

Read Novel I'm Someone Else

I'm Someone Else Chapter 10

The younger guard pulled his companion aside and said sternly, "Keep your mouth shut. If the chief hears that, you're gonna get fired."

Realization struck the older guard. What am I doing? Why did I say that out loud? Now, this bumpkin knows I had no idea what our president's name is. If he tells her that, I'm gonna get fired. How am I supposed to be a guard if I don't even know who the company's boss is?

The guard looked at Thomas closely, and he felt a sense of relief. No way he knows our president. Look at him. He looks like a hobo. The president is the most gorgeous woman in Irieson, and this bumpkin is nothing.

She's the president of one of the top five hundred companies in the world, and this guy is just a bumpkin. No way he knows her. So why is he here anyway? And why is he seeking an audience with the president?

Is he some guy from a construction site here to whistleblow someone for money? The company's starting to expand into the construction industry, after all. The guards exchanged a look and thought that wasn't impossible.

The older guard cleared his throat and looked at Thomas cautiously. He was worried Thomas might do something stupid in the heat of the moment. "Why do you want to see her?"

Thomas smiled. "She told me I could come to her if I run into any trouble, and now I'm in trouble."

"You ran into trouble?" Thomas' answer only served to confirm the guards' suspicions. I knew it. He's here for trouble.

"Just tell me where she is and I'll find her myself." Thomas had no time to argue with these guys. Chloe's still waiting for my news. I gotta see if Olivia can help me out.

The guard peered at Thomas again. Once he confirmed that Thomas was lying, the guard said, "Miss Pearson isn't around. You need to leave."

Thomas shrugged them off. He saw the looks in their eyes and realized what they were thinking. Just because I'm not in a suit, they think I'm a hobo. Dumb*sses.

"Is that so? Alright. I'll just wait for her inside." Thomas' face fell. He saw no need to be courteous to *ssholes like these guards and directly strode toward the building's entrance.

"What are you doing? Bumpkins aren't allowed here!"

"Hold it right there, bub! Do you have any idea what this place is? Hold it, or we'll be forced to use violence!"

The guards quickly stopped Thomas. They didn't expect him to just barge into the company.

And then a beautiful silhouette appeared in the lobby. Her long hair was tied back into a sleek ponytail. She was elegant, smart, and gorgeous. She was Olivia Pearson.

Olivia looked at her assistant. "I need to talk to Mr. Munich about the partnership. Is the car ready?"

Amy nodded. "Yes, ma'am, but we don't have a driver yet."

Olivia frowned. "We don't have a choice. I'll drive."

"Huh?" Amy was speechless. She knew how terrible Olivia's driving was. Olivia had a driving license, but every time she drove, a car would be totaled. It hadn't been two weeks, but she had already sent three cars to the mechanic for repairs.

Then, Olivia heard the commotion at the entrance. She approached the source of the din with a frown. "What is going on?"

She saw two guards stopping a young man from doing something. "Ma'am, he says he's here to see you. Even tried to barge into the building."

The guards knew who she was. They saw her every day. The older guard might have forgotten her name, but if he had no idea who she was when they were facing her, he might as well find another job. Unlike how they treated Thomas, they were respectful to Olivia.

Olivia looked at Thomas, and her eyes went wide with surprise. “Why are you here?”

Thomas looked back at her. “I ran into trouble, and I need your help.”

Olivia nodded. She was grateful for what he did. If it weren’t for him, those animals would have defiled her. With how uptight she was, Olivia would have taken her own life after she found out what took place. To an extent, Thomas saved her life. “This is no place to talk. Come. You can tell me everything in the conference room.”

Thomas was always a courteous guy. He felt a little sheepish seeing how nice Olivia was to him.

Olivia beckoned him to come with her, and she led the way.

Amy asked curiously, “Ma’am, what about the talks with Mr. Munich?”

“Don’t you see that I have a guest? Call Mr. Munich and tell him I might be late. And make some tea for my guest.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Amy was shocked, but she held it back. The president is always cold and disdainful to men. What happened? Why is she so nice to this blue-collar worker?

The guards who tried to stop Thomas earlier stared at his back in awe, their mouths forming comical ‘O’s.

“He’s actually the president’s guest?”

“I-Impossible.”

The guards whispered to each other incredulously.

“The president told Amy to make him tea. They must be acquainted.”

“And what did you call him? A bumpkin?”

“Hey, you said that too.”

The guards exchanged a look of despair.

“Oh, God. We crossed the president’s guest. We’re done for.”

“I can’t believe I misjudged someone. God, I wanna gouge my eyes out and get some improvements.”

The guards felt embarrassed.

Thomas didn’t dwell on the matter. After they entered the conference hall, he cut to the chase. “I need a job.”

“That’s all?”