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I'm Someone Else Chapter 18

Much to Aaron's surprise, Thomas actually came to the gathering. And he smells like sweat. You're embarrassing us and disgusting everyone else.

"You can't say that, Aaron." Howard thought it was discourteous of Aaron. It's just the smell of sweat. Just close your nose to it, bud.

"You should have called us after you retired from the military. We're your friends." Howard sat down beside Thomas and wrapped an arm around him. He didn't seem to be averse to Thomas at all. In fact, he was friendly.

"I lost your numbers," Thomas said awkwardly. Eight years in the military almost made society forget about him.

Howard was Thomas' best friend back in high school. They snuck out of school one weekend to get some alcohol, but they drank a bit too much, so they came back to the dorms holding each other.

And then Thomas realized something. Oh, so Sean and William reserved a spot in the hotel where my high school friends are having a gathering? That's a coincidence.

"Here. Jot down my number."

Howard and Thomas exchanged numbers. Though years had passed, Howard would still think of his best friend, and he respected his decision of giving up on his studies to join the military. Only a real man can do that. He's serving the nation. And I only befriend real men.

Aaron said, "Our classmates are here, so I'll be going now." He said see you later and left them.

"We should go too, Thomas. Our friends miss you. You always come up in our conversations." He pulled Thomas up.

"It's alright. You go. I'll stay."

Thomas shook his head. After what Izzy said to him, his eyes were opened to reality. Their friendship during their teenage years meant nothing. None of those guys are gonna treat me like a person.

"Let's go. It's alright." Howard saw what Izzy said to Thomas on WhatsApp, and he knew what his friend was worried about. "Anyone who badmouths you will have to go through me."

"Forget it." Thomas waved his hands. Out of all his highschool friends, only Howard was his friend. Everyone else was just an acquaintance.

“It’s been a while, Thomas.”

However, their classmates huddled around Thomas and Aaron before they could go over. Thomas looked around and thought to himself, Never realized we had a lot of hotties in our class. Even the hot class rep is here.

“You didn’t even call us after you came back. And you feel a lot more forlorn now.”

Melissa was in professional attire, and she gave Thomas a look of pity. He has no one to blame but himself. If he just went to college like the rest of us, his life would have been better by a long shot.

“Of course he feels forlorn. It’s the military. Eight years of violence is going to turn anyone into crud.” Izzy shot Thomas a venomous glare. That’ll teach you not to trip me up. You made the president yell at me. I’ll humiliate you today.

“I heard Felice got herself a new boyfriend.” Bob smirked. He wanted to remind everyone that Thomas’ ex cheated on him. “Don’t blame her though. She’s just trying to find better prospects, and you can’t provide that for her.”

“Yeah, but don’t feel down. You’re still young. Just work hard and you’ll get your break eventually.”

“I heard you’re working as a driver at Pearson Group? Why? Come work for me. I’ll make you a workshop chief. Seven hundred dollars a month. How does that sound?” Harold sympathized with Thomas and wanted to help him out.

“You’re generous huh, Harold? Trying to poach our talents? He’s our president’s designated driver. Take him away, and we might come after you. Besides, he’s not skilled at all, and you want him to be a chief? He’s going to ruin your business, you fool,” Izzy mocked as naturally as she breathed.

“Um…” Harold was at a loss for words. Hey, I’m just trying to help. Is that so wrong?

“What the hell are you talking about?” Howard snarled. “That’s just distasteful.”

Howard disliked Izzy’s attitude. Hey, I know your brother lost out on the job, but it’s not Thomas’ fault. You said it loud and clear that your president picked him, and now you’re being a b*tch about it?

“Drop the act, Howard. You’re just a mechanic, so shut up. Talk to me when you make twenty eight hundred a month. You’re a loser like your friend here.”

Oh, shut the f*ck up, you. You work your *ss off every month and only make five hundred dollars. You and Thomas are the biggest losers around, and you wanna help him? F*ck off.

“Why you...” Howard gnashed his teeth in anger. And you’re just a chief of some small department, so put a sock in it. If I didn’t know better, I would have thought you were the boss of Pearson Group.

“Why are you guys standing outside? Go in,” someone hollered from behind, and everyone turned around.

In came a crisply suited Wallace. His hair was covered in an obscene amount of gel, and it looked like he got his hairstyle straight out of an anime.

“Oh, you’re here, Wallace.” Melissa quickly waved at him.

Wallace nodded with a smile. When he looked at Thomas, a hint of scorn welled up in his eyes, and he came up to him. I lost out to you when Felice picked you, but now I’m going to pay that back to you. “It’s been a while, top scorer.” Wallace approached Thomas and extended his hand.

Thomas smiled. The past was in the past now. Everyone was way past that, but awkwardly enough, when Thomas extended his hand, Wallace pulled his back.

“Whoa, that’s a dirty hand. Did you just get out of some dirty work? I’m a bit of a germaphobe, so...”

Some of the classmates showed pity to Thomas, while some showed scorn. After all, seeing a top scorer getting humiliated was a fun thing to do. Drama is always nice to watch. So what if you were a top scorer? Cash is king in this society, and you’re a piece of sh*t compared to Wallace.

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One was the general manager of a five-star hotel, while the other was just a driver. The former was humiliating the latter, and nobody would help the weaker side unless they were stupid.

“It must be hard in the military. I heard you found a job? You’re a driver now? And here I thought I was going to hire you if you were unemployed. We used to be classmates, after all. I know you never got into college, but I still think I should help you.”

Wallace was looking so genuine, and it would have been believable if not for his earlier act. Pity Felice isn’t here, or I’ll show off everything I have and make her realize she made the wrong decision to date this loser but not me.

“Lay low, Wallace, or you might find yourself in a big pickle if you show off too much.” Thomas stared at Wallace in disgust. He knew they were romantic rivals back at school, but he never thought badly of Wallace. Now he could see that Wallace was nothing but a petty maggot.

“You think I’d be in a pickle just because I’m telling the truth?” Wallace paused for a moment, and then he stepped forward and pointed at his own face. He mocked, “Well, why don’t you hit

me and see how much of a pickle I'll be in? You can't even keep your girlfriend, so don't even try to threaten me, dumb*ss!"

Wallace kept insulting Thomas. Every single cell on his body moaned in delight. That'll teach you not to take my woman away. I'll humiliate you today if it's the last thing I do!

"Enough. Time for dinner. You think a loser cuck like him can do anything to you? You give him too much credit," Izzy said.

Wallace nodded. "Go in, Thomas. Make sure you savor every bite of the food here, or you might never have the chance again."

And then Wallace was given a tight slap. I've warned you. I told you to lay low, but you just kept yammering on and on. This is what you get, so don't complain.

The slap caught everyone by surprise. What is he, mad? Did he just slap Wallace? You're just a regular driver. The guy's the GM of a five-star hotel. He'll kill you!

Howard, however, was excited. That's right. Show that arse what he deserves! So what if he has a better job? Doesn't mean he can insult us.

"How dare you do that? I'll kill you!" Wallace roared while clutching his cheek. An ex-military loser like him, slapping me? I'll destroy him!

"You think you can kill me?" Thomas sneered and slammed his feet into Wallace's abdomen.

The kick was stronger than Wallace could take, and he flew backward a few yards like a big, fat ball. "I told you to lay low, Wallace. You're just a hotel manager, not the king of the world, so shut up."

Before he could launch another attack, Sean and William made their appearance. Sean was still holding his car keys. "What happened, Thomas?"

Thomas waved his hand. "Nothing. Just beating up a showoff."

"A showoff?" The gentlemen looked at Wallace, who was lying on the ground like a dying walrus.

"You mean him?"

"Yep."

"You dumb*ss!" The grumpy William approached Wallace and landed another kick.

"Show off again and I'll skin you alive!" Nobody insults Thomas!

Alright, he's done. Sean wrapped his arm around Thomas' shoulder. "Let's get dinner, Thomas."

"Sure." A moment later, Thomas remembered something, and he turned to his best friend.

"Come with us, Howard. It's been years since we met, and we're drinking till we drop."

"Sure." Howard was more than happy to hang out with Thomas. It was better than facing these money-grubbing *ssholes.

They went into the most luxurious room of the hotel. Thomas was holding a bottle of special red wine, sharing it with his friends as they had their chat. Howard couldn't join in the conversation no matter how he tried, so he kept drinking quietly.

He had a lot of questions. Who are these people? He never had the chance to frequent a place like this, but he knew rich people when he saw one. Just the red wine alone cost at least eleven thousand dollars per bottle, or at least that was the case in this hotel. But these guys down it like it's nothing.

It hadn't been minutes since they entered this room, but they had already finished two bottles of red wine. That's twenty-two thousand dollars. It'd take me six years just to make that much money, and I would have to save everything I make. Gosh, they're really rich.

"You're Thomas' friend, aren't you? Here, a toast!" William and Sean raised a toast to Howard just to break the ice.

Surprised, Howard stood up and downed the wine.

William and Sean started chatting with Howard.

Howard gave Thomas a knowing look. He knew these men only talked to him because Thomas was around. There was no reason for them to talk to him otherwise, as they were on two different ranks of social hierarchies.

That was a slight misunderstanding on Howard's part. William and Sean might be rich and powerful, but they didn't come with the arrogance that was usual with this type of people. That was why they became friends with Thomas.

"So, what are you doing now?" Thomas asked.

Thomas and Howard were the best of friends in high school, and he was the only one who stood up for him back at the entrance. He heard what Izzy said to Howard, and it was obvious his friend wasn't doing well either.

"I'm a mechanic. Working at a car repair factory." Embarrassment crept up in Howard. He was doing a bit badly in life. There were no jobs for him after graduation, so he went into car repairs and started from the bottom of the ladder. I'm almost thirty years old, and I only make five hundred dollars per month. This is mortifying.

“You’re a mechanic?” William was surprised to hear that.

“Yes.” Howard nodded

