

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 111-120

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 111

An hour later, Thomas was done brewing the medicine. He filled the thermos up with it and said he was going out.

Chloe asked, "Where are you going, Thomas?"

"I'm seeing a friend. She's sick, so I made some meds for her."

"I see." Chloe nodded.

Thomas made his way to Northpine Villa. Leaving Olivia alone at that villa was really worrying, especially since she had just healed. He was wondering when he should let her take over things at Keyshire Property. Now that he had crippled the young master of the Pearson Family, they would certainly come after him. Besides, there were a lot of people who wanted to hurt Olivia—the Hinds and the Xalmars, for example. Looks like I'll have to be with her 24/7 for a while. I can't let anyone hurt her.

A few men were having lunch in a five-star hotel in the center of the city, and it was a luxurious lunch.

A man with an ugly scar on his face hissed, "How can this happen, boss? It's been days, but we still have no idea who the killer is."

"Maybe the bounty isn't alluring enough? But there's no way. We promised seventy-five million."

A pudgy man took a swig of his wine and suggested, "I think we should up the ante."

Three of their friends were dead, and all had their heads cut off. The killer was obviously the same person. If they failed to find out who killed their friends, there was no way they could face them in the other world, but more importantly, the killer might come after them as well. If they couldn't find out who did this, then they would have to live their lives worrying if they would be killed.

The main seat at the table was taken up by a man in a tank top, and he had a tattoo of a tiger on his body. This man was the leader of Minacia Oito—Tigre.

He was the one who set up the bounty for the killer, and he narrowed his eyes. "Do you guys have any suspects?"

"Um..."

"Uh..."

Everyone frowned and tried their best to come up with a list.

"You, what do you think?"

The man with a scar on his face chuckled. "I have no idea. We have a ton of enemies running around in this city."

"Only the most powerful families are capable of killing them. Maybe they worked together? But the problem is, we also crossed a ton of powerful people and families."

"Yeah. We can't actually kill those people just to avenge the dead. We're not that powerful, and even if we are, murder on that scale is kind of..."

"What about you, then? What do you say?"

This time, a gentleman was summoned. He was in an Armani suit, and those who didn't know better would think this man came from a rich family. This man was unlike most of the Minacia Oito. He was their tactician, so to speak, and he smiled. "Did you guys cross anyone lately?"

Everyone shook their heads.

"Not me."

"Me neither."

"What about you, boss?"

Tigre shook his head in confusion.

The tactician sighed. "Remember Twilight Bar?"

Tigre's eyes went wide, and realization struck him. "So, this is about that?"

The tactician whipped out a stack of photos and tossed them to Tigre. The photos showed Johnson and his men standing in front of Twilight Bar. Johnson was the seventh member of the group, and he was the one to die at Thomas' hands.

"This was the last time Johnson appeared in the public eye, and that bar was where he went. He died almost at the same time as Bernard and James." Tristan started smoking. "I asked my men to seek out Zoe. She said Johnson did go there, but she had no idea what happened after that. Problem is, Johnson was a pervert. The reason he went to the bar was to get his hands on Zoe. However, she managed to escape him. By all accounts, she shouldn't have. Johnson would do anything to bed her, and yet Zoe said she had no idea what happened to him. Something's wrong."

Everyone nodded and waited for Tristan to continue. He took a deep breath and said, "So I'm sure Johnson died in Twilight Bar." That was why he was the tactician. Just a few days and he already had a good deduction formed.

"What? Impossible. We know that place, and there's no one there who can kill Johnson. It's just a regular bar."

Tristan looked at Pontius and smirked. "There was only one person against Johnson and his team, and he took out all of them."

"What?"

"Impossible!"

"Johnson had a ton of bodyguards, and Westsea Manor is heavily guarded! No one should've been able to penetrate it!"

Everyone saw what happened at the manor. It was a living hell, and now Tristan said that was done by a single person. If that was true, then the enemy they were facing was more powerful than they could imagine.

Tristan looked solemn. "I had no idea how that happened either, but I have another important clue. Guess who went into the bar after Johnson did?"

"Who?"

Tristan whipped out another stack of photos and handed them to everyone.

“Sean Morton?”

“William Peralta?”

“Are they involved in this?”

Tristan said, “Even if they aren’t directly involved, they must still be related to the case. After Johnson went into the bar, he chased everyone out, but then these two went inside right after that. And now they’ve purchased the bar. This is no coincidence.”

Pontius said, “Then let’s ask them if they know anything about this case.”

“No. The Mortons and the Peralta Family are powerful. We cannot risk this. If we cross them, we’re done for,” Fordan argued.

“So, we’re just going to let this slide?”

While everyone was arguing, Tigre stood up. “If we can’t touch the Morton and Peralta brat, we’ll start from that b\*tch, Zoe. And double the bounty. Hundred and fifty million.”

I’m Someone Else Chapter 112

Pontius said, “Ah, that’s a waste of time, boss. I say we kidnap that b\*tch and make her tell us everything. Wouldn’t it be more efficient that way?”

“What the f\*ck do you know?” Tigre shot him a glare, and Pontius shut up.

Everyone else looked terrified too. Tigre’s wrath was not to be trifled with. Even though they were brothers, they were still scared of Tigre. These people knew very well that Tigre was a beast inside; he had no humanity at all.

“That woman is friends with the Morton and Peralta brat, or they wouldn’t have bought her bar. Do not do anything to her. Just look into the case secretly.” He turned to Tristan. “If Zoe does know the Morton and Peralta brat, why didn’t she ask them for help right away?”

Tristan smiled. “I think they just got to know each other, or we couldn’t have done whatever we wanted to her. She could’ve used her connections to stop us.”

Realization struck Tigre. “I see. You guys shouldn’t go back home for the time being. Desperate times call for desperate measures. We’ll be moving in groups for a while.”

Tigre had reason to worry. The killer was still in the shadows, and he might be after more of them too, but no one knew whom he would target next. If they split up, the killer could easily take them out one by one.

Tigre then left the room, leaving his brothers confused. He left just like that? But he hasn’t even eaten yet. However, they then thought it was normal. Three of his brothers died, so of course his mood was sour. Even the guys who remained felt uneasy.

“Tristan, so we only have one enemy now, right? Do you have any idea who they might be? The fact they brought Westsea Manor down alone means they must really be powerful.”

“I was going to talk about that.” Tristan took out another photo and placed it on the table. It was a photo of Thomas. It was taken when he left the bar.

Everyone checked it out, wondering who this man might be. They hadn’t seen him before, and he didn’t look like anyone outstanding. At most, he was handsome. Why is he showing us this picture? To insult our looks? What the hell is up with that?

Noticing their impatience, Tristan said, “I’ve looked into this man’s case. He almost never goes to bars, and yet he was in Twilight Bar the night Johnson died, and that was the second time he showed up in the same bar. The first time he was there, he got into a fight and broke Harvey’s legs.”

“Which Harvey?”

“Joe Patton’s only son.”

“Damn, and he survived for so long?”

Tristan nodded. “And therein lies the problem. Harvey’s legs were broken, but not only did Joe not avenge him, he even gave this man three million dollars.”

“What?”

“No f\*cking way!”

Everyone was shocked. Even though Joe wasn't the most powerful man in the city, he was still an infamous old thug. There was no way a no-name guy like this one could make him submit.

"Joe isn't scared of him. He's scared of Sean and William. Don't underestimate this man. Sean and William see him as their boss. We've been working in this city for years, and we should know who's who by now, but this man is not part of any family, nor is he famous, and yet Sean and William still bow to him. Don't forget, he was there in the bar too the night Johnson died."

"Hold on a second." Pontius whipped his phone out and opened his gallery, then he placed it on the table. "Guys, I need to check something. See if this guy's the same one Tristan said."

"You know him too, Pontius?" Fordan gasped.

Dick quickly took the phone. He was wondering why Pontius had this man's photo too. When Pontius saw their reaction, he was certain that he wasn't seeing things. The moment Tristan showed Thomas' photo, he knew that guy seemed familiar, and he finally knew why. "He's the young master's target. The young master even came to me yesterday and asked me to get someone to kill him."

"What? Why? Why is he killing again?"

"What the hell is the young master doing?" Dick blurted. Ugh, the young master is such a hassle. He's stirring sh\*t up all the time. Murder is like a regular Tuesday for him. If he somehow crosses someone he shouldn't, we're all going to die.

Pontius said, "The young master hooked up with a girl lately, and this guy is her ex. I have no idea what his name is or why the young master wants him dead. All I know is that the killers he sent earlier are all six feet under now. That's why he came to me. Something's wrong with this punk."

Dick quickly said, "We're looking into this man's case right away." This man was their prime suspect. He had the skills and time to kill off Minacia Oito, after all. The young master these people were referring to was the very same who killed Walt—Leslie. It was a small world. Thomas would never have guessed that Minacio Oito was also an acquaintance of Walt.

“Um...” Pontius looked a little miffed. “Mr. Leslie told me to kill that man in three days. What should I do?” Pontius was in a dilemma. The fact that William and Sean worship this man alone makes it impossible for me to attack him. If I did, William and Sean would go after me. And if this man was the one who killed my friends, if I tried to attack him, the man would destroy me too.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 113

The Mortons and the Peralta Family would be a hassle to deal with too.

“You can't kill him. At least not now,” said Tristan. If Sean and William are involved, it'd make things more difficult.

Pontius' back was drenched with sweat. Good thing I have Tristan. If I had tried to attack this man, I would have become Sean and William's target. Good thing Tristan is smart, or I would have been dead by now.

Indeed, he was lucky. He should have died a few days ago, but Thomas was preoccupied with something else. By the time Thomas was done with his business, Minacia Oito had realized someone was killing them.

“I know I can't kill him, but what should I tell Mr. Leslie? He specifically told me to do this, or he's going to kill me.”

“Gah, why are you so scared of him? He's a useless piece of trash who wastes his time f\*cking around with women. If this was his father, we might have to talk it out, but him? You can ignore him,” snapped Fordan. This is a suicide mission for Pontius, you dipsh\*t. What are you thinking, Leslie?

“He's right. We're not their personal guards. We can help them out with some of the more trivial matters, but not this. We don't take orders from anyone, especially not useless bums like Leslie,” Tristan said.

“You have to thank Tristan, Pontius. If he hadn't stopped you, Tigre would have chewed you out. Had you attacked this man, Sean and William would have stepped in.”

Pontius quickly nodded. I am not going to touch this man. “Okay, sure. Leslie can eat sh\*t for all I care.”

Dick mused over something and solemnly said, "Change of plans. We can't look into this man. If Sean or William finds out, we'll be in big trouble. We'll go with Tigre's plan and start our investigation with Zoe."

"God, just hearing that name makes me mad!" Fordan snorted. "She's f\*cking lucky she escaped this."

"Seems like someone wants to sleep around again." Pontius winked at him. Zoe was a beautiful woman after all, and she was hot too. Just thinking about her filled him with desire. If she hadn't found herself some powerful backers, Pontius would make her sleep with him too.

Everyone looked at the empty seats and sighed. If their brothers were still here, life would be much more fun. They could eat, drink, and be merry all day, yet death took them away too soon. All the hard work they had put in meant nothing now, at least to the dead.

"Just you wait, guys. We'll find the killer and avenge you guys."

"If I find out who the killer is, I'll destroy their family."

Thomas was in the villa, musing about his business. Weird. Why did Pontius disappear all of a sudden? I've been waiting outside his house for the whole day, but he didn't come back. Where did he go? Did they find me out? No, I made sure to do my job cleanly. I left no clues. I swear I'll kill all of them. I will not let Dominic die in vain. And that b\*stard, Tigre, still has his head. I will take it back from him. I don't care how powerful your backers are, but from the moment you hurt my friend, you've signed a death warrant. If your backers want vengeance, then they can come to me, but I don't guarantee their survival.

"A-Are you alright, Thomas?" Olivia noticed the look on Thomas' face, and she was worried. It had been an hour since he fell silent, and his face was slowly contorting with anger. What is he thinking?

Thomas snapped out of it and mumbled, "It's nothing." She shouldn't know about this. Olivia's in enough danger as it is, and dragging her into this won't do her any good.

Since Thomas wouldn't explain, Olivia sat beside him and stared at his face. Oh, his eyes are so mesmerizing. So... deep set. I can get lost in his eyes. Men were like books, or some people would say that. All Olivia wanted was to



read the book called Thomas. “So why aren’t you using my BMW Z4 now?” It had been a while since I saw that car. He’s been driving the Maserati around.

“I wanted to change things up,” Thomas lied. He couldn’t tell her the car was bombed, or she’d be worried sick.

“Sure. I’m not a part of the family anymore, and that car belongs to them.” I’m not the company’s president anymore, so the car isn’t mine. It belongs to them now.

“I’ll get a new one for you. We have enough money to buy anything.” Thomas smiled. Olivia might no longer be the Pearson Group’s president, but she was Keyshire Property’s president now. She needed a good car, and one better than a Z4. Otherwise, everyone’s going to say she couldn’t survive after leaving the Pearsons. The car isn’t what I care about, but Olivia’s reputation must be upheld.

“Really?” Olivia blinked, looking excited. She had always wanted her own car, but she had no money. Every expense must pass through the company’s finance department, and the money she lent to Thomas came from her own pocket. To be exact, it was gift money from her grandfather.

“Of course.” Thomas was amused. “Hey, you’re not expecting me to pay, are you? You saw how much I gave you. Three hundred million, and I didn’t even take a single cent. I need you to support me now.”

“Wait, then that makes you a leech.”

“Leeching off you is my ultimate dream.”

I’m Someone Else Chapter 114

Olivia burst into laughter, and Thomas looked at her silently. Broken bones take a long time to heal. Even though her bones are healed now, she still has to rest for a while longer.

Eventually, Olivia stopped laughing and proudly said, “Then you’re going to work for me. I’m going to fatten you up, just you see.”

“Sure.”

Olivia stopped talking, though she thought better of Thomas now. He was gentle, and she felt safe enough with him. Moreover, he had a sense of humor too. Not many men out there had these qualities. Even though she had never dated anyone, she could still see that Thomas was a rare one.

Thomas left the villa in the evening and went to Pontius' house again, but like before, no one showed up no matter how long he waited. Thomas sat in his car, frowning. What's going on? He checked out the houses of the other four, and no one was there either. They shouldn't have found me out, which leaves one explanation. They're scared. Scared that they might die like their brothers, so they're hiding. Sh\*t. This is a big city. If they're hiding, where can I even find them? He lit a cigarette and went back to the villa, smoking in his car.

He couldn't go back to his own home, or Olivia would be left alone at the villa. If he hadn't made it in time previously, Olivia would have been dead, and he wouldn't have had any idea that the Xalmars were behind it. Thomas didn't want something dangerous like this to happen again, so he stayed with Olivia.

When he arrived at the villa, he saw her sleeping on the couch, and he sighed. What is she doing? She has a big bed, and yet she's sleeping on the couch? And without a blanket too. If I let her sleep out here all night, she's going to catch a cold. He gently picked her up and placed her on the bed, then he tucked her in and tiptoed out of the room. Thomas then went into one of the guest rooms and tried to sleep, but he couldn't. He tossed and turned all night.

According to Quincy, only six months were left before Olivia would be sacrificed to a certain mysterious figure. I must protect her when that happens, but I'm just one man. Perhaps I should start my preparations now. The six families are involved in this. If Olivia refuses to be sacrificed, all the families will be destroyed. They'll do anything to take her from me. Her family's too much of a coward to stop them. I want to, but I can't guarantee a perfect rescue, and I'm alone.

He couldn't stay with Olivia all the time. He had to sleep and take bathroom breaks and go out for some business. Chloe had just recovered too, and he missed her. In a way, she was his sister. He was only with Olivia because there was no one out there trying to harm Chloe, but he had to visit her from time to time. Damn it, I'm stretched too thin. Ugh, do I really have to ask for a favor from them? I really don't want to drag them into this unless absolutely necessary.

Eventually, Thomas drifted to sleep, and he snored loudly. He was exhausted. This was the first good sleep he had ever since he came back to the city. Of course, part of that was because he hadn't slept a wink the night before.

Blake was in the Hind Residence, enraged. Everything he could get his hands on in the house was smashed to pieces, and his brother stood beside him, quiet and unmoving. If he did anything that got his brother's attention, he might take his anger out on him. I wouldn't want that to happen. Jake might be the head of the family, but the real pillar of the household was Blake, and everyone in the upper society knew that.

"They call themselves professional killers? Useless, the lot of them!" Blake was going mad with rage. His sources told him that, despite his disbelief, Thomas was alive. If you can't do it, then don't brag! You went all in with explosions and sniper rifles, but that b\*stard still lives! What the hell are you doing? This is a waste of my money! I'm not going to hire any more killers for this. They're nothing but scammers.

Eventually, Jake couldn't take it anymore, so he muttered, "What now, Blake?"

Blake didn't answer. He was still seething and fuming. Jake found himself in an awkward situation, and he stopped talking.

More than half an hour later, Blake's fury finally subsided, and only then did he speak. "Where is he right now? Where is Thomas?"

"Northpine Villa." Jake couldn't believe that Thomas was alive. He saw the news and how deadly that explosion was. And yet he still lives?

"Do you know the specific address?"

Jake quickly handed Blake some files. Blake went through it, and he looked horrified. "Olivia had a falling out with her family and moved out?" That girl is a fool, and she's living with Thomas now? Does she have any idea of the responsibility she's carrying? If she loses her virginity... Heh, guess the Pearsons are gonna die.

"Our spies came back with this. The news is true."

Blake roared in laughter, but it was a dark and venomous laughter. "Divine providence, I say! Now call Norman. I'm going to have breakfast with him tomorrow."

“What?” Jake was flabbergasted. We had a falling out with them. We want to destroy them, so why does Blake want to have breakfast with their family head?

I'm Someone Else Chapter 115

Blake only shot him a cold look, and Jake quickly made the arrangements.

The next morning, Blake got into an expensive car and went to a manor owned by his family. The chefs were already making a lot of food for breakfast, and even from a mile away, he could smell the scent of breakfast and tea. Blake smiled to himself as he already had a perfect plan in his mind. This plan could get rid of both Thomas and the Pearsons. I can hit two birds with one stone. Delightful.

Blake told the chefs to make a feast and prepare a bottle of expensive wine. Now, we wait for Norman. We've been fighting for decades, and yet now we're going to have breakfast together. How ironic. I never thought this day would come. Bet he never thought that either.

Someone from the Pearson Family came, but it was not Norman. Instead, it was his father, Terrence. Terrence wouldn't have come, but he was the only one who could. Norman was still recovering, and Gavin couldn't even get out of bed. He was the only one with enough prestige to meet up with Blake, so he came.

Terrence was more than miffed. His son got his right hand broken, and his grandson had his legs broken. Even his granddaughter had a falling out with the family. Damn you, Thomas. Just because of you, my family's breaking apart at the seams. If you hadn't shown up, none of this would have happened. Why did you back Olivia so adamantly? Do you really love her?

Terrence only tried to make Thomas his ally because Norman said Thomas was a calm and collected man. And now look at what happened. He's going against the whole family. I shouldn't have tried to make him my ally.

However, he could do nothing about it except grumble in silence. There was no way he could take Thomas in a fight, not when someone like Blake lost out to him in an instant. More importantly, he wondered why Blake wanted to see his son. I thought our families were sworn enemies. And why did

they want to meet in this manor? Only the most important members of the Hinds are allowed here. I'm probably the first outsider to be here.

A man in a black suit drove Terrence to a villa. Once he got out of the car, a pair of bodyguards came up to him, holding metal detectors. "Sorry."

Terrence didn't object. It was par for the course, to be honest. He wasn't exactly a friend of the Hinds, so of course Blake had to be careful. After a lot of checks, he was finally allowed entrance into the villa.

Blake didn't seem surprised to see Terrence. He had gotten the news from the moment Terrence showed up at the gates. Of course, he was surprised at first, but now he was calm and collected. Hmm, I can see why. He's the only one who's powerful enough to make it. Everyone else is... crippled. "Have a seat, Mr. Pearson."

Breakfast was ready and waiting for Terrence. Terrence took his seat and looked at the wine before him. "I assume you didn't ask for a meetup just to drink wine?" Terrence took the glass and downed the wine. He wasn't worried that the wine might be spiked. If Blake did that, the whole of Irieson's upper society would isolate him and his family.

"Of course not." Blake popped some food into his mouth and looked at Terrence. He respected this man, but because of their standing, they could never be friends. "I wanted to talk to Norman, but since you're here, I'll talk to you instead. I would like to work with your family."

"I beg your pardon?" Terrence's eyes went wide, and he wondered if he was hearing things. What's wrong with him?

Blake nodded. "We have a common enemy now. If I'm right, you hate Thomas too, don't you?"

"What are you trying to say?" Terrence stared at Blake. He wasn't surprised that Blake knew of the events that happened in his family. The upper society of Irieson was a small circle. Anyone could find

out about anything if they wanted to.

"You know how powerful Thomas is. He killed my niece and ruined your grandson. I know you want to get back at him, especially what he did with

your granddaughter. She's your treasure, and she means a lot to you and your family," said Blake.

The enemy of my enemy was a friend, or so the old adage said. The Hinds or the Pearsons alone couldn't take on someone like Thomas. They had to work together for a chance of victory.

"So, what's the plan?"

Blake smiled confidently. He knew there was no way the Pearsons could resist the offer of an alliance. He took a sip and told Terrence of his plan. "So, what do you think?" He smiled.

Terrence mused over it. He's being serious. I can't believe he's using their trump card. I bet he tried to get back at Thomas and failed, or he wouldn't have made this move. "I can work with that." Terrence got up.

"You guys at least have to send in a group on the same level as the one I'm sending in."

Terrence scoffed. "We will." Then, he strode away.

Blake saw him off and sneered. Not even a goodbye. My, you think so lowly of me, huh? But it's fine. I won't get mad at a family that's about to die. Once Olivia is dead, you people are done for. "Jake!"

"So, he agreed?" Jake was waiting for the answer eagerly.

"Yes, so make the arrangements. We'll be attacking today."

I'm Someone Else Chapter 116

"Alright!" Jake nodded, his eyes shining with excitement. I can't believe you made two families work together just to take you down, Thomas. You're done for. Even the Pearsons want you dead. You said you'll protect the Pearsons, didn't you? Guess what? They don't need it!

Jake left, leaving Blake alone with his wine. He had no son of his own, so he loved Drake like he was his own son. He had never even reprimanded him, and yet that blasted Thomas killed Drake like he was a dog. That was unacceptable. If he didn't kill Thomas, he would never be able to face Drake in the afterlife.

The alcohol kicked in, and Blake cried. “Why... Why did you leave us, Drake? I didn’t even get to see you get married.” A while later, he stopped crying and went upstairs, holding a photo of Thomas. He plopped down on the couch, seeming to be waiting for something.

A masked man in black appeared before him seemingly out of nowhere, then he went down on one knee. “I have arrived, sir.”

Blake handed him the photo. “You saw the file. Now go and kill him. If he lives, then you die. And kill Olivia too. I will brook no mistakes, do you understand? Both of them must die.” Blake’s face was contorted with rage. That was his plan. First, he would use the Pearsons’ fighters to kill Thomas, then his own men would kill Olivia in the confusion of the battle. That’s going to drag all of them into hell. It was a good plan in Blake’s eyes. Two birds with one stone, so to speak, and he was confident about it being a success.

“On our lives, we swear we will carry out this mission successfully,” the man swore and left.

The masked man and his team were the trump card Blake was going to use. The fact that the masked man managed to pass through all the villa’s defenses and appear without a sound was a testament to his strength.

At the same time, Terrence stood in front of his villa’s gates, his back turned to them.

“Sir.” A one-eyed man in a tracksuit appeared.

“Go. Thomas has broken apart our family and plunged our family into fear. His crime is too heavy to be pardoned. Kill him and bring Olivia back.”

“Yes, sir!” The man left the villa, still in disbelief. We’re going to work with the Hinds? Has hell frozen over? I thought we were enemies, so why are we working together? Gah, it’s too complicated. I’ll just set it aside. Politics is Master Terrence’s forte. They can worry about it.

Dawn had broken through the horizon, and the killers from both families arrived at Northpine Villa No. 66. They came in two Land Rovers and two Jeeps—all expensive cars.

Yet, not a single person got out of the car. Their plan was to attack at nine o’clock sharp. Their target? Thomas. All they had to do now was wait. This

was a simple mission, or so they thought. Killing a random guy was something they were very familiar with.

Thomas came downstairs and was met with the aroma of food. "Something smells nice. Is breakfast ready?"

He came to the kitchen and saw Olivia cooking, much to his shock. What? The young miss of the Pearson Family and the most gorgeous company president of Irieson is cooking? She knows how to cook?

Noticing someone staring at her, Olivia turned around and smiled at Thomas. "You're early." She woke up half an hour earlier just to make breakfast, but she didn't think Thomas would wake up early either. Guess I'll have to wake up an hour earlier after this. He's been nice to me, so I should repay the favor. I can't do much for him, but I can cook and clean.

"Put that down. You just healed up, so leave that to me," said Thomas sternly.

"Oh, I'm not that weak. I'm all healed up." Olivia quickly stopped Thomas from helping. I'm not a fragile thing. I'm fine now, and besides, making breakfast isn't that tiring.

Well, if she insists. Thomas shook his head and sat down, waiting for breakfast. A while later, Olivia came out with food, then she handed him some cutlery. "Dig in, Thomas. You're the only one besides my sister who gets to taste my cooking."

Thomas speared a hash brown and bit into it, then he gave Olivia a thumbs up. "Not bad. Didn't think you knew how to cook."

"I'm glad you liked it."

Just then, the clock struck nine, and everyone got out of the car. They walked to the villa's entrance, though no one said anything to anyone. They were rival factions, after all. It took them their all just to not start a fight with each other.

There were eight killers in total. The Pearsons' killers were wearing face masks, while the ones from the Hinds were wearing full-blown masks. One of them slammed their foot into the door, and it flung open. At the same time, someone hurled a knife at Thomas without missing a beat.



Noticing the incoming danger, Thomas leaped into the air and flew across the table, then he pulled Olivia into his embrace and rolled away. He had reacted fast enough to the sudden attack, but his back was still cut open, and blood trickled out of his wound. The trickling of the blood was the only thing breaking the silence.

Olivia had snapped out of her stupor, and she stared at the killers in horror. W-Who are they? Masked people? Why did they break into the villa?

I'm Someone Else Chapter 117

"Kill him!" The killers cried curtly and charged at Thomas.

The men in full-blown masks were using swords, while the other men were using blades. They came down fast and hard, obviously veterans in this line of work.

Even though he was attacked, Thomas held Olivia tightly in his embrace, refusing to let her get hurt. At the same time, he wondered who these people were. Did Minacia Oito send these? No way. They couldn't have found me out. I've cleaned all my traces, so it's not them. Who else, then?

Thomas tried his best to figure out who sent these people, but he still had no idea about it. Guess I crossed too many people lately. F\*ck it. They're already here to kill me, so might as well kill them. I hope they're prepared to die. Thomas leaped ahead, slithering around the killers like a viper. An opening! He grabbed the wrist of one of the killers and crushed his bone with a single grip.

That was just the beginning, however. The man screamed, but it was cut short as Thomas slit his throat open. Blood spilled into the air, and the man was dead. Thomas then turned around and swung his blade in an arc, cutting open the throats of two more killers.

"F\*ck you!" The one-eyed man hollered in fury at seeing his comrades killed. He charged toward Thomas like a mad beast trying to kill its prey, swinging his blade down on his quarry. The one-eyed man's last comrade was enraged as well. He mustered up all his strength and charged toward Thomas.

Just then, the leader of the Hinds' killers bellowed, "Now!" The three of them switched their targets and charged straight at Olivia.

"You think you can touch her, scum?" Thomas scoffed. Just when he was about to retaliate, all his strength left him, and the world around him started to spin while the sword he was holding felt like it weighed a ton. However, he must move. In order to keep Olivia safe, he shielded her with his own body.

The blade pierced his shoulder, the impact pinning him against the wall. It was then Thomas realized that he was poisoned. That's why I feel dizzy, but how? And when was I poisoned?

"Thomas!" Olivia faced the wall. Behind her was the frail yet dependable Thomas. She tried her best to break free of his grasp, but he kept her in his embrace at all costs, safe from harm. It was obvious that some of the killers wanted to kill him and her.

Just then, the realization hit Thomas, and he looked at the weapon on the ground. He noticed that the edge was gleaming green, and he knew what must have happened at once. The edge of the knife was poisoned, and I was slashed with it. They covered their weapons in poison? Damn it!

The leaders of the two factions exchanged a look. Good chance. We can kill him right now!

They were furious. It was unbelievable that Thomas killed three of them in one go. It was fortunate the poison kicked in, or he would've killed all of them. The Hinds' killer let go of his weapon and picked up a blade, then he slowly walked up to Thomas.

"No!"

Thomas was too weak to stop Olivia from breaking free. She rushed to stand before him and spread open her arms. It was a futile attempt, but she wanted to protect him.

The one-eyed man panicked. "Stop!"

Yet, the Hinds' killer did not stop. His order was to kill both Thomas and Olivia, and this was the perfect chance to do it. He swung his blade down at Olivia's head. The one-eyed man wanted to stop him, but he couldn't. He was far away from Olivia, and he could only watch helplessly as the blade slowly came down on Olivia's head.

However, five gunshots shattered the silence of the air all of a sudden, and everyone stopped moving. A hole bore through the foreheads of the killers, and they died before they even realized that Thomas had gotten to them. They didn't even see him move.

A long silence later, Olivia snapped out of it and turned to Thomas. He was still facing the wall, but he was holding a pistol in his left hand. If she were to take a closer look, she would see a sliver of smoke billowing from the end of the gun.

This gun belonged to the first killer the Hinds sent after Thomas. Thomas had hidden the sniper rifle under his house's bed and kept this pistol with him at all times. It came in handy.

Olivia was bemused. She looked at the corpses, then at Thomas. What just happened? Did he kill them? But that's impossible. He couldn't have turned around, so how did he shoot? Does he have eyes on the back of his head?

No, but he was the King of Marksmen, so echolocation was nothing for him. Not everyone could get the honor of dying at the hands of the King of Marksmen. Guess that's the highlight of their pathetic lives. Thomas didn't feel happy about killing these people. Instead, he looked sullen and broken. After Zachary's passing, Thomas swore he wouldn't pick up a gun anymore, but now he had broken his oath. With what little strength he had left, Thomas pulled out the sword from his shoulder, and then everything went black.

"Thomas!" Olivia held him in her arms, shouting his name frantically.

Thomas couldn't answer, however. The poison had spread to every corner of his body, and it was an aggressive poison. He was already in a deep coma from his body trying to fight the poison off. If it weren't for this, none of those killers could have even gotten close to him.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 118

The attack was sudden, and the killers didn't hesitate for a moment when they attacked. If Thomas hadn't moved fast enough, he would have been dead by now. Panicked, Olivia fumbled for her phone and called 911. The ambulance came only after twenty minutes. Olivia was holding Thomas' hands, crying uncontrollably.

Thomas was taken to the hospital, and Olivia waited outside. Quincy himself was operating on Thomas, and when he saw the wound on Thomas' back, he was shocked. The wound had blackened, and the blood seeping out of it was green. He's poisoned. When he was told that Thomas was hurt, Quincy couldn't believe it. Thomas could easily defeat Blake and Terrence, so no one should've been able to hurt him. However, if he's poisoned, then it's possible.

Quincy bandaged all the wounds in an hour. Fortunately, Thomas was strong enough and his organs weren't hurt, but the poison was proving to be a problem. Even a celebrated doctor like Quincy couldn't figure out what kind of poison this was. Left with no choice, he told someone to take a sample and get it analyzed.

A crying Olivia asked, "Is he alright, Mr. Quincy?"

"Tell me what happened."

Olivia told him the events that transpired, and Quincy gasped. I expected no less from him. He reacted fast enough to get out of that situation and survived it. Anyone else would've been dead. He patted Olivia's shoulder. "It's alright. Don't cry."

If my assessment is correct, the poison won't be lethal until six hours later. I have six hours to find out how to heal him. He quickly went to the lab, and the doctor inside handed him the report. Resigned, he said, "We can't figure out what kind of poison this is, sir."

"You can't?"

"Yes. We thought something was wrong with the results at first, so we analyzed it again, but we still couldn't find out what kind of poison this is. We ran the test three times."

Quincy inhaled sharply. What the hell kind of poison is this? Not even our machines could figure out its components. How much must the enemy hate him? He left the lab and called Samuel. "Mr. Peralta, I'm in a pickle and I need your help." He knows a lot about alternative medicine. He might recognize this poison.

"Of course, Mr. Hofstead. What do you need my help with?" Samuel smiled. Quincy was incredibly famous in the city, and he almost never asked anyone for help, only the other way around. This is an honor.

“You should come over to the hospital.”

“Sure.” Samuel hung up, got changed, and hitched a ride to the hospital.

Olivia was in the ward sitting beside Thomas’ bed, and she was a mess of tears. “You dummy. Why did you shield me? If you hadn’t done that, you wouldn’t have been hurt so badly.”

Quincy stood at the doorway, staring at the crying Olivia, and he felt conflicted. She can’t have fallen in love with him, can she? But the look in her eyes can’t lie. This is bad. If they fall in love with each other, there’s only hell waiting for them ahead.

While Quincy was deep in his thoughts, William and Samuel arrived.

“What seems to be the matter, Mr. Hofstead?”

“You’re finally here, Mr. Peralta. Can you figure out what kind of poison is this?” Quincy quickly took out the report and the bandage covered in Thomas’ blood. He has six hours to live. If we can’t heal him, he’ll be in danger.

Samuel took a look and smiled bitterly. I have no idea what kind of poison this is either.

“Do you recognize this, Mr. Peralta?” asked Quincy quickly. The more time they wasted, the more danger Thomas would be in.

“Sorry, Mr. Hofstead, but I don’t recognize this poison.”

Quincy sighed. What should I do? If we can’t figure out what poison this is, we can’t save him. He crouched down and pulled at his hair in frustration.

William and Samuel exchanged a look, and they wondered if it was Quincy’s family being poisoned. No reason for him to look so in pain otherwise.

“Who’s the patient, Mr. Hofstead?”

“Thomas.”

“What?”

Samuel and William rushed into the ward, and they saw Thomas right away.

“Thomas!” How did he get poisoned? He shouldn’t have been. “Who did this, Mr. Hofstead? How did he get poisoned?” William looked worried.

“Don’t—” Quincy tried to stop him from saying it out loud, but it was too late as Olivia already heard it. She froze in confusion. “He’s poisoned? But how?” I thought he was just hurt. Why are they saying that he’s poisoned?

Quincy looked at Olivia with concern. “It’s alright. He’s not in any danger, so don’t worry.” Oh my God, her eyes are puffy. She must’ve cried a lot. If she keeps this up, she’ll go blind. I should’ve told them to keep quiet, but it’s too late now.

“William, call Sean and tell them what happened,” Samuel said. We need more help with this. I hope my old friend recognizes this poison.

John and Sean came to the hospital in a hurry, and they looked nervous when they arrived. If anyone else had told them that Thomas was poisoned, they would have cursed them without missing a beat, but not if the one who told them was William.

John tried his best to figure things out, but in the end, he could only shake his head with a sigh. He had never seen this kind of poison before either.

“You have to help him, Grandpa!” Sean was angry and nervous. He wanted to save Thomas right away, and at the same time, he wanted the culprit to pay the price.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 119

If I find out who poisoned Thomas, I’ll make their life a living hell!

“Have you forgotten what I told you? What’s the use in getting flustered when something happens?” John berated sternly.

The more urgent of a crisis it was, the greater the importance of keeping a cool head. It was hard for a panicked mind to come up with solutions.

Sean took a deep breath. He remembered what his grandfather told him, of course, but he couldn’t stay calm when it was Thomas who was poisoned.

Everyone stared at each other. No one could think of a suitable course of action.

Samuel sighed. "If we don't know what kind of poison it is, there's only one possible option for us."

"Which is?"

"The Myria Herbal Pill!"

John's eyes lit up at once. "That's right. The Myria Herbal Pill will restore Thomas to full health!"

It can be used to cure all kinds of poison! Why didn't I think of this wonderful antidote sooner?

Nevertheless, Quincy wasn't as optimistic as the two of them. "The Myria Herbal Pill can indeed be used to cure all types of poison, but it's also an exceedingly rare and priceless medicine. Where can we find one now?"

It had been three hours since Thomas was poisoned, which meant that if they couldn't get it out of his system in the next three hours, there was a chance that he would never wake up again.

Sean piped up, "I received a Myria Herbal Pill at Unicus Hall once..."

"Where is it now?"

Sean's words made everyone hopeful.

Alas, Sean's expression was bitter. "Unfortunately, I didn't know it was such a useful medicine, so I sold it off..."

"What..."

Why did you bring it up only to tell us that you sold it?

"That was so silly of you, Sean!" William chided resentfully. "Medicine like that is incredibly hard to find. How could you sell it off?"

Sean shook his head in silence. He was kicking himself too.

He would never have sold it off if he had known that Thomas would need it one day.

“Wait a minute!” Samuel cried out. He had an expectant look on his face as he asked, “Sean, do you still remember who bought the pill?”

“It was Raymond Elliott!”

Sean was certain. “I still remember what happened. The Elliotts and the Yams were the only prominent families there that day. The others were from less established families. However, the representative from the Yams didn’t know much and wasn’t interested in the Myria Herbal Pill, so Raymond Elliott ended up getting it for 1.5 billion!”

The memory was still clear in Sean’s head. Although 1.5 billion sounded like a hefty sum, to buy a Myria Herbal Pill at that price was akin to buying a diamond at the cost of a head of cabbage!

John and Samuel exchanged glances. Just like them, Raymond was the soul and key figure of his family. There was only one problem—neither one of them was well acquainted with him.

“Our families aren’t acquainted with the Elliotts... We don’t have any connections with them...” Samuel said with a melancholic smile.

John nodded in agreement. Exactly. What an unfortunate coincidence that the Myria Herbal Pill is in the hands of a family we barely know.

It would’ve been better if the families were acquainted. They could’ve offered to buy it. Since Raymond got it at 1.5 billion, they could simply offer him 30 billion for it.

The problem was that the families weren’t acquainted, and the Elliotts might not even be willing to sell it to them no matter how much they offered. Furthermore, if they had already used the medicine, then it was also too late.

Quincy’s expression was all twisted up too. Samuel and John didn’t have any dealings with the Elliotts, and neither did he! He didn’t even know them!

“The Elliotts keep a low profile. I’m not acquainted with them either...”

As a giant among those in the medical profession, Quincy was an elevated member of Irieson’s society as countless families fought to establish a connection with him. However, that didn’t mean he was acquainted with all of



them. There were far too many families in Irieson of various levels of prominence!

“We can’t wait around any longer! We have less than three hours! I’ll head over to the Elliotts myself. I have to get my hands on the Myria Herbal Pill, even at the expense of my dignity!” Quincy made his mind up. He didn’t care about sacrificing his dignity if it meant that he could save Thomas.

“You fellows stay here with Thomas. I’ll be right back!”

“Hang on. We’ll come with you!” John said. “Sean, Will, and Olivia can stay here. There’s a higher chance of success if the three of us went over together.”

“I’ll come with you!” Olivia stood up and declared firmly. “I’ve met Rose before so she might be willing to help.”

“Okay!”

John nodded in agreement. The Mortons and the Peralta Family were prominent families in Irieson; Quincy was an eminent figure in the medical industry; and Olivia was acquainted with Rose, the most beloved of her generation within the family. Every single one of them could contribute to the negotiations in some way.

The group of four rushed over to Elliott Residence. Along the way, they fervently hoped that the Elliotts hadn’t used the pill yet!

“Mr. Hofstead, is it really true that Thomas has... less than three hours to live?”

Olivia wasn’t a fool. What she heard in the room just now was enough for her to deduce what was happening. How could someone as capable as Thomas suddenly be in danger of dying? She couldn’t believe it.

Quincy took a good, long look at Olivia and nodded in response.

All at once, Olivia’s tears began falling again. Why? Why is fate this cruel to me? Out of the entire Pearson Family, Mom was the only one who treated me well, but she passed away a long time ago, leaving Ophelie and I to fend for ourselves. Now that I’ve finally met a man who genuinely treats me well, something like this happens too! How am I supposed to take this?

If Thomas died, she couldn't go on without him!

If I can't be with him in life, I'll follow him in death!

John had arranged for someone to inform Raymond ahead of time. Since they needed his help with something, it would be far too impolite to come knocking without prior notice.

Raymond and his son Timothy stood at the entrance waiting for their visitors. When they saw the four people getting out of the car, they quickly greeted them. "Please come in. What an honor it is for us, the Elliots, to receive so many esteemed guests at once!"

The group of four followed him into the house.

Quincy turned to Timothy and greeted, "You must be Mr. Timothy Elliott, right?"

Raymond chuckled and said, "That's right. That's my son Timothy."

Raymond personally prepared a pot of tea for the guests. "What brings all of you here today?"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 120

After Quincy drank some tea, he got straight to the point and filled Raymond in on the reason they came.

Raymond's brows furrowed. The Elliots were indeed in possession of a Myria Herbal Pill. They won it at one of Unicus Hall's auctions and put it away for safekeeping this whole time. It was a cure for all poisons and could be used in a life-and-death situation.

"Why do you want it?"

"We need it to cure someone of poison!" Quincy cupped his hands and addressed Raymond, "I won't hide it from you. We have no other options left, so that's why we came to ask this of you. Do you still have the Myria Herbal Pill? If you do, go ahead and name your price. We're willing to pay whatever you ask, no matter how much it is."

Quincy wasn't just saying it. He alone had wealth beyond imagination while both the Mortons and the Peralta Family were abundantly wealthy families

too. Money was nothing more than a number to them. They didn't care about how much they spent if it meant they could save Thomas.

Raymond gasped.

Who's been poisoned? How is it that the acclaimed Dr. Hofstead is at his wit's end too? Just who is this person? It's already a huge deal that Quincy Hofstead is here seeking my help, but he's not the only one. John Morton and Samuel Peralta, these two old blokes, have come in person too! The patient can't be an ordinary person!

Does that mean I'll be offending three powerful people if I don't hand over the Myria Herbal Pill?

Apart from getting rid of various types of poison, the pill could also be used to heal a multitude of injuries, especially internal ones.

Money wasn't the issue. He couldn't let them have it no matter how much they offered!

"I won't beat around the bush. We haven't used it yet so it's still with us, but I apologize. It is very important to our family. We can't let you have it."

Quincy and two other men looked among themselves with expressions of utmost disappointment.

Raymond had been very clear. He couldn't let them have it, so what could they do? They couldn't possibly take it by force.

Just then, Olivia knelt in front of Raymond with a thump and begged, "Please let us have it, Old Mr. Elliott. I need to save him. I can't let him die! Please! I'm begging you!"

As she spoke, she kept bowing so hard that her head smacked against the floor with loud thuds each time. Everyone was thunderstruck!

Olivia was the Pearsons' eldest daughter and the Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur in Irieson! She was truly one of the most outstanding young women around!

Yet, despite her lofty status in society, she was kneeling at someone else's feet and bowing so humbly!

No one would've thought it possible unless they saw it for themselves.

Raymond was the first to snap out of his shock. He quickly instructed his son Timothy to help Olivia up. He couldn't possibly allow her to prostrate herself in front of him.

Is it one of the Pearsons who has been poisoned? If not, why else would Olivia disregard her dignity and behave this way?

"It's not that I don't want to do you this favor, Miss Pearson, but I'm sorry. The Myria Herbal Pill is far too important to our family. You could say that it's the foundation of our family's existence. I

apologize..."

If it hadn't been that important to the Elliotts, Raymond would have handed it over on a silver platter right away, and for free too! He wouldn't have accepted any payment for it. After all, the gratitude of the three prominent people in front of him was even more valuable than any amount of money.

Nevertheless, he truly couldn't part with it!

Raymond's words made Olivia lose all hope. She shuffled out of the house looking like her soul had been sucked out of her.

Am I just going to stand by and watch Thomas die? Am I not going to do anything about it?

He was only poisoned because he wanted to save me! If he dies, who will ever treat me this well again? What's the point of living?

Her look of utter despair was heartbreaking for all who saw it. Samuel quickly walked over to Olivia. I must console her and help her calm down. All hell will break loose if she spirals and does something irreversible.

At the same time, Olivia's display set a fire in Quincy's heart too. He became even more resolved.

Even a young woman was willing to kneel for the sake of saving Thomas. What's there for me to fear? What sacrifice can't I make? I won't leave until I get the Myria Herbal Pill!

With that thought in mind, Quincy yanked off his tie and threw his jacket on the couch. He unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt and said to Raymond, "I'm telling you now, Raymond. I'm not taking no for an answer! You're going to hand over the Myria Herbal Pill today whether you like it or not! I swear on my honor that if you hand the pill over today, it will bring nothing but benefits to your family. You won't suffer in any way! Even if someone in your family has a terminal illness, they can still be cured!

However, if you don't hand it over, then I'm sorry, but I'm not stepping foot out of this house! It's up to you!"

Raymond was staggered. He had never seen this side of Quincy before. He has always been a refined and sophisticated gentleman. Why is he acting like a street thug now? It looks as if he's determined to get the pill no matter what! Who is this person that he's willing to sacrifice everything to save?

"The Mortons too! We must get this pill!"

John threw all caution to the wind and voiced his stance. Although it did seem like they were throwing their weight around to take the pill by force, they had no choice. Time waited for no man. If they wasted any more time on this, they might not get to save Thomas even if they managed to get the pill.

"You're all..." Raymond's lips were trembling a little. The Elliotts can't go up against the both of you...

Samuel, who was at the door, also spoke up, "Count the Peralta Family in! If you're willing to hand over the pill, the Peralta Family are willing to maintain a strong bond with the Elliotts for generations to come! You are free to ask anything of us and we will do our best to fulfill it! If not, then what's in store for you is our vengeance!"

"That's..."

Quincy alone was hard enough for Raymond to handle, but now, both the Mortons and the Peralta Family were involved too. It seemed as if the Elliotts were doomed if they didn't hand over the pill today...

But, I can't give it to them! We need to use it soon...

Just then, Rose came into the living room.

“Olivia? What are you doing here?”

“Rose!” Olivia quickly stopped her crying and said, “You have to help me! Please! I’m begging you.”

“W-What happened?”

The two women weren’t extremely close but Rose did know about Olivia’s reputation as the Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur in Irieson. She never thought of Olivia as someone who would cry and beg for someone else’s help.

Olivia quickly filled Rose in.

Rose was taken aback. Who was poisoned? Why is Olivia so upset about it? Is it her boyfriend?

“Who was poisoned, Olivia?”