

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 5

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Chapter 5 I'll Support You!

Kingsley arrived at the entrance of Neveah Department Store's parking lot accompanied by the clinks and clanks of the janky Santana.

After sizing Kingsley and his car up, the parking lot attendant disclosed with disdain, "The parking fee is twelve bucks per hour. Ruining over the boom barrier will cost you five thousand."

Kingsley was rendered at a loss for words for a moment. "Got it," he mumbled. Does this guy think I'll hit the boom barrier and run away, figuring I can't afford the parking fee?

Then again, he couldn't blame the guy for thinking so, for anyone driving such a janky car might actually not be willing to pay a couple of bucks.

Kingsley learned from the profile Lancer gave him that Reene's office was located at the top of the office building behind the department store.

Hence, he wasted no time and rode a staff elevator to the top.

After exiting the elevator, he was greeted by a bright lounge with three window walls filled with greenery and the sound of rippling water resounding through the space.

It got him exclaiming involuntarily. Reene's taste is still so refined and sophisticated.

She actually built an elegant sky garden in this part of the town where every inch was worth a fortune.

But just as he planned to search for the president's office, a guard securing his falling hat was running to him, shouting, "This is the president's private area. No one else is allowed in this premise!"

"I need to talk to your president."

"I don't care what business you have." The guard panted while saying impatiently, "You have to book an appointment with Gardiner if you want to see the president."

"Gardiner?" Kingsley scratched his chin, asking, "Is he a he or a she?"

"What does it have to do with you? Get the hell out of here! I'll get a scolding if the president finds out a stranger has entered!"

However, just as the guard wanted to shove Kingsley out, the elevator door opened with a ping again.

A stunning beauty in a low-cut evening dress sauntered out of the elevator the next second. "What's going on?" she asked with a frown.

The woman was none other than Kingsley's eldest sister—Reene Wynn.

"P-President, you're not in your office?!" Terrified, the guard stuttered and pointed to Kingsley. "This guy insisted on barging in. I'm chasing him out right now!"

Reene looked coldly at Kingsley in response, her gorgeous face elegant and cold.

"It's been a while, Reene."

Her name sounded a little foreign to Kingsley after having not said it for over a decade.

The guard, on the other hand, immediately condemned Kingsley upon hearing him call

Reene by her name. “How dare you call her by her name?! She’s—”

However, the guard paused his words the next second, for he saw Reene’s icy face melt into a puddle of gentleness.

“You... Are you Kingsley?” she asked with a shaky voice while covering her mouth with her hands.

“It’s me. I’m back, Reene.”

“It’s really you...”

Tears fell like a never-ending waterfall from Reene’s eyes as she scrutinized Kingsley’s face for a solid minute before throwing herself into his arms, sobbing, “We... We all thought you were dead... We even claimed a disfigured corpse... What took you so long to come back...”

Kingsley patted his sister’s back while taking in the affection he hadn’t had for so long.

“Well, I’m back, aren’t I?” he cooed.

“Will you leave again?”

“No, never again.”

At that, Reene wiped her tears away and punched his chest lightly, feigning anger. “You son of an a*shole. Do you know how worried we’ve been in the last ten years? If you dare run away again, I swear I’ll break your legs!”

In contrast to the affectionate scene between the brother and sister, the guard was scared sh*tless, shuddering like he was naked in the arctic.

It wasn’t until after a long while that Reene jolted back to her senses and left Kingsley’s arms, returning to her usual noble self after fixing her evening dress.

“Gus, you can just leave him be whenever he comes over.”

“Y-Yes, ma’am... Got it...” the guard stuttered while wiping the cold sweat off his forehead, his head so low that it was practically on the ground.

After entering the president’s office, Kingsley sat across Reene and chuckled. “Reene, is Gardiner a he or a she?”

“She. Why?”

“I have nothing to worry about then.” Kingsley grinned. “Have you forgotten, Reene? You and the others promised to marry me when we grow up.”

“That’s child’s blabber. How can it count when we’re playing pretend?” Reene changed the subject with a flushed face. “By the way, the others still don’t know you’re back, do they? We should all gather in a couple of days!”

“Are they all in Cleapolis?”

“Jessica and Courtney aren’t, but the rest are.”

With that, Kingsley asked with interest, “I know Alice has become a doctor, but what is everyone else doing?”

“Serena... I guess you can say she provides service for special clients. Victoria’s managing a tea house. Well... let’s just call it that. Yulia’s the least troubling one among them. She’s a big-time model now. Jessica will come back every Christmas, but no one knows what she does or where she is. As for Courtney, she’s studying at a college in a nearby city. Then again, because of her two-hundred-plus IQ, she behaves a little weirdly...”

“Why does it sound like none of their jobs are average...” Kingsley’s cheek twitched upon hearing Reene talk about his six other sisters’ recent situation. “Servicing special clients, managing a ‘tea house’, no one knows where she is, behaves a little weirdly...”

What is all this?"

Though he knew his sisters were no plain Jane, never had he imagined they still went on such unorthodox paths...

"Let them explain it to you themselves." Reese smiled mysteriously. "Who knows? There might be a pleasant surprise?"

"Yeah, well, I'll find out sooner or later." Kingsley sighed and tucked away his smile.

"Now, let's talk about you."

"Me? What about me?" Reese smiled awkwardly and tucked an errant lock of hair to the back of her ear, facing Kingsley's stern look. "You've seen it for yourself. I'm now the president of a department store. Things can't get any more glorious for me."

He had wanted to ask her about the sanction by the Roseland Chamber of Commerce and if the Wynns were bullying her, but he swallowed his words when they were at the tip of his tongue.

Knowing how assertive and aloof Reese was since she was a child, he surely wouldn't be able to get anything from her if he asked directly.

Thus, he grinned and went along with her. "You'll have to support me when I run out of money then!"

"Oh, you! Just come to me whenever you need money. I can afford to support you!"

Reese smiled and seemed to have eased.

"Reese, you've gotten a lot sexier since I last saw you ten years ago." Kingsley changed the subject, taking a sip of water while checking out Reese's beautiful evening dress.

"But isn't it a little too much for you to always dress in something so fancy?"

"Shoot!" Reese exclaimed upon hearing his words. "I was so excited to see you again that I've forgotten something important!"