

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 121-130

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 121

"His name is Thomas Clifford. He's a friend of mine. Please help us, Rose. He's very important to me. I can't let him die..."

"Who did you say it was? Thomas Clifford?" Rose was stunned. Was it just someone with the same name?

"Is the Thomas Clifford you're referring to a rather tall and skinny man who doesn't talk much?"

Olivia nodded. "That's right. He doesn't like to smile either and acts a bit cool."

"That can't be!" Rose's jaw dropped. The guy Olivia is talking about is the one I know! Thomas is an extremely capable man, so how did he get poisoned? Is he acquainted with Olivia? Then, she ran over to Timothy and asked, "Where's the Myria Herbal Pill, Dad? Do we still have it?"

Time was of the essence so she didn't waste it. She didn't even bother greeting the other men.

Raymond and Timothy exchanged glances in confusion. What's going on with Rose? She came running to us for the pill after exchanging a few sentences with Olivia, but she knows what we need the pill for!

"We still have it, of course." Timothy eyed Rose. She's usually so calm and dependable. What's going on with her today? Why is she so flustered?

"Quick! Give it to me now! I need to save Thomas!"

"Thomas?"

Timothy thought his mind was playing tricks on him. Save Thomas? Could it be that Thomas Clifford's the one who has been poisoned?

Quincy and John were startled by Rose's agitation too. Why is she trying so hard to save Thomas? Do they know each other?

Unbeknownst to the crowd at Elliott Residence, at this moment, Thomas had woken up and was getting rid of the poison himself!

“Thom—”

“Quiet! Don’t disturb him!” Sean hissed at William.

William took a deep breath and checked the time. Thomas had been awake for half an hour now. As soon as he did, he commanded William to bring him some acupuncture needles, and once William did as told, he began to perform acupuncture on himself as he applied pressure to his acupuncture points, and he wasn’t speaking at all!

Naturally, William figured out that Thomas was dealing with the poison himself. Don’t they say that doctors can’t heal themselves? Can Thomas really save himself?

Sean’s brows were tightly furrowed as he kept his eyes fixed on Thomas. He was worried too, but now that things had come to this, he knew full well that he had no choice but to have faith in Thomas.

Have faith in Thomas. He can do it! Sean kept repeating to himself in consolation.

Just then, Thomas opened his mouth and blood gushed out at once. The white hospital linen was immediately dyed black!

Indeed, it turned black because Thomas spat out the poisoned blood in his system. Thank goodness I have the Blood of the Blazing Sun, or otherwise, I would’ve fallen at your hands!

Quincy had been panicking so hard that he forgot about Thomas’ Blood of the Blazing Sun. It was something that could save anyone who still had a hint of breath left in them, let alone a bit of poison!

“Thomas!”

Sean and William didn’t know what was happening, so they immediately rushed over. Why did he cough up blood? That’s no laughing matter! Did his condition worsen?

“Don’t come nearer! Don’t touch the blood! It’s toxic!” Thomas quickly stopped them.

What he spat out was poisoned blood, and it took an extremely strong poison to render him unconscious. The two men would most likely get poisoned too if they touched the blood, and that would make things a lot more dire!

“Oh...” Sean and William came to a grinding halt. They asked the nurse for a few disposable gloves. William even got a wet rag to start cleaning up the place.

“How do you feel, Thomas? Do you feel any discomfort? I’ll arrange for our private plane to send you to the best hospital in Capitalis for a check-up!” Sean declared with an anxious expression. Even Quincy couldn’t do anything, so there was no one else they could seek help from in Irieson.

William carefully wiped Thomas down with a look of concern too.

Thomas was touched by them. What made someone a friend? It wasn’t their ability to share in a person’s joys, but their willingness to lend a hand in the darkest hour!

Then again, how did they know I’m in the hospital? Did Olivia tell them? That can’t be right. Olivia doesn’t have any dealings with these two. Even though they met during Old Mr. Morton’s birthday celebration, they didn’t exchange their numbers. Olivia couldn’t be the one who told them. Which reminds me. Where’s Olivia?

When Thomas first woke up, he had been too busy focusing on getting rid of the poison that he didn’t pay attention to anything else. It only just occurred to him that Olivia was missing.

“Where’s Olivia?” Thomas asked urgently.

“She, our grandfathers, and Dr. Hofstead all went to see the Elliotts in search of the Myria Herbal Pill.”

Sean poured Thomas a glass of water and explained, “You were unconscious the whole time and we didn’t know what type of poison it was, so they had no choice but to seek the Elliotts’ help.”

Thomas took out a cigarette and put it between his lips.

“Don’t smoke now, Thomas,” William advised. “You only just got better. It’s bad for your health.”

Thomas shook his head helplessly. Oh, fine. I won't. Will just wants what's best for me.

"By the way, Thomas, who did it?" Sean's eyes flashed dangerously. "Who's the f\*cker that had the nerve to lay a hand on you? I'll make them die a painful death!"

"That's right, Thomas. I'm sure you know who did it, right?" William wanted the answer too.

"I can handle it myself. You guys stay out of it."

In all honesty, Thomas was feeling a little embarrassed. He nearly lost his life, but he didn't know who was behind it. However, he had a handful of suspects. It's either the Hinds or that Leslie Yam guy.

There was no need to describe the grudge between Thomas and the Hinds in further detail, and neither was there much to say about Leslie. I didn't even offend him, but he sent people to assassinate me anyway.

Sean and William exchanged glances. They couldn't do anything if Thomas refused to tell them. Nevertheless, if he ever asked for their help, they would stand by him without any hesitation.

"Oh, right. I should call Grandpa and tell him that they can come back." William got out his phone and called Samuel.

However, before the call even connected, the door to the hospital room flew open.

Quincy, John, Samuel, Raymond, Timothy, Rose, and a puffy-eyed Olivia barged into the ward.

They froze in shock when they saw Thomas sitting up in bed.

"You're awake?"

How did he wake up? I thought he only had less than three hours left to live!

"Thomas!"

Olivia threw herself at Thomas and buried her head against his chest. Throughout the ride back to the hospital, she had been haunted by the

possibility that she wouldn't find Thomas in the room, but rather, he would be a cold and lifeless body instead.

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"You're such a fool! Why did you shield me from the attack? Don't you know that it pains me more to see you injured? Promise me you'll never do that again okay? I was so scared that you would never wake up again. I... I'm scared..."

Olivia cried and vented her heart out.

After such an ordeal, she finally realized just how important Thomas was to her. Her feelings for him were clear to her at last.

Thomas was startled and a little flustered. He was not expecting Olivia's extreme reaction.

He looked at her tear-streaked face. She must've cried her tears dry while I was unconscious.

"Everything's alright. Don't cry. It's all over. I'm fine now, aren't I?" Thomas patted Olivia on the shoulder as he consoled her. "I told you that as long as I'm alive, I won't let anyone hurt you. I won't die so easily. You wouldn't have anyone to protect you if I were dead."

Thomas' words weren't particularly romantic in any way, but Olivia felt as if she had been hit by the love arrow anyway. Her heart was filled with warmth and happiness.

Quincy and the others were thrilled to see that Thomas was awake, but their expressions turned grim when they saw how intimate Thomas and Olivia were.

They were aware of Olivia's unique role, and from what they saw, they were sure that Olivia and Thomas had developed feelings for each other...

No! That can't happen! If the two of them got involved with each other, it would spell doom and calamity! Olivia's fate was decided a long time ago! She can't be allowed to ruin Thomas' life! They must be stopped!

John called out firmly, "Sean, Will, leave the room. I have something I wish to say to Thomas. Don't come back in without our permission."

Sean and William exchanged glances. They could tell from John's tone that it wasn't going to be a pleasant conversation. Although they were tempted to stick around, the look in their grandfathers' eyes convinced them otherwise. They had no choice but to leave the room.

Rose wanted to talk to Thomas. He had left midway through their meal last time and she wanted to ask him what exactly happened.

However, before she could squeeze over to the bed, Raymond called out, "You too, Rose. Go and wait outside."

Rose looked at Raymond. She sensed that the atmosphere in the room was a little tense, so he nodded and followed Sean out.

Quincy patted Olivia on the shoulder. "Olivia, Thomas' body is still recovering. Why don't you head back and make some nourishing chicken soup for him?"

Olivia couldn't bear to leave Thomas, but Quincy had a point, so she reluctantly took one last look at Thomas before leaving.

"Thomas, I remember telling you that you can fall in love with anyone else in the world except for Olivia. Well, I'm going to repeat myself today. You mustn't get into a relationship with her!"

Raymond quickly added, "That's right, Thomas! If you feel like dating someone, there's no problem at all. My granddaughter is a good-natured and pretty young woman. If you're interested, I'm more than happy to matchmake the two of you. However, you can't develop feelings for Olivia! She... She'll ruin you!"

As the group headed back to the hospital, Quincy and the others found out that Thomas seemed to be fairly well acquainted with the Elliotts.

The Elliotts also found out about Thomas' relationship with the others, as well as his job as Olivia's driver.

Thus, the men came to a unanimous decision. They were going to let the younger ones leave and then talk some sense into Thomas.

Since Olivia didn't know about that other role of hers, they decided to continue keeping it a secret from her.

Samuel looked a little agitated too. "Thomas, I understand what you think. A young man as capable as you should have the chance to pursue the woman he likes, especially one like Olivia who's known as the Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur in Irieson. Truth be told, I think the two of you make a good couple too, but you have to stay away from her. I pity her, but it can't be helped. No one can change her situation."

The men would be happy to see the two of them end up together as they were well-matched in both their talents and good looks, but alas, Olivia was a sacrificial offering.

What a pity...

Thomas surveyed them with a helpless smile. What are you men trying to do?

He was free to date whoever he wanted and no one could make him change his mind about anything.

That being said, he wasn't in love with Olivia. He simply didn't want to see his friends getting injured anymore, not after what he went through with Zachary.

Olivia was as beautiful as an ethereal angel, but Thomas' desire for love had died out following Zachary's death and Felice's betrayal. All he wanted to do now was take good care of his friends and make sure Chloe and Adam lived a good life. That was his only purpose in life.

"I think you're all mistaken. Olivia and I aren't romantically involved with each other and I'm not interested in dating anyone either. All along, I only considered her my friend and I didn't want to see my friends getting hurt, so that's why I did my best to protect her."

Thomas' expression grew serious. "Since we're talking about it now, I'll take the opportunity to ask a favor of you. If there comes a time when I'm not by Olivia's side and someone tries to harm her, please help her. Naturally, I won't ask you to lend a hand in vain. If you're ever in any trouble or difficulty, feel free to come and ask for my help. As long as it is within my power, I won't hesitate at all! I'm a man of my word. You can come to me at any time for anything!"

Everyone's expressions shifted.

Quincy had the best idea of Thomas' medical abilities and was stunned by Thomas' words. He's making a promise! Is it really worth it just for Olivia's sake?

John and Samuel were taken aback as well. While they didn't have a clear understanding of Thomas' medical expertise, they were fully aware of his fighting prowess. All the prominent families would be eager to build a relationship with an expert like him.

Olivia only had a few months left. They figured that even if they agreed to protect her, they wouldn't be able to do so for long.

Nevertheless, since Thomas made the request, they weren't going to protest. They didn't mind turning down other people's requests, but they would never turn down one from him!

"Don't worry, Thomas. I will help Olivia with whatever I can, as long as it is before that!" Quincy was the first to answer.

"That's right! Before that takes place, anyone who lays a finger on Olivia will be considered the Mortons' enemy!"

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"The Peralta Family too!"

"And the Elliots!"

Thomas smiled gratefully at them. Looks like I'm able to call in a few favors after all.

Raymond patted Thomas on the shoulder. "Since you're alright now, I'll leave so that you can get your rest. Let's have a drink when you've fully recovered!"

Thomas nodded. "Alright. It's on me this time. I feel bad about leaving halfway through the meal the last time."

"Hahaha!" Raymond laughed heartily and bade the others goodbye before leaving the hospital with Timothy and Rose.



The Myria Herbal Pill wasn't needed after all, though Raymond would've brought it out in a heartbeat if Quincy had told him that it was Thomas who had been poisoned.

"What kind of poison was it, Thomas?" Quincy asked curiously.

He was still preoccupied with the unidentifiable poison. Even the most advanced medical equipment failed to identify what it was. Could it be some strange and mysterious poisonous substance?

Thomas smoked his cigarette and explained, "It's not a rare poison, though it's rather toxic. It's called the Soulsucker. Once ingested, it will make the victim feel sore all over before leaving them weak and incapacitated. If the poison isn't removed from the body within six hours, the victim will die!"

As he spoke about the functions of the poison, he felt a sense of belated fear. He had been far too careless. F\*ck. It wouldn't have been so easy for me to get rid of the poison if it hadn't been for my

Blood of the Blazing Sun. Thank goodness I fired in time, or else, I would've had to say goodbye to my head at Northpine Villa.

Quincy, John, and Samuel gasped. If the poison could render a person immobile, then wouldn't anyone who was hit with it in a fight be at the mercy of their opponent? Only someone like Thomas could escape with his life!

Who's the one who wants Thomas dead? What a heinous move that was!

A thought immediately occurred to Samuel. Previously, he invited Thomas over because he wanted to ask him about something that he heard from William.

"Thomas, three of the Minacia Oito Irieson have died. Were you the one who killed them?"

"What did you say?"

Quincy and John's eyes widened with shock. The news of those three deaths had rocked Irieson. Tigre, the head of Minacia Oito, even offered a 150-million bounty for the killer. The situation was extremely delicate right now. Could it have been Thomas who did it?

Thomas chuckled. He didn't feel the need to hide it from the three of them, so he nodded. "That's right. I did it!"

"Goodness me! Have you gone mad?"

Samuel and John were so shocked, they could barely breathe. Why did you kill those from the Minacia Oito Irieson? You're courting death!

Quincy shook his head helplessly. You killed Drake Hind, you got injured because of the Xalmars, and now you're in a blood feud with the Minacia Oito Irieson. Are you trying to make everyone your enemy?

"Why did you offend the Minacia Oito, Thomas?" John's expression was grim as he stared at Thomas. The Minacia Oito were a bunch of immortal and inhumane hooligans who had no principles to speak of and were willing to engage in all manner of depravity. They would never let someone who offended them get away!

"Thomas, if you wanted to go up against the Minacia Oito, you should've discussed it with us first. Even if we couldn't have openly helped you with it, we could've done a few things in secret. You're... You're too reckless!" Samuel cried out exasperatedly.

However, Thomas looked completely relaxed. "It's something personal. I don't want to drag you all into it. I can handle it myself."

"What are you saying, Thomas? You make it sound as if we Peralta Family are afraid of getting dragged down by you!"

"That's right! We Mortons aren't the type who would be scared either!"

The two old men were displeased by Thomas' explanation. After all, it was just the Minacia Oito Irieson. No matter how tough it was to deal with those people, it didn't mean that they and their families were afraid of the group. Furthermore, at their age, they were not going to turn their backs on their friends.

Thomas smiled. The two elderly men reminded him of Sean and William. They're just like the older versions of those two. They even sound the same!

Unlike John and Samuel, Quincy remained silent. His brows were tightly knitted as he seemed to be in deep thought.

At night, John and Samuel finally called it a day. Sean and William wanted to stay with Thomas, but Samuel stopped them.

“Thomas has only just started his recovery. He needs his rest. You’ll only be disturbing him if you stick around.”

Thus, the two young men had no choice but to trail out of the hospital with their grandfathers, though they kept looking back in reluctance.

Once the four were gone, Quincy moved a chair over and sat down by the bed.

“Go ahead and say whatever’s on your mind,” Thomas said.

It had been rather unlike Quincy to stay quiet the whole time.

“Alas! Thomas, do you know that the Minacia Oito Irieson is not only incredibly powerful but also has an extremely complicated background?”

“Oh. Is that so?”

Thomas nodded absentmindedly. He wasn’t interested in finding out about Minacia Oito Irieson’s background. All he needed to know was that Dominic, his good buddy and comrade-in-arms, had died at their hands. That was enough for him.

I don’t f\*cking care how prominent or influential of a background you have. It has nothing to do with me. Since you killed my friend, I’m going to come for your lives, even if you’re the devil himself!

Thomas’ look made it clear to Quincy that his words had fallen on deaf ears, so he shook his head and said, “If you need my help, just go ahead and tell me. Considering my status in Irieson, I don’t think they’ll have the gall to go too far!”

Thomas smiled at Quincy. I was right. Quincy’s someone worth befriending.

“By the way, I know quite a few fine young women. I’ll introduce you to them later—”

He was cut off by the sound of the door opening.

Olivia came in with three thermal lunch bags. Her forehead was covered in sweat. It looked as if she had run all the way over.

Since Olivia was here, Quincy couldn't possibly continue what he was about to say. After all, he could discern Olivia's feelings for Thomas. All his years of living would've been for nothing if he wasn't even perceptive enough to notice it.

I'll bring it up again next time. Quincy said a few words to Thomas and took his leave.

Olivia kept pulling out more and more food containers from the lunch bags and ended up filling the entire table.

Thomas felt a little helpless. Based on his past experience, he knew he would most likely be discharged from the hospital tomorrow, but Olivia was making such a huge fuss.

"Here's the chicken soup. I also made you some salmon and eggs. I heard they're good for wound healing. Oh, and I added some ginseng into the soup too. I heard that it helps your body absorb nutrients better."

Olivia kept explaining each dish she brought out as if she were unboxing treasures.

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"Here. I'll feed you!"

Olivia speared a piece of meat with a fork and held it to Thomas' lips.

"I'll do it myself," he said with a helpless smile.

His physical constitution was superior to others. Although he wasn't quite at the peak of his health right now, he could still tend to his own needs.

"No! You just woke up, and your body's still weak. It's best if you move as little as possible! What's the big deal anyway? You took care of me like this too."

"Well..."

Thomas had no choice but to open up and let her stuff food into his mouth.

Ten minutes later, he felt as if his stomach would burst at any second now, but Olivia kept feeding him anyway. He didn't have the heart to say he couldn't eat anymore and simply forced the food down his throat.

Olivia did put all that effort into preparing the food for him. He didn't want to make her upset by not finishing it.

Meanwhile, Olivia's cheeks were flushed the whole time. It was her first time taking care of a man like that, and her heart was pounding wildly.

Will he figure out that I like him? I hope not! I don't want to make it too obvious! I shouldn't be too forward.

At last, Thomas burped after polishing off the final mouthful. Olivia was exhausted too, so she had the nurse bring a foldable cot into the room. Soon, she fell asleep.

Late at night, Thomas sneaked out of his room and lit a cigarette. Thoughts began racing through his mind.

The other five members of the Minacia Oito Irieson weren't at home. How strange. Where should I go looking for them? I guess I'll have to rely on my connections to find them. Irieson's huge; I can't possibly locate them all by myself.

He then pondered, As for those who called the hit on me today, they'll have to remain on the back burner for now. I need to avenge Dominic first. Those who killed my buddy won't be getting away unscathed!

"You only just started getting better, Thomas! Why did you run out here to smoke a cigarette? It's not good for your recovery!"

All of a sudden, Quincy appeared and chided Thomas.

He picked up the box of cigarettes and checked inside. My goodness! Is Thomas even human? His body has got to be made up of smoke by now! There are only a few cigarettes left in here!

Quincy took a good look at Thomas. "By the way, Olivia came in before I could finish what I wanted to say, so let me continue the conversation now. I found a young lady who might be a good match for you. Why don't you meet her? It would be good if the sparks fly between you two, but even if it doesn't

work out, you can just think of it as making a new friend. You're both about the same age, so I'm sure you'll have a lot in common."

Thomas shook his head. "I understand your kind gesture, Dr. Hofstead, but I'm really not interested in dating anyone right now."

He knew full well what Quincy was up to. On one hand, Quincy wanted to strengthen the bond between them, but more importantly, the doctor was afraid that he and Olivia would become romantically involved. Either way, he's doing it for my sake, Thomas thought.

"You would hurt my reputation if you don't go, Thomas. I've already set things up with the young lady. How can I possibly hold my head up high if you don't even meet her?"

Thomas looked into Quincy's hopeful eyes. Who was Quincy? Only one of the most highly-respected individuals in Irieson. Now that Quincy had put it this way, it wouldn't be right for Thomas to refuse any longer when the doctor went through all that effort to arrange a blind date for him.

"Alright. I'll go," Thomas finally said.

"Hahaha! That's more like it! It'll be at 7.30PM. I'll tell you the location later. Oh, right. Pay more attention when you get ready for it, okay? Make sure it looks like you're taking it seriously, got it? Don't dress too casually. It would reflect badly on me, too."

Quincy gave Thomas a few reminders. He sincerely hoped that Thomas and that young lady would turn out to be compatible. That way, he wouldn't need to be afraid about something happening between Thomas and Olivia. This was the best solution for this situation that Quincy could think of. If Thomas isn't interested in this young lady, I'll have to carry on finding someone suitable for him. No matter what happens, I can't let him develop even the barest glimmer of feelings for Olivia!

Thomas nodded. "I need your help with something, Dr. Hofstead. I plan on leaving the hospital at dawn. Can you help me find out the approximate location of the remaining five members of Minacia Oito? It'll be a problem if they remain alive."

Quincy's brows furrowed at once. He's only been in the hospital for one day! How can he think of leaving so soon after succumbing to such a toxic poison?!

Isn't he being a bit too impatient? He should at least wait until he's fully recovered.

Nevertheless, the look of resolve in Thomas' eyes made it clear to Quincy that there was no way he could change the young man's mind.

"Okay. Give me two hours. I'll give you their approximate location by then. I'll be able to locate them if they're still in Irieson."

Quincy walked off after saying that.

Thomas went back into the hospital room. His clothes were all at his house, and he couldn't head back there in his current state. After all, his clothes were soaked with blood; Chloe would get a huge fright if she saw that. Since Olivia was sound asleep, Thomas didn't want to disturb her. Thus, he got his phone and sent Sean a text telling him to bring some clothes over once the sun had risen.

As soon as the sky began to lighten, Sean appeared in the hospital room with a set of clothes.

"Thomas!"

Thomas quickly made a shushing gesture. Olivia was still asleep, and he didn't want to wake her. He dragged Sean out of the room and headed into a restroom to get changed.

"Is everything alright at Twilight Bar? Did anyone mess with Zoe?"

"Don't worry. Will and I are guarding Twilight Bar. No one has the guts to touch Zoe. That being said, a few strangers started tailing her around lately. I've sent a few bodyguards over to keep her safe."

Thomas narrowed his eyes. A bunch of people are tracking Zoe's movements, huh? He didn't even need to think twice to know it was the work of the five Minacia Oito members who were still alive. Looks like I'll have to kill them off as soon as possible.

"How many of them?"

"Four of them in a Nissan sedan."

Thomas nodded and went back into the room. He lay down in bed and waited for Olivia to wake up.

Half an hour later, Olivia's eyes opened. She had a silly grin on her face when she spotted Thomas.

How wonderful it is to be greeted by the sight of him in the morning! If only I could have this every morning. He makes me feel so safe.

"You're up. Let's go!" Thomas got out of bed and helped her into her jacket. He gathered their things and left the hospital.

As soon as they returned to the villa, he prepared the medicine for her.

Once she finished it off, she asked him, "When are we heading to Keyshire Property?"

He thought about it for a moment. "Let's do it tomorrow."

He was busy today. Quincy had sent him a text with information on the whereabouts of the five remaining members of Minacia Oito. They'll be making a one-way trip to the afterlife today!

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"Okay!" Olivia nodded with bright, blissful eyes.

She was finally going to live a life she could call her own! Oh! I must remember to get Ophelie to move in with me. I can't let her stay with Grandpa Harrison alone.

Thomas went into the bathroom and washed his wounds with warm water before replacing their bandages. As soon as he came out, he saw that Olivia was all dressed up to go out too.

"Are you going out?" he asked.

"Yeah. I want to bring Ophelie over here."

"Give me a minute. I'll go with you."



He was too worried to let her leave by herself. It made sense—after all, someone had tried to kill her when she was at home eating breakfast. She would only be a sitting duck if she went out on the streets alone.

I already know the locations of the five remaining members of Minacia Oito anyway. A short delay won't change much, Thomas thought.

Olivia blushed. I don't know why but taking Thomas to Grandpa Harrison's place makes it feel like I'm bringing my boyfriend over to meet my family.

However, she immediately figured out that he was probably just concerned about her safety.

Soon, they left the house and drove off. Along the way, Olivia stopped by the commercial district to buy some gifts.

With her providing Thomas with the directions, they soon pulled up outside Denver Residence.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

Olivia rang the doorbell, and a housekeeper came to answer the door.

"Is my grandpa at home?"

The housekeeper quickly nodded. "Yes, he is. Please come in."

When they entered the house, they saw Harrison sitting on the couch in the living room.

"Grandpa Harrison!"

"Olivia!"

Harrison stood up at once when he saw his granddaughter. "Come! Sit down. Let me take a good look at you."

He greeted Thomas with a simple nod. His impression of the young man wasn't all that great, as the latter had disregarded him when they were at the hospital.

That being said, Harrison knew he could not offend Thomas. Even Rafael—someone of a mighty background—treated Thomas with the utmost respect, so naturally, an old man like him had to be even more cautious.

“Grandpa Harrison, where’s Ophelie? I came to pick her up and have her move in with me.”

Olivia looked around and saw no sign of Ophelie, so she told Harrison why she had come.

Harrison sighed. He wanted his granddaughters to stay with him. Or, at the very least, Harrison wished Ophelie could stay with him for a month or so. However, since Olivia came to get her sister, he wasn’t going to bring it up.

Thankfully, the two young women wouldn’t be moving to somewhere far away. They were all in the same city, so he could always drop by to see them when he missed them.

“Your Aunt Bella took her shopping. It’ll be a while before they get back. Stay for lunch, Olivia. You’re going to have to wait a while for Ophelie anyway.”

Olivia instinctively turned to Thomas.

She didn’t know if he had other matters to attend to, but they couldn’t stay at Denver Residence for lunch if he needed to leave soon.

Thomas nodded at her. It was perfectly normal that Olivia’s grandfather wanted her to stay for lunch. It wouldn’t be right for him to stop her.

Meanwhile, Harrison caught the exchange and thought to himself, Olivia seems to depend on Thomas a lot.

Thomas was wise enough to sit in the corner and drink his tea in silence. He killed time by reading the newspaper.

On the other hand, Olivia and Harrison sat together as they chatted.

“Did you know, Olivia? When your mother was young, she was beautiful as you are now. Many of Irieson’s young men cried their hearts out when she got married! Hahaha! After you were born, they brought you to the house when you were only a month old, and you were so scared of strangers that you

wailed so hard. Your grandma and I had to try all sorts of tricks to get you to stop. You wore us out!”

As Harrison reminisced over the past, his nose prickled and he couldn’t stop his tears from falling.

Time flew by so quickly. In the blink of an eye, the baby girl had become the most beautiful female entrepreneur in Irieson, and... it had been so many years since his eldest daughter passed away.

Olivia teared up as well, though she resisted the urge to cry. She didn’t want her grandfather to see the weak side of her. It was a habit she slowly developed ever since her mother’s death.

She did her best to stay strong in front of others. She would grit her teeth and bite her tongue to choke back her emotions, and she only allowed herself to cry when she was alone.

Would Gavin have dared to come back to the Pearsons if Mom was still around? Would he have dared to harass us? Would he have dared to hit me? Olivia couldn’t help but wonder.

Soon, Ophelie came back with a mountain of bags in hand. As soon as she spotted Olivia, she tossed the bags aside and rushed into Olivia’s arms.

“What took you so long, Olivia? I thought you were abandoning me! I... I was on the verge of calling you!”

“I came over to get you as soon as I was done with everything,” Olivia said with a smile.

“Come. Let’s eat!” Harrison wiped his tears and ushered everyone to the dining room.

Thomas sat beside Olivia and focused on eating. He didn’t say a single word.

He knew he was the only outsider present; he didn’t fit in at the table.

After lunch, Olivia asked him, “I want to spend a bit more time with my grandpa, Thomas. Can we leave a little later?”

She prioritized her family a lot. Ever since her mother died, she rarely came over to Denver Residence. She figured she wouldn't be able to drop by all that frequently in the future, either. So, since she was

here now, she wanted to spend a little more time with Harrison.

Thomas nodded in agreement and checked the time. It was time for him to go after those five men and get his revenge. "Stay here and don't go anywhere. I'll come and pick you up at 10.00PM."

"Okay."

As he left, Olivia stood and watched until the Maserati disappeared into the distance before she withdrew her gaze.

Harrison sighed and shook his head. He realized that his granddaughter's feelings for Thomas were probably quite serious!

This Thomas is a mysterious man. Even Rafael Mazer—an exceedingly influential man—listens to his orders. I should be happy that Olivia has such a capable man protecting her, but I just can't bring myself to feel any joy. That day will soon be upon us. I wonder if this will turn out to be a blessing or a curse.

On the northern outskirts of Irieson.

Inside Villa No. 13 of Ouranos Residences, Dick Aldrich—the second member of Minacia Oito Irieson— was smoking a cigarette as he read the document he was holding.

It was submitted to him by his subordinates in charge of tailing Zoe. It contained a list of her recent activities, including information about the people she met.

However, none of the people she had contact with thus far could be the killer!

"Is this all the information you have?" Dick tossed the document aside and questioned the subordinate in front of him.

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“Yes, that’s all. Zoe Ginger is always either working at Twilight Bar or staying at home. The only people around her are the four bodyguards who stick to her at all times. We didn’t find any suspicious activity.”

“Useless! You’re all useless!” Dick snarled. “Go! Keep your eyes on that b\*tch, but don’t tip off anyone!”

“Got it!”

The subordinate acknowledged the order and rushed out of the room. He knew things would get ugly when his boss’ temper flared up.

“F\*cking hell! What the f\*ck is going on? It’s been so long, yet we haven’t been able to find that f\*cking killer! How are Johnson and the others supposed to rest in peace? F\*ck!” Dick cursed.

He paced about in his room. “Is it possible that it’s not someone from Irieson who’s behind the killings?”

The thought suddenly occurred to him. After all, the Minacia Oito didn’t limit themselves to Irieson. They made plenty of enemies all over Droycore. Maybe someone out there came over to seek vengeance by killing them off.

Bang!

Just then, he heard a loud noise.

“Who the f\*ck is it?”

Dick was already in a foul mood. He didn’t expect anyone would have the nerve to come over and disturb him now. Are they itching to die?

He went downstairs. His fury made his eyes turn bloodshot.

How f\*cking annoying! Who the hell is making such a ruckus? Don’t they know I have a lot on my mind right now?

However, when he came to the living room, his eyes widened in shock.

He could see from the open door that the massive steel gate of his villa had been torn off its hinges. What on earth? Did a bunch of construction workers come over to wreck my house?

Dick turned around and spotted Thomas, who was sitting on the couch.

“Who the f\*ck are you?” Dick spat out while biting down on his cigarette.

How f\*cking arrogant! He sits on my expensive leather couch right after breaking into my house! Does he think he owns the place? This is my house, you dumb\*ss! You just work for me! he cursed in his mind.

Though, he then realized something. Wait. Hang on. He doesn’t look familiar. He can’t be one of my men. Something’s wrong, and why does it seem like I’ve seen him before?

Thomas wasn’t in the mood to waste his breath on Dick.

Whoosh.

In the blink of an eye, he appeared beside Dick like a gust of wind and grabbed his fingers.

Crack!

He crushed Dick’s fingers with brute force!

“Aaargh!” Dick howled like a pig. Who the f\*ck is this?! Why is he attacking without even saying anything?! How did he move so quickly? He was sitting on the couch just a second ago. How did he come up to me in just a second?

Thomas stared at Dick with an icy gaze. He wouldn’t show mercy to scum like Dick, who was nothing more than a monster. Dick had committed far too many atrocious crimes. It would be a waste of oxygen to let him live.

Most importantly, he was involved in Dominic’s murder! That was reason enough for Thomas to see to it that Dick died a gruesome death!

Thump!

Thomas raised his foot and kicked Dick in the chest, and the latter flew backward with his body curled into a ball.

Crackle.

He crashed into the television hanging on the wall before crumpling to the ground with blood gushing out of his nostrils and mouth.

Dick started coughing. He felt excruciating pain emanating from every fiber of his being; he had never felt such agony before.

Thomas slowly approached Dick. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply before he crouched down and eyed Dick tauntingly. "How does it feel? Is it fun?"

Dick's chest had caved in. All his organs were bleeding. He could barely breathe, let alone speak!

He looked up at Thomas.

It's him!

At last, he finally recalled where he had seen Thomas before. Isn't this Thomas Clifford? He is the killer after all!

Unfortunately for him, the realization hit him too late!

Thomas yanked Dick's jacket off and wrapped it around Dick's head before taking out the knife he brought with him.

Splat.

With a quick flick, Thomas separated Dick's head from the rest of his body.

According to Samuel, a lot of people in Irieson were saying that the killer was a madman who enjoyed beheading his victims. Some even said he was a merciless executioner, just like the Minacia Oito Irieson.

Thomas simply smiled at such descriptions. He never cared how others viewed him!

All he knew was that the bunch of vermin from Minacia Oito had beheaded his friend Dominic, so he was going to do the same to them to avenge his friend and let him rest in peace. That was all he needed to know!

After destroying the villa's security footage, Thomas left with Dick's head in hand. He was heading to his next spot to hunt down his next target!

He drove the Maserati for a full forty minutes before stopping outside a different villa. When he looked up, he found that the place was unbelievably extravagant. The Minacia Oito Irieson is loaded, alright. Look at how luxurious their houses are!

“Who the hell are you?”

“Get lost if you know what’s good for you! This isn’t somewhere for you to mess around!”

Two bodyguards stopped Thomas from heading into the house. Their boss had told them that no one was allowed to enter, and the man in front of them was clearly a stranger, so they were not going to let him step foot into the place!

Thomas smirked. “You can call me the Grim Reaper.”

“The Grim Reaper?”

The two bodyguards exchanged confused glances. Why would someone have such a bizarre name?

“That’s right. The Grim Reaper who’s here to claim the lives of certain people!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he jumped into action. He grabbed the necks of both men with his hands and snapped them into two with just the tiniest bit of pressure!

Thomas shoved open the door and walked in to find four people in bed. He immediately felt nauseated.

All the members of Minacia Oito Irieson were disgusting, even when it came to acts of pleasure.

Nevertheless, the fact that the fourth and fifth members were together right now meant that Thomas would be making one less stop.

“Get the f\*ck out! Didn’t I tell you to stay out?!”

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Pontius heard someone entering the room and began bellowing at the person before he even saw who it was. He had assumed the only person who could’ve barged into his room right now had to be one of his men.

F\*cking hell! Why the f\*ck does he think he can work for me when he can’t even read the room? Are you f\*cking blind?! How dare you disturb me at a time like this! Piss me off, and I’ll blow your head off!



Alas, Thomas wasn't Pontius' subordinate, so he wouldn't do as Pontius said.

Crash!

He didn't bother wasting his words on Pontius and instead grabbed the flowerpot by the door to throw it at Pontius.

Pontius, who was kneeling on the bed, was completely caught off guard. The pot hit him right in the head, and he began to bleed.

"Pontius!" Fordan Lockwood, the fourth member of Minacia Oito, immediately exclaimed in shock. What kind of men do you have working with you? Not only did he barge into his boss' room, but even after getting chewed out for it, he had the guts to toss a pot at your head! Is he trying to get himself killed?

"What the f\*ck?! I'm going to kill you!"

Enraged, Pontius turned to look for his clothes. He kept a gun in his pocket and wanted to kill the person who had the nerve to throw a pot at him. You've got a f\*cking death wish!

However, before Pontius found his clothes, Thomas rushed over and clutched his throat. He pressed Pontius down on the bed and squeezed his hand. A loud crack rang out as Pontius' neck snapped.

Alas, Pontius died without knowing who killed him. Even if he had the chance to enter one of the other members' dreams and ask to be avenged, he had no name to give.

"Pontius! You—It's you?!" By the time Fordan could react, Pontius was already dead. Fordan cast his murderous gaze at the assailant only to realize it was Thomas. Isn't he the one Tristan thinks is the prime suspect for the killer? Tristan's right. This punk's the killer!

"You... Did you kill Johnson and the others?"

"You can go to hell and ask them yourself!"

Thomas marched over and snapped Fordan's neck in half as well.

He took their jackets and wrapped them around their heads. Once again, his knife glinted in the air as he took their heads off.

The women were cowering in a corner of the bed. They trembled as they hid under the covers.

Thomas glanced at them and felt a flash of sympathy. When it came down to it, they were pitiful ones who were forced into this by their circumstances in life.

While he did come to kill, he got who he wanted, and these two women had nothing to do with Dominic's death, so he didn't think it was right for him to kill them.

Oh, well. Forget it!

"You two better remember this. If you want to stay alive, act like you didn't see what had just happened. Got it?" Thomas threatened before leaving the villa with the heads.

The women were crying in fear; it had been far too terrifying for them. They thought they were just going to please a couple of wealthy men and earn some money. Never in their wildest dreams would

they think they get caught up in such a horrifying incident.

Two men, who had been alive and breathing just moments ago, were now lifeless bodies with their heads stolen from them!

Once Thomas was completely out of sight, the women grabbed their clothes and got dressed in a panic before fleeing the scene.

They knew full well what Thomas meant—if they wanted to stay alive, they were not to say a word of this to anyone!

Thomas drove to the next location to find Tristan Zeal, the third member of Minacia Oito Irieson. Tristan was the strategist and was on the verge of figuring out that Thomas was behind the killings. Given a bit more time, he would most likely be able to confirm that Thomas was indeed the killer!

Tristan stayed in a private park on the outskirts of the city. The place was even more lavish than Westsea Manor.

With gorgeous flowers scattered across every corner of the place, those who came to the park would feel a sense of serenity. It was like a haven away from

the hustle and bustle of the city. This Tristan Zeal sure knows how to enjoy himself, Thomas remarked in his mind.

He exited the car, lit up a cigarette, and inhaled deeply before flexing his muscles a bit.

He hadn't fully recovered from the injuries he sustained from the car explosion, and now he had a couple of extra stab wounds. Naturally, he was still in pain. Anyone else would be sobbing from the pain right now, but he didn't. He would never cry over something as inconsequential as physical pain. His tears only welled up when he thought about his fallen buddies.

Thomas continued smoking his cigarette as he walked toward the villa within the park.

While on his hunt to kill off the Minacia Oito Irieson, he found out just how rich they were. All eight of them lived in the lap of luxury. Each property he came to was more ornate than the last.

They are rich, ruthless, and won't stop at anything until they get what they want. They also have some unknown power backing them up. They're not an easy target, alright. No wonder Sean and Will aren't keen on offending them. It makes sense.

Thomas entered the villa and searched every floor but couldn't find a single soul. There weren't even any servants or bodyguards around, let alone Tristan. He began to realize that something was amiss. He should've been stopped the moment he entered the park, but he had circled the villa three times now, yet there was no sign of anyone!

It was as if everyone had left in advance.

Well, since Thomas was already here, he was going to make himself at home and wait. He sat on the couch and watched television as he waited for Tristan to return, but as the sky turned dark at last, he knew that Tristan wouldn't come back that night.

Just then, his phone rang. He took a look at it and saw that it was Quincy who was calling.

"Bad news, Thomas! Tigre Shawn—the leader of Minacia Oito—found out somehow that someone killed the second, fourth, and fifth members, so he

fled with the third member, Tristan Zeal! They were gone by the time I found out about this!”

Quincy sounded anxious. He knew Thomas would be striking today, but he didn’t think the latter would be quick enough to kill three members of the Minacia Oito in just one day! Most importantly, Thomas didn’t do a clean enough job! Tigre and Tristan were the most important members, and they had managed to escape. They would never admit defeat or cower in fear. Once they got over the shock, they would strike back at Thomas with great ferocity!

Thomas was startled. “They fled?”

How did they know to run off? I made sure I did a thorough job and even destroyed the security footage. How did they find out about the deaths when I’ve been moving this quickly?

He pondered for some time and couldn’t figure it out, so he had no choice but to leave and come up with another plan.

As he drove, his mood remained down. He planned on avenging Dominic today, but even the best-laid plans could go wrong, and something unexpected did throw a wrench into his plan.

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Tigre had to be killed. As Zoe said, Dominic’s head was still in Tigre’s hands, and Thomas, filled with self-blame, swore that Dominic would die with a whole body. He never expected Tigre to be so cunning. I knew I should’ve killed that b\*stard first!

He checked the time. He was to pick up Olivia at 10.30PM, but it was still early. As such, he drove back to the rental house.

“Thomas!” Chloe, who had just returned from work, quickly greeted Thomas when she saw him entering the house.

“Where’s your dad?” Thomas asked with confusion as he glanced around the house.

“Oh, he’s gone out for a stroll.” Chloe smiled happily. Her father had recovered well since being discharged from the hospital. He no longer

scavenged for a living and spent his days going to the park to play chess and chat with people. Life couldn't be happier.

All of this was thanks to Thomas. Without his help and financial support, Adam wouldn't have received effective treatment in the hospital, and if it weren't for Thomas, her father would probably be alone and miserable now, considering her cancer, which Thomas had cured.

"I'm making dinner tonight, Thomas. What would you like?" the young woman asked with a smile.

She felt ashamed that she couldn't help Thomas with anything while the man had done so much for her, and after thinking it over, the only way she could repay Thomas was by doing his laundry and cooking for him.

"I'm good with anything." Thomas waved his hand.

After eight years in the military, he had become unfastidious about food. All that mattered was a full belly. There were no good dining conditions in the battlefields where bullets flew and resources were

scarce, after all.

Chloe nodded, having made up her mind. There was fish and meat in the fridge, and she was determined to show off her cooking skills to Thomas.

In no time, a scrumptious dinner was ready, and Thomas joined the Hahns at the dining table, chatting while eating.

"Why didn't you come back last night, Thomas?"

"Oh, I had some things to take care of outside, and it was already late by the time I was done, so I didn't come back."

"Thomas." Adam spoke up just then. "Always come home no matter how late it is. Don't overwork yourself, alright? You might not feel it just yet because you're young, but when you start getting on in years, you'll start feeling the side effects of exhausting yourself."

Thomas agreed as he looked at Adam's concerned expression.

After dinner, Thomas put on his coat and prepared to leave.

“Thomas... Are you going out again?”

“Yeah.”

“Will you be coming back tonight?” Chloe asked, her voice full of hope. She couldn’t explain why, but she felt uneasy when Thomas stayed out for one night, and she couldn’t focus at all as though she had lost her soul.

“I have some things to take care of, so I won’t be coming back,” he answered truthfully.

“Oh.”

“Take care of yourself, Thomas,” Adam advised. Young people these days really have it tough. They toil day and night, yet the work seems to be endless. Well, if everyone had the leisurely lifestyle I have, society wouldn’t progress, would it?

“Don’t worry, Mr. Hahn. I will.”

He couldn’t possibly tell the Hahns the truth, or they would surely worry. He could only try to evade the question as much as possible. Fortunately, judging by Adam’s demeanor, it seemed that he believed Thomas was busy with work.

Thomas drove to the Denver Residence but didn’t enter. He turned off the engine and silently waited. The rendezvous time with Olivia was at 10.30PM, and it had just passed 10.00PM. He decided not to disturb her and let her spend more time with her family.

Thinking about this, Thomas felt a pang of sadness. Olivia still had a caring grandfather, but what about himself? He was an orphan, alone and adrift in the world like a floating cloud.

“Thomas, have you arrived?” Olivia called just after 10.30PM.

“Yeah, I’m right outside.”

“Hold on, I’ll come right out.” After hanging up, Olivia grabbed her coat and walked out with her sister.

Meanwhile, Harrison and his two daughters stood at the doorstep, watching his two precious granddaughters leave, his eyes filled with reluctance.

“We’re leaving, Grandpa. You should go back now. We’ll visit you whenever we can.”

“Alright, go on.”

It wasn’t until the taillights of the car disappeared that Harrison sighed deeply and muttered to himself, “What a pity. Olivia is such a sweet child. Why did it have to happen to her? It’s so unfair!”

“The day is approaching, isn’t it, Dad? When exactly is it?”

“Soon...” said Harrison before returning to the villa.

Hannah and Bella sighed with melancholy. It seemed that Olivia’s time was running out when Harrison had said so.

If only they had known, they shouldn’t have let Eira marry into the Pearson Family. Now, they were stuck with this situation, and there was nothing they could do about it, no matter how helpless they felt.

Thomas held a cigarette in one hand and gripped the steering wheel with the other. He wasn’t driving fast.

Meanwhile, Olivia turned to her sister. “Do you need any daily necessities, Ophelie?”

The young woman shook her head in response. “No, all my stuff is in the Pearson Residence. Let’s go and retrieve them.”

Her thoughts were simple. She believed she should take back what was hers since she had severed ties with the Pearson Family. She didn’t want her belongings to be taken over or discarded by others.

However, Olivia instinctively glanced at Thomas.

If they were to go to the Pearson Residence, it would likely be difficult to leave again.

Thomas furrowed his brows, seemingly contemplating something. At that, Olivia turned to Ophelie, saying, “Forget it. Let’s just go back to Northpine Villa. We can buy whatever we need.”

After all, buying daily necessities wouldn't cost much money. There was no need to invite unnecessary trouble.

Ophelie pouted, looking indignant. "Fine."

That place had been her home for twenty years, so naturally, she had some sentimental attachment to it. As such, how could she be content when she wasn't even allowed to take her own things?!

She glanced at Thomas, then at her sister. She observed her sister's demeanor earlier and now looked at Thomas inquisitively. It seemed like Olivia had already come to rely on him.

Although she didn't have a good impression of Thomas in the past, he sincerely treated her sister well. Considering they would be living under the same roof in the future, it wouldn't be good if their relationship became too strained.

While Olivia took Ophelie to choose a bedroom, Thomas headed straight to the kitchen and busied himself with brewing medicine.

As Olivia descended the stairs, she caught a whiff of the pungent aroma of medicinal herbs, and tears welled up in her eyes when she entered the kitchen.

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It was almost midnight, yet Thomas was still making medicine for her. Olivia bet barely any of her family members would go this far for her, not to mention when Thomas had no blood relationship with her whatsoever.

To have such a confidante in life was enough!

The night passed quietly, and the next morning, Thomas took a quick shower after waking up and read an ancient book on the couch while waiting for breakfast to be ready.

Meanwhile, Olivia busied away in the kitchen, and knowing he couldn't stop her, Thomas didn't bother trying.



“I’m surprised, Thomas. You’re pretty cultured.” Ophelie tilted her head to stare at the book cover for a while. Alas, it was written in an ancient language she didn’t understand.

Thomas chuckled politely at Ophelie in response. Her sister might be his friend, but he had no favorable impressions of this young woman.

After all, she gave him a solid slap on their first meeting, then wrongly accused him of harming Olivia and even splashed him with alcohol. If it weren’t for Olivia, Thomas probably wouldn’t even bother himself with her.

“Breakfast is ready!” Oliva beckoned to the two of them, wearing an apron. Her appearance was far from that of Irieson’s Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur. If anything, she looked more like a virtuous wife.

The three of them sat around the dining table and enjoyed the delicious breakfast when suddenly...

Ring, ring, ring...

Thomas’ phone rang. He checked it to find it was a call from Molly.

“Hello?”

“Thomas... Do you have time? Can we meet up?”

“Sure. Send me your current location. I’ll come to you right away.”

Thomas had a pretty good impression of Molly, and it must be something important if she was looking for him early in the morning. He certainly couldn’t ignore it.

“I-I’m at home. You’ve been here before...”

“Alright,” Thomas agreed and hung up the phone.

Aside, Olivia had a piece of her fried egg on her fork but had forgotten to eat it. She had no appetite now; all her attention was focused on the voice coming from Thomas’ phone.

The volume was loud enough for Olivia to hear it clearly. Molly was her secretary, and if she couldn’t even recognize her voice, what CEO would she be?!

Why is Molly looking for Thomas? Can it be... Can they be seeing each other?!

At that, Olivia's heart twinged as though someone had stabbed it with a needle.

Just then, Thomas ended the call, pulling Olivia back to reality. She quickly lowered her head, pretending she hadn't heard anything, and ate the fried egg.

However... Why does this egg taste like cardboard?

"I'll go out for a while. I'll come back to pick you up at noon, and we'll go to the company together," Thomas said to Olivia.

"Oh, okay."

With that, Thomas walked to the door, changed his shoes, and left, leaving Olivia gazing at the door, lost in thought.

Suddenly, a slender hand appeared before Olivia's eyes and waved. "Olivia, oh, Olivia, he's long gone, yet you continue to stare at the door. I bet you have a crush on him, don't you?"

Olivia flushed crimson at once, and she snapped with feigned anger. "Shoo! What do little girls like you know?"

Crush? As if! Thomas and I are just good friends, you nonsense-blabbering girl.

"Huh, I might be two years younger than you, but I know these things just as much as you do!" Ophelie rolled her big eyes around. "The way I see it, Thomas is a rare specimen though a little awkward. You better play your cards right and not let others get to him first. Good luck, I believe in you!"

"You brat! Stop it!" Olivia, annoyed and embarrassed, covered her sister's mouth, and the two sisters started messing around.

Soon, Thomas arrived at Molly's house and drove her to a cafe. However, neither said a word after ordering a cup of coffee.

Molly wore a pure white pleated dress with neat bangs and exquisite makeup. She was obviously meticulously dressed, which made her already beautiful

and elegant appearance resemble a princess from a fairy tale. Naturally, she became the center of attention in the cafe.

However, Thomas merely glanced indifferently at her and showed no other expression.

Yes, Molly was a beauty, but he had no intention of being in a romantic relationship at the moment. If anything, he was just appreciating her from a distance.

On the other hand, Molly wasn't as composed as Thomas. She lowered her head, tightly clasping her hands together, feeling her heart pounding incessantly.

She had indeed developed feelings for Thomas. After all, who wouldn't be infatuated by a man like him?

She witnessed distinctively how he dealt with Izzy at Morton Residence, and who in all of Irieson would dare do such a thing other than Thomas? Not even Curtis and his family dared say a word.

"Thomas... um, has something happened in Pearson Group?" Molly was the first to break the silence. She noticed a new CEO had arrived at Pearson Group while Olivia and Thomas had disappeared. She took a day off specifically to find out what was going on.

Thomas glanced at Molly. "It's nothing. Don't worry. Just focus on your work. If anyone bullies you, let me know."

"In that case... When are you going back to work?" Molly thought she had caught a strange illness— one that would make her uneasy if she didn't see Thomas for a day.

Instead of immediately answering the question, Thomas gave a bitter smile. Go back to work? Why would I go to Pearson Group when Olivia's no longer there?

"I won't be working at Pearson Group anymore."

"What? But... you said nothing happened."

"If you're unhappy working at Pearson Group, call Olivia. She's now the CEO of Keyshire Property. I believe she'll happily have you continue as her secretary."

"What? Keyshire Property? T-That's the biggest real estate company in the whole of Irieson!"

Molly was beyond stunned. No wonder Miss Pearson didn't come to work. So, she has switched jobs, huh? Not only that, she also brought Thomas along to Keyshire Property... Can it be that Miss Pearson has feelings for Thomas?

Molly shook her head at once, not daring to entertain such thoughts. Hopefully, things weren't as she thought, or she would have no hope at all.

This is Olivia we're talking about, the most beautiful woman in Irieson! Not only does she have a distinguished background, but she's also competent and beautiful while I... I'm but a mere employee. What do I have against Miss Pearson?

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Molly looked up at the thought of it and took a profound gander at Thomas, only to become conflicted once more.

But what if I'm wrong? What if Miss Pearson and Thomas' relationship isn't as complicated as I think? I can't just give up because of my wild imagination, can I? No! I absolutely can't give up. I will probably regret it for the rest of my life if I miss a man as wonderful as Thomas!

"Thomas, you go ahead and have your coffee. I'll make a call to Miss Pearson."

Thomas nodded. "Go ahead."

Olivia will agree for sure. After all, Molly's her secretary. It wouldn't make sense for her to go through the trouble of rehiring instead of using Molly.

Sure enough, Molly returned five minutes later with glee and sat across from Thomas, shaking her phone excitedly. "Thomas, Thomas, Miss Pearson said I can go with her to Keyshire Property in the afternoon! Haha, I'm still the CEO's secretary! And I'll even become the secretary of the largest real estate company in Irieson!"

Keyshire Property was a huge company, even dominating the entire Irieson real estate industry. In a sense, Pearson Group couldn't even compare to Keyshire Property.

Real estate was a lucrative industry, and everyone knew that.

Thomas wasn't surprised by the outcome at all. He took a sip of coffee and smiled at Molly.

Just then, his phone rang, and he picked it up to see that it was his good friend Sean calling.

"Hey, Sean. What's up?"

"T-Thomas... There's something I have to tell you..."

"What's with the stutter?" Thomas smiled. "Just spit it out."

"A-Alright... But you better prepare yourself..."

Thomas frowned in response. It seemed that whatever his friend wanted to say wouldn't be good news, or why would Sean tell him to be mentally prepared?

"I just got word that Westhill Cemetery caught on fire."

Thomas was stumped. He wasn't sure why his friend would deliberately tell him about a graveyard being on fire.

"So?"

"So, um... The grave on fire was Dominic's."

"What?!" Thomas' countenance turned sub-zero at once, and his piercing eyes emitted boundless malice. "Say it again."

"Um..." Sean felt his heart skip a beat. He had anticipated that Thomas would be angry, but he hadn't expected his reaction to be so intense. It seemed that Thomas was really furious about this.

He took a deep breath, adjusted his emotions, and said, "Someone set fire to Dominic's grave. It's been burned, and... and..."

“And what? Spit it out!” As Thomas was furious, he didn’t care much for politeness at the moment.

“And his grave has been dug up. We’re at Westhill Cemetery right now. Zoe’s here too. She’s been crying her eyes out.”

“Stay right where you guys are. I’m coming right away!”

Thomas had never paid Dominic tribute at the cemetery, for he knew his friend’s head was still in the hands of Tigre Shawn. He had planned to wait until he wiped out the Minacia Oito Irieson and retrieved Dominic’s head before mourning him. But who’d have thought that Dominic’s grave would be destroyed?!

After ending the call, Thomas turned to Molly. “I have to go.”

With those words, he dashed out of the cafe.

“Thomas!”

By the time Molly came around, Thomas was long gone.

She patted her chest, feeling quite frightened by the situation just now. This was the first time she had seen Thomas so angry. In fact, at that moment, Thomas no longer felt like a person to her but like a wild beast with a penchant for killing!

What exactly happened? What could have made Thomas react like this?

Meanwhile, rancor surged within Sean and William as they stood side by side in front of Dominic’s tombstone in Westhill Cemetery, looking at the chaotic scene before them. Zoe, on the other hand, cried uncontrollably while kneeling in front of the grave.

If it hadn’t been for the cemetery staff informing her, she wouldn’t have even known that her brother’s grave had been desecrated. It wasn’t the day for visiting the grave, and no one usually came to this place.

It was Zoe who called Sean, and that was how they both learned the news.

The cemetery staff was actively investigating, and the signs of deliberate destruction were obvious. However, despite their efforts, they couldn’t find out who was responsible.

Sean and William exchanged a glance, and they could see the anger in each other's eyes.

The ancient sayings passed down over centuries said to respect the dead and find peace in the burial ground, so that begged the question of which despicable ingrate dug out Dominic's grave. And what was even more outrageous was that they didn't seem satisfied with just digging it up—they set it on fire! It was an understatement to call them heartless animals!

Now, Zoe was crying uncontrollably, and they didn't know how to comfort her. What happened had happened; nothing they said would make a difference.

"Um... Zoe, please stop crying. Don't worry. I've already called Thomas, and when he arrives, he will avenge Dominic!"

Alas, the young woman wasn't in the right state of mind to listen to anybody, let alone Sean, only shaking her head while continuing to sob.

Oh, Dominic, my poor brother, you died such a tragic death, and even in death, you're subjected to such injustice. I'm so sorry for my incompetence! I failed to protect your grave!

Dominic's head was already in the hands of that monster in the first place, and now, to make matters worse, even the remains in the grave were gone! She had reached the pinnacle of grief and fury. Who have we ever provoked?! Have we done something so outrageous and immoral? Why must these unfortunate events befall us? Why?

Not long after, Thomas arrived. He parked his car outside the cemetery and ran all the way. When he saw the devastated grave, he lurched. Who? Who the hell did this?

"Thomas!"

William and Sean quickly supported Thomas when they saw him staggering, one on each side.

Thomas waved his hand, indicating that he was fine, but tears were already streaming down his face. He looked around. All the other graves were intact, unscathed even. It was only Dominic's grave that was set on fire and dug up. It was evidently a deliberate act of revenge.

Thomas walked up to Zoe and reached out to embrace her shoulders.

Zoe naturally fell into Thomas' arms, crying uncontrollably.

She had no idea who could have done this. The only people she had enmity with were the Minacia Oito Irieson, but they hadn't been seen for a long time.