

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 11

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Chapter 11 The First Spy

The sun slowly set on their journey to Neveah Department Store, and while Kingsley watched the reversing streetscape, a thought suddenly popped into his head.

“Reene, why do you want to suffer in silence when the Wynns treat you so horribly? With your ability, there’s absolutely no reason for you to bear their bullying.”

“After graduating high school, I was faced with two options: college or work.” Reene recalled while driving. “As the eldest, I couldn’t be selfish. So I decided to work so that the girls could continue their studies. On the day we were supposed to fill in our college application, my now adoptive father, Elijah, came to me. He was an old friend of my homeroom teacher. After hearing about my story, he said he could fund my college fees pro bono. At that time, he was like an angel sent from the heavens to me, saving me from hopelessness.”

Suddenly, Kingsley thought his chest felt stuffy, and he looked over at Reene. “No conditions attached?”

“None.” She shook her head. “He was like a philanthropist back then. After hearing that I had a gift in business, he said he didn’t want to see a talent be buried because of financial problems.”

“So you want to repay his kindness?” Kingsley pointed out.

“Yes. For whatever reason he funded me in the beginning, I have to admit, he had indeed changed my life,” Reene explained plainly. “Kindness and loathe are two different matters. I’ve sworn to either serve the Wynn Family for twenty years or return one hundred million to him. I thought only this way would I be able to repay him for saving me.”

“It’s just one hundred million. I can give it to him straight,” Kingsley mumbled while scrolling his phone idly.

“Sorry? What—”

“Reene, pull over!” Reene didn’t hear what he was mumbling earlier, but just when she wanted to ask what he said, he suddenly shot straight up.

He had received a message from Lancer a second ago. ‘Sighting of a Sweoyan spy.!’

“What is it?”

Startled, Reene hurriedly hit the brakes and pulled over. As soon as the car stopped, Kingsley jumped out and slurred, “Reene, I can’t head to the hospital anymore. Pick up Grandpa Joe for me, please.”

“What is it, Kingsley? What happened?”

“A friend needs my help.” He made a random excuse but seeing that his sister wanted to press on, he added, “It’s men’s stuff!”

“Alright, stay safe then.” What else could she do but nod?

It wasn’t until the red BMW drove far away that Kingsley answered Lancer’s call.

“What’s the sitch?”

“Boss, we just got word from our informant that they’ve discovered a Sweoyan with very suspicious movements. He’s very likely a spy.”

“His identity?”

“A college professor. He has come to Qustia to attend an academic forum.”

“Catch him! I’d rather catch all than let one escape!” A hint of malice flashed across Kingsley’s eyes as he demanded, “His exact location?”

“Riverfront Road, house number 45 of Ivy Grove Estates,” Lancer replied. “Hades is already on his way with our men!”

“I happen to be close by. Tell Hades to wait for my arrival.”

At that, Kingsley hailed a cab and said to the driver, “Riverfront Road, Ivy Grove Estates, please.”

Meanwhile, Hades and the group of Coliree Island elites he brought along were waiting outside of Ivy Grove Estates.

After arriving at where they were hiding, Kingsley asked, “Have you guys finished scouting, Hades?”

Hades was so well hidden that he had practically merged with the darkness, only ever hearing his voice. “Yes, Ares. The professor is named Boris Oakley, a well-respected scholar from the Empire of the Setting Sun. We can almost confirm he’s among the first batch of spies that have infiltrated. But the security in Ivy Grove Estates is tight. Only authorized personnel and vehicles can enter. I was deliberating if we should barge in.”

“Don’t alert them.”

With that, Kingsley devised a plan and ordered, “Two in a group. Group 1, control the guards with sevoflurane cigarettes; Group 2, cutoff all surveillance; Group 3, extraction team; Group 4, with me, we’re going in.”

Surprised, Hades sputtered, “Ares, you’re going in?”

“This is our first catch. If anything goes wrong, it’ll be tough for us to drag the entire chain out.”

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When midnight came, Kingsley checked his watch and gestured to his troops. “Move out!”

With that, everyone dispersed, merging silently into the darkness.

About ten minutes later, the blinking red light of the surveillance camera not far from them suddenly switched off, and Kingsley whispered, “Alright, we’re going in.”

When they passed by the guardhouse, the members of Group 1, who were hiding in the dark, gestured a ‘safe’, and Kingsley and the guys entered the premise smoothly, arriving at mansion number 45 with no mishaps.

When they arrived, one of the rooms was still lit. Clearly, Boris was still awake.

“Hades, Is it only him in there?”

“Our informant said he lives alone. No one came with him.”

“Alright, open the door.”

At that, a soldier came up and picked the lock. He worked so silently that nothing and no one was alarmed.

Every Coliree Island elite was loaded with skills. Something like entering a locked space was nothing but child’s play.

Click! The main door opened, and the group snuck into the mansion, following the light they saw outside to the study on the second floor.

There was a gap between the door and its sill, letting light shine through to the dark corridor.

While standing by the door, they could hear someone flipping through a book, but just as they waited with bated breaths, getting ready to catch their spy, a sense of bone-chilling danger crept up to Kingsley, causing the hair on the back of his neck to stand.