

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 131-140

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 131

"Alright, don't cry anymore. Don't worry. We won't let Dominic's grave be desecrated in vain!" Thomas patted Zoe's back. If she kept crying, she might cry herself blind.

"Thomas, let's leave for now," William suggested.

Crying wouldn't get them anywhere, and Zoe wouldn't stop crying either if they remained in this sorrowful place.

Thomas nodded in agreement and forced his tears back while helping Zoe up from his embrace.

They had to leave the place. The truth would eventually come to light, and no matter who did it, they had to pay with their lives.

After Thomas escorted Zoe into the car, William stayed behind to take care of her while Sean followed closely behind Thomas as they returned to Westhill Cemetery.

Thomas let out a long sigh and asked with a shaky voice, "Sean, hire a few guys to restore Dominic's grave, will you?"

"Rest assured, Thomas. I've already made the arrangements." Sean nodded. They would spare no expense on the tombstone and everything else. Money was not an issue.

While Thomas was staring at the dilapidated tombstone, Olivia called. "Thomas, are you on your way back yet?"

Thomas knew what she was talking about. He had promised to take her to the company at noon, but he couldn't go anymore at present. He had more important matters to attend to—investigating the destruction of Dominic's grave.

"I have some things to handle. It won't be possible today. Just rest well in the villa and don't wander around."

Olivia frowned, musing, But we agreed on going to the company at noon today. Why has he suddenly decided not to go? Is it because of Molly?

She envied Molly greatly. Having a boyfriend like Thomas must be absolutely wonderful.

She had already assumed they were on a date, which was why Thomas had no time to care about her.

Olivia's heart ached, and she shook her head, forcing herself to stop thinking about it, or she would only feel worse.

Since they're already a couple, I can only silently wish them well.

Alas, the young woman had completely misunderstood. Thomas had no romantic feelings for Molly at all.

Thomas took out a lighter and ignited the candle Sean handed him, seemingly talking to himself and to the late Dominic. "Dominic, I've already killed six of the Minacia Oito Irieson. Only the last two are left. Don't worry. They can't escape either. Even if they flee to the ends of the earth, I will make them pay for what they've done to you! Once I kill them both, I will bring you all eight of their heads as offerings. You know me, Dominic. I always keep my word, and I won't rest until your vengeance is served!"

With that, Thomas stood up, turned around, and walked away, with Sean following closely behind.

Perhaps due to the overwhelming sadness and crying earlier, Zoe had fallen asleep in the car.

After getting Zoe's address from Sean and William, Thomas sent them away and personally drove the young woman home, which was located in an upscale residential area.

Thomas carried her to the bedroom and tucked her in with a blanket.

On the bedside table was a photo of Dominic and Zoe, the siblings smiling happily. So blissful. Who could have imagined that in the blink of an eye, they would be forever separated by life and death?!

Thomas was about to turn and leave when he heard Zoe's phone ring from her handbag. He checked it; it was a text message from an unknown sender. Curiosity got the better of Thomas, and he carefully used Zoe's fingerprint to unlock the phone.

'You have balls, b\*tch, colluding with Thomas to kill us. Very well, how do you like your brother's grave now, huh? Is it to your liking? Hahaha, don't be so shocked. This is just the beginning. Do you know what I'm doing right now? I'm kicking your brother's head!'

'Come to Tyson Martial Arts Club tonight at 10.00PM if you want your brother's head back. Remember, no companions are allowed! Serve us well, and we might consider returning your brother's head to you, or you can forget about ever seeing it!'

After he read the two messages, his eyes turned bloodshot, and even his teeth clattered from gnashing. The Minacia Oito Irieson! It was really them who did this! F\*ck you, Tigre Shawn! Tristan Zeal! Both of you will pay for it!

Thomas' anger had reached its peak at this point, and beneath his eyes were raging flames that would burst out.

He had heard of Irieson's Tyson Martial Arts Club. Despite its name as a martial arts club, it was actually an underground fight club.

Thomas walked into the living room and sat on the couch, silent.

If it weren't for fear of alerting Tigre and Tristan too soon, he would've wanted to kill them at the so- called Tyson Martial Arts Club right away!

Thomas looked up at the time. It was 5.00PM. Alright, I'll wait another five hours. Tonight, I'm going to tear you two b\*stards apart!

Zoe slowly stirred at 7.00PM and found herself at home. At that, she quickly got out of bed and went to the living room.

Sure enough, Thomas was sitting there smoking.

A warm feeling rose in her heart. I was right to think he sent me back!

"Thomas... you can go back now. I'm fine."

Although Zoe couldn't remember the exact time, she knew it was still daytime before she fell asleep. Now it was already nighttime, which meant Thomas had been here all this while.

Thomas shook his head. He would leave at 9.00PM.

During these few hours, he had been pondering a question. He had always been careful about leaving traces, so how did the Minacia Oito find out that he was the one who killed their members?

Suddenly, two women popped into his head. He had spared the two prostitutes while killing Fordan and Pontius!

After thinking it through, it could only be those two women who leaked his information!

"Thomas, are you hungry? Shall we go out and grab something to eat?" Zoe touched her flat belly with one hand and turned her head to ask, her eyes filled with tenderness and affection toward Thomas.

She would've been ravaged to death if it weren't for him.

The Minacia Oito Irieson were a group of heartless beasts who had committed countless atrocities. No woman they set their eyes on would end up with a good fate. It was all thanks to Thomas that she was saved.

In fact, she would willingly offer herself to him if she could.

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Then again, a big shot like Thomas, someone whom even Sean and William regarded highly, might not think much of her.

"Hungry?" Thomas asked Zoe, who nodded.

"Don't go out. Let me make you something. What do you have at home?" Thomas got up and walked into the kitchen. Luckily, there were eggs, linguine, and some vegetables in the fridge.

"Let me do it, Thomas. You rest for a while."

"It's fine. I can handle it."

Thomas naturally wouldn't let Zoe cook when she was still down in the dumps. It'd be terrible if she accidentally cut herself while chopping.

Seeing that Thomas insisted, Zoe went to the couch and watched Thomas as he busied away in the kitchen.

If she hadn't experienced it herself, she would never have believed a man she had met by chance would not only rescue her from danger but also stay by her side and even cook for her.

Dominic must've been glad to have a friend like him, didn't he?

Tears began welling up in Zoe's eyes again at the thought of her brother.

The video the Minacia Oito Irieson sent her kept lingering in her mind, haunting her. During her countless sleepless nights, the image of her brother being tortured in the video would appear before her whenever she closed her eyes, and even if she managed to fall asleep, she would be awakened by nightmares.

Even now, she had to rely on sleeping pills to fall asleep. It started with one pill a day, and now it was three pills per night.

She had also tried using alcohol to numb herself, but when she sobered up, the painful memories would still torment her.

Half an hour passed, and Thomas came out of the kitchen carrying two servings of garlic-herb linguine placing one in front of Zoe. "Try my cooking," he said with a smile.

Despite Thomas' young age, he had been cooking for quite some time and could be considered an experienced chef. It was the eccentric old man who taught him how to cook when he was little. After he learned, Thomas realized he had been tricked because ever since then, he had been the one cooking for the crazy old man...

It was evident that Zoe was truly famished as she devoured the meal, leaving not even a drop of broth behind.

Later, Thomas washed the bowls and bid Zoe farewell when it reached 9.00PM.

Zoe wanted to see him off, but he refused.

C'mon, I'm o grown mon. I don't need o lody to see me off.

Sitting in the Moseroti, Thomos didn't stort the cor immediotely. Instead, he lit o cigarette ond smoked it in silence, ond within the swirling smoke, o cold gleom flosed in his shorp eyes.

"Tyson Mortiol Arts Club!" Thomos hod mode up his mind. He would toke down ony ollies of Minocio Oito in thot club. No one would be spored; oll of them hod to die.

He didn't core whot others soid about him being o bloodthirsty demon. He only knew that his deor friend hod been tormented to deoth by the Minocio Oito Irieson, ond even his grove hod been

desecroted by those b\*stords. Therefore, they must poy with their lives!

As for the rumored killer who hod killed the six members of the Minocio Oito Irieson was o heartless demon, Thomos couldn't be bothered.

If he killed without hesitotion, whot did thot moke Minocio Oito Irieson? Countless hod died ot their hond. Wos whot they did not cruel?!

Compored to them, Thomos was incredibly merciful. He only killed those who deserved it. Wicked b\*stords like the Minocio Oito Irieson shouldn't even exist in this world.

The Tyson Mortiol Arts Club hod ceosed its regular operotions for the doy, with only o group of men dressed in block suits standing in on orderly foshion ot the entronce.

It wos oll orranged in odvonce by Triston. If Zoe Ginger dored to come in, she would certainly suffer inhumone torture.

Triston leoned bock ogoinst the couch in the lounge, holding o phone in his hond. "Don't worry, Tigre. I guorontee thot b\*tch will beg us to kill her if she dores come in. She's gotten oudocious, thot b\*tch, doring to hire someone to kill our brothers!"

"I trust you'll get the job done. Lucky you. Zoe Ginger isn't only pretty but also o virgin. Go oll out with her," Tigre replied, his voice tinged with bitterness. He

would solivote ot the thought of Zoe even now. Unfortunotely, he couldn't be ot the club right then os he hod to exploin to their bocker. All eight of them were explicitly troined, ond now only two of them remoined. He couldn't just leove without exploining. He could only let Triston hove the pleasure oll to himself!

"Hoho! Don't worry, Tigre. I'll moke sure to hove o lot of fun with thot b\*tch loter. I'll even do your shore too!"

Triston grinned wickedly. Tigre probobly was still unowore of the foct thot Zoe's body was voluoble. He, on the other hond, hod reolized long ogo thot Zoe hod o unique constitution, ond toking her virgin yin essence would elevote his mortiol orts skills to o new level.

C'mon, I'm a grown man. I don't need a lady to see me off.

Sitting in the Maserati, Thomas didn't start the car immediately. Instead, he lit a cigarette and smoked it in silence, and within the swirling smoke, a cold gleam flashed in his sharp eyes.

"Tyson Martial Arts Club!" Thomas had made up his mind. He would take down any allies of Minacia Oito in that club. No one would be spared; all of them had to die.

He didn't care what others said about him being a bloodthirsty demon. He only knew that his dear friend had been tormented to death by the Minacia Oito Irieson, and even his grave had been desecrated by those b\*stards. Therefore, they must pay with their lives!

As for the rumored killer who had killed the six members of the Minacia Oito Irieson was a heartless demon, Thomas couldn't be bothered.

If he killed without hesitation, what did that make Minacia Oito Irieson? Countless had died at their hands. Was what they did not cruel?!

Compared to them, Thomas was incredibly merciful. He only killed those who deserved it. Wicked b\*stards like the Minacia Oito Irieson shouldn't even exist in this world.

The Tyson Martial Arts Club had ceased its regular operations for the day, with only a group of men dressed in black suits standing in an orderly fashion at the entrance.

It was all arranged in advance by Tristan. If Zoe Ginger dared to come in, she would certainly suffer inhumane torture.

Tristan leaned back against the couch in the lounge, holding a phone in his hand. "Don't worry, Tigre. I guarantee that b\*tch will beg us to kill her if she dares come in. She's gotten audacious, that b\*tch, daring to hire someone to kill our brothers!"

"I trust you'll get the job done. Lucky you. Zoe Ginger isn't only pretty but also a virgin. Go all out with her," Tigre replied, his voice tinged with bitterness. He would salivate at the thought of Zoe even now. Unfortunately, he couldn't be at the club right then as he had to explain to their backer. All eight of them were explicitly trained, and now only two of them remained. He couldn't just leave without explaining. He could only let Tristan have the pleasure all to himself!

"Haha! Don't worry, Tigre. I'll make sure to have a lot of fun with that b\*tch later. I'll even do your share too!"

Tristan grinned wickedly. Tigre probably was still unaware of the fact that Zoe's body was valuable. He, on the other hand, had realized long ago that Zoe had a unique constitution, and taking her virgin yin essence would elevate his martial arts skills to a new level.

Yes, Tristen was also a martial artist, and not just an ordinary one, but a skilled practitioner who had cultivated Chi. And Zoe's virgin yin essence was the 'nutrient' for his Chi.

Among the Minecie Oito Irieson, only Tigre and Tristen were martial artists.

Tristen put his phone down and waited quietly for Zoe's arrival.

He was confident Zoe would show up. After all, her brother's head was still in Tigre's hands. She would have to come to them if she wanted her brother to die whole.

It was precisely because of Zoe's unique constitution that Tristen had gone through so much trouble. He was afraid that in forcing her, he might damage her virgin yin essence, which would greatly diminish her value. Otherwise, he would have simply sent someone to kidnap her and save all this trouble!



Unlike the others in the Minecie Oito Irieson, Tristen couldn't be called lecherous, but when it came to beautiful women, especially one with a constitution that could enhance his martial arts skills, what man would say no?

Just then, the door of the martial arts club slowly opened, accompanied by creaking sounds, and everyone inside the club turned their gazes toward the entrance only to find Thomas standing there, dressed in black, his face as cold as ice, merged with the darkness of the night.

He stood upright, and his piercing eyes were like the edge of a knife as he swept over the crowd.

No matches, no spectators, just a group of thugs. No doubt, this is the work of Tigre and Tristen. There's nothing more to be said, then. Everyone here is a comrade of Minecie Oito Irieson.

At that, he strode into the club.

Meanwhile, the men in suits stared intently at him. They didn't make a move, all waiting for Tristen to give the order.

An eerie silence filled the room. There was no other noise other than the sound of everyone's breathing.

Tristen stood up, surprised. "To think it's you!"

He was baffled as well. He had clearly sent the message to Zoe, so why was Thomas the one who showed up? Had Zoe told him about it?

Yes, Tristan was also a martial artist, and not just an ordinary one, but a skilled practitioner who had cultivated Chi. And Zoe's virgin yin essence was the 'nutrient' for his Chi.

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It wasn't until the night before, when Tristan unexpectedly encountered the woman Fordan and Pontius hired that he realized the person who killed his brothers was indeed Thomas.

It's not surprising that it's him. I had already suspected him before. But none of us had ever offended him, so why would he want to kill us? It's understandable if he has a grudge against Leslie, but what does it have to do with us?! This doesn't make sense!

Upon closer investigation, Tristan discovered that Thomas and Zoe's deceased brother, Dominic, were close friends, and that was when the truth became clear!

Thomas must've learned that we've murdered Dominic from that b\*tch! That's why he would hunt and murder us at all costs!

Tristan had wanted to relay the news to Tigre. However, the latter was reporting to the Yams right then, so he only mentioned that their brothers' deaths had to do with Zoe. With that, Tigre ordered Tristan to retaliate against her and hung up the phone.

Very well, I'll tell Tigre Thomas is the killer when I see him. Since it's already confirmed that you're the killer, and you've also walked right up to my doorstep, today will be your death day! I won't be Tristan Zeal if I don't chop you up and feed you to the dogs!

I will make you f\*cking pay for killing my brothers! To think you'd come right to us just when we're going to seek revenge against you. Very well. That'll save us the trouble. I shall kill you first, then go after that wretched woman for revenge! We brothers have sworn to embark on the journey of life together, but because of you, only Tigre and I are left!

Tristan's eyes turned bloodshot, and his teeth clattered from gnashing. The man's hatred for Thomas was evident.

"Attack! Kill him!" he roared fiercely with a wave of his hand.

Swish, swish!

Upon receiving the order, all the black-suited men drew their machetes from their waists and charged toward Thomas without hesitation.

However, Thomas showed no fear of facing the group of fierce men. It was as though he wasn't looking at a group of people charging at him with deadly weapons but a swarm of ants rushing toward him.

Thomas didn't retreat but advanced instead. His movements were as fast as lightning as he grabbed one of the men's wrists and disarmed him, snatching away his machete.

Then, he struck swiftly, severing the man's arm at the shoulder.

The mon couldn't even react to what had happened. He only felt a blur before his eyes, realizing that his knife had been taken away. Next, he felt a chilling sensation in his shoulder. When he lowered his head, he saw his arm, now detached, flying through the air. Blood gushed out from his shoulder where the arm used to be.

"Ah!" The mon, only realizing the situation belatedly, let out a heart-wrenching scream.

Bom!

Thomos lifted his leg and kicked the mon, sending him flying. All that screaming, how fucking annoying!

The mon was lucky enough to let out a scream before his imminent death, proving to the world that he had once existed. His companions, however, weren't as fortunate.

Thomos was like a fierce tiger among a flock of sheep, striking without hesitation, not even blinking as he romped through the crowd.

Wherever he went, severed limbs and body parts flew in the air, and cries of agony filled the surroundings. Many didn't even have a chance to utter a single scream before they ceased to breathe.

Fifteen minutes passed, and only two men remained standing in their original positions.

However, they were too terrified to move, their eyes wide open as they stared at Thomos in disbelief.

You call this a human?! This is a fucking demon from hell! Yes, especially in his current state, covered in blood, he was clearly a bloodthirsty demon! Otherwise, how could so many of their brothers have died in such a short period?

They didn't dare to rush forward and attack Thomos anymore. As minions of the Minocio Oito Irierson, they were usually highly regarded and feared, enjoying their lives and being treated with respect. But all of this was based on the fact that they were still alive. If they died, everything would be lost.

Clong, clong!

The two dropped their machetes and turned around, running away.

They finally realized that if they didn't leave now, they might never be able to leave.

They didn't want to die. They still had plenty of time to squander and plenty of beautiful women waiting for them to enjoy.

Pfft, pfft!

However, the two had only run a few feet when two machetes flew straight at them and impaled their backs.

After all, Thomas had sworn that he would kill everyone involved with the Minocio Oito Irierson. It didn't matter who they were or whether they were scared. None of them would survive!

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Clang, clang!

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After all, Thomas had sworn that he would kill everyone involved with the Minacia Oito Irieson. It didn't matter who they were or whether they were scared. None of them would survive!

The air was filled with the scent of blood, and the flat ground was already covered in crimson. The blood literally flowed like a river!

Now, only two people remained in the entire club—Thomas, covered in blood, and Tristen, sizing up Thomas.

It suddenly hit Tristen how Thomas was able to kill all six of his brothers. It turned out that the men possessed such strength.

Though the six of his deed brothers hed mediocre skills, they were elways surrounded by e group of professionel bodyguerds end thugs. It wesn't en eesy tesk to ley e hend on them.

While Tristen sized Thomes up, the letter wes also sizing him up.

Thomes wesn't fooled by Tristen's gentlemenly epeerence. He could tell the men hed some skills, end it wes evident from his stence, es well es the muscles in his legs end erms.

Tristen sighed. "It seems ineviteble thet my brothers died et your hends."

Being targeted by such e skilled opponent, it's indeed difficult to survive. But today's the dey you die! I'd like to see just whet you're mede of. Since you've come, stey forever! I'm going to knock you down end torture you ruthlessly. I'll be betraying my brothers if I don't meke your life e living hell!

Tristen took off his coet end spoke with en extremely cold tone. "Kid, you could heve lived e few more deys, but since you've come looking for it yourself, I'm sorry to sey thet I cen only let you die!"

The next second, Tristen pushed off the ground with his feet. His body shot forwerd like en errow, heeding streight for Thomes.

In just e breeth's time, he epeered in front of Thomes. His messive fist, eccompanied by e whistling sound, eimed directly et Thomes' fece.

He put ell his strength into this punch! An opponent like Thomes deserved his full-force etteck!

Bem!

After e loud cresh, Tristen wes surprised to find thet he couldn't move his fist even e frection of en inch.

Upon closer inspection, he found thet Thomes hed grebbed his fist while looking et him with e smirk.

"W-Whet the..."

Cleng!

Thomas reised his fist end knocked Tristen to the ground. “Where is Tigre? Speek!”

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Now, only two people remained in the entire club—Thomas, covered in blood, and Tristan, sizing up Thomas.

It suddenly hit Tristan how Thomas was able to kill all six of his brothers. It turned out that the man possessed such strength.

Though the six of his dead brothers had mediocre skills, they were always surrounded by a group of professional bodyguards and thugs. It wasn’t an easy task to lay a hand on them.

While Tristan sized Thomas up, the latter was also sizing him up.

Thomas wasn’t fooled by Tristan’s gentlemanly appearance. He could tell the man had some skills, and it was evident from his stance, as well as the muscles in his legs and arms.

Tristan sighed. “It seems inevitable that my brothers died at your hands.”

Being targeted by such a skilled opponent, it’s indeed difficult to survive. But today’s the day you die! I’d like to see just what you’re made of. Since you’ve come, stay forever! I’m going to knock you down and torture you ruthlessly. I’ll be betraying my brothers if I don’t make your life a living hell!

Tristan took off his coat and spoke with an extremely cold tone. “Kid, you could have lived a few more days, but since you’ve come looking for it yourself, I’m sorry to say that I can only let you die!”

The next second, Tristan pushed off the ground with his feet. His body shot forward like an arrow, heading straight for Thomas.

In just a breath’s time, he appeared in front of Thomas. His massive fist, accompanied by a whistling sound, aimed directly at Thomas’ face.

He put all his strength into this punch! An opponent like Thomas deserved his full-force attack!

Bam!



After a loud crash, Tristan was surprised to find that he couldn't move his fist even a fraction of an inch.

Upon closer inspection, he found that Thomas had grabbed his fist while looking at him with a smirk.

"W-What the..."

Clang!

Thomas raised his fist and knocked Tristan to the ground. "Where is Tigre? Speak!"

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Back then, Tristan fled with Tigre. Now that Tristan had shown himself, he must know Tigre's whereabouts.

Tristan endured the intense pain in his body, glanced at Thomas, and snorted coldly before turning his head away. Trying to make me betray Tigre? Forget it! I'm not the kind of ungrateful traitor! Even if you kill me, I won't betray Tigre!

Thomas sneered in response. "Fine. You're a tough guy. I'm surprised."

Since you're unwilling to talk, I won't ask anymore. I won't be able to get anything useful anyway.

At that, he picked up a cleaver from the ground, swung his arm, and off went Tristan's head.

If Tristan's in Irieson, then Tigre must also be close. Let's see you try and hide forever Tigre! Your brothers are all dead. You're left!

Creek!

The club's door was pushed open once again, and Sean, William, and Zoe rushed in.

"T-Thomas..."

The three of them stared wide-eyed at the hall that resembled hell. The floor was littered with severed limbs and arms, drenched in blood. They took a deep breath, only to take in a pungent smell of blood.

Blergh!

Their stomachs churned, after which the three of them turned around in unison and began vomiting.

Thomas didn't return to the home screen after reading the text message on Zoe's phone but instead casually chucked it on the couch, and Zoe had the habit of checking her phone before going to bed, so

she saw Tristan's message as soon as she unlocked her phone.

This startled Zoe quite a bit. After connecting the dots, she knew for sure that Thomas had rendezvoused in her place. This is bad. Tristan will surely belabor Thomas! Please be okay, Thomas, please, or I'll never have peace of mind for the rest of my life!

She had to inform Sean and William, and after they learned about the situation, as expected, they rushed to the location.

Thomas glanced at the three of them, indifferent. After all, his mission to hunt down the Minacia Oito Irieson had already been exposed. Even if it hadn't, Sean and William were his close friends, and Zoe was his close friend's sister. There was no need to hide anything from them.

At that, he took out a cigarette from his pocket. At this moment, it was as if he had just taken a shower, his whole body soaked, except the liquid on him wasn't water, but blood.

A total of thirty-one people, including Triston, were killed, not a single one left!

It wasn't until they emptied their stomachs that Seon and William felt slightly better. Then, they forced themselves not to look at the ground while they approached Thomas.

"Thomas... Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

Thomas shook his head, took off his jacket, and dropped Triston's head in it while mumbling, "I'm fine. Let's go."

It was after he exited the club that he realized Seon and William hadn't come alone. They were accompanied by a group of bodyguards, each of them muscular and stern-faced, likely their family's forces.

A worm feeling arose in his heart. His two friends had done so much for him.

William instructed one of his men to act as Thomas' chauffeur for the night. The man was already exhausted; they couldn't let him drive himself.

They had rushed over as fast as they could, but they still didn't see Thomas single-handedly overturn Tyson Mortimer Arts Club. Thomas was Thomas—silent and deadly. When he made a move, it was bound to be shocking!

Those dead thugs didn't deserve pity. It was because they followed Minicio Oito Irieson, being complicit in their actions, that Dominic met a tragic end.

Anyone associated with Dominic's death should be prepared to die with him!

As for Minicio Oito Irieson, they had long been infamous in the city. Each prominent family either harbored deep hatred toward them or distanced themselves from them. Now that seven of the Minicio Oito were dead, it was in line with the public sentiment!

Thomas returned to Northpine Villa with Tristan's head, and it was already 1.00AM when he entered the house. The Pearson sisters had long gone to bed.

It was for the best. After all, Olivia would probably be scared half to death if she saw Thomas covered in blood.

After placing Tristan's severed head in a safe spot, Thomas stepped into the shower. It took him a full forty minutes to wash away all the bloodstains from his body.

The outfit he was wearing earlier couldn't be worn anymore. The black clothes had been soaked in so much blood that it had turned purple.

A total of thirty-one people, including Tristan, were killed, not a single one left!

It wasn't until they emptied their stomachs that Sean and William felt slightly better. Then, they forced themselves not to look at the ground while they approached Thomas.

"Thomas... Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

Thomas shook his head, took off his jacket, and wrapped Tristan's head in it while mumbling, "I'm fine. Let's go."

It was after he exited the club that he realized Sean and William hadn't come alone. They were accompanied by a group of bodyguards, each of them muscular and stern-faced, likely their family's forces.

A warm feeling arose in his heart. His two friends had done so much for him.

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They had rushed over as fast as they could, but they still didn't see Thomas single-handedly overturn Tyson Martial Arts Club. Thomas was Thomas—silent and deadly. When he made a move, it was bound to be shocking!

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The outfit he was wearing earlier couldn't be worn anymore. The black clothes had been soaked in so much blood that it had turned purple.

After changing into a clean set of clothes, he walked to the window and murmured to himself while gazing at the starry sky, "Dominic, watch from above and see how I slaughter those b\*sterds one by one! Don't worry, there's still one person left, and I won't let him escape! When the time comes, I will gether their heads and offer them as a sacrifice to your grave!"

Thomes gritted his teeth, and his fists clenched tightly together. Minecie Oito Irieson my \*ss! So whet if your becker is compliceted?! So whet if he's the king of the world?! Ley e hend on my friends, end you will suffer the consequences! No one cen seve you!

Leter, Thomes went to the couch in the living room end started chein smoking. He hed elreedy esked Seen end Williem to investigete Tigre's whereebouts when he exited Tyson Mertiel Arts Club.

He also sent e messege specifically to Quincy, esking for his essistence.

He would find Tigre even if he hed to dig to the center of the Eerth. He refused to believe thet e living person could diseppeer just like thet.

Thomes steyed up ell night, weiting for e phone cell, end it wesn't until dawn broke thet his phone finelly reng.

He picked it up end sew thet it wes Quincy celling.

"Tigre is et the Yem Residence." Quincy got streight to the point, westing no time, knowing Thomes wes eeger.

He didn't went Thomes to knock on the Yems' door. By now, everyone in Irieson knew seven of the Minecie Oito Irieson hed died, leeving only Tigre es the lest remeining member. The powerful femilies behind the Minecie Oito were desperetely investigeting who the killer wes. If Thomes were to go to the Yem Residence et this time, it would be like edmitting his identity es the killer.

The Yem Family wes elreedy difficult to deel with, end they were just one fection emong the forces behind the Minecie Oito.

"Thomes, I edvise you not to go to Yem Residence. I know Tigre hes to die, end you cen kill him, but not et Yem Residence. If you do, you'll only fece endless pursuit from those powerful femilies!"

After changing into a clean set of clothes, he walked to the window and murmured to himself while gazing at the starry sky, "Dominic, watch from above and see how I slaughter those b\*stards one by one! Don't worry, there's still one person left, and I won't let him escape! When the time comes, I will gather their heads and offer them as a sacrifice at your grave!"

Thomas gritted his teeth, and his fists clenched tightly together. Minacia Oito Irieson my \*ss! So what if your backer is complicated?! So what if he's the king of the world?! Lay a hand on my friends, and you will suffer the consequences! No one can save you!

Later, Thomas went to the couch in the living room and started chain smoking. He had already asked Sean and William to investigate Tigre's whereabouts when he exited Tyson Martial Arts Club.

He also sent a message specifically to Quincy, asking for his assistance.

He would find Tigre even if he had to dig to the center of the Earth. He refused to believe that a living person could disappear just like that.

Thomas stayed up all night, waiting for a phone call, and it wasn't until dawn broke that his phone finally rang.

He picked it up and saw that it was Quincy calling.

"Tigre is at the Yam Residence." Quincy got straight to the point, wasting no time, knowing Thomas was eager.

He didn't want Thomas to knock on the Yams' door. By now, everyone in Irieson knew seven of the Minacia Oito Irieson had died, leaving only Tigre as the last remaining member. The powerful families behind the Minacia Oito were desperately investigating who the killer was. If Thomas were to go to the Yam Residence at this time, it would be like admitting his identity as the killer.

The Yam Family was already difficult to deal with, and they were just one faction among the forces behind the Minacia Oito.

"Thomas, I advise you not to go to Yam Residence. I know Tigre has to die, and you can kill him, but not at Yam Residence. If you do, you'll only face endless pursuit from those powerful families!"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 135

"I know you're capable and not afraid of them, but you can't just think about yourself. That Chloe Hahn, haven't you always considered her as your sister? Even if you're not afraid of them, can you guarantee that those people won't target Chloe and her father?"

Quincy's words made Thomas hesitate.

Indeed, he was skilled and fearless, capable of going to Yam Residence and killing Tigre Shawn, and if anyone from the Yam Family tried to stop him, he would kill them too. He wouldn't care either, even if they sought revenge afterward. But what about Chloe?

Given how close he was with Chloe, those forces could easily find out about it with a little investigation. Plus, he couldn't be by Chloe's side all the time.

But am I to let Tigre Shawn go just like this? No, absolutely not! Never!

Not only was Tigre Dominic's murderer, but the fact that Dominic's head was still in Tigre's hands made it impossible for Thomas to let Tigre live!

What about Chloe, though? Zachary was already dead, and it could be said that she was his spiritual support to keep going, so Thomas couldn't ignore her well-being either!

If something really were to happen to Chloe and Adam because of his impulsiveness, how could he face Zachary in the afterlife?!

Seeing that Thomas remained silent for a long time, Quincy knew his words had gotten through to the young man. At that, he continued, "Take a step back, Thomas. Hold on for a while. You can kill Tigre, but not while he's in the Yam Residence. Tigre can't hide in there forever."

Thomas didn't reply but silently hung up the phone. He was truly torn between seeking revenge for his close friend and the safety of his 'closest ones' now. It was an agonizing decision to make.

If it hadn't been for Quincy's persuasion, Thomas would have stormed into the Yam Family's gate by now. After all, before that, his only thought was to avenge Dominic, but Quincy's words awoke Thomas. He realized acting rashly could bring fatal consequences to the Hahns, so he had to carefully consider his next move.

Sitting on the couch, Thomas lit another cigarette. The Yam Family wasn't unfamiliar to him. If his guess was correct, they were the ones who hired a hitman to hunt him for no reason before.

“Sigh!” Thomas let out a long sigh and mused, “Dominic, I’m sorry, my brother. I can’t do anything against Tigre for now. Give me a few more days. Please trust me. He will die. I swear he will pay for what he has done to you!”

Thomas’ eyes turned bloodshot. The thought of Tigre living for a few more days made his blood boil with anger. It was incredibly infuriating!

Meanwhile, inside the Morton Family’s villa, Samuel, William, John, and Seon sat wide awake on the couch, unable to sleep, for the forces behind the Minocio Oito Irieson had gone berserk, desperately investigating who the murderer was. The entire Irieson was in turmoil.

The expressions of the four of them were surprisingly alike—furrowed brows and sighs.

Ring! Ring!

Just then, a crisp ringtone broke the heavy atmosphere.

“Hello?” Samuel answered the call.

A minute later, the elder eased up. “Great, Tigre doesn’t know Thomas is the murderer, or things would get ugly.”

At that, he turned to Seon and asked, “Seon, are you sure that you’ve destroyed all the surveillance cameras in the club?”

There couldn’t be any traces left behind. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Rest assured, Old Mr. Perolto. We’ve taken care of all the evidence. No one will suspect Thomas,” Seon replied confidently.

Being Thomas’ close friends, Seon and William immediately issued the command to erase all traces as soon as Thomas left the club. They knew well the terrifying power behind the Minocio Oito Irieson.

Thomas couldn’t be blamed. After all, he assumed Tigre would’ve also known he was the killer when Triston had. But who’d have thought Triston hadn’t had the chance to relay the news to Tigre?! As of now, all Tigre knew was that Zoe was seemingly connected to his brothers’ death.



Triston happened to run into the woman Fordon and Pontius hired the night before Triston sent the messages to Zoe, and it was after interrogating her that he found out Thomas was the murderer.

However, Tigre had gone to the Yom Residence to report the tragic news of his brothers' deaths at that time. Triston immediately called Tigre, but before he could finish speaking, Tigre had on urgent matter to report and hung up the phone. Triston thought they would talk when they met, so under these unexpected circumstances, Tigre didn't know that Thomas was the murderer.

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At that, the two elders smiled with relief. "Wonderful. Thomas will be safe for now."

Though the two of them hadn't known Thomas for long, they had developed a fondness for him. On the one hand, they genuinely liked the young man, and on the other, Thomas had previously saved their grandsons. Hence, they wouldn't sit idly by if those people were really going to do anything to Thomas.

"Thomas is truly a man," said John with a chuckle. "He is ruthless to his enemies but loyal to his friends. There aren't many people like him today!"

Semuel nodded in agreement. To relentlessly pursue Minecie Oito Irieson without considering the consequences for a deceased friend, who else has such courage in the world?

Hell, this was the Minecie Oito Irieson! Those people are no joke!

Not even young men of prominent families dared provoke them, yet Thomas killed seven of them in one go. Not only that, he even deceived them! How daring and awe-inspiring of him!

"Seen, Will, leave Thomas alone for now," ordered Semuel. "I believe Quincy has already explained the pros and cons to him. He's smart enough to not go

on a killing spree at the Yem Residence. These days should be a time of frustration for him.”

At that, Seen and Williem nodded in acknowledgment.

Then, Williem suggested, “I remember Thomas has a foster sister named Chloe Hehn. To be safe, we should secretly send someone to protect her.”

Williem’s words reminded Seen; they had to indeed protect the young women. If one day Thomas’ identity as the murderer was exposed, Chloe might also be in danger.

John and Samuel naturally agreed to it. It wasn’t only the right thing to do but also necessary.

With that, Seen got up and made the arrangements.

And Thomas had no idea about all of this. Seen and Will didn’t inform him either. Since they were best friends, they would silently do whatever they could for each other, or how could they truly call themselves brothers in arms?

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I’m Someone Else Chapter 136

Back in Northpine Villa, Olivia and Ophelie had already stirred, and the three of them sat at the dining table, eating breakfast Olivia had made.

All this while, Thomas, who was contemplating how to deal with Tigre, looked distracted, and out of the blue, he asked, “Did you take your medicine this morning, Olivia?”

This was a top priority no matter when, or all of his previous efforts would be in vain.

“I’ve already taken it,” Olivia replied with a smile.

“That’s good.” With that, Thomas lowered his head and continued to stare blankly at the food in front of him.

Olivia scrutinized the man and became increasingly convinced that something was up.

What is up with Thomas today? He's been sitting on the living room couch, chain-smoking since early morning, and is even looking listless now with a bitter and resentful expression. Has something happened?

"Thomas, is something bothering you?" she asked.

Although she couldn't help Thomas in any practical way, being a good listener and allowing him to vent his negative emotions was still something within her capability.

Could it be that he had a fight with Molly? But that shouldn't be the case. I know Molly herself, and she doesn't seem like the kind of girl who'd throw a tantrum. And from what I can tell, she genuinely likes Thomas. She should be understanding and submissive, right? Then again, couples in love always have their disagreements, don't they?

Oh, how great it'd be if they really did have a fight. That would mean I have a chance—What are you thinking, Olivia Pearson?! Thomas already made it clear that he's nice to you because he considers you a friend. You're letting your imagination run wild again!

Olivia's cheeks blushed at that, and she no longer questioned Thomas but only lowered her head bashfully, looking exceptionally adorable.

Meanwhile, Thomas gazed bafflingly at Olivia. What's going on? Wasn't she asking me what's up? Why is she flushed after asking? Can it be that she's unwell again?

"What's wrong, Olivia?"

"Oh, nothing... Nothing..."

Thomas shook his head helplessly. It's true when they say to never guess a woman's thoughts.

As he was in extreme frustration, he naturally didn't have the extra effort to ponder what Olivia might be thinking. Instead, he returned to contemplating Tigre.

If Tigre doesn't come out of the Yom Residence within the next ten days, I'll have to leverage my connections and wipe out even the entire Yom Family!

All in all, the Minocio Oito Irieson were just a group of dogs that the influential families, including the Yom Family, raised. They were nothing more than servants reflecting the nature of their masters. Since the Minocio Oito Irieson were involved in various wicked deeds, the Yom Family couldn't be any different.

Thomos had already used one of the phone numbers he had for Olivio's sake. He didn't want to ask anyone else for help unless absolutely necessary. Although they were friends, no one was obligated to solve his problems. It was better not to trouble others if he could avoid it.

Ophelie, on the other hand, had been secretly observing the two, who harbored their own concerns, while pretending to eat breakfast.

Oh, Olivio, what should I do with you? If you like Thomos, just go after him directly. Why are you so hesitant? Do you think that by deliberately restraining yourself, others can't see through it? It's even more obvious, you know?!

And Thomos, come on, you're a man! Can't you see that my sister has feelings for you? Can't you make the first move? My sister is more than worthy of you! How clueless you are! Sigh!

Come on, Olivio, you can do better than this! A man as good as Thomos doesn't come around often. If you miss him, there won't be another chance. You must quickly make him yours. Many girls dig eligible bachelors like him! Sigh, at the rate she's going, who knows when Thomos will become my brother-in-law!

Just as Thomos had finished his meal, Quincy called, probing, "Hey, Thomos, look, I know you're not in a good mood right now, but I think, especially in times like these, it's important to distract yourself with other things. Remember what I told you before about meeting that girl..."

The arrangement had long been made, but who'd have expected this sudden turn of events?! Quincy had already explained the situation to the girl. If Thomos was willing, Quincy would be happy to help arrange another meeting.

"Thanks, Dr. Hofstead, but truth be told, I'm really not interested in this. It's better to just forget about it."

The lost thing Thomas wanted to do was be in another romantic relationship. Ever since he discovered Felice's infidelity, his once hopeful heart for love had died.

If Tigre doesn't come out of the Yam Residence within the next ten days, I'll have to leverage my connections and wipe out even the entire Yam Family!

All in all, the Minacia Oito Irieson were just a group of dogs that the influential families, including the Yam Family, raised. They were nothing more than servants reflecting the nature of their masters. Since the Minacia Oito Irieson were involved in various wicked deeds, the Yam Family couldn't be any different.

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"Alright," Quincy expressed his understanding. If Thomas wasn't willing, then they would let it go, and Quincy would set Thomas up on a date again when his mood improved.

Throughout the entire day, Thomas stayed indoors at Northpine Ville. He didn't go anywhere, only sitting on the living room couch in a daze or smoking by himself. Even a fool could see that he was troubled. However, Olivia had misunderstood, thinking that Thomas was in a bad mood because of a fight with Molly. She felt hesitant to inquire further, leaving it up to him.

That said, for some reason, Olivia's mood had been great the entire day...

The next morning, Thomas drove Olivia to Keyshire Property.

Olivia had also informed Molly about it and asked her to report for duty at Keyshire Property this morning.

"Wow, this place is even bigger than Pearson Group's headquarters!" Olivia exclaimed as she gazed at the towering building in front of her after getting out of the car.

As expected of the leading real estate company in Iriessan. They really are rich and powerful.

However, her mood quickly turned glum as she noticed the security guards at the entrance. How were she and Thomas going to get in?



Although Keyshire Property was technically her company in terms of ownership, she hadn't officially taken office yet, and the employees didn't know her. If she came unannounced, she would definitely be denied entry.

"Relax," Thomas said, leaning against the car door, taking a drag. He had already called Refeel when he left Northpine Ville. The man was probably on his way here.

Sure enough, the Porsche appeared before them moments later. Refeel hurriedly got out of the car, with fine beads of sweat on his forehead, and respectfully handed the cigarette to Thomas. "I'm so sorry for being late, Mr. Clifford. There was some traffic on the way."

He was genuinely worried that Thomas would get upset and give him trouble. After all, the man was his boss' good friend. He'd be in trouble if Thomas was displeased.

"Don't worry about it," Thomas smiled. "It's the morning rush hour, a little delay is no big deal."

"Alright," Quincy expressed his understanding. If Thomas wasn't willing, then they would let it go, and Quincy would set Thomas up on a date again when his mood improved.

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"Relax," Thomas said, leaning against the car door, taking a drag. He had already called Rafael when he left Northpine Villa. The man was probably on his way here.

Sure enough, a Porsche appeared before them moments later. Rafael hurriedly got out of the car, with fine beads of sweat on his forehead, and respectfully handed a cigarette to Thomas. "I'm so sorry for being late, Mr. Clifford. There was some traffic on the way."

He was genuinely worried that Thomas would get upset and give him trouble. After all, the man was his boss' good friend. He'd be in trouble if Thomas was displeased.

"Don't worry about it." Thomas smiled. "It's the morning rush hour, a little delay is no big deal."

I'm Someone Else Chapter 137

Thomas understood why Rafael Mazer was so worried. It was all because of his good friend, but the poor guy hadn't done anything wrong. His decision to come to Keyshire Property was also spontaneous. He had just informed the guy moments ago, and if he got upset because of Rafael's late arrival, what kind of person would he be?

He wasn't the kind of person who'd cause trouble or bully others.

"Thank you, Mr. Clifford, thank you!" Rafael let out a long sigh in response.

Thank goodness. Mr. Clifford seems quite magnanimous. As long as he's not angry, it's all good. I'll be working under him for some time in the future. Boss has made it clear that I need to ensure a smooth transition for Mr. Clifford to take over Keyshire Property and that everything is on the right track before I

can leave, and I have to seek Mr. Clifford's approval as well. Especially how evident Boss' emphasis on Mr. Clifford is...

"You're too kind, Mr. Mazer." Olivia smiled at Rafael, who was stunned by her beauty.

They sure don't call her the number one beauty of Irieson for nothing. Her every movement is captivating. It's true what they say; heroes have a hard time resisting the charms of a beautiful woman. Or why would Thomas hand over Keyshire Property to her? It's obvious that he wants to win her favor.

Rafael nodded at Olivia, reminding himself that she was someone he shouldn't mess with. He had to maintain a good relationship with her, as she was important to Thomas.

Rafael personally showed the two of them around Keyshire Property, and Olivia, who was already a business genius, became familiar with it in no time.

The staff at Keyshire Property also learned that they had a boss. Although they didn't know why the company was being transferred, no one was foolish enough to ask.

Whomever the boss was didn't matter to them. As long as they didn't lose their jobs or experience any pay cut, it was all good.

Meanwhile, Molly had also arrived at the building, and she followed Olivia's side, familiarizing herself with the company's operations.

"Miss Pearson, I suggest that you hire two more secretaries. One secretary can't handle the workload, especially since our company has a large volume of business," Rafael kindly reminded Olivia.

Olivia nodded thoughtfully. She had also noticed the issue Rafael mentioned. As expected of the leading real estate company in Irieson. It seemed like he would be busier than when she was the CEO of Pearson Group.

Olivia had been so busy the whole day that she didn't even have time for lunch. Of course, the hard work of the day was not in vain. Olivia could now handle the main business of Keyshire Property, although just barely. This surprised Rafael because he thought it would take at least a week for Olivia to grasp the specific operations. Instead, she had already come this far in just

one day. It seemed that the rumors about this beauty were true—she was indeed a business genius!

Of course, she couldn't have done it without Rofoel's wholehearted guidance as well.

"It's getting late, Miss Pearson," Rofoel said at 7.30PM. "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

With Olivia's talent, she would be able to handle Keyshire Property on her own in a few more days.

Olivia quickly stood up. "Mr. Mozer, let me walk you out."

"No, no. You've been busy all day. No need to see me out. I'll see myself to the door."

Rofoel couldn't possibly let Olivia escort him. After all, she was Thomas' woman. In terms of status and position, she was on the same level as his boss. It wouldn't be proper for her to escort him.

However, Olivia shook her head stubbornly, insisting on seeing Rofoel off. He had helped her a lot throughout the day, and it was only right to accompany him out.

When Rofoel arrived at the corridor, he bid Thomas, who was smoking, adieu. "I'll be taking my leave, Mr. Clifford."

At that, Thomas stubbed his cigarette and approached the man. "I'll walk you out."

Rofoel was even more surprised. Not only did Olivia insist on seeing him off, but Thomas wanted to accompany him as well. What could he do apart from allowing them to see him out? Thomas was determined, so he ended up riding the elevator with them.

Inside the elevator, Rofoel couldn't help but place his hand on his stomach. It was his old ailment. His stomach would ache whenever he didn't eat on time. As he had been occupied all day and hadn't had time to eat, his stomach was acting up again.

“Do you have a stomach problem, Mr. Mozer?” Thomas asked with a slight frown when he caught Rofoel’s posture.

“It’s a minor issue. Don’t worry about it.”

At that, Thomas pondered for a moment and asked the receptionist for paper and a pen. He quickly wrote a prescription and handed it to Rofoel. “Follow this prescription. One dose every morning, and our pain will be gone within a week. I guarantee that you won’t suffer from gastric problems anymore.”

Olivia had been so busy the whole day that she didn’t even have time for lunch. Of course, the hard work of the day was not in vain. Olivia could now handle the main business of Keyshire Property, although just barely. This surprised Rafael because he thought it would take at least a week for Olivia to grasp the specific operations. Instead, she had already come this far in just one day. It seemed that the rumors about this beauty were true—she was indeed a business genius!

Of course, she couldn’t have done it without Rafael’s wholehearted guidance as well.

“It’s getting late, Miss Pearson,” Rafael said at 7.30PM. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave.”

With Olivia’s talent, she would be able to handle Keyshire Property on her own in a few more days.

Olivia quickly stood up. “Mr. Mazer, let me walk you out.”

“No, no. You’ve been busy all day. No need to see me out. I’ll see myself to the door.”

Rafael couldn’t possibly let Olivia escort him. After all, she was Thomas’ woman. In terms of status and position, she was on the same level as his boss. It wouldn’t be proper for her to escort him.

However, Olivia shook her head stubbornly, insisting on seeing Rafael off. He had helped her a lot throughout the day, and it was only right to accompany him out.

When Rafael arrived at the corridor, he bid Thomas, who was smoking, adieu. “I’ll be taking my leave, Mr. Clifford.”

At that, Thomas stubbed his cigarette and approached the man. "I'll walk you out."

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"What? Really?" Rafael's eyes widened out of shock. He had gone to the hospital previously but was told that his condition could only be controlled, not cured. But now, Thomas was telling him that he could eliminate the pain that had plagued him for half his life within a week. How could he not be shocked?

Does Mr. Clifford know medicine? But even so, it can't be this miraculous, right?

"Don't worry. I won't deceive you," Thomas said with a smile. "When I say the medicine will cure you, it will. However, you should also pay more attention to your daily life and avoid irregular eating habits. Even if the stomach pain is gone, it's still not good for your health."

With that, he waved Rafael goodbye and took Olivia back to the elevator, leaving Rafael bewildered.

A while later, Molly finished her tasks and ran to the corridor, asking Thomas, "Aren't you getting off work yet, Thomas?"

Thomes subconsciously looked et Olivie, who was still working ewey in the office. How could he get off work when she was still in the office? He couldn't just leeve her elone, could he? He couldn't rest essured.

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"There's e merket eheed, Thomes. Let's buy some produce end meke e feest tonight!"

"Sure!"

Thomes hed no objections. Even if Olivie wented to eet dregon meet, he would do his best to fulfill her wishes.

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Thomas subconsciously looked at Olivia, who was still working away in the office. How could he get off work when she was still in the office? He couldn’t just leave her alone, could he? He couldn’t rest assured.

“I’ll have to wait a little longer. You go ahead.”

“Oh!” Molly glanced at Olivia with envy. She could sense that Thomas didn’t have any feelings for her but cared a lot about Olivia. It made sense. After all, she couldn’t even be considered an ugly duckling compared to Olivia.

At that, she shook her head and said nothing more, only leaving disappointed.

At 8.30PM, Olivia finally finished her work for the day and returned to Northpine Villa with Thomas.

She had been grinning foolishly at Thomas while humming songs the entire journey. She couldn’t be happier. After all, she had officially taken over Keyshire Property, which meant she had started a brand new life.

“There’s a market ahead, Thomas. Let’s buy some produce and make a feast tonight!”

“Sure!”

Thomas had no objections. Even if Olivia wanted to eat dragon meat, he would do his best to fulfill her wishes.

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Soon, the two pulled up in front of the market, and Olivia picked out the produce like a lively bunny while Thomas followed closely behind her, making sure to protect her.

“Thomas, let’s go there and buy some seasoning.”

“Thomas, let’s go. We need to buy meat.”



“We also need to buy the vegetables there.”

At that moment, Olivia was blissful. She loved her current life. It was as though she and Thomas were just one of the countless ordinary couples in this city, busy getting dinner ready after a day’s work.

Oh, how she wished she could live like this forever.

Meanwhile, Thomas looked at the young woman with a bitter smile while carrying bags of different sizes.

You call this the most beautiful female entrepreneur in Irieson, huh? More like a girl who has yet to grow up!

“Sir, I am currently following behind Thomas. How should we proceed?” whispered a man in black sportswear, wearing an earpiece.

“Surround them. Kill Thomas Clifford and also Olivia Pearson at best!”

“Yes, sir!” the man replied, then gestured to his surroundings. Suddenly, seven men who looked exactly like him emerged from the surroundings of the market, all wearing the same attire.

All eight of them were sent by the Xalmar Family, and each one of them had exceptional skills. They were usually the personal bodyguards of Kirk, the head of the Xalmar Family.

When Kirk’s men tried to assassinate Chloe at the hospital, they encountered Quincy and didn’t dare act rashly. This time, though, Kirk had done thorough research. These six men had been following Thomas the entire day. In the morning, they saw Thomas and Olivia enter Keyshire Property, but they didn’t rush in. Instead, they waited outside the entire day. Lo and behold, an opportunity presented itself in the evening.

Kirk’s initial plan was to kill Chloe and use her body as leverage to force Thomas into coming to him. That way, he could seek revenge because Chloe was his only so-called relative. He couldn’t bear to see his foster sister’s remains destroyed, right?

However, after calming down, he realized he had approached it wrongly. Chloe and Quincy probably had a close relationship if the doctor had been so

anxious when Chloe fell sick. The Xalmars didn't want to provoke Quincy, so it was better to follow the principle of 'an eye for an eye.'

Since you killed my son, Thomos Clifford, I will kill you!

Kirk was someone who sought revenge for the slightest grievance. Naturally, he wouldn't let it go when his son died at Thomos' hands.

As for killing Olivia, it was just something to do while they were at it, for they had previously sent people to assassinate her. However, they failed to do so. Kirk didn't know that Thomos was the one who failed his plan back then.

Of course, if the Xalmars hadn't wanted to kill Olivia, Thomos wouldn't have killed Harvey without hesitation either.

"Come on, Thomos, let's go home!" Olivia beckoned to Thomos with a cheerful smile, finally having bought all the ingredients for dinner.

Thomos nodded and followed Olivia as they walked toward the exit, but he keenly realized something wasn't right just after taking a few steps.

Two men in black approached in front of him, their hands in their pockets and their gazes coldly fixed on him. Thomos looked around and realized that people were also closing in from the left, right, and behind him. There were a total of eight people!

It was evident they were after him!

At that, Thomos grabbed Olivia's arm and turned into an alley in the market. "Follow me."

Too many common folks were present, making it impossible for him to act. He didn't want Olivia to know the current situation either, or she would certainly be spooked.

"Not good, he spotted us!" The eight men no longer hid their intentions and directly chased after Thomos. However, there were simply too many people at this busy time in the market. They struggled for a while but couldn't choose very far.

Olivia, on the other hand, was completely bewildered. Her heart pounded non-stop as she felt the warmth in her hand.

Why is he suddenly holding my hand? Can it be that Thomas wants to express his love for me? Oh my, if that's the case, should I say yes or should I say yes?!

Thomas hadn't a clue about Olivia's thoughts, focused on getting rid of the eight men pursuing him. He could have unleashed a bloody fight and killed them all if they were in a remote and desolate area. However, many common folks were around, and it wouldn't be good if any innocent bystanders were harmed.

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At that, he dragged Olivia along the outskirts of the market, circling while walking in the opposite direction of the eight men.

"Was today's work exhausting?" Thomas tried to start a conversation, worried that Olivia would notice they were in a dangerous situation.

"It was alright. It's been fulfilling this way. Moreover, Keyshire Property is already ours. We will take good care of it with dedication, as it should be."

Alas, Thomas had been overly concerned. Olivia didn't even lift her head right then. Her face was flushed from embarrassment, her mind filled with thoughts of Thomas holding her hand, completely oblivious to everything else.

Just as they walked out of the market's entrance, Thomas saw the men approaching them. He was dressed like the eight men they encountered earlier in the market, undoubtedly part of the same group.

With that, he looked behind him, relieved to see that the eight men hadn't caught up with them yet.

Then, he casually grabbed a peering knife from a fruit stall near the entrance and held it in his other hand.

The man approaching them was none other than the leader of the other eight men, the same person who led the assassination attempt on Chloe at the hospital.

As the distance between them closed, Thomas saw the black gun in the man's hand. He was extremely familiar with firearms, and just by looking at the outline of the man's pocket, Thomas knew that the handgun was equipped with a silencer. In an environment like the market, it was unlikely anyone would notice if a shot was fired.

"Your time has come, you f\*cker!"

A smug smile appeared on the man's face. At such close range, Thomas had no means of fighting back. To his dismay, his body lost control just as he was about to pull the trigger, lacking any strength!

He didn't even know when Thomas had plunged the stinging knife into his abdomen! Everything happened too suddenly. By the time he noticed something was wrong, his whole body was overcome with a numbing sensation, rendering him completely immobile!

Thomas' stab was not random; it precisely hit a vital point on the man's body, paralyzing his nerves and rendering him immobile.

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I'm Someone Else Chapter 139

"You..." The man parted his lips, attempting to speak, only to find that all he could say was 'you' before he lost all strength to say the rest of his words.

Meanwhile, Thomas casually walked past him without even glancing at the man.

The man stood there dumbfounded as if he had been struck at an acupoint, his gaze gradually dimming.

Thomas acted with breakneck speed. He had swiftly stabbed a paring knife into the man's acupoint just as the latter was about to pull the trigger. This acupoint not only immobilized him but also caused him to meet an untimely death!

The man was doomed, for all that awaited him was death! A silent death at that, standing rooted on the spot!

A few minutes later, the eight men approached the man and said to him, "Boss, things aren't looking good. Thomas Clifford is too cunning. He got away!"

At the same time, they were puzzled. Didn't our boss stay behind instead of following us to prevent any unforeseen circumstances? This place is the only way in and out of the market. Technically speaking, Boss should've intercepted Clifford here. After all, he's the strongest among us. Could it be that even he couldn't stop Clifford? That's impossible, though!

Alas, how could the man reply to them anymore? He merely stood there, motionless.

"Boss? W-What's wrong?"

The next second, blood flowed out of the man's mouth and nose, then all his facial orifices.

"What he f\*ck?!"

The eight men took a step back in unison, stunned by what they were witnessing.

What happened to their boss? Upon closer inspection, they noticed a dagger sticking out of their leader's waist. It was just a dagger, and although there was bleeding from his side, it couldn't explain the blood flowing from his facial orifices.

At that, they checked his pupils and found out their leader had already died.

Thump!

The man's body dropped to the ground.

The eight men gasped in shock. It was simply too bizarre. Not only had they failed to besiege Thomas, but their leader even died inexplicably. They didn't dare hesitate and quickly lifted their boss' body and left. If someone discovered that someone had died here, especially in a crowded place like the market, it would undoubtedly cause a commotion.

At this point, Thomas and Olivia had returned to Northpine Villa. This was the best outcome, and Olivia wasn't alarmed.

Thomas simply acted too quickly. Not only was the man unable to react in time, but the surveillance likely didn't capture the moment either.

With a single blow, Thomas halted the man's finger from pulling the trigger, causing his blood to flow backward, resulting in his sudden death. His true strength was fully displayed at that moment.

With such skills, not even a dozen more could harm him, let alone the eight men who tried to besiege him. The man was born great but died with frustration, not even knowing how he died.

Inside the Xolmor Residence, the eight men stood in a row with their heads bowed, not daring to speak.

"Can any of you tell me what the f\*ck happened?" Kirk roared angrily.

He was beside himself with fury. Why have I been so unlucky lately?! First, they ran into Quincy Hofstead when they were about to kill a defenseless woman, and now, not only have they failed to besiege a cocky young man, but one of them even died!

Are you all a bunch of useless idiots? What's the point of keeping you around? I might as well raise dogs instead of you guys! If you eight can't explain what the hell happened today, then you might as well not live anymore. Go on and join your leader in hell!

"Are you all mute?!" The butler echoed. "Mr. Xolmor is asking you a question, can't you hear?"

The butler was truly getting anxious. Are you all dumb or pretending to be dumb? Can't you see that Mr. Xolmor is truly furious? If you still don't speak, all of you will die!



The eight men looked at each other, and finally, one of them took a step forward. He carefully recollected the events of the day and slowly began to explain.

“Huh!” Kirk sneered after listening to his explanation, stood up, and delivered a resounding slap to the man who spoke without a word.

“What do you take me for, an idiot?! Bleeding from all his facial orifices, a dagger stabbed in the waist... Explain to me how he bled from all his facial orifices!”

Why didn't you tell me that your leader suddenly had a heart attack? Do you think I'm that easy to fool?!

The man who spoke up dared not even breathe. He didn't lie, nor did he say anything wrong. As for why their boss suddenly bled from his facial orifices, he didn't know either!

Meanwhile, the remaining seven men trembled in fear. Sh\*t, we're doomed. Mr. Xolmor is pissed. We're all going to die!

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They had been bodyguards following Kirk for many years, and they were well aware of his cruelty. Whenever Kirk got angry, someone had to die. Now, they were in great danger.

"You bunch of useless trash! Get out of here! What are you still standing here for? Do you guys want to upset Mr. Xalmar?!" The butler frowned angrily. It might look like he was scolding them, but the eight of them knew that the butler was trying to save their lives. If they continued to stay here, they would join their leader in death.

At that, they glanced gratefully at the butler and scurried out of the mansion, afraid that Kirk would kill them if they were too slow.

Later, the butler poured a glass of water and handed it to Kirk. "Please have some water, Mr. Xelmer. In my opinion, it's not entirely their fault."

"What do you mean? They messed up the job, and you're telling me it's not their fault?" Kirk asked angrily.

"You've misunderstood me, sir. What I meant to say is, in that critical moment, it's unlikely for them to lie. After all, their lives were at stake. I believe they wouldn't dare make things up."

Kirk glanced at his butler but didn't say anything.

"Here's the problem, Mr. Xelmer. If they weren't lying, it means that Thomas Clifford is no ordinary young man! He must be a skilled expert!"

It wasn't difficult to kill someone with a single knife, but what if his opponent had a gun, especially in close proximity? As fast as someone could react, could they be quicker than a bullet?!

What was more, to cause someone to bleed from their facial orifices just by stabbing them in the wrist, other than Thomas being a martial arts expert, there probably was no other explanation for it, right?

At that, Kirk leaned against the couch and rubbed his temples, contemplating his butler's speculation.

If Thomas is indeed a skilled expert, seeking revenge would require careful consideration. Acting rashly will not only result in unnecessary casualties but also infuriate him and make him come knocking on my door...

Kirk waved his hand, gesturing for the butler to leave. His mind was now occupied with figuring out what to do. If he couldn't exact revenge, how could he let his son rest in peace?

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## I'm Someone Else Chapter 140

That night, Thomas, who was in Northpine Villa, also fell into deep thought.

Who could have sent the men who surrounded him and tried to kill him at the market?

The Hind Family? The Xalmar Family? Or the only remaining person alive from the Minacia Oito Irieson, Tigre?

Every time Thomas thought about it, he couldn't help but smile bitterly; he had already made so many enemies in Irieson without realizing it.

There was also the group who barged into Northpine Villa and tried to kill him and Olivia.

By the looks of it, as long as his enemies were still alive, he would always have to be on guard.

The night passed by in silence. Early the next morning, after the three had breakfast, Olivia asked Thomas to go out with her.

Meanwhile, Ophelie sat on the couch, feeling bored as she watched some TV.

"Ophelie, remember to have lunch later. If you don't want to go outside, you can just order takeout," instructed Olivia.

Ophelie nodded and saw the two off.

Even though she had her sister taking care of her, she felt bored staying at home. Olivia was busy, and she usually left for work at 7.00AM or 8.00AM. On top of that, she usually returned home after 9.00PM.

Furthermore, Thomas always insisted on following Olivia, so Ophelie didn't even have someone to talk to.

When they were having BBQ last night, Ophelie had a solid taste of what it was like to be a third- wheeler.

Olivia and Thomas kept putting food on each other's plates, and they looked so sweet together. On the other hand, Ophelie looked sad in comparison. No one cared about her, and she felt like her presence was unnecessary in this villa.

“Hey, why don’t I just go to Grandpa’s house?” Ophelie said to herself.

If she left, perhaps the couple would feel more comfortable and relaxed without a third wheel like her around. Ophelie cheered silently for Olivia, hoping that her sister would put more effort into her relationship with Thomas so that Ophelie’s sacrifice wouldn’t go to waste.

At that thought, Ophelie grinned mischievously and took out her phone. She called up her grandfather and asked him to send someone over to pick her up.

If Olivia heard of this, she would be so pissed...

Meanwhile, Olivia arrived at Keyshire Property and started working right away. Soon, Molly and Rafael arrived respectively.

Last night, Rafael half-believingly prepared some medicine according to the prescription Thomas had given him. After taking the medicine, he found that it was very effective, and his stomachache was immediately relieved. He could even feel something warm in his stomach; it was like a gentle gust of air, restoring the ailing parts of his body.

By the looks of it, Thomos was just being modest when he said that the medicine would cure Rofoel in a week. Rofoel only took one dosage, but he already felt as if he was a new person!

A genius doctor! Thomos must be a genius doctor! After all, Rofoel’s boss referred to Thomos as his brother, so Thomos couldn’t have been any common person!

For almost the entire day, Thomos stayed put in Olivia’s office. As for Olivia, no matter how busy she was, she would always steal a glance or two at Thomos.

It was the same for Molly, for she practically devoted her entire attention to Thomos.

“Wow, just as expected of Mr. Clifford! How charming!”

Rofoel noticed the women’s behavior. Not much could be said of Molly, but Olivia was the most beautiful woman in Irieson. It probably took something special for a man to attract her attention to this degree.

His boss' brother wasn't only skilled in medicine, but he was also outstanding in terms of masculine charm!

After some time, even Rofoel felt awkward about it. The two women kept stealing glances at Thomas in the huge office, and Rofoel wished they could rein it in a bit. He felt that the two could be a little more considerate of him, for he felt like he was an unnecessary presence when they behaved like that.

However, Thomas was oblivious to all this, seeming like the most relaxed person in the entirety of Keyshire Property. He would drink some tea and read some newspapers, and when he got bored of staying in the office, he would go out to the corridor for a smoke. It was quite a carefree life.

At 3.00PM, Thomas' phone rang. It was a call from Quincy. "Hello?"

"Thomas, Tigre got out of the Yoms' place!" Quincy had his men keep an eye on Tigre so that he could get the latest updates on Tigre's whereabouts as soon as possible.

"Where is he?"

From his position on the couch, Thomas jumped to his feet. The day has finally come!

Thomas had planned to pull out all the stops against the forces behind the Minicio Oito Irieson, but now that Tigre had escaped the Yoms' place, Thomas didn't have to go through all the fuss anymore.

"Don't worry, he won't escape. My men are following him. Come to the hospital to pick me up first, and I'll show you the way."

By the looks of it, Thomas was just being modest when he said that the medicine would cure Rafael in a week. Rafael only took one dosage, but he already felt as if he was a new person!

A genius doctor! Thomas must be a genius doctor! After all, Rafael's boss referred to Thomas as his brother, so Thomas couldn't have been any common person!

For almost the entire day, Thomas stayed put in Olivia's office. As for Olivia, no matter how busy she was, she would always steal a glance or two at Thomas.

It was the same for Molly, for she practically devoted her entire attention to Thomas.

“Wow, just as expected of Mr. Clifford! How charming!”

Rafael noticed the women’s behavior. Not much could be said of Molly, but Olivia was the most beautiful woman in Irieson. It probably took something special for a man to attract her attention to this degree.

His boss’ brother wasn’t only skilled in medicine, but he was also outstanding in terms of masculine charm!

After some time, even Rafael felt awkward about it. The two women kept stealing glances at Thomas in the huge office, and Rafael wished they could rein it in a bit. He felt that the two could be a little more considerate of him, for he felt like he was an unnecessary presence when they behaved like that.

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“Don’t worry, he won’t escape. My men are following him. Come to the hospital to pick me up first, and I’ll show you the way.”

Thomes hestily ended the call and walked up to Olivie. “Olivie...”



"If there's something you have to do, just go ahead." Olivie didn't know what exactly was going on, but she could see that he was in a hurry.

"Okay." He nodded. "Wait for me here. Don't go out before I return."

"Alright."

With that, Thomas drove toward the hospital, picked Quincy up, then headed straight for the address Quincy received.

Half an hour later, the car pulled up in front of the hotel.

Quincy pointed at the hotel. "He's on the top floor, private room 907."

Without any hesitation, Thomas got out of the car.

Quincy, however, remained seated in the car. According to the news he received, Tigre didn't get out of the Yems' place alone. Three middle-aged men were with him, and they were very skilled fighters who were the core forces of the Yem Family. Quincy was prepared to provide support outside, and if the time came, he would get his men to help Thomas out. Either way, Thomas needed to get his revenge today!

On their way here, Quincy had already relayed this information to Thomas, but the latter simply sneered and didn't say more.

He didn't care who was with Tigre. He didn't mind if they just stood by and watched, but if they interfered, he would send them to hell along with Tigre.

He could even shrug off the forces behind Minecie Oito Irieson, so why would he be intimidated by those so-called skilled fighters?

Quincy was puzzled as well. What appointment is this, and why would Tigre risk his safety to attend it? Whom did he invite?

Soon, the elevator stopped on the ninth floor, and Thomas quickly located private room 907.

"Go away, kid. Don't come any closer."

Two bodyguards stood in front of the door to the private room. They threatened Thomas as they reached out their hands to push him away.

Beng! Beng!

However, before their hands reached Thomas, Thomas sent them flying with a punch each. The two bodyguards' bodies slammed into the door of the private room, forcing it open.

The two bodyguards lay on the floor, their eyes filled with despair as blood spurted out of their mouths. In an instant, their eyes rolled back, and they took their last breaths.

Tigre was drinking with the people in the private room when he saw the two bodyguards being flung inside. He was instantly startled.

"Do you have a death wish, kid?" Tigre spat viciously as Thomas walked in.

Thomas hastily ended the call and walked up to Olivia. "Olivia..."

"If there's something you have to do, just go ahead." Olivia didn't know what exactly was going on, but she could see that he was in a hurry.

"Okay." He nodded. "Wait for me here. Don't go out before I return."

"Alright."

With that, Thomas drove toward the hospital, picked Quincy up, then headed straight for the address Quincy received.

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time came, he would get his men to help Thomas out. Either way, Thomas needed to get his revenge today!

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