

I Am the Ruler of All Chapter 4

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Chapter 4 Dancing With the Grim Reaper!

“Of course!” Alice fretted. “They don’t give a sh*t about Bailey’s life at all. All they want is to add a complicated surgery into their resume so that they can embellish their promotion dissertation with it!”

“Alright.” Kingsley let go of her shoulder and said, “Your wish is my command.”

“You insolent fool! Who do you think you are?” Zayne snorted disdainfully. “My father is the director of this hospital, and even I am not as cocky as you!”

Upon seeing that Zayne was growing upset, Jude hurriedly reprimanded Alice with a frown. “Alice, take this man away this instance, or don’t blame me for being rude!”

However, Alice remained unmoved in the face of such an outright threat, stubbornly standing in front of the OR entrance, biting her lower lip so hard that it might bleed any second.

Kingsley couldn’t help sighing. Sure enough, Alice is still the cold and stubborn Alice I remember. Time sure hadn’t smoothed her edges.

With that, he went up to Zayne and asked with a half-smile, “Do you really want to do a cardiac surgery so badly?”

Zayne’s pupils shifted at a barely noticeable degree while he was taken aback. “Every doctor worries about the sick. It’s only natural that I want to help those who are dying!” he said with feigned nobility.

“Alright, since you want to do cardiac surgery so badly, I shall fulfill your wish!”

“What do you mean—”

But before Zayne could even finish his words, Kingsley had already turned, balled his right hand into a fist, and gave Jude a solid punch right at his heart.

His movement was so swift that everything happened within a second!

Pfft!

Jude, who was still frowning and glaring a second ago, had fallen stiffly to the floor with a collapsed chest, the depth at over an inch.

“Ah! Dr. Lynch...” The surrounding doctors and nurses backed up in shock, for none of them expected the gentle-looking young man to punch with the intent to kill!

Zayne, who felt the hostility up close, was even more appalled, and his blood froze, causing his face to look much whiter than his lab coat.

When the wind that followed after Kingsley’s punch brushed past his skin, he even had the illusion of dancing with the grim reaper!

“You said you wanted to do a cardiac surgery, didn’t you?” Kingsley smirked, then pointed toward Jude, who was groaning on the floor, and said to Zayne, “Here, your patient.”

Everyone was rendered speechless, including Zayne, who stood rooted on the spot, livid with rage.

With that, he clenched his fists with resentment and ordered through gnashed teeth,

“Send Dr. Lynch to the OR on the seventh floor! He needs an operation, stat!”

When everyone hurried off, Kingsley went up to Alice and beamed like he wanted to take credit for what he had just done. “No need to thank me. Hurry up and do the surgery on Bailey. Just remember to treat me after you’ve saved him.”

After taking a good look at him, Alice pushed the door open without a word and entered the OR Bailey was in.

Now that things came to an end, Kingsley heaved a long sigh of relief but then remembered Hades had probably arrived with the car.

With that, he went down to the first floor of the basement parking lot, only to find a straight-faced Hades in all black standing by the elevator hall entrance after stepping out of the elevator.

Using the dim lighting in the hall, Kingsley wiped his forehead in exasperation. “Can you not make yourself so scary next time? Where’s the car?”

“At lot B704,” replied Hades deferentially as he handed Kingsley the car keys with both hands. “Ares, we’ve already purchased the whole of Qustia Park, located in Central Tech Valley, to use as our temporary lodging in Cleapolis.”

“Alright, got it. I’ll contact you guys immediately if anything. Careful not to blow your cover.”

“Yes, Ares.”

Following that, Kingsley went to the parking spot, B704, while swinging the set of car keys, only to find a janky 90’s Volkswagen Santana lying there like it would immediately come apart as soon as he started its engine, on its last legs.

“F*cking hell...” After cursing, he pulled his phone out to call Lancer. “This is the car you got me?!”

“That’s right,” Lancer said soberly. “You requested for an average car that isn’t flashy. But all the ones in the headquarter are worth over millions, which don’t fit your requirement. I only managed to find this one after searching the whole Cleapolis Military District.”

“You... Had it not occurred to you that you can get a new car that’s about two hundred thousand?”

“It has. But we can’t pick it up within twenty minutes and send it to Hill Crest Hospital.” Lancer seemed to have realized what he said wasn’t very appropriate, so he added, “Boss, I’ve tested this car. It’s well maintained enough to take you around. I’ll get you a new one in a couple of days.”

“Forget it. I’ll find one myself when I’m free.”

After hanging up, Kingsley checked his watch to find it had just passed noon. Since it’d be late night by the time Alice finished with the surgery, he decided to grab lunch near the hospital before returning to the orphanage to pick up Grandpa Joe. The janky Santana instantly grabbed many’s attention after it squeaked out of the underground parking.

While waiting at the red light, the BMW driver beside Kingsley rolled down his window and shouted toward him, “Cool ride, dude! You sure this car is allowed to be on the road? You have someone in the traffic police department, don’t you?”

Kingsley returned a polite, fake smile to him, then turned his head embarrassingly to one side to find a news reporting on the big screen by the side of the road.

“Recently, five companies from the Roseland Chamber of Commerce have

simultaneously initiated a sanction against Neveah Department Store, causing its market value to plummet overnight. Will the president of Neveah, goddess entrepreneur Reene Wynn fall from the altar because of this?"

As the news anchor spoke, a picture of Reene Wynn was displayed on the screen. The woman looked absolutely stunning, and her class seemed to have come from deep within her.

Kingsley froze upon seeing the picture. I-Isn't that Reene Zimmer?!

His eldest sister had probably taken the family's last name after being adopted, becoming Reene Wynn.

With that, he pulled over and sent Lancer a text. 'Dig into the president of Neveah Department Store, Reene Wynn.'

Very quickly, Lancer sent a profile over. 'Reene Wynn enrolled in Cleapolis Business School after receiving financial support from the Wynn Family at eighteen years old and was taken in as Elijah Wynn's adoptive daughter the same year. The patriarch of the Wynn Family, Henry Wynn, has two sons. The eldest, Clarence Wynn, has a son and a daughter. The company under his name, Clark Corporation, is one of the five great corporates of the Roseland Chamber of Commerce. Clarence's son and daughter are working in Clark Corporation as senior executives. Henry's second, Elijah Wynn, has no children of his own. His position in the Wynn Family is lowly and disregarded.'

Malice flashed across Kingsley's eyes when he read the profile on his phone while thinking about the news earlier.

Clarence Wynn and his family are clearly bullying Reene! Surely this is a battle between the rich for heirdom!

With that, he started the engine and headed straight to Neveah.

Reene was the most gentle with him when he was a child, and she was the most caring out of his seven sisters.

So how could he sit idly by when he now knew she had been targeted?!

Let's see if you have what it takes to bully the [shoppingmode God of War](#)'s sister!