

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 19

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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

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