

Chapter 129

Without a warning, Ryan's fist shot out like lightning.

He smashed it into the jaw of the officer seated on his right. The man's head snapped violently to the side with a grunt of shock, his teeth clattering as blood spurted from his split lip.

As he tried to recover, his hand already going for the baton strapped at his belt, but Ryan was faster.

He grabbed the man's collar, yanked him forward, and slammed his forehead hard against the man's nose.

The crunch echoed inside the vehicle. Blood poured instantly, the man slumping back in his seat, groaning in agony. 1

The officer on Ryan's left cursed loudly. "You bastard!" he barked, reaching for his weapon. But Ryan turned sharply and lunged before the man could draw out his gun.

Ryan's shoulder rammed into his chest, pinning him against the car door. Then, with a brutal movement, Ryan grabbed his head and smashed it against the side window.

The tempered glass rattled violently but didn't shatter, though the impact stunned the man. He slumped instantly.

The driver panicked, shouting, "What the hell are you doing back there? Sit down, damn it!"

Ryan's hand shot out again. He wrenched the gun from the officer's holster, spun it in his hand, and aimed it straight at the driver.

The driver's eyes widened in horror. "Don't! Don't you dare—" 1



BANG!

The sound exploded like thunder inside the vehicle. The bullet tore through the driver's arm, blood splattering the wheel and dashboard. He screamed, his hand jerking off the steering wheel in pain.

The vehicle swerved violently. The tires screeched against the road, the whole vehicle tilted.

Ryan prepared himself for the crash, gripping the handle above the seat. The fake officers screamed in fear as the driver lost full control. The car spun, tipping sideways.

CRASH!

The world twisted upside down. The glasses shattered, and their bodies turned upside down. The van tumbled once, twice, before finally slamming to the tarred road on its side.

Smoke escaped from the engine, as it began to burn.

Ryan groaned, his head throbbing, but his instincts pushed him past the pain. He shoved the limp bodies off him, kicked the door repeatedly until it gave way, and crawled out into the open air.

He turned back immediately. The wrecked vehicle was beginning to burn.

"No time," Ryan muttered under his breath. He yanked open the doors and dragged each of the groaning men out, one by one, throwing them onto the road.

The driver wailed in pain, clutching his bleeding arm. Another officer spat blood from his broken nose.

The third lay barely conscious, groaning weakly. Ryan ignored their



suffering. He pulled his phone from his pocket, snapping several pictures of the tattoos etched into their arms, clear evidence of their true allegiance to Lord Ryder.

His fingers moved fast. He sent the pictures to Detective Mark.

MESSAGE: "Bring your men now! Side of the highway. These aren't police, they're Falcon Creed. They are not in anyway working to stand by the law, instead they carry out others from Lord Ryder."

It didn't take long for his phone to buzz. Mark's voice trembled through the speaker. "Mr. Walker... are you sure? Do you know what you're saying? If that's true—"

Ryan cut him off sharply. "Mark, listen to me. Don't panic, just do as I say. Bring your men, and don't come lightly. The head of police must be involved this time. I'll make sure these impostors don't vanish into thin air."

Mark hesitated. "Mr. Walker, I'm afraid—"

Ryan's tone dropped, sounding low and commanding. "Don't be. If you're afraid, then Ryder has already won. I'll be waiting..." 1

Minutes later, sirens wailed faintly in the distance. Mark arrived with his team.

Their eyes were wide at the wreckage and the groaning bodies sprawled on the roadside.

Ryan stood calm the moment Detective Mark approached. He pointed down at the three men. "These are Ryder's dogs, dressed as police. They faked an arrest, planning to kill me and bury me without a trace."

Mark crouched, rolling back one man's sleeve. His eyes widened when he



saw the black falcon tattoo in real life aside the photos Ryan had sent him. "Dear God..."

Ryan's voice hardened. "Now you understand."

Mark's men quickly cuffed the thugs, pinning them to the ground. One cried out in pain, but Ryan showed no mercy, his eyes were cold.

Within twenty minutes, another convoy arrived, this time with the head of police himself. He stepped out, surveying the scene with anger.

"Impostors?" he barked.

Ryan stepped forward, showing him the tattoos and explaining everything.

"These men infiltrated your force," Ryan said coldly. "They disgraced your uniform. They planned to kill me. But not anymore."

The head of police's face darkened. He ordered his men to drag the fake officers up. "Strip them of those uniforms. Right here and now."

The uniforms were ripped off, leaving the men exposed in plain clothes, the falcon tattoos was now clear.

The head of police pulled out his phone, recording the scene himself. His voice was loud. "These men are not officers of the law. They are enemies of the public. Let this be a warning, verify every officer you meet. The Falcon Creed will not hide among us any longer."

The video was released immediately to the press. Within hours, the news exploded across the city. The people of the city, once fearful, now had proof that Ryder's claws had reached deep into the system, but also proof that she was being exposed.

Ryan watched silently, but his victory wasn't complete yet. He wasn't finished.

From the wrecked vehicle, Ryan took one phone belonging to one of the three men.

He quickly made a call to Lord Ryder using the phone.

It took no time for Lord Ryder to pick up. She didn't know it was Ryan. She thought it was one of her men.

"Good," she said coldly. "You've got Walker, haven't you? Don't waste time. Make sure to shoot him dead and dump his body where it will never be found. Do not return without proof."

Ryan's lips curled into a slow, dangerous smile. He brought the phone closer to his mouth.

"Unfortunately for you, Ryder... this is Ryan Walker speaking."

There was silence. Then a sharp intake of breath.

"What?" she hissed.

Ryan chuckled darkly. "Surprised? You should be. Your little plan failed. Your men are rotting in a cell, stripped of their uniforms. And you, Ryder ... you've just been declared a public enemy. Every armed force in this city is heading straight for your villa as we speak."

For once, Lord Ryder's voice faltered. "You... you're lying."

"Am I?" Ryan said smoothly. "Check your feeds. The announcement is everywhere already. You're exposed. The world knows you are not just a business woman"



There was shuffling in the background. Ryder's voice grew sharp, panicked as he spoke to one of his men.

"Get the jet ready! Now! Prepare everything... we're leaving the country."

Ryan's smile widened as he listened. "Running already? I thought you once said you own this city? But let me make one thing very clear before you flee..."

His tone dropped to a deadly whisper.

"I own this city, not you," Ryan said.

And with that, Ryan ended the call, his finger pressing the button.