

Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 1

I'm Someone Else Chapter 1

“Oh, Felice. Chicks love bad boys. You don’t expect me to be like that boyfriend of yours, who hasn’t taken you to bed despite being in a relationship with you all these years, do you?”

“Why are you bringing him up now, Walt?!”

Thomas Clifford was standing outside the room looking like he had seen a ghost as he listened to the sounds that filtered out. He knew that woman’s voice very well. It belonged to Felice Lott, his girlfriend!

It felt as if a stick of dynamite had exploded inside Thomas’ head. His ears were ringing.

He had been in an eight-year relationship with Felice. All this while, he had been serving in the army, and every month, he would set aside just a little bit of allowance for himself and send the rest of his paycheck to Felice, including his bonuses for every successful mission. He was an orphan, but she had a family to support. Her parents were getting older, and she had a younger brother who was still in school.

In other words, for the past eight years, he, Thomas Clifford, was the one who funded her entire family!

Even though he earned all that money by risking his life on a multitude of dangerous missions, he never complained about using it to support Felice’s family.

In his heart, he considered Felice’s family his own as well!

And yet, what are you doing now? Cheating on me?

How can you do this to me?

Thomas couldn’t take it anymore. He kicked the door down and marched into the room.

The sound of the door banging open gave the couple in bed a fright.

Felice didn't have time to put her clothes back on. She scrambled to use the covers to hide her naked body.

However, she froze when she saw that it was Thomas who came in.

"T-Thomas? Shouldn't you be at... Why did you come back?"

"What about it? Am I not supposed to come back? Weren't you the one who said you were waiting for me every single time we talked on the phone? Is this what you meant by waiting for me?" Thomas questioned icily as he dumped his luggage on the floor.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he never would've dreamed that this woman, the one who called him up each month asking for money, the one who swore he was the only one she would marry, the one who pledged her undying love for him, would do such a thing!

Wasn't this a slap in the face right now?

"Here I was wondering who it could be! So, Thomas Clifford is back, huh?! Haha!"

The man, who was engaging in horizontal activities with Felice, smirked as he commented haughtily.

So what if you caught Felice and me in bed? What can you do about it, Thomas?

Who asked you to serve in the army? Who asked you to not take this pretty girlfriend of yours to bed?

Well, if you're not going to touch her, then I'll do it on your behalf! Not only did I bed her, but I also took great pleasure in doing it! You should be honored that I'm teaching your woman the pleasures of life!

Walt Fisher's body began to burn up again as he recalled the reactions that Felice had in bed. Nothing would make him happier than to reenact all of it right in front of Thomas!

Thomas knew who this man was. Walt Fisher was a well-known local hooligan. They got into fights fairly frequently before Thomas joined the army. Walt was a stereotypical thug, and Thomas remembered that Walt had even

given Felice's father such a heavy beating that he had to be hospitalized! It might've even turned fatal had the police not arrived in time to stop him.

"Well, since you've seen it now, Thomas, I won't bother hiding it from you!" Felice declared. "Actually, I've been seeing Walt for quite some time now, but because you were deployed on a mission, I didn't want to let you get distracted by this, so that's why I didn't tell you."

Felice didn't think she could be blamed for cheating. She could even count the number of times they'd held hands in the past eight years, let alone anything else. She was just a weak woman. How was she supposed to survive in this cutthroat society without someone to support her?

Walt looked at Thomas and said, "Since you're back, there's no rush. Get out. You can have your fun once I'm done."

"Oh, my. What are you saying, Walt?!" Felice exclaimed coyly.

The fire in Thomas' eyes almost seemed to set the room ablaze.

"Relax. I'm just fooling around with this b*tch. She's still yours. I'm not taking her, but I might still be keen on having some fun with her in the future. Look at those bosoms of hers, and those legs! Tsk, tsk, tsk, I can't bring myself to stop."

Huff!

Thomas exhaled to release some of his pent-up emotions. In his fury, he was sorely tempted to slaughter the cheating couple right there and then, but his reason was holding him back. His identity was a little complicated right now. He couldn't get involved in any sort of trouble. It was best to keep a low profile.

Seeing that Thomas was still standing there, Walt's expression darkened. "What is it? You're not satisfied with that? Fine!"

Walt got out of bed and started putting his clothes on. "Since you just came back, I shall be charitable just this once and let you have your fun first. I'll wait for you outside. Good enough? As for the way you interrupted my fun, well, I've got a big heart. I won't hold it against you, but you better remember not to do it again!"

“Not to do it again?”

Is Walt telling me not to do it again?

Would any man stand for this level of humiliation?

“What’s the big deal about asking you to wait outside, Thomas? I don’t even mind that you’ve seen me naked. Why are you making such a big fuss?”

Felice rolled her eyes and grumbled disdainfully.

Walt’s a well-known member of the local ‘society,’ whereas you, Thomas, are nothing more than a lousy soldier. He’s already kind enough to not hold it against you, and he’s even letting you have me first. I’m still your girlfriend anyway, so what more do you want?

Aren’t you pushing your luck?

Thomas chuckled after hearing what Felice had to say. It had finally struck him just how meaningless it was for him to get upset over a woman like her.

As for all the money he had given her throughout the last few years, well, he decided to forget about it. He would just think of it as his contribution to the relationship he thought they had!

After thinking things through, Thomas picked up his luggage from the floor and turned to leave.

Walt and Felice exchanged a look. They could tell that Thomas wasn’t planning on coming back again.

“Hold it!”

Felice called out to Thomas to stop him.

Thomas turned his head back and asked with a frown, “What else do you want?”

“Money, duh. You’ve gotten your paycheck by now, right? Are you making a bank transfer or are you giving me cash?”

“Hm? You still have the gall to ask me for money?”

“What’s with all the nonsense?!” Walt bellowed. “Take out all the money you have on you right now. Do it! You’re not leaving this house until you hand all of it over!”

I’m Someone Else Chapter 2

“That’s right! Even if we’re breaking up, you should give me some money for breaking up with me!”

Felice, who was still on the bed, immediately backed Walt up.

The money that Thomas had been giving her for the last eight years was her whole family’s main source of income! Naturally, Walt benefited greatly from this as well!

Thomas might be nothing more than a soldier, but the missions he was deployed on were the most dangerous kinds. It meant that his salary and bonuses were a hefty amount as well!

Over the last eight years, the money Thomas had given her was akin to a small fortune!

This was why she had hidden her relationship with Walt from Thomas on purpose.

Not wanting to let Thomas be distracted was nothing more than a flimsy excuse! She couldn’t care less what happened to him, as long as there was money being transferred into her bank account each month!

She was determined to seize this opportunity to dig out as much money as she could from Thomas!

Thomas’ overwhelming anger made him laugh. He stared at Walt and asked, “You said I can’t leave this place if I don’t give you any money, but I’m curious to know just how you plan on keeping me here.”

Walt snorted, and a dagger seemed to magically appear in his hands. “What’s all this? Do you think you’re something special now just because you’ve been in the army for a few years? Shall I turn you into a fountain?”

“Thomas, you better give in while you still can! Walt is one of the best fighters around here! You’re nothing but an ant to him!” Felice’s tone was full of mocking. “You have two choices in front of you right

now. Either give us all your money and save yourself a trip to the hospital or take a good beating from Walt first before handing all of your money over. It’s up to you!”

“One of the best fighters, huh?” Thomas gestured at Walt to bring it on. “Well, Mr. Best Fighter, if you don’t mind spending a few days in the hospital, you’re welcome to try!”

“You motherf*cker!” Walt’s eyes flashed menacingly as he swung the dagger right at Thomas’ abdomen.

Do you think you can make me end up in the hospital?

Did you get kicked in the head or something?

You should’ve asked around first. Everyone knows just how good of a fighter I am.

At the same time, Thomas made his move as well.

His large fist crashed against Walt’s outstretched wrist.

Clang!

Crack!

The crisp sound of a bone breaking into two echoed in the room. Thomas had moved so quickly that Walt didn’t even notice he had made a move.

The dagger fell to the floor as Walt howled in pain while stumbling to the ground as well.

“What... H-How’s that possible?” Felice was stupefied.

Walt was even more dumbfounded. What just happened? Why’s my wrist hurting all of a sudden? Did Thomas cast a spell or something?

“One of the best fighters, huh? I’ll start by breaking your arms, then!”

Thomas had been holding himself back from the moment he stepped foot in this place, but the pair of cheaters wanted a mile after being given an inch! Not only did his girlfriend cheat on him, but she and her paramour wanted to blackmail him too!

It was true that he didn't have an income now, but even if he were the richest man on the planet, there was no chance in hell that he would give them anything!

Once tolerance reached its limit, there was no point in tolerating it any longer!

Who cares if you're the best fighter or the worst? No one stands a chance against me!

"Arghhhh!"

Walt's agonizing screams echoed in the room. His other hand suffered a similar fate to its twin.

Since you're one of the best fighters, I can't just break one hand, right?

Felice was visibly trembling in bed. She couldn't help it. The Thomas she knew was a meek and gentle guy. It was her first time seeing him this violent!

Was he still the same Thomas she knew?

Once Thomas was done, he adjusted his clothes and smirked derisively as he glanced at Walt, who was limp on the ground.

"Let this be your lesson. Don't think that I'm a pushover because I joined the army. I'm not someone you can try to bully!"

He then walked out of the rented house and roamed down the busy streets in somewhat of a daze.

Where was his home now in this great big world?

In the past, he thought that the secret military base was his home, but in the end, it became his nightmare...

In the past, he thought that the rented house was his home, but in the end, he realized that his eight years of youth and money had been pouring down the drain!

Thomas wanted to take his phone out of his pocket to check the time, but he ended up retrieving a quaint little jade angel pendant.

His eyes misted over when he saw the angel pendant.

One look at the angel pendant, and he could almost see the battlefield in front of him again.

“Thomas, take care of my little sister for me...”

These were the last words of Thomas’ best buddy in the army, Zachary Hahn. He was also Thomas’ liaison.

Thomas had a nickname. He was known as the King of Marksmen, both in Droycore, his home country, and internationally as well.

Once upon a time, he considered it an honor.

Now, the nickname only served to make him feel depressed, despaired, and humiliated.

It was because he was the King of Marksmen who had personally ‘shot’ his own liaison to death!

And it was also the reason why Thomas made a promise to himself after leaving the military base. He swore to never touch a gun again!

Zachary had been the one who gave Thomas the pendant. It was a gift from Zachary’s sister for Zachary’s birthday.

Thomas clutched the pendant tightly and muttered to himself, “Don’t worry, Zachary. I’ll do all your unfinished business for you!”

The bustling crowd swept past, and no one noticed that Thomas’ face was covered in tears.

Men didn’t shed tears easily, but they did when there was something worth grieving over!

“Hey, you b*tch! Hurry up and open the door! I know you’re in there!”

Seven or eight burly men were standing outside one of the dilapidated houses in the city's slum area. They were covered in tattoos and didn't look as if they were up to anything good.

Meanwhile, an ashen-faced, frail-looking young woman stood just behind the door. She was noticeably terrified by their presence.

"Chloe Hahn, don't think that being silent is enough to make us think you're not in there! If you don't open the door right now, I'll open it for you! This sorry excuse of a door will smash to smithereens with just one kick!"

"No! Don't!" Chloe exclaimed.

She could barely feed herself as it is. If the door to the house was broken, she would be forced to leave the house open to the world at all times!

Chloe quivered as she opened the door, and her terror mounted as she glanced at the burly men outside.

"Get out of the way!"

The burly man in the lead shoved Chloe aside, and the others shuffled into the house.

"So, when are you going to pay up?"

"I-I really don't have any money right now. Can't you g-give me a few more days? I'll get the money and pay you back!"

"A few more days? Don't even think about it!"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 3

The burly man, Nate Poole, glared at her and fumed, "Chloe Hahn, don't act like I haven't shown you any mercy. When we signed the loan contract, it was clearly stated that you need to pay up by the fifteenth of this month. Well, it's the end of the month now! How can you ask for a few more days? Are you trying to skip out on the loan?"

"No, of course not, Mr. Poole. I really don't have any money."

"No money, huh? Hasn't Twilight Bar given out this month's paychecks? Where's yours?"

“I-I used the money to pay for my father’s hospital fees!”

“F*cking hell!” Nate cursed. “So, you have the money to pay for medical treatments for that d*mn father of yours, but no money to pay me back, huh? Do you think I’m running a charity?”

“Nate, why are you wasting your breath on her? Let’s just go around the house and take whatever’s valuable,” one of Nate’s lackeys suggested.

Nate paused. His eyes flicked across the shabby room, and his lips twitched.

Smack!

“Ouch!” The man who had spoken rubbed his head and asked resentfully, “Why did you hit me, Nate?”

“So what if I did? Bashing you up won’t make up for the grief you caused me. Why don’t you take a f*cking look around? Does it look like there’s anything valuable in here? Do you know how much she owes me? 50 thousand! Forget about the things in here. Even the selling price of this house won’t be enough to cover the debt!”

“U-Um, Mr. Poole...” Chloe spoke up weakly. “I’m renting this house... so I can’t sell it...”

“F*cking hell!” Nate felt as if he was going to get an aneurysm. He was so pissed off that he nearly choked up blood. Is it your life’s mission to make me mad, little girl?

Chloe seemed to have realized that it was poor timing for her to say something like that, so she took a step back and eyed Nate in fear.

All of a sudden, Nate’s eyes lit up. “Look at how pretty this chick is. Why am I worried about not getting my money back?”

“Hehe!”

Nate’s men started leering after hearing what he said.

Clearly, all of them knew what Nate meant. They threw lascivious looks at Chloe.

“Here’s what we’ll do. I’ll tell the manager at your bar that from tonight onward, you’ll start taking clients. I’m sure that with these looks of yours, you’ll raise all the money you need to pay me back in a matter of days!”

“No! Mr. Poole, I—”

Before she could finish speaking, Nate waved his hand and cut her off. “How’s this then? You said you wanted me to give you a few more days, right? Well, I won’t be too hard on you. Let’s have some fun, and I’ll give you a three-day extension. How’s that?”

“No! I don’t want to!”

“Hey, you b*tch! Be grateful when I’m being nice to you!” Nate flew into a rage and slapped her hard on the face.

“Ahh!” Chloe crashed to the ground from the forceful slap. The corner of her lips began to bleed.

Nate came over and grabbed her by the hair. “You chose the hard way yourself. You’re working at a bar, so why bother pretending to be a class act? You should be thanking your lucky stars that you get to serve me!”

“I work at a bar because it pays well! And enough to cover my father’s medical fees! I’m not that kind of woman!” Chloe declared staunchly.

“Oh, stop acting tough!”

“Yeah. Maybe you won’t have to pay the 50 thousand back if you give Nate a good time!”

“It’s not like you’re losing out on anything by having some fun with Nate. Tons of women in Irieson would kill at the chance of getting with Nate, but he doesn’t even spare them a glance!”

Nate’s men all started cackling and kicking up a fuss.

“Hahaha! Hear that? Come. Let’s have some fun!”

Nate was secretly thrilled at the thought of having his way with this innocent and pretty young beauty.

Chloe tried her best to escape from him, but she was a weak young woman who didn't know how to fight. How could she possibly stand a chance against Nate, who was burly and muscular? All her struggles were futile.

In the end, she closed her eyes in despair as tears flowed down her captivating face.

Why?! Why is the world treating me like this?! What did I do wrong?!

Just as she began to lament the injustice in her life, she heard a loud sound.

Crash!

Chloe felt a gust of air that seemed to have brought dust and splintered wood with it, and the forceful grip that had been holding her down vanished!

She raised her head in a daze and saw the man that appeared so suddenly.

He had a khaki jacket on. His stubble, slender frame, and pale complexion made him look like someone who had dispirited with life, but none of it could hide the piercing look in his eyes.

He had a large travel bag in one hand while the other was holding onto a chair that only had one of its legs intact. All the while, he was staring coldly at Nate.

Then, Chloe looked at Nate, who was clutching his forehead with both hands. Blood trickled between his fingers.

Nate was stunned into disbelief. He stared dumbly at Thomas as he hadn't figured out what was happening yet.

Even his men were all staring at Thomas in shock.

None of them knew when this person had barged into the house!

It was almost as if Thomas had just appeared out of thin air!

Was this what Muhammad Ali meant by 'float like a butterfly and sting like a bee?'

"How dare you f*cking hit me? Do you know who I am?!" Nate stood up and roared.

Thomas smirked condescendingly.

“I don’t care who you are. I, Thomas Clifford, won’t let anyone bully my sister, and if you do, I’ll tear your skin off!”

“Thomas Clifford? You’re Thomas?” Chloe exclaimed excitedly. Although she had never met Thomas, she was very familiar with his name. He was the one that her brother Zachary mentioned the most whenever they talked on the phone!

“What the f*ck? Get him, guys!”

Nate’s men charged over.

Crash! Bang! Slam!

Thomas showed no sign of fear as he took them head-on. Fist after fist, he moved through the crowd of burly men as if he were a fish swimming in water. After all, it was not as if he had gone through military training for nothing. In less than a minute, Nate was the only one still standing.

Nate trembled. Sweat formed along his brow. Someone who did his business in the underground world couldn’t be a total fool. He knew very well that a guy who could defeat six of his men without even breaking a sweat was no ordinary guy.

“Who are you?” Nate was glaring so hard at Thomas that his eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets.

All was silent, and the tension in the air seemed to choke those who attempted to breathe.

“I’m your father.” Thomas crossed his arms and cocked his eyebrows.

Derision. Disdain. His look of condescension made it seem like he was looking at a bug on the side of the road.

Nate’s face twitched as he turned crimson. He took a dagger out of his waistband and charged forward with the blade aimed at Thomas’ throat as he roared, “I’ll kill you!”

The blade glinted as it grew closer to Thomas’ throat.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 4

Thomas eyed Nate icily. He remained in his spot as he grabbed one of Nate's wrists with ease. His eyes narrowed. "Was it this hand? The one you used to touch my sister?"

To Nate, Thomas sounded like a demon who called out to him from behind the gates of hell. Every word struck fear into his soul.

The men that Nate brought with him cowered weakly as they stared at Thomas as if he were the devil incarnate. They couldn't even make a sound.

Crack!

The very next second, the sound of cracking bones rang out—Thomas had broken Nate's arm. His blood gushed out as the bone jutted out through the skin.

Clang!

The dagger fell to the ground, and the sound struck fear in everyone's hearts.

Thomas ignored Nate, who was writhing on the ground and screaming in agony, and he continued walking forward.

"Let's forget about it, Thomas!" Chloe was a little terrified as well. She knew the status Nate had in Irieson. He was one of the more vicious ones too. He had to be to run such a large loan shark syndicate in town. Anyone who pissed him off would probably not live to tell the tale.

"We can't forget about it! I don't care who he hurts, but I won't let him hurt you!"

Thomas' eyes were as cold as ice. Even the room seemed to grow a lot colder with his presence.

Right now, Thomas seemed to be under some kind of spell. He couldn't think of anything else except to give this Nate fellow a taste of his own medicine!

Thomas didn't have anyone he was close to anymore!

Once upon a time, the only person that kept him going was his ex-girlfriend, Felice, but now, even she had betrayed him.

The only person in this entire world that he could consider family now was Chloe!

Chloe was Zachary's little sister, which meant that she was his little sister too!

Anyone who hurts her must pay! If not with their life, then with their blood!

Even the humiliation that he suffered at Walt and Felice's hands didn't enrage Thomas as much as he was now. It was one thing to disrespect him, but he wasn't about to let anyone disrespect his sister!

Those who wanted to would have to take it up with his fists first!

"I'm scared, Thomas."

It was these words of Chloe's that made Thomas regain some clarity. At the same time, he stopped what he was about to do.

Nate's eyes flickered back and forth. He immediately sensed just how important Chloe was to Thomas, so he quickly changed tack. "I'm sorry, Chloe! I was wrong! Please ask your brother to have mercy on me! So long as your brother lets me off the hook, you can take all the time you want to pay me back! Take all the time you need! I won't come and hound you ever again! How's that?"

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes! I swear! We can forget about the debt entirely, as long as you have mercy on me today!"

Nate was on the verge of tears. He did love his money, but he loved his life even more.

"Thomas..."

Thomas exhaled heavily. "So, you owe him money?"

"Yeah!" Chloe nodded.

"How much?"

"I borrowed 40 thousand from their company for my father's surgery. It was so expensive that even the money my brother sent us wasn't enough to cover the

medical fees. I had no choice but to take out a loan from a private lender, but who would've known that the debt would've increased to 50 thousand when barely a month has passed?"

Thomas eyed Nate. "Is that true?"

"Hey, man... Who cares about the money? It's not important! Don't bother paying it back! Just let me go."

Thomas opened up his bag to reveal a pile of cash that caught everyone's attention.

He took three thousand out of the pile and pocketed it before tossing the bag over to Nate. "You guys have no one but yourselves to blame for the injuries you've suffered today! We're not the type to take advantage of others, so we'll pay the money that we're owed! There's 50 thousand in there, no more, no less. Go ahead and count it!"

Thomas' expression was a little unnatural because the 50 thousand was the death gratuity for Zachary!

The remaining three thousand was the savings he managed to build up from being frugal with his money over the last five years.

Using the 50 thousand was his last resort. He didn't want to touch that money, but he didn't go through the proper channels to leave his military base, so he didn't have any other funds or a veteran's pension at his disposal.

Nate gave Thomas a look as his mouth twitched.

"You want me to count the money? You broke one of my arms! How am I supposed to count the money? With my feet?"

That was what he wanted to say out loud. Naturally, he didn't. Life was good, and he wanted to carry on living.

"I don't need to count it! Not at all! You must be joking, sir!" Nate barked at his bunch of slack-eyed men. "What the f*ck are you guys waiting for? Hurry up and help me out of here!"

"Huh? Oh! Yes! Right away!"

Nate's men got up hastily before scampering off with Nate and the bag of money.

From the looks of it, they were afraid that if they were too slow, Thomas might change his mind.

Once the men were gone, Chloe turned to Thomas and said respectfully, "Thank you, Thomas!"

Thomas shook his head. Truth be told, he didn't think that Chloe should be thanking him for anything. All he did was use the compensation for Zachary's death to pay off his sister's loans. That was it.

However, Chloe wasn't about to let Thomas off just like that.

"Thomas!"

"Hm?"

"Is my brother... doing alright?"

Her words cut Thomas like a knife. It stabbed him right in the heart.

He tried to change the subject. "You said your father had surgery. How did it go? Is he okay now?"

He had previously heard that women had an uncannily accurate sixth sense. He didn't believe it back then, but he did now.

Chloe's smile faded. "Thomas, why are you changing the subject? Did something happen to my brother?"

Her expressive eyes became teary again. It looked like she was about to flood the room with her tears.

"Of course not! Your brother's fine," Thomas quickly refuted.

"Really?"

"Absolutely! Of course, it's real."

"Then, why hasn't he called me this month like he was supposed to?"

“That’s because... he’s on a mission in Africa right now. You know how bad reception can be in some places over there.”

Thomas had no other option but to lie through his teeth. He didn’t want the young woman in front of him to drown in sorrow.

“Oh! Hahaha! That’s great!”

When it came down to it, Chloe was still a young and innocent girl. She was all smiles again once she heard what he said.

It wasn’t the same as her previous polite smile. It was a genuine smile that came from the heart.

“By the way, Thomas, are you on a break right now? Is that why you’re here in Irieson? When you return to the military base, please don’t tell my brother about what’s been going on with the family, okay?”

Thomas froze. He forgot to respond to her.

“Please, Thomas? Don’t tell my brother about how we’re doing. I don’t want him to worry about us. If he asks, just say that everything’s fine!”

Thomas nodded absent-mindedly. “Alright!”

“Yay! You’re the best, Thomas! You won’t lie to me, right?”

“Of course. I wouldn’t lie to you of all people.”

“Show me a smile, then.”

Thomas forced himself to flash her a faint smile.

He could tell that his smile was more of a grimace right now.