

Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 2

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“That’s right! Even if we’re breaking up, you should give me some money for breaking up with me!”

Felice, who was still on the bed, immediately backed Walt up.

The money that Thomas had been giving her for the last eight years was her whole family’s main source of income! Naturally, Walt benefited greatly from this as well!

Thomas might be nothing more than a soldier, but the missions he was deployed on were the most dangerous kinds. It meant that his salary and bonuses were a hefty amount as well!

Over the last eight years, the money Thomas had given her was akin to a small fortune!

This was why she had hidden her relationship with Walt from Thomas on purpose.

Not wanting to let Thomas be distracted was nothing more than a flimsy excuse! She couldn’t care less what happened to him, as long as there was money being transferred into her bank account each month!

She was determined to seize this opportunity to dig out as much money as she could from Thomas!

Thomas’ overwhelming anger made him laugh. He stared at Walt and asked, “You said I can’t leave this place if I don’t give you any money, but I’m curious to know just how you plan on keeping me here.”

Walt snorted, and a dagger seemed to magically appear in his hands. “What’s all this? Do you think you’re something special now just because you’ve been in the army for a few years? Shall I turn you into a fountain?”

“Thomas, you better give in while you still can! Walt is one of the best fighters around here! You’re nothing but an ant to him!” Felice’s tone was full of mocking. “You have two choices in front of you right

now. Either give us all your money and save yourself a trip to the hospital or take a good beating from Walt first before handing all of your money over. It’s up to you!”

“One of the best fighters, huh?” Thomas gestured at Walt to bring it on. “Well, Mr. Best Fighter, if you don’t mind spending a few days in the hospital, you’re welcome to try!”

“You motherf*cker!” Walt’s eyes flashed menacingly as he swung the dagger right at Thomas’ abdomen.

Do you think you can make me end up in the hospital?

Did you get kicked in the head or something?

You should've asked around first. Everyone knows just how good of a fighter I am.

At the same time, Thomas made his move as well.

His large fist crashed against Walt's outstretched wrist.

Clang!

Crack!

The crisp sound of a bone breaking into two echoed in the room. Thomas had moved so quickly that Walt didn't even notice he had made a move.

The dagger fell to the floor as Walt howled in pain while stumbling to the ground as well.

"What... H-How's that possible?" Felice was stupefied.

Walt was even more dumbfounded. What just happened? Why's my wrist hurting all of a sudden? Did Thomas cast a spell or something?

"One of the best fighters, huh? I'll start by breaking your arms, then!"

Thomas had been holding himself back from the moment he stepped foot in this place, but the pair of cheaters wanted a mile after being given an inch! Not only did his girlfriend cheat on him, but she and her paramour wanted to blackmail him too!

It was true that he didn't have an income now, but even if he were the richest man on the planet, there was no chance in hell that he would give them anything!

Once tolerance reached its limit, there was no point in tolerating it any longer!

Who cares if you're the best fighter or the worst? No one stands a chance against me!

"Arghhhh!"

Walt's agonizing screams echoed in the room. His other hand suffered a similar fate to its twin.

Since you're one of the best fighters, I can't just break one hand, right?

Felice was visibly trembling in bed. She couldn't help it. The Thomas she knew was a meek and gentle guy. It was her first time seeing him this violent!

Was he still the same Thomas she knew?

Once Thomas was done, he adjusted his clothes and smirked derisively as he glanced at Walt, who was limp on the ground.

“Let this be your lesson. Don’t think that I’m a pushover because I joined the army. I’m not someone you can try to bully!”

He then walked out of the rented house and roamed down the busy streets in somewhat of a daze.

Where was his home now in this great big world?

In the past, he thought that the secret military base was his home, but in the end, it became his nightmare...

In the past, he thought that the rented house was his home, but in the end, he realized that his eight years of youth and money had been pouring down the drain!

Thomas wanted to take his phone out of his pocket to check the time, but he ended up retrieving a quaint little jade angel pendant.

His eyes misted over when he saw the angel pendant.

One look at the angel pendant, and he could almost see the battlefield in front of him again.

“Thomas, take care of my little sister for me...”

These were the last words of Thomas’ best buddy in the army, Zachary Hahn. He was also Thomas’ liaison.

Thomas had a nickname. He was known as the King of Marksmen, both in Droycore, his home country, and internationally as well.

Once upon a time, he considered it an honor.

Now, the nickname only served to make him feel depressed, despaired, and humiliated.

It was because he was the King of Marksmen who had personally ‘shot’ his own liaison to death!

And it was also the reason why Thomas made a promise to himself after leaving the military base. He swore to never touch a gun again!

Zachary had been the one who gave Thomas the pendant. It was a gift from Zachary’s sister for Zachary’s birthday.

Thomas clutched the pendant tightly and muttered to himself, “Don’t worry, Zachary. I’ll do all your unfinished business for you!”

The bustling crowd swept past, and no one noticed that Thomas’ face was covered in tears.

Men didn’t shed tears easily, but they did when there was something worth grieving over!

“Hey, you b*tch! Hurry up and open the door! I know you’re in there!”

Seven or eight burly men were standing outside one of the dilapidated houses in the city’s slum area. They were covered in tattoos and didn’t look as if they were up to anything good.

Meanwhile, an ashen-faced, frail-looking young woman stood just behind the door. She was noticeably terrified by their presence.

“Chloe Hahn, don’t think that being silent is enough to make us think you’re not in there! If you don’t open the door right now, I’ll open it for you! This sorry excuse of a door will smash to smithereens with just one kick!”

“No! Don’t!” Chloe exclaimed.

She could barely feed herself as it is. If the door to the house was broken, she would be forced to leave the house open to the world at all times!

Chloe quivered as she opened the door, and her terror mounted as she glanced at the burly men outside.

“Get out of the way!”

The burly man in the lead shoved Chloe aside, and the others shuffled into the house.

“So, when are you going to pay up?”

“I-I really don’t have any money right now. Can’t you g-give me a few more days? I’ll get the money and pay you back!”

“A few more days? Don’t even think about it!”

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The burly man, Nate Poole, glared at her and fumed, “Chloe Hahn, don’t act like I haven’t shown you any mercy. When we signed the loan contract, it was clearly stated that you need to pay up by the fifteenth of this month. Well, it’s the end of the month now! How can you ask for a few more days? Are you trying to skip out on the loan?”

“No, of course not, Mr. Poole. I really don’t have any money.”

“No money, huh? Hasn’t Twilight Bar given out this month’s paychecks? Where’s yours?”

“I-I used the money to pay for my father’s hospital fees!”

“F*cking hell!” Nate cursed. “So, you have the money to pay for medical treatments for that d*mn father of yours, but no money to pay me back, huh? Do you think I’m running a charity?”

“Nate, why are you wasting your breath on her? Let’s just go around the house and take whatever’s valuable,” one of Nate’s lackeys suggested.

Nate paused. His eyes flicked across the shabby room, and his lips twitched.

Smack!

“Ouch!” The man who had spoken rubbed his head and asked resentfully, “Why did you hit me, Nate?”

“So what if I did? Bashing you up won’t make up for the grief you caused me. Why don’t you take a f*cking look around? Does it look like there’s anything valuable in here? Do you know how much she owes me? 50 thousand! Forget about the things in here. Even the selling price of this house won’t be enough to cover the debt!”

“U-Um, Mr. Poole...” Chloe spoke up weakly. “I’m renting this house... so I can’t sell it...”

“F*cking hell!” Nate felt as if he was going to get an aneurysm. He was so pissed off that he nearly choked up blood. Is it your life’s mission to make me mad, little girl?

Chloe seemed to have realized that it was poor timing for her to say something like that, so she took a step back and eyed Nate in fear.

All of a sudden, Nate’s eyes lit up. “Look at how pretty this chick is. Why am I worried about not getting my money back?”

“Hehe!”

Nate’s men started leering after hearing what he said.

Clearly, all of them knew what Nate meant. They threw lascivious looks at Chloe.

“Here’s what we’ll do. I’ll tell the manager at your bar that from tonight onward, you’ll start taking clients. I’m sure that with these looks of yours, you’ll raise all the money you need to pay me back in a matter of days!”

“No! Mr. Poole, I—”

Before she could finish speaking, Nate waved his hand and cut her off. “How’s this then? You said you wanted me to give you a few more days, right? Well, I won’t be too hard on you. Let’s have some fun, and I’ll give you a three-day extension. How’s that?”

“No! I don’t want to!”

“Hey, you b*tch! Be grateful when I’m being nice to you!” Nate flew into a rage and slapped her hard on the face.

“Ahh!” Chloe crashed to the ground from the forceful slap. The corner of her lips began to bleed.

Nate came over and grabbed her by the hair. “You chose the hard way yourself. You’re working at a bar, so why bother pretending to be a class act? You should be thanking your lucky stars that you get to serve me!”

“I work at a bar because it pays well! And enough to cover my father’s medical fees! I’m not that kind of woman!” Chloe declared staunchly.

“Oh, stop acting tough!”

“Yeah. Maybe you won’t have to pay the 50 thousand back if you give Nate a good time!”

“It’s not like you’re losing out on anything by having some fun with Nate. Tons of women in Irieson would kill at the chance of getting with Nate, but he doesn’t even spare them a glance!”

Nate’s men all started cackling and kicking up a fuss.

“Hahaha! Hear that? Come. Let’s have some fun!”

Nate was secretly thrilled at the thought of having his way with this innocent and pretty young beauty.

Chloe tried her best to escape from him, but she was a weak young woman who didn’t know how to fight. How could she possibly stand a chance against Nate, who was burly and muscular? All her struggles were futile.

In the end, she closed her eyes in despair as tears flowed down her captivating face.

Why?! Why is the world treating me like this?! What did I do wrong?!

Just as she began to lament the injustice in her life, she heard a loud sound.

Crash!

Chloe felt a gust of air that seemed to have brought dust and splintered wood with it, and the forceful grip that had been holding her down vanished!

She raised her head in a daze and saw the man that appeared so suddenly.

He had a khaki jacket on. His stubble, slender frame, and pale complexion made him look like someone who had dispirited with life, but none of it could hide the piercing look in his eyes.

He had a large travel bag in one hand while the other was holding onto a chair that only had one of its legs intact. All the while, he was staring coldly at Nate.

Then, Chloe looked at Nate, who was clutching his forehead with both hands. Blood trickled between his fingers.

Nate was stunned into disbelief. He stared dumbly at Thomas as he hadn't figured out what was happening yet.

Even his men were all staring at Thomas in shock.

None of them knew when this person had barged into the house!

It was almost as if Thomas had just appeared out of thin air!

Was this what Muhammad Ali meant by 'float like a butterfly and sting like a bee?'

"How dare you f*cking hit me? Do you know who I am?!" Nate stood up and roared.

Thomas smirked condescendingly.

"I don't care who you are. I, Thomas Clifford, won't let anyone bully my sister, and if you do, I'll tear your skin off!"

"Thomas Clifford? You're Thomas?" Chloe exclaimed excitedly. Although she had never met Thomas, she was very familiar with his name. He was the one that her brother Zachary mentioned the most whenever they talked on the phone!

"What the f*ck? Get him, guys!"

Nate's men charged over.

Crash! Bang! Slam!

Thomas showed no sign of fear as he took them head-on. Fist after fist, he moved through the crowd of burly men as if he were a fish swimming in water. After all, it was not as if he had gone through military training for nothing. In less than a minute, Nate was the only one still standing.

Nate trembled. Sweat formed along his brow. Someone who did his business in the underground world couldn't be a total fool. He knew very well that a guy who could defeat six of his men without even breaking a sweat was no ordinary guy.

“Who are you?” Nate was glaring so hard at Thomas that his eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets.

All was silent, and the tension in the air seemed to choke those who attempted to breathe.

“I’m your father.” Thomas crossed his arms and cocked his eyebrows.

Derision. Disdain. His look of condescension made it seem like he was looking at a bug on the side of the road.

Nate’s face twitched as he turned crimson. He took a dagger out of his waistband and charged forward with the blade aimed at Thomas’ throat as he roared, “I’ll kill you!”

The blade glinted as it grew closer to Thomas’ throat.

