed that agreement with Alice for nothing?

Therefore, when Jude heard Kingsley saying that the hospital would not be receiving that donation, he exploded in anger!

"What's the matter? You don't believe me?" Kingsley's expression remained indifferent. "Should I ask Michael Larson to come over to inform you personally?"

As soon as Jude heard the words "Michael Larson", his mind went blank.

"Y-You're acquainted with Mr. Larson? Cough... cough..."

Jude clutched his chest as he began to cough uncontrollably.

The Larsons were not among the wealthiest families, but they were still multimillionaires.

In the eyes of ordinary people like Jude, that was enough to make the Larsons appear like gods!

Beau snorted derisively. "What are you saying, Dr. Lynch? How can he possibly be acquainted with Mr. Larson?"

He stood there with his hands in his pockets and a condescending look on his face. "This punk didn't even graduate from elementary school. How on earth would he be able to become acquainted with Mr. Larson? My guess is he's looked up Larson Motors and found Mr. Larson's name there!"

Jude relaxed his stiffened expression once he heard that, and then laughed at his folly. "Haha, I nearly got fooled by him, but you're right! How can a guy like him possibly be acquainted with Mr. Larson?"

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 136-Beau sneered. "Dr. Lynch, haven't you figured him out yet? This punk is just a useless bum who likes to brag! First, he said that Dr. Kramer promised to marry him over ten years ago, and then he said that he's going to set up a general hospital for her. Now, he claims to be acquainted with Mr. Larson. There's nothing but lies coming out of his mouth!"

"Cough... cough..." Jude clutched his chest after yet another coughing fit before shrieking at Kingsley, "You're a sneaky b*stard who almost got me fooled! F*cking hell! I'm going to tear apart that stinking mouth of yours!"

"Dr. Lynch, don't waste any more time on this trash!" Beau had a sly grin on his face as he added, "I heard that Miss Larson is one of the Five Beauties of Cleapolis. If we're late, we might miss seeing Mr. Larson and Miss Larson!"

When Jude heard that, he smirked and asked, "Are you planning on making the move on Miss Larson, Dr. Woolley?"

Jude was on good terms with Beau, so he was aware of how Beau used his good looks to get into bed with many doctors and nurses.

He even went after the patients' family members if they were decent-looking enough for him.

Therefore, once he heard Beau's words, he knew what Beau was up to.

Beau's eyes glittered with glee. "If I could get a taste of Miss Larson, I wouldn't exchange it for anything in the world!"

"Hahaha. Dr. Lynch, if you do manage to win Miss Larson over, then you'll be set for life!"

Jude rubbed his hands together greedily. "When that time comes, who cares about a measly 75 thousand? You could send hundreds of thousands over to our department with just a wave of your hand!"

He did not doubt Beau's ability to charm women at all. He knew very well that apart from Alice, no woman had ever escaped Beau's clutches!

"Hahahaha..."

Both Beau and Jude shared a hearty laugh as if they had already bagged the Larson Family fortune.

After taking a look at their smug faces, Kingsley almost couldn't bear to burst their bubble.

He knew that Cecilia had fallen deeply in love with him, so even if this Beau Woolley fellow had remarkable abilities, she would still not give him a second look!

However, when he saw the sleazy look on Beau's face, his expression hardened.

There was no telling what a despicable person like Beau might do once he saw how gorgeous Cecilia was. Kingsley did not put it past Beau to try and use some sort of underhanded tactic.

With Cecilia's captivating beauty and arresting body, it was certainly a possibility that men might choose to go to extreme lengths to get her.

The moment this thought crossed his mind, Kingsley took out his phone and gave Michael a call.

“Are you still in Hill Crest Hospital, Mr. Larson?”

“I have something to talk to you about. Come over to the head of cardiology’s office.”

“Yes, as soon as possible!”

Kingsley’s phone call did not escape Beau and Jude’s attention. After exchanging a glance with each other, their smug expressions began contorting.

Jude snorted. “Hey, punk. Are you trying to put on a one-man show for us? Do you think we’d believe anything that comes out of your mouth?”

“Hahahaha, I’ve never seen anyone make a fake phone call just for the sake of bragging!” Beau laughed so hard that he was beginning to cry.

“Why don’t you check yourself into the psychiatric ward upstairs? Did you f*cking get dropped on the head as a child?”

Everyone burst into laughter once they heard that.

The crowd of gossiping bystanders stood aside with their arms crossed and their expressions filled with scorn. They looked like they were watching a fool digging his own grave.

Kingsley’s lips curled into a cold sneer. “It takes about ten minutes to get here from the hospital’s VIP rooms, but I think Michael Larson would be running instead of walking, so he should be here soon.”

“Hahahaha. Is there really something wrong with your head?!” Beau mocked. “What’s the point of coming up with such lies?”

The crowd standing at the door also jumped in.

“Exactly! Wouldn’t his lies be exposed soon enough? Is he dumb?”

“Haha, my guess is that he’s probably a little mentally unstable! Why would a sane person come up with such lies?”

“Hahaha... Should we get Dr. Wagner from the psychiatric department to come and take a look? It might turn out to be a new discovery—a type of mental illness that turns people into shameless wannabes!”

However, just as the crowd mocked and jeered at Kingsley without any scruples...

All of a sudden, they heard a flurry of footsteps in the hallway!

Everyone turned to look, and what they saw was...

Michael Larson, dressed in an expensive suit and shiny leather shoes, sprinting toward them while covered in sweat!

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 137-“M-Mr. Larson?”

Everyone’s eyes nearly popped out when they saw Michael, who was covered in sweat after running all the way over!

Michael was the head of the household for a second-class wealthy family, so people like Jeremy Windsor and Francis Stein would not care much about him, but in the eyes of these ordinary doctors and nurses, he was considered part of the upper echelon of society!

Yet, what they now saw was the chairman of Larson Motors panting like a dog after running over with all his might.

They stared at each other in absolute shock.

Jude had turned scarlet as well.

He leaped out of his chair and rushed over to Michael as he greeted him courteously, “M-Mr. Larson, what brings you here? I was just about to head over to the wards!”

Jude was merely a department head, and simply meeting Michael in person now was enough to leave him stammering from excitement!

Beau, who was standing beside him, also felt his heart drumming with excitement.

He hurriedly checked his appearance as he wanted to leave a good impression on Michael.

Everyone was floored by the unexpected appearance of such an important man!

None of them seemed to recall that it was Kingsley's phone call that brought him here.

When Michael got the call from Kingsley earlier, he did not even dare to hesitate for a single second.

He sprinted over the moment the call ended, and it was probably the fastest that he had ever run in his life.

"Huff... huff..."

Michael had finally caught his breath, but before he could say anything, Jude walked up to him and grasped his hand warmly. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Larson. My name is Jude Lynch, and I'm the head of the cardiology department. I'm also in charge of Old Mrs. Fox's treatment. Did you come over to personally ask about Old Mrs. Fox's condition? Please be rest assured, Mr. Larson. We'll put in our greatest effort to treat..."

Before Jude could finish speaking, Michael flung Jude's hand away. "I'm not here to ask about anything!"

He ignored the awkward expression on Jude's face and headed over to Kingsley.

Meanwhile, Beau had been standing beside Kingsley the entire time.

When he saw Michael heading over in this direction, his excitement got the better of him. Before Michael had even gotten close, he shoved Kingsley aside and went forward enthusiastically.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Larson! I'm a postgraduate student at Solaris University of Medicine..."

Beau was right in the middle of his self-introduction when Michael cut him off with a frown. "Why on earth would I care about who you are? Get out of my way!"

Right now, Michael was brimming with rage!

He had come over at Kingsley's bidding, but from the moment he stepped into the room, these random people kept coming over and getting in his way!

Michael was furious, and he was scared that Kingsley might find fault with him for this.

Beau turned ashen after being shoved aside by Michael.

He exchanged glances with Jude as neither one of them knew what was going on with Michael.

However, before they had time to dwell on this, they were immediately dumbstruck by what they saw!

Michael walked over to Kingsley and greeted him courteously, "My dear son-in-law, what did you need from me?"

His words fell upon everyone else like a ton of bricks!

"S-Son-in-law?"

Jude's lips were quivering as he asked in disbelief, "M-Mr. Larson, h-he's your son-in-law?"

Beau's face had also contorted into the ugliest of expressions!

"T-there's no way! He didn't even graduate from elementary school, so how can he be the Larsons' son-in-law?"

"That's right... Mr. Larson, have you mistaken him for someone else?" Jude asked tersely. "He's just a bum, so he can't possibly be your son-in-law—"

Smack!

Michael turned around and slapped Jude right across the face as he bellowed, "Who the hell are you? How dare you say such a thing about my precious son-in-law?!"

Michael had used so much force that Jude felt his teeth loosening from the slap!

Jude was thunderstruck!

Is that punk really the Larsons' son-in-law?! H-How's that possible?

Beau had also frozen in shock, but he was cursing internally.

How can that punk be so lucky? Why is he the Larsons' son-in-law? How can a punk like him marry Cecilia Larson, one of the Five Beauties of Cleapolis?

A lightbulb went off in Beau's mind, and he exclaimed to Michael, "Mr. Larson, could it be that you have been fooled by this guy? He didn't even graduate from elementary school! Also, he was also just trying to get another woman's number earlier! I'm sure that he's just toying with Miss Larson's feelings and trying to con his way into getting the Larson Familyfortune!"

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 138

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 138-Beau spoke with absolute certainty.

He truly believed that Kingsley must have conned his way into becoming the Larsons' son-in-law.

However, the moment he said so, Michael cut him off with an angry shout. "You shut your mouth at once!"

Michael's face was as dark as night.

An attempt to steal the Larson Familyfortune?

Kingsley was someone who had deep connections with senior executives at Coliree Group!

Why would he care about the little bit of money that the Larsons had?

What kind of joke was that?

And it was even more laughable to say that Kingsley was toying with Cecilia's feelings!

Michael and Megan were more than happy to do whatever it took for Kingsley to end up with their daughter.

If Kingsley was willing to entertain Cecilia's feelings, they would probably

throw a celebration!

Michael glared at Beau and threatened, "I'm warning you, watch your tongue! If you spew such nonsense ever again, I'll make you pay!"

"Mr. Larson, I'm telling you the truth!" Beau became frantic. "He was just asking for another woman's number just now! If you don't believe me, you can ask Dr. Lynch!"

Jude hurriedly nodded. "Yes, that's right! That guy clearly is a womanizer!"

Both Beau and Jude assumed that Michael would immediately change his tune about Kingsley.

They did not expect that Michael would simply chuckle and declare, "A fine man like Mr. Nicholson would surely have many women around him. I would be more than grateful if he is willing to let my daughter rank among them!"

His words left Jude, Beau, and everyone else speechless.

Beau was dumbstruck by what he heard.

It felt like he had stepped onto Mars.

Did such a f*cking open-minded father-in-law really exist?

Also, he could hardly believe Michael's words.

He called Kingsley a fine man?

Beau felt like he was about to get an aneurysm!

Earlier, when Beau was introducing his credentials to Michael, Michael had said that he did not care who Beau was at all.

And yet, Michael was now declaring that an elementary school dropout was a fine man?

What kind of f*cking double standard was that?

Meanwhile, Jude was also at a complete loss.

He could not believe his ears.

The great Mr. Larson was actually groveling at Kingsley's feet.

Could it be... that this Nicholson fellow really has a powerful background?

The moment this thought occurred to him, he heard Michael asking Kingsley, "My dear son-in-law, what did you call me over for?"

Kingsley felt helpless about the way Michael addressed him.

Unfortunately, he did agree to pretend to be a couple with Cecilia.

Therefore, he could only acquiesce to Michael calling him "my dear son-in-law" each time...

"Mr. Larson, did you promise to donate one million to Hill Crest Hospital?" Kingsley asked.

"Yes, I did." Michael nodded. "My mother-in-law is currently staying in this hospital, so I agreed to donate to them."

Michael felt a tinge of regret when he thought about the one million. The entire family fortune, both business and properties combined, was only worth about eight million.

It felt like it was costing him an arm and a leg to donate one million to this hospital.

But he had to donate this sum of money!

The Foxes were a large and influential family in Cleapolis.

Megan's brother named Matt and his company, Prime Corporation, was one of the leaders of the Roseland Chamber of Commerce.

Matt had spent over 1.2 million to hire dozens of international experts and specialists from Mittera to treat Old Mrs. Fox. They even started a research team to specifically look into Old Mrs. Fox's treatment.

Hence, Michael could only fork a million over to the hospital so that his wife would not have to hang her head low in front of her family.

When Kingsley asked about the one million, there was a flash of unwillingness in Michael's eyes.

Although he hid it very quickly, Kingsley still managed to catch it.

Kingsley had a faint smile as he said, "Mr. Larson, keep your one million. Don't bother donating it!"

The entire office went into a frenzy when they heard that.

Everyone stared at Michael anxiously as they were afraid that he would agree.

"Mr. Larson... please don't! Cough, cough... This sum of money is very important to our hospital!" Jude clutched his chest while coughing and pleading with him.

Beau was also horrified by the turn of events!

He screeched at Kingsley, "W-What are you saying? Do you think the donation won't happen just because you say so? So what if you're the Larsons' son-in-law? You still don't have the right to decide for the entire Larson family!"

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 139

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 139-The doctors and nurses were hurled into a pit of fear. Everyone knew what that money meant. If they lost it, their research would come to a halt, and their director would probably blame them. Jeffred could at least take almost half of the one million if they managed to get the donation. As the director of the hospital, he only made about ninety grand a year, and that was including the yearly bonus. If they botched this up, Jeffred would ruin everyone here.

While everyone was worrying about their fates, Michael came forward, looking hesitant. In the end, he said, "Kingsley, I'd really love it if we can keep this money, but we can't have the Foxes laughing at us, so..." He did not finish the sentence, but it was clear what he wanted.

"Leave that to me," Kingsley guaranteed. "They won't be laughing at you."

"R-Really?" Michael was overjoyed. If Kingsley's going to talk to Helen, that's going to annoy Matt to no end. Hah, let's see him insult me now. The thought of saving a million and showing off to his in-laws delighted Michael. He was grinning from ear to ear. "Alright then." He nodded. "Kingsley's calling the shots here. Since he doesn't want to give the money away, then we'll be

taking it back.”

Jude and Beau were in disbelief. W-We lost a million just because this guy said so? Jude felt a stab of pain coming from his chest. It was as if an old wound had reopened, and he coughed up blood. Oh no! No! H-He punched me, and I got nothing out of this? No, wait. That’s not important. If the director finds out I was the one who botched up the donation, he’s going to ruin my whole future!

Beau shared his sentiments. His face was as pale as a sheet and he could see his future turning into a pile of ashes, just like how the donation did.

Kingsley did not pity the two of them. He looked around and announced, “What did I tell you? No donation means no donation! Any questions?”

His voice boomed, as if he was a messenger of God who came to deliver a decree. Everyone shivered, looking at Kingsley in terror. To their shock, the young man whom they insulted earlier was now suffocating them, as if he was pushing an enormous weight down their shoulders.

Beau, on the other hand, was shivering in fear. Compared to Kingsley, this man was nothing but a clown. Looks were all he had. Kingsley, on the other hand, built his courage up by going through brimstone and fire. Scum like Beau could never hold a candle to him.

The female nurses and doctors were looking at Kingsley in a different light now. They ditched Beau and stared at Kingsley, fluttering their eyelashes at him. If Kingsley so wanted to, he could marry any woman he wanted.

Kingsley did not care about these women’s admiration, of course. He shot Beau with an icy glare. “Call your director and tell him that the Larsons have rescinded their donation because of what you and Jude did.”

“W-What? You want me to call the director?” Beau’s legs turned to jelly, and he staggered backward. Pitifully, he begged, “I-I’m sorry, M-Mr. Nicholson. Please, I don’t want to call the director. He’ll ruin my future if he finds out I botched this whole thing.”

A sneer curled Kingsley’s lips. “If I remember correctly, you said your future is brighter than what I can ever achieve in my whole life, didn’t you?”

"I... I..." Beau shed tears of regret. He gave himself a tight slap and howled, "I was a fool! H-How could I have been so blind to how powerful you are? Please, Mr. Nicholson, I beg you. Have mercy on me!" A big man was covering his eyes and bawling his eyes out like a child right in front of everyone.

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 140

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 140-The women outside frowned in disgust, and some of the nurses who slept with Beau started to retch. "Oh my god! I slept with this kind of trash before? Unbelievable!"

Kingsley turned his attention to Jude, who was coughing up blood and looking like a trainwreck. "Since Dr. Woolley doesn't want to make the call, why don't you do it for him, Mr. Lynch?"

Jude shivered in fear and knelt down with a thud before Kingsley. "Please, no!" He felt himself tremble in fear, and his blood ran cold. The director has been looking forward to this donation. He's going to kill me if I tell him he's not getting a single cent. He could even fire, or worse, torture me! He banged his head on the ground, begging for mercy. "Please, Mr. Nicholson. I can do anything, but just don't rescind the donation."

An idea struck him, and he crawled over to the desk, rummaging through the items until he found the staff's contact book. "Mr. Nicholson, this is Dr. Kramer's number. We recorded her address here too!" He held the form out for Kingsley, begging, "Please, have mercy on us."

Kingsley took the form from him. "Too late for regrets," he said coolly.

It was a simple answer, but it was enough to make Beau and Jude plop down in despair. Their faces were as pale as a sheet, as if their souls were no longer with them.

Michael stared at them and quickly said, "Kingsley, why don't I call the director?" He was worried Kingsley might take back his promise in a moment of kindness. I'd have been delighted for nothing.

"Very well then." Kingsley nodded. He went to the exit, but before he left, he said, "I'm leaving this in your hands because I need to go to the wards and see if Reene's awake. And the Foxes, is it? I'll make sure I see Helen soon."

Michael answered right away, "Sure, Kingsley. Leave everything to me."

Kingsley left Jude's office. At the same time, Jeffred was spending his time off at home. He was lounging on his couch, his legs resting on the coffee table. The man was watching TV, though he was thinking about the 450,000 he was about to receive. The thought of making five years' worth of salary at one go delighted him. He eventually started humming, but then his phone rang. Jeffred craned his neck, then cleared his throat when he saw that it was from Michael. He sat up straight and took the call. "Hello, Mr. Larson." He was starting to hyperventilate, thinking that Michael was already going to donate the money right away.

"Mr. Church, we've decided to rescind the donation," Michael said coldly.

"W-What?" Jeffred froze up, as if a bucket of ice water was poured on his head. "W-What happened, Mr. Larson? Why did you rescind the donation?"

"You'll have to ask Mr. Jude and Dr. Woolley for that. You know, from the cardiology department," Michael answered. "They insulted my son-in-law. I will not donate any money to your hospital."

"T-They insulted your son-in-law?" Jeffred was flabbergasted. Why did those morons insult his son-in-law?

"Yes," Michael said curtly. "And his name is Kingsley Nicholson. In fact, you can ask Mr. Lynch for the details." Michael handed Jude the phone.

Jude took the phone from him, though it felt like a hand grenade for him. His face was ashen as he said, "M-Mr. Church..."

"Did you f*cking insult his son-in-law? Why did you do that, you moron?" Jeffred roared.

Jude and Beau trembled in terror.

"Mr. Church, I—"

Before he could finish, Jeffred roared, "Shut the f*ck up! Apologize to that Kingsley guy right now! I don't care how you do it, but make sure he lets you off the hook, or you and Beau are fired!"