

Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 201-210

I'm Someone Else Chapter 201

Seeing the enormous pile of documents, Thomas knew they must be weighing a ton. And besides, what kind of company would have its boss deliver documents in person like an errand boy? This isn't appropriate!

Olivia rolled her eyes coquettishly at his words. "Oh, come on, I know you better than anyone else. You know only two places in this Keyshire Property building, the first being this office of mine and the second being the basement parking lot. How are you gonna deliver these? Can you even find where they're supposed to be delivered?"

"Uh..." A wave of embarrassment came over Thomas. Can't you cut me some slack when you speak, Olivia? It's true that I can't find the place, but I have a mouth under my nose! "It's true that I don't know my way around here, but I can ask for directions." Can't I get somebody to tell me which department is where? We're all under the same company, anyway!

Seeing the sincerity in his eyes, Olivia couldn't say anything else. Taking out a pen and a piece of paper, she wrote down the numbers of the offices where each document was supposed to be delivered. After that, she handed the documents to him.

In the end, it took Thomas until 9.30AM to finish delivering these documents. However, he wasn't alone when he returned to the president's office; instead, he had a female employee from the administrative department with him. He had called her over from the department while delivering documents just now. Since Molly was absent, she would be assuming the role of secretary to the company president for the time being.

He let Olivia know about this before leaving the office.

Olivia didn't ask him where he was going. Who cares? In any case, he's seen everything about me— both what he's supposed to see and what he isn't. I am his responsibility, so there's no way he can just

turn his back on me and run away. Even if he ran away, I'd pursue him to the ends of the earth to bring him back. I've made up my mind to stick with him for the rest of my life, anyway.

Thomas drove back to his rental home. Come to think of it, he hadn't come back here for a while. He had lived here when he first returned to Irieson. After that, he moved directly into Northpine Villa in order to protect Olivia.

He was greeted warmly by Adam, with whom he had a pleasant chat in the living room. Shortly after that, Chloe's bedroom door opened, and she came out clad in a white princess dress.

Thomas was awestruck the moment he turned subconsciously to look at Chloe. He couldn't tear his eyes away; she looked just like Snow White from the classic fairy tale, her smile radiating a captivating charm that few men could resist. "Dad, Thomas and I are going to the wedding. Can you eat lunch by yourself at home? The meal is ready, so you just have to heat it up."

"Uh-huh, just go and don't worry about me. I won't be starved to death or anything," joked Adam with a laugh.

After getting into the car, Chloe turned to ask Thomas. "Thomas, do I look pretty in this?"

Thomas replied with a smile, "Yeah, you look fabulous. It's like you're gonna steal the show instead of being a wedding guest."

"Steal the show, you say? What makes you say that?" asked Chloe puzzledly, her eyes twinkling as though they could speak.

"You're gonna steal the bride's thunder, that's why!" Thomas wasn't lying about this. He had seen dozens of pretty women; both Zoe and Rose were of peerless beauty, not to mention Olivia. Nevertheless, when she was all dressed up, Chloe looked no less gorgeous than the three of them.

She had neither Olivia's noble grace nor Zoe's frosty elegance, but her beauty had the easygoing and adorable qualities of a girl next door.

A sweet smile spread across Chloe's face at his compliment. What could be more delightful than to be complimented by the man I love for my good looks? In fact, I carefully picked this dress out for today. A woman dresses up only for the man she loves. If Thomas can't attend today's wedding with me, I wouldn't have bothered to spend so much time dolling myself up.

They headed straight to the hotel where the wedding took place. It wasn't a small hotel; though not as luxurious as those five-star hotels, it was really nice.

As Thomas went looking for a parking spot, Chloe came first to the hotel's entrance. To her complete dismay, as soon as she arrived, she ran into a couple of familiar faces. They were none other than her ex-university friend Lilac and her sister Fanny!

In an instant, the color drained from Chloe's face. She never thought she would actually run into these two women here.

Actually, it wasn't surprising for Lilac and Fanny to be here. This hotel was their father's property, and it was now handed over to them to manage.

Lilac let out a snort at the sight of Chloe. Her sister Fanny had been severely beaten up by Thomas and had only been discharged from the hospital a couple of days ago. Not only that, the man had knocked out all of her teeth, leaving her completely toothless. Had I not been on good terms with Chloe before, I would've called the police to have that Thomas guy jailed for the rest of his life! What he did was a real crime of aggravated assault!

Chloe shook her head without saying a word. Knowing Thomas' character, she knew he wasn't an unreasonable person. This Fanny girl must've said something rude in the first place. That's why

Thomas taught her a lesson.

Just when she was standing in a daze at the hotel's entrance, a familiar voice rang. "Chloe? What brings you here?"

Chloe turned to look in the voice's direction. It was none other than Molly. "I'm here to attend the wedding. Why are you here, Molly?"

Molly's lips parted in surprise. What a small world, huh? she thought with a sigh of emotion. "I'm here as bridesmaid to my bestie, who is the bride today. What about you, Chloe?"

"Today's groom, Lester, is my ex-colleague. By the way, Thomas came with me. He should be arriving any minute now."

The light in Molly's eyes dimmed somewhat at Chloe's mention of Thomas. After bumping into him and Olivia in the president's office the other day, she couldn't help but think that something wasn't right about it. Neither Thomas nor Miss Pearson look like the kind of person who could do something like that in the office. Could I have been mistaken?

Subsequently, she had asked Olivia in a roundabout way about the incident; only then did she learn that nothing had happened between the two. Although this filled her with joy, she felt uneasy at the thought of competing with Olivia for the same guy. She wasn't as knowledgeable as Olivia, nor was she as pretty as the latter. She's Keyshire Property's president, but what about me? I'm just a petty secretary. Even an idiot would know how to choose. "Chloe, let's talk later, okay? I've got to get busy in there." She said goodbye to Chloe before entering the hotel.

No sooner had she left than Lilac and Fanny came in front of Chloe. "Why are you blocking the entrance to our hotel, Chloe? I'd say either you stay away from here or you go inside. A poor country bumpkin like you would only spoil our hotel's image!" mocked Lilac.

Chloe had wanted to wait a while for Thomas at the hotel's entrance. After hearing Lilac say that, she entered the hotel and sat down in a random spot without making a sound.

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Lilac and Fanny stopped picking on her. After all, today's wedding was big business for their family's hotel. A VIP would be here in a moment, so they couldn't do anything that would harm their family's business.

A short while after that, Zoe walked in in a green evening dress. Lester was a senior employee of hers, so it was only reasonable that she should attend his wedding.

Lilac and Fanny's eyes lit up at the sight of Zoe. Here comes the bigwig we're waiting for!

Zoe was now considered a big fish in Irieson, thanks to her being Twilight Bar's owner and her close relationships with both Sean Morton and William Peralta. Countless people wished to befriend her, wanting to get to know Sean and William through her.

Such was also the case with Lilac and Fanny. “Nice to meet you, Miss Ginger! I’m Lilac Dickens, the manager of this hotel, and this is my sister, Fanny,” said Lilac.

“Oh, nice to meet you,” replied Zoe with a nod of greeting. From just a glance, she knew these two women had deliberately waited for her at the entrance for the purpose of getting acquainted with her. Having met too many people like them these days, she was already used to it. She wasn’t averse to such a way of playing up to the rich and powerful. After all, everyone had their own way of living. That being said, she didn’t like it much either, so it went without saying that she wasn’t warm toward them.

She went straight into the hotel, having no intention whatsoever of exchanging pleasantries with the two sisters. At once, her eyes were drawn to Chloe, who was wearing a princess dress. Sitting down next to her, she remarked with a cheerful smile, “You look so pretty today, Chloe.” Back when Chloe was working at Twilight Bar, many customers had hung out there just to try to hit on her.

Chloe blushed at her compliment. “You must be joking, Miss Ginger.”

Seeing Zoe take the initiative to speak to Chloe, Lilac and Fanny immediately seethed with rage at the hotel’s entrance. What the hell is wrong with you, Zoe Ginger? You’re one of the bigwigs in Irieson, and yet you took the initiative in talking to Chloe, that country bumpkin? Don’t you worry about cheapening yourself? Seriously, we don’t understand what you’re thinking! We are a thousand times better than Chloe in terms of social standing, and yet you leave us here and speak to her instead!

It was true that Lilac and Chloe had previously been on good terms, but that changed after Thomas had beaten Fanny up so badly. Fanny has only just recovered after lying in the hospital for such a long time, especially with most of her teeth knocked out by that Thomas guy. Her missing teeth can be replaced with dental implants, but what about the suffering she went through? Anyway, this has become a big deal. My parents have learned about this and are about to take revenge on him! “Humph! What a smug little floozy!” swore Lilac in displeasure. With that, she led Fanny into the hotel and got back to work.

Thomas came to Chloe’s side after parking his car.

“Thomas, do you think this is good for a wedding gift?”

Thomas replied with a wry smile, "Don't ask me about this. I'm not sure either. Just give it as a wedding gift if you think it's okay."

Chloe nodded without saying another word. In any case, I mustn't come up with a wedding gift that's cheaper than this one. Mr. Lush helped me a lot back when I was working at Twilight Bar. Without him, I would've lost my cherry long ago, and I wouldn't have become the person I am today. Anyway, I'm not strapped for cash at the moment, so I'll give this.

Soon, it was time for the guests to present their wedding gifts. After presenting hers, Molly came to Chloe's side. She had been thinking about seeing Thomas more often.

Thomas said hello to her before watching Chloe present her wedding gift.

"Tch! How can a pauper like her present a wedding gift to someone else? She should save the money to buy food for herself instead!"

Molly turned her gaze in the voice's direction. At a glance, she saw Fanny, who folded her arms with contempt written all over her face. "Why you—" She recognized Fanny, having been there during the fight at the movie theater. Needless to say, she had no good impression of this woman, who had tried to bully Thomas by taking advantage of them being on her boyfriend's turf. I can't believe we'd actually run into her here! Judging by the way she's dressed, she's probably a member of this hotel's staff.

Before she could finish her sentence, Fanny interrupted her, "What about me? What's wrong with you, you slut?! Haven't you seen such a pretty babe before?"

Thomas immediately took a step forward. This Fanny woman really never learned her lesson! When we first met, she rudely didn't let Chloe talk, and I laced into her before knocking out almost all of her teeth to teach her a lesson. And yet, she's still so cocky right now! She really deserves to get beaten up!

Chloe reacted swiftly by taking hold of him. "Forget it, Thomas. Today is Mr. Lush's big day. It's not good to make trouble."

Fanny showed no fear on her face. "Ho, ho, ho! Look at you! You wanna beat me up again, don't you?" So what if you're good with your punches? This is

not the movie theater back then. How dare you raise your hand against me with so many people watching? I'll scare the hell out of you!

After looking at Chloe, Thomas let out a sigh and suppressed the anger within him. Had Chloe not stopped me just now, I would have ripped this woman's mouth to pieces so that she could never say such hurtful things anymore!

Seeing them return to their seats, Fanny felt pissed off. She could tell that Thomas had wanted to hit her just now, only to be stopped by Chloe. Is he insane? How could he try to hit me in front of so many

people? And besides, this is my family's hotel! This guy probably doesn't know his place! "Sis, you should stay away from that Chloe girl from now on. She and her family are a bunch of paupers! I'm ashamed to even know her personally."

"Alright, that's enough. Stop talking, will you?" Although Lilac also had a problem with Chloe, the latter was a guest at their hotel, after all. It's better not to make trouble today. He can't run away, anyway. My dad will come after him soon. Anyone who dares to hit a member of our family will pay the price for it!

As soon as Thomas seated himself, his phone rang; it was a call from Olivia. He stood up and stepped aside to answer the phone. "What's wrong, Olivia?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to ask when you'll be able to come back." Olivia had wanted to say that she missed him, but she didn't have the courage to say so.

"I'll be back in the afternoon, I guess."

"Oh, okay." Olivia's mood instantly sank at his words. I thought he'd come back soon, but it turns out that I have to wait until the afternoon. I'm not in the mood to work after not seeing him for half of the day.

"Remember to eat lunch, okay? Don't wear yourself out. If there's something you need to do, just let those working under you do it instead," urged Thomas.

"Don't worry, I know that. I'm going to lunch right now." Listening to the man's attentive words, Olivia felt that her inner gloom had vanished. He still cares about me, which means I'm still quite important to him.

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After hanging up the phone, Thomas returned to his seat. At this very moment, he was surrounded by various pretty women. Chloe was sitting on his left, and Molly on his right; there was also Zoe, sitting across from him while staring at him longingly with her mesmerizing eyes.

All at once, this table became the focus of the entire hotel. Any of these three women had the presence of a campus belle and was 100 percent sure to turn heads on the streets. Furthermore, the three of them were now sitting at the same table!

Above all, Lester's best men kept pestering him, their eyes green with desire. One of them complained, "Hey, Lester, you're not caring about us."

Lester was startled. "How am I not caring about you guys?"

"You've found happiness, but what about us? We're all still single."

Lester couldn't help but smile wryly. "Then what's the point of you all pestering me? Just go find a babe if you're single! I'm not a babe."

"You've got babes here! Just introduce us to them."

Another man chimed in, "That's right! I just took a closer look around and found that you're quite popular among people. There are quite a lot of pretty ladies here."

"Just introduce us to the ladies at that table. I've fallen in love, you know."

Looking in the direction his buddies pointed, Lester saw Thomas' table. "Look, guys, it's not that I want to burst your bubble, but you guys had better look elsewhere. You want to court the ladies at that table? No way."

"Oh, come on, Lester! How could you discourage us like that?"

"That's right! We're bachelors, and we're about the same age as those ladies. Why can't we make a move on them?"

Lester laughed. "Fine, let me tell you guys something now before I get drunk so that you all won't make any trouble. See the lady sitting alone over there? That's my boss Zoe Ginger, the owner of Twilight Bar. Do you all know how many wealthy dandies in Irieson are courting her? But she ignores all of them, let alone you guys," he explained. "Also, the lady over there is my wife's

bestie, an urban white-collar lady working at Keyshire Property. The last one over there who's wearing a princess dress is Chloe Hahn. She's the more ordinary one among them."

Lester's bride quickly chimed in, "Molly already has someone she loves, so you brats had better not have any ideas about her." After hanging up the phone, Thomes returned to his seat. At this very moment, he was surrounded by various pretty women. Chloe was sitting on his left, and Molly on his right; there was also Zoe, sitting across from him while staring at him longingly with her mesmerizing eyes.

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As soon os the words were spoken, severol hot-blooded young men were about to dosh forward.

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"Well..." The few men turned oshen os if they hod been orphoned. Looking ot Thomos' rugged features, they felt o pong of depression. Why? We're oll the some oge. Why con he be o person of standing who drives o luxury cor ond hos pretty bobes in his orms, whereos people like us don't even hove the right to court the lodies we love? Thot's too wide o gop between different people!

Thomos ote just o little ot the wedding os o token gesture. He reolly hod little oppetite for food, his mind preoccupied with the upcoming fight ogainst the Six Greotest Fomilies of Irieson.

"Thomos, con you come home for dinner tonight? It's been o long time since you've hod dinner with me," asked Chloe, her eyes blinking.

Thomos ogreed with o nod, "Sure, I'll go bock tonight."

As luck would have it, their conversation was overheard by Molly next to them. She thus made up her mind to also go to Chloe's place tonight. I have to brozen it out! If I don't take the initiative, Thomas will become Miss Pearson's boyfriend! She looked at Thomas, then at Chloe. A glimmer of hope rose up within her. Who is to say that I have no edge over Miss Pearson? My strength is that I have Chloe's support! Didn't she keep trying to set me up with Thomas before? With her help, I may not necessarily lose! That's right, I have to use this to my advantage! "Chloe, can you go to the restroom with me?" she said, putting her thoughts into action.

Lester's best men threw a wistful look at Zoe. It can't be helped. Just as Lester said, she doesn't even give a damn about those rich and famous dudes, let alone us. As for Molly, we can't hit on her either

now that Lester's wife has spoken up. "We'll settle on that ordinary Chloe, then. Come on, guys! Let's bring out the best in each of us. Whoever wins her heart will have her!"

As soon as the words were spoken, several hot-blooded young men were about to dash forward.

Lester almost cried as he hurriedly stopped his buddies. "Do you guys have a death wish? It's true that Chloe is ordinary, but did you see the man sitting next to her? That's her brother, a bigwig who drives a Maserati and is capable of great things! Even our boss has to beg him for favors. Do you all still want to court Chloe now?"

"Well..." The few men turned ashen as if they had been orphaned. Looking at Thomas' rugged features, they felt a pang of depression. Why? We're all the same age. Why can he be a person of standing who drives a luxury car and has pretty babes in his arms, whereas people like us don't even have the right to court the ladies we love? That's too wide a gap between different people!

Thomas ate just a little at the wedding as a token gesture. He really had little appetite for food, his mind preoccupied with the upcoming fight against the Six Greatest Families of Irieson.

"Thomas, can you come home for dinner tonight? It's been a long time since you've had dinner with me," asked Chloe, her eyes blinking.

Thomas agreed with a nod, "Sure, I'll go back tonight."

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lose! That's right, I have to use this to my advantage! "Chloe, can you go to the restroom with me?" she said, putting her thoughts into action.

"Okay!"

The moment they entered the restroom, Molly came straight to the point, saying, "Chloe, I'm in love with Thomas. You have to help me."

Chloe was stunned. "Huh?"

"Didn't you try to set us up before? You also wish to see Thomas and me together, right?"

I did try to set you up with Thomas before, but that was because I thought I was dying! But things are different now. Now that I've recovered, I'm not gonna give him away anymore. But how am I supposed to tell her right now? Tell her that I'm also in love with Thomas? No way! That'll be super awkward! "Well then... How can I help you?" asked Chloe weakly.

"It's simple! Just tell me your home address, and I'll be there tonight. Don't worry, as long as you're willing to help, I'll take the initiative to talk to Thomas."

"Uh... Okay..." Chloe had no choice but to give Molly her home address before returning to her seat with a heavy heart.

The wedding dinner didn't end until 3.00PM. After saying goodbye to the three ladies, Thomas drove back to Keyshire Property.

No sooner had he entered the office than he saw Olivia stand up at her desk and look at him with excitement written all over her face. "Thomas, you're back at last!" They had only been separated for a few hours, but it felt longer than a century for her. At this very moment, she didn't want to be parted

from him even for a second; she wished she were a part of his body. She couldn't help feeling incomplete in his absence, as though this man had become a part of her body.

"Uh-huh." Thomas nodded.

Now that Thomas was back, Olivia had the enthusiasm for work again. She started getting busy again, saying, "You sit here, then. I'm going to a meeting."

At 7.30PM, Thomas looked at Olivia, who was still handling documents. He said, "Come on, let's go home for dinner."

"Go home?"

Thomas replied, "Yeah, we're going to my previous home where my sister is staying." He dared not leave Olivia alone in Northpine Villa. God knows if some hitmen will lay a hand on her while I'm absent. I'd better take her along just in case.

"Huh?" Olivia's eyes widened. What does he mean by this?

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Olivia knew that Thomas had grown up without parents and that the old man who had brought him up was nowhere to be found. Hence, one might as well say that Chloe was the only family he had. But why would he offer to take me home for dinner? Is he going to announce me as his girlfriend? Is he gonna ask for his family's blessing? Oh, God... I didn't know happiness would fall on me so suddenly! At the thought of this, her face burned with excitement.

Thomas was dumbfounded. I'm just taking her home for dinner, no? Why is she blushing?

Olivia suggested, "Should we go back to Northpine Villa first? I'm still in my work attire now. It doesn't look good if I go to your home dressed like this." This is the first time I'm going to meet his family officially! In any case, I have to change into something formal in order to show that I'm taking this seriously.

"No, it's not necessary." Thomas wanted to frown and laugh at the same time. It's only a simple dinner! Why does Olivia have to make it sound so formal?

Unable to change his mind, Olivia had no choice but to go with him straight to his rental home. As they passed a grocery store, she asked him to stop his car for a while. I can't go to his sister's place for dinner empty-handed, can I?

Thomas followed her with a sigh and bought lots of snacks.

Little did he know, as soon as he and Olivia entered the grocery store, a Volkswagen Santana pulled over to the curb nearby. The hawk-nosed man in the passenger seat asked, "Bro, I honestly can't wrap my head around this. Is Old Mr. Yam getting senile? Why would he have us follow such a greenhorn around?"

The man driving the car shook his head. "I don't know either, but who cares? Our only job is to follow orders from above, anyway. We just do whatever Old Mr. Yam orders us to do."

The hawk-nosed man nodded without saying another word.

After a while, they saw Thomas and Olivia walk out of the grocery store.

The hawk-nosed man sank into deep thought. This brat looks thin and weak; there's nothing exceptional about him other than that he's a tiny bit more good-looking than average people. So why is Old Mr. Yam so afraid of him? "Bro, why don't we just jump on him, knock him out, and take him back? Let Old Mr. Yam interrogate him as he pleases. It's such a waste of time to follow him around all day!"

The other man scolded, "Cut that bullsh*t! Are you out of your f*cking mind? If this young man really is easy to deal with, why would Old Mr. Yam waste his time getting us to follow him? Doesn't he know it's much more convenient to bring him back right away? You think you're the smart one here? Shut up!" Olivie knew that Thomas had grown up without parents and that the old men who had brought him up were nowhere to be found. Hence, one might as well say that Chloe was the only family he had. But why would he offer to take me home for dinner? Is he going to announce me as his girlfriend? Is he going to ask for his family's blessing? Oh, God... I didn't know happiness would fall on me so suddenly! At the thought of this, her face burned with excitement.

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The hawk-nosed man looked hurt at being scolded in such a humiliating way. "I was only making a suggestion. Do you have to be so mad at me..."

This duo had stationed themselves next to Keyshire Property since early morning and followed Thomas all over Irieson at night. As a result, their nerves were already on edge. Seeing the Moseroti slowly start

up, they hurried after it.

"Bro, they're going in," said the hawk-nosed man while watching the couple from behind.

The man driving the car nodded before taking out his phone. "Old Mr. Yom, the one you ordered us to follow has just entered a neighborhood. We can't follow him anymore."

"Come back here and bring me the photos you've taken today."

"Understood, we'll be right back."

The person whom they called Old Mr. Yom was none other than Quentin Yom, Horley's father!

On the day Thomas had wounded Horley, Quincy had stormed into the Yom Residence and pointed at the three Yoms, giving them a good dressing-down before Quentin could even ask what had happened. If it were someone else, Quentin would've killed them long ago! However, this person was Quincy Hofstead, a man of supreme presence in Irieson. Needless to say, he dared not lay a hand against this man.

Only after inquiring about the details did he learn that his son and grandson had messed with Quincy's friend. Not only did they fail to get the man in trouble, but they got worked over by the latter, and Quincy even came to his doorstep to demand an explanation.

Quincy wasn't to be trifled with. Therefore, Quentin had no choice but to bow his head and apologize, promising that they wouldn't come after Thomas anymore. Nevertheless, he had Thomas followed and looked into by someone. How dare this man break the Six Greatest Families' rules and even beat up my son and grandson? I'll never let this pass!

Thomas actually guessed it right. The Yoms dared not openly seek revenge on him, but privately, it was hard to say.

After driving back to the Yom Residence, the two men handed the photos over to Quentin. "Old Mr. Yom, here are all the photos. Most of them were taken this evening. They were in Keyshire Property during the day, so we dared not go in," explained the man who had been driving the car previously. Quentin was notoriously hot-tempered. If he were to put his foot in his mouth by mistake and make this old man angry, he might end up losing his life.

The hawk-nosed man looked hurt at being scolded in such a humiliating way. "I was only making a suggestion. Do you have to be so mad at me..."

This duo had stationed themselves next to Keyshire Property since early morning and followed Thomas all over Irieson at night. As a result, their nerves were already on edge. Seeing the Maserati slowly start up, they hurried after it.

"Bro, they're going in," said the hawk-nosed man while watching the couple from behind.

The man driving the car nodded before taking out his phone. "Old Mr. Yam, the one you ordered us to follow has just entered a neighborhood. We can't follow him anymore."

"Come back here and bring me the photos you've taken today."

"Understood, we'll be right back."

The person whom they called Old Mr. Yam was none other than Quentin Yam, Harley's father!

On the day Thomas had wounded Harley, Quincy had stormed into the Yam Residence and pointed at the three Yams, giving them a good dressing-down before Quentin could even ask what had happened. If it were someone else, Quentin would've killed them long ago! However, this person was Quincy Hofstead, a man of supreme presence in Irieson. Needless to say, he dared not lay a hand against this man.

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After driving back to the Yam Residence, the two men handed the photos over to Quentin. "Old Mr. Yam, here are all the photos. Most of them were taken this evening. They were in Keyshire Property during the day, so we dared not go in," explained the man who had been driving the car previously. Quentin was notoriously hot-tempered. If he were to put his foot in his mouth by mistake and make this old man angry, he might end up losing his life.

Quentin waved his hand, signaling for them to leave.

Not daring to tarry, the two men hurriedly left the house. The moment they walked out the gate, they heaved a long sigh of relief in unison. This only proved how much they feared Quentin, whose ruthlessness had traumatized them considerably. Indeed, all powerful families in Irieson knew that Quentin was a cunning old fox—one that had an especially savage personality!

Quentin pored over the photos in hand. "How outrageous! That Quincy man actually fell out with my family for the sake of a brat like this!"

After scrutinizing these photos for a while, he didn't find anything unusual about Thomas. Having lived in Irieson all his life, he knew basically every person in this city who was powerful and well-connected.

However, Thomas was apparently not one of them. On the face of it, he wasn't physically robust; on the contrary, he looked rather thin and frail, unlike a practitioner of martial arts. And yet, it was this brat who severely wounded my son? This is incredible! In fact, after all this time, Harley is still lying paralyzed in bed, his back broken. Was that done by this skinny young man?

"Sorry, Quincy. Everyone else is afraid of you and your temper, but we, the Yam Family, are not. Even if it were your father who put my son in this state,

I'd make him pay with his blood, let alone your friend," he muttered with a chilly glint in his eyes. He really wanted Thomas dead. He picked up his phone; all he said to the other end was, "Do it now." Then, he went upstairs to check on his seriously wounded son.

The Yams had to spend a huge sum hiring a renowned doctor in order to repair Harley's broken backbone. Even so, according to the doctor, even if Harley's backbone was repaired, he would be left with aftereffects. Thomas had intended to kill him back then; had Quincy not risked his life to stop him, Harley would've long been laid to rest by now. He had practiced martial arts since childhood, which gave him an extraordinary physique. This, coupled with good luck, was why he survived to this day.

"Dad..." cried Harley with a sob in his voice. His back was hurting as if ripping him apart, so much so that he wished he were dead.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 205

It pained Quentin to see the agony written all over Harley's face. In an effort to comfort his son, he had no choice but to say, "Just hang on a bit longer, okay? The doctor said you'll be fine after some time." In reality, only he understood what the renowned doctor had actually said. It was true that Harley's broken backbone had been repaired, but whether or not he could stand up again depended entirely on his luck.

If there's someone else in Irieson who could heal Harley, it'd be none other than Quincy. His reputation as a preeminent figure in the field of medicine is no exaggeration. That being said, I can't beg him for help. After all, Harley has gone after his friend. If I beg him to save my son right now, he surely won't do anything. But what else can I do if I don't beg him for help? Can I just sit by and watch my son spend the rest of his life confined to a wheelchair?

Harley started to cry. "Dad, don't lie to me anymore. I know what's going on with my own body. Even if I'm healed, I may not be able to fully recover. Most probably, I'll end up a cripple." If my bodily suffering can be overcome by gritting my teeth, what about my mental suffering? I'm still young, only in my forties, with dozens of years to fritter away. There's no way I can resign myself to living the rest of my life either in bed or in a wheelchair like a cripple!

"Look at you! You look like a good-for-nothing! What are you crying for? All men in our family sweat and bleed, but we never weep!" Quentin scolded his

son, his eyes bulging with anger despite his heartache. “Hold back your tears!”

Harley hurriedly wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes, not daring to cry anymore.

“Don’t worry, I’ll find a way to help you. All you have to do now is recuperate. Don’t put so much pressure on yourself,” said Quentin before leaving Harley’s bedroom. Then, he strode into his grandson Leslie’s room. “Come over here, you brat!” He raised his foot and kicked Leslie out of bed right away.

“Ouch!” Leslie was sent rolling by the kick. Falling onto the floor, he looked at his grandfather pitifully. “What are you doing, Grandpa?” How can you kick me like this without warning? Can’t you talk nicely?

“Tell me what the hell happened!” Quentin was still confused as to how his grandson got beaten up by Thomas all of a sudden. Getting beaten up is one thing, but my son went seeking revenge for this, only to get beaten into a cripple instead! I’ve been busy getting Harley’s injuries treated these days. Today, I must get the answers. “Spill it now, and don’t you ever try to bluff your way out of this! It’s not possible!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Stop playing dumb with me! Why did that Thomas guy beat you up?” Quentin knew this grandson of his better than anyone else. If nothing else, Leslie was an expert at troublemaking. He didn’t believe Thomas had beaten Leslie up out of sheer displeasure. This good-for-nothing grandson of mine has likely messed with him, to begin with!

“I... Uh...” Leslie was stumped. He hung his head, not daring to meet Quentin’s eyes. If it were Harley who asked him, he wouldn’t have been afraid in the slightest. All he had to do was act spoiled and play the victim, and he would get away with it. However, this wouldn’t work on his grandfather, who never tolerated even the slightest wrongdoing.

Most importantly, he seems to have supernatural powers. He can detect even the most perfect lie. Should I tell the truth, then? No way! If I do that, I’ll get smacked even more severely. What should I do, then? I’ll get smacked no matter if I tell the truth or not. Why do you have to ask me about this, Grandpa? You don’t have to know the ins and outs of this! All you need to

know is that a son of a b*tch named Thomas Clifford smacked your grandson and beat your son into a cripple. Don't you get tired of being so inquisitive?

Quentin's eyes were blazing. "What's the matter? Do you want me to use some special techniques on you to get you to speak?" He didn't even need Leslie to fess up. Seeing the look on his grandson's

face, he knew he had guessed it right—it had to be this little b*stard who caused the trouble!

His words sent a shudder of fear through Leslie. At first, he had made up a story in his mind, but now, he dared not lie anymore. In the end, he made a clean breast of everything that had happened.

"Scoundrel! You're nothing but a scoundrel!"

Slap!

Quentin slapped Leslie hard across the face while trembling all over with rage. All they did was block your way! Did you have to go so far as to kick them? What the hell is wrong with you? You think you're special because you have legs? What's more, the person you kicked was a lady! Are you even a man? What did the Yam Family do wrong to end up having a scum like you! If possible, I wish I never had this grandson! What the f*ck! "Get out! Get out of my face—now!" The sight of this useless grandson alone drove him mad. It's all Harley's fault for spoiling him!

So, it's not unjustified for that Thomas guy to hit Leslie. And now, what bothers me is this: what is so great about Thomas that made Quincy defend him like this? Even if he's a skilled fighter, it may not be enough for him to get in Quincy's good books.

Meanwhile, Thomas was having the most awkward dinner of his life in his rented home. Chloe and Adam sat together, the former eating quietly with her head down, whereas sitting on Thomas' left and right were Olivia and Molly, respectively.

In fact, when Thomas and Olivia first returned to his rented home, it was Molly who had volunteered to answer the door. She had wanted to give the man a surprise, but she never thought Olivia would be standing next to him. I wanted to make use of this opportunity to spend more time with Thomas, but now the opportunity is gone. The surprise has turned into a shock instead.

Olivia was startled, too. She couldn't figure out why Molly was also here. Isn't here the home of Chloe, Thomas' sworn sister? Considering the occasion, however, she refrained from asking the question then and there.

Chloe was also shocked by Olivia's arrival. She knew Thomas was Olivia's chauffeur and seemed to be on good terms with her, but she never thought he would bring her home directly. Seriously, why didn't Thomas tell me beforehand that he'd bring an outsider with him? What annoyed her most was the way Olivia looked at Thomas. The look in her eyes was so tender and loving. As a woman, Chloe was positive that Olivia also had feelings for Thomas. Wouldn't this become a love triangle with Molly included? No, it's a love quadrangle with me included!

Only now did she understand why Thomas had looked reluctant when she had tried to set him up with Molly back then. Turns out it's because he has the Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur in Irieson around him. No wonder he was reluctant at the time. Molly is also pretty, but she can't hold a candle to Olivia. What about me, then? What choice will he make between Olivia and me?

I'm Someone Else Chapter 206

Cough! Cough!

Adam looked around and his instincts were telling him that something was off. Ever since Thomas and the beautiful girl returned home, everyone's expressions had become extremely unnatural, including his daughter. He pondered over it for a while but couldn't figure out the mystery behind it. All he could do was turn to Thomas and say, "Thomas, since you've finally come back, eat more!"

Thomas nodded. He had a feeling of uneasiness as if he was sitting on a burning brazier instead of a chair. It made him extremely uncomfortable.

Although he was slow and dull in matters of the heart, he wasn't a fool. He understood Molly's feelings for him, but unfortunately, he didn't feel the same way about her.

"Thomas!"

"Thomas!"

"Thomas!"

The three girls simultaneously picked up a piece of spare ribs and tried to put it in Thomas' bowl as if it had been prearranged.

However, as they looked up, everyone froze. Three forks holding the spare ribs were suspended in midair as though someone had stopped time.

"Ahem! Girls, I'm old and the experts say I should eat more meat to replenish myself."

After speaking, Adam picked up his own bowl while wearing a mischievous smile as he looked at the three girls.

"Erm..."

The three girls subconsciously looked at Thomas. Thomas quickly picked up a piece of spare ribs himself and said, "I'll help myself. You all should take care of Mr. Hahn."

Thomas gave Adam a grateful look. How could he not understand? Adam was helping him out of the predicament.

Adam smiled meaningfully as he looked at the spare ribs the three girls had placed in his bowl. He felt like he suddenly understood something...

After dinner, the three girls fought over who should do the dishes. The argument turned pretty heated.

Olivia and Molly went to do the dishes together after Chloe voluntarily withdrew from the team.

As for Adam, he returned to his bedroom early as if he didn't want to witness any more awkward scenes. Only Thomas and Chloe were left in the spacious living room.

"Thomas, have you figured it out? Both of those beautiful ladies like you a lot. Come on. Tell me, what are your plans?" Chloe pretended to be curious and seemingly driven by gossip. In reality, she was trying to get his answer. She really wanted to know what was on his mind.

"What plans?"

"Oh, come on. Whom are you going to choose?" She rolled her eyes. Thomas was really dense. Besides this, what else could she ask him about?

He shook his head. "I won't choose either of them."

For other men, being loved by beautiful women might be an extremely blissful thing. If two beautiful women loved them, they might even pass out from happiness. However, it was a dilemma for him.

Chloe revealed a sweet smile after hearing this. It seemed that Thomas didn't like the two of them. That meant she had a chance! Great!

How could Thomas not understand the thoughts of the two girls? After such a long time, he would have been ignited by the passionate flames of the two girls even if he was really dense. He had just been pretending.

He was not suitable for a relationship now, so he didn't want to give them any false hope. Otherwise, he would only harm them.

Not to mention the upcoming major battle with the Six Greatest Families. He didn't even know if he would survive. If so, why waste the girls' precious youth?

Moreover, the scars left by Felice on his heart had not yet been erased. He was afraid of entrusting his sincere heart to someone again and having it trampled upon. Some people might argue that Olivia and Molly were not like Felice, who was materialistic.

However, Felice wasn't the materialistic woman she later became when she first started dating Thomas. Time truly could change a person. As the saying went, "There is nothing permanent except change."

"We'll take action after he's gone!"

Just as Thomas started the engine of his Maserati, four figures emerged outside the residential area. They were assassins sent by Quentin, and their mission was to take Chloe's life!

Quentin had been planning this assassination for a while, which was why he had sent people to secretly track and investigate Thomas.

The four assassins had already arrived in the residential area and had been observing from outside for a while.

After all, Quentin's orders were clear. He instructed them to act discreetly.

Quentin wasn't foolish enough to lay hands on Thomas himself. Thomas wasn't an ordinary person, as Thomas had severely injured his son. Sending these assassins to kill Thomas would only be sending them to their deaths.

However, Quentin dared to take action when it came to Thomas' loved ones. Chloe was like a sister to Thomas, and even though they weren't blood-related, she held great importance in Thomas' heart. If Chloe died, Thomas would be devastated, and that was exactly what Quentin wanted to see.

Harley would most likely end up a cripple, and Quentin couldn't swallow this anger. He had to seek revenge, and he had to ensure that there was no evidence pointing to him. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to explain it to Quincy.

An hour after Thomas left, the four assassins finally entered the residential area. All four of them were skilled practitioners, while Chloe was a defenseless woman. In Quentin's eyes, killing Chloe was a sure thing.

However, their expressions changed as soon as they entered the residential area.

It was because they could sense that they were being watched, and it wasn't just one pair of eyes focused on them, but multiple pairs!

The four assassins instinctively stopped in their tracks as they scanned their surroundings and looked at each other.

"Is it just my imagination? I don't see anyone suspicious here!"

"Something's off. I feel it too."

"Could it be an illusion?"

"Forget it. If we don't kill that woman, we won't be able to explain when we go back. Let's go!"

The four of them mustered their courage and continued walking toward the rented house.

The closer they got to the house, the more uneasy they felt. Not only did they feel more eyes locked onto them, but those eyes also carried a murderous intent.

The four of them were no ordinary people, and they were sensitive to abstract things like murderous intent.

As they reached the front door of the rented house, they prepared to break in.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In an instant, five figures dashed toward them. Before they could even see the faces of the incoming figures clearly, the five individuals launched an attack without a word!

Clang!

The four assassins were caught off guard, and the youngest among them was stabbed in the abdomen as blood splattered.

“Crap! It’s an ambush! Run!”

The other three reacted quickly while carrying their injured companion and fleeing for their lives.

Luckily, the five figures didn’t pursue them. They let the four assassins escape.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 207

Chloe, who was sleeping soundly, was awakened by the sound of fighting at the door. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and grumbled in dissatisfaction, “Why are the neighbors so uncivilized nowadays? It’s the middle of the night, and they’re disturbing other people’s rest when they can’t sleep themselves.”

She didn’t pay much attention to it and closed her eyes while trying to go back to sleep.

“Quick! We have to stop Simon’s bleeding!”

The four assassins got back into their car. One of them drove while the other two used the gauze prepared in the car to provide basic first aid to Simon.

Blech!

Simon spewed out a mouthful of blood, and the light in his eyes gradually dimmed.

As the other three assassins witnessed this scene, their expressions turned grave. They knew Simon had died.

The five individuals who had attacked them were merciless. They targeted the four assassins' vital areas with every move. It was clear that they'd intended to keep the four of them here forever.

Didn't they agree to come here just to assassinate a defenseless young girl? Who were these people that suddenly appeared? Their skills were so powerful! Moreover, the four of them hadn't even clearly seen what the other side looked like, yet one of their comrades had died at the other party's hands! And this was without the other party relentlessly pursuing them. If the other party intended to chase them, they wouldn't stand a chance. The difference in strength was too great. They were simply not on the same level.

They didn't dare to waste any time as they feared that the five figures would chase after them again. They stepped on the accelerator and headed toward the Yam Residence.

Little did they know that the five figures were actually sent by John and Samuel to protect Chloe. They were absolute core forces of the Morton Family and the Peralta Family, while the four of them were merely peripheral thugs of the Yam Family. The way they were being dealt with was akin to bullying children!

Quentin was still at home and waiting for good news. In his eyes, Chloe was destined not to live past tonight.

However, when he saw the three men returning, he was instantly stunned.

There were obvious bloodstains on their bodies, and their faces were filled with panic. His subconscious told him that things didn't go as smoothly as he had imagined.

"You... Weren't there four of you in total? Why are only three of you back?"

"Mr. Yam, we failed. Simon died."

"What?! What the hell happened?!" Quentin's mouth twitched with anger. Even though he had anticipated that things might not go smoothly, he was still infuriated after hearing it firsthand from his subordinate.

The plan had failed unexpectedly. Not only did they fail to kill a defenseless girl, but they also lost a life in vain.

His mood was already depressed, especially when he learned that the cause of the situation was his unruly grandson. Could it be that Thomas had discovered the four assassins he had sent out, which led to one of them being killed by Thomas?

The three men dared not even breathe loudly after seeing Quentin's gloomy expression. They knew their master's temper well. He was the kind of person who would take someone's life at the slightest

provocation. If they hadn't died at the hands of those five figures, they might just die at the hands of their master instead, which would be extremely frustrating.

The leader quickly recounted the sequence of events.

Quentin frowned deeply. "Who were the people who attacked you?"

"We don't know... We didn't even see what they looked like..."

"You useless bunch of..." Quentin's nose was put out of joint. They were nothing but useless trash. Not only did they fail to kill someone, but they didn't even get a clear look at the other party. What else could they be if not useless? It would be better to raise a dog than to keep them around! A dog could at least wag its tail and bring joy to him!

"Get lost!"

The three men were frightened as they almost collapsed to the ground after hearing Quentin's thunderous roar. After a brief moment of confusion, they quickly supported each other and hurriedly left the villa.

They were fortunate that their master had shown mercy. He didn't punish them for their failure.

"Who could it be?" Quentin sat on the couch while contemplating deeply. Judging from the appearance of the three men, they were obviously not lying. However, something didn't add up. He had investigated Thomas and Chloe's backgrounds himself. Thomas was an orphan with no parents, while Chloe was just an ordinary girl from an ordinary family. How could someone without

any background have skilled individuals secretly protecting them? It didn't make sense!

If Thomas knew about this, he would surely thank John, Samuel, and Quincy. All three forces had dispatched their core members to protect Chloe comprehensively. If it weren't for their insightful

arrangement, Chloe would probably have been turned into a corpse by now.

The next morning, Thomas was enjoying the breakfast prepared by Olivia.

Olivia, on the other hand, occasionally glanced up at him while eating. The dinner event at Chloe's house yesterday was still troubling her. Wasn't Molly her secretary? Why did she show up at Chloe's house? Furthermore, she even voluntarily served food to Thomas!

Upon thinking about these things, Olivia felt a sour feeling in her heart. It was an indescribable sensation. It seemed like this was what jealousy felt like.

"Thomas, did you invite Molly yesterday?"

In the end, Olivia couldn't help but ask.

Thomas shook his head and denied it. "I didn't invite her. It was probably Chloe. They knew each other when they were both at Pearson Group. Maybe they're good friends with each other."

"Oh, I see!"

Olivia felt much better after hearing Thomas' explanation. As long as it wasn't him who invited Molly, it was fine.

It seemed that she had to act quickly. There were quite a few girls who had set their sights on him! She couldn't let this golden egg of a man slip away.

Thomas glanced at Olivia, who was lowering her head and drinking porridge. He knew what Olivia was thinking, and he also wanted to be in a relationship. However, the current circumstances didn't allow it. On one hand, he hadn't completely recovered from the trauma inflicted by Felice. On the other hand,

he didn't even know if he would survive until the end. It would be a disservice to the girls to enter into a relationship at this time. After all, the Six Greatest Families weren't to be trifled with.

After breakfast, the two of them headed straight to Keyshire Property. Along the way, both of them were lost in their own thoughts, and neither of them spoke. The atmosphere was somewhat oppressive.

In the Pearson Residence, Declan sat alone on the couch while looking sorrowful and absent-minded. He had just returned from the crematorium, where he had cremated his father and brother. Adhering to the principle of low-key handling, he didn't hold a memorial service. Quincy was the only one who came to pay his respects.

At that moment, there was an urgent knocking at the door which interrupted Declan's sorrowful thoughts.

After he opened the door, he saw two men in suits standing outside.

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Declan Pearson?"

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Declan nodded and asked, "Who are you?"

"Mr. Declan, our boss wants to see you. May I ask if you are willing to come with us?"

"Your boss?" Declan was puzzled. He usually stayed in Capitalis and didn't have much activity in Irieson. His social network here had long been severed. Who would want to see him?

"Who is your boss?"

"Mr. Declan, please rest assured that our boss has no ill intentions. You will find out once we arrive."

He thought for a moment, put on his coat, and got into the car with the two men.

The car stopped at the entrance of a five-star hotel. Declan arrived in front of the presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel after being led by the two men.

"Boss, Mr. Declan has arrived."

"Come in and have a seat."

It was a woman's voice, and it sounded like she was not young. Moreover, the voice seemed familiar to Declan, as if it had been deeply ingrained in his memory. However, he couldn't recall exactly whose voice it was for a moment.

He walked over and sat on the couch. When he looked up, his eyes widened. "Mother?"

Sitting in front of Declan was a woman with white hair. She was dressed elegantly and exuded an air of grace. Despite the wrinkles on her face, one could still see that she must have been a stunning beauty in her youth.

This person was none other than Declan and Norman's biological mother, Terrence's wife, Leah Wilkerson.

Shortly after giving birth to Declan, she left the Pearson Family for various reasons. Since then, she had disappeared without a trace, as if evaporating from the world.

As for Olivia's aunt and Jordan, they were born to Terrence and another woman.

When Leah left, Declan was too young to remember, but he had seen photos of his biological mother. Although her face was now full of wrinkles, her features and contours hadn't changed much.

He couldn't imagine that his mother, who had been missing for forty years, would appear before him today!

Where had she been? Why did she leave him and go away alone?

Tears of excitement streamed down Declan's face. If his mother hadn't left, his life would probably be better now. The Pearson Family had undergone drastic changes, and he had been bearing it all alone. If it weren't for Quincy's help, he wouldn't have been able to endure it. Even when he was exhausted and desperate, there was no shoulder for him to lean on, and no one to comfort him.

He knew that he was a man and should shoulder the responsibilities he should bear. However, he wished that he could have fallen into his mother's embrace and cried when he was on the verge of collapse!

As a member of the Pearson Family, he hated Thomas, but at the same time, he understood that it wasn't Thomas' fault in this matter. It was his father and brother who had gone too far and provoked Thomas to the point where he took action. No matter what, they were still his blood relatives. It was natural to feel sorrow and grief when a loved one passed away, but why did his mother come back at this time?

"Didn't you leave? Why did you come back now?"

There was deep resentment in Declan's tone. Since you've left, don't come back then. The Pearson Family is in chaos now. Are you here just to watch the show?

Upon hearing this, Leah froze. She could clearly sense that her son's tone was off. She truly felt guilty for neglecting her two sons, for merely giving birth to them without taking care of or raising them. From that perspective, it was understandable that Declan harbored grievances toward her.

However, she also had her reasons back then. There were some things she couldn't control.

"Declan, I know about the situation in the Pearson Family. Even though I've been overseas all these years, I've always been concerned about you. Not to mention the fact that you've been developing the family business in Capitalis. Your business partners were all arranged by me."

As she spoke, she held her son's hand and tears streamed down her weathered face.

When she left all those years ago, he was just a young child learning to speak. In the blink of an eye, he had grown so much.

Declan shook his head. "If you've been concerned about us and helping us all this time, where were you when the Pearson Family was in turmoil? Where were you when my older brother was still alive? You only show up when he's gone and when Father has passed away!"

"Declan, please forgive me. There were reasons why I had to leave back then. Even if I tell you now, you may not understand. When there's a chance in the future, I will explain it to you properly. As for the situation in the Pearson Family, it happened so suddenly that even if I wanted to help, it was too late."

Leah also felt a heavy heart when she saw Declan in tears.

He was conflicted. He didn't know whether he should forgive his mother or not. What his mother said made sense. The tragedy in the Pearson Family did indeed happen suddenly. However, she had left and been absent for so long. Could that be easily overlooked?

"Declan, go and bring Olivia back. After all, she is a member of the Pearson Family. It's unacceptable for her to run away from home with a man who has no blood or marital ties to our family. As for Thomas, I will find an opportunity to meet him. I want to see what abilities he has that could deceive my granddaughter!"

Leah was aware of Olivia's situation, and she even knew about Ophelie being at the Denver Family. After all, she had her own sources of information in Irieson. She was well-informed about all the changes in the Pearson Family.

However, she didn't know who was responsible for the deaths of Terrence and his son. Declan had suppressed that information. Not only she, but the other five families of the Six Greatest Families were also investigating the perpetrator.

Leah's return this time was not only to help the Pearson Family regroup but also to handle the matter concerning her granddaughter. Even though she had long left the Pearson Family and was no longer a member, she was still Declan's mother and the grandmother of Olivia and Ophelie!

Declan looked deeply into his mother's eyes. She wanted him to bring Olivia back? That was probably not possible. Setting aside the fact that Olivia was living a happy life now and probably wouldn't want to come back, even if she did want to return, she had Thomas, that demon, by her side. That demon, out of momentary rage and to protect Olivia, had killed both his father and brother. Bringing Olivia back now would be tantamount to provoking Thomas.

Moreover, Declan genuinely didn't want Olivia to come back. He hoped that she would live well and be happy. Her time was limited, so why should they impose further restrictions on her?

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"I won't bring her back. Her happiness is more important than anything else." Declan flatly refused.

As Leah glanced at him, she said calmly, "If you don't go, then I'll have to go myself. And when I go, Thomas will be dead." Her tone suddenly turned icy, like a chilling wind in the depths of winter, causing Declan to shiver involuntarily.

He had heard some things about his mother, only knowing that she was once a well-known talent in Irieson, but that was all that he knew. But judging from her look now, she is obviously not an ordinary person. How can an ordinary person emanate such a strong killing intent? The way she appeared now was not like someone in the business world; instead, she seemed more like an emotionless killer. Could it be that she is also a martial arts master like Dad? Judging from the killing intent I just felt, even if Dad were still alive, he might not be as formidable.

She continued, "Listen to me, Declan. If you want Olivia to survive, you must go. Not only go, but you need to bring her back to me."

At her words, he looked up at his mother only to see her serious and determined expression, completely unlike someone joking around. I can only go. What else can I do? She has made herself clear. If I don't go, she'll cause trouble for Thomas. And then it'll be another meaningless bloodshed.

Thinking of this, he nodded and reluctantly agreed. After that, he stood up and was ready to leave.

"Oh, by the way, also bring Ophelie back. Although Terrence is no longer with us, I'm still here as their grandma. What's she doing at her Grandpa Harrison's place? I'll be waiting here for your good news. Bring the two children back, and let's have a family reunion dinner tonight."

When he heard that, he paused for a moment and then hastened his departure with a sigh.

He couldn't explain why, even though his mother was someone he hadn't seen in a long time, and even though she had been gentle, she made him feel very uncomfortable. In fact, facing her gave him more pressure than facing Terrence. He didn't want to spend any more time in that room with her.

Until his figure disappeared, Leah's lips curled up slightly, revealing a disdainful smirk. "Thomas? Hmph!"

Then, she took out her phone and dialed a number, placing it against her ear. "Find out everything about Thomas Clifford for me."

"Yes, ma'am." A low and sinister voice came from the other end of the phone.

Leah, who had been missing for many years, was not someone ordinary. Her imposing aura revealed as much. Moreover, her timing for appearing was quite suspicious, coinciding with the upheaval in the Pearson Family. So, why did she choose to return at this time?

Especially when she just told Declan that if he wanted Olivia to live, he had to go and bring her back. It seemed that she knew about the mission Olivia bore.

In just over an hour, a man in a suit arrived at the suite with a file in his hand. He respectfully said to Leah, "Ma'am, I've found the information you requested."

"Tell me," Leah said, sipping her tea and squinting her eyes.

"Thomas Clifford. Eight years ago, he was the SAT top scorer in Irieson. He was admitted to Irieson's University of Technology in advance of the exam. However, after obtaining the title of top scorer, he chose to join the military. He is an orphan, having been without parents since childhood. His ex-girlfriend's name is Felice Lott. When he returned from the military, she betrayed him and cheated on him. Currently, he only has a stepsister, whom he barely considers family. Not only did he injure Mr.

Terrence in the past, but he also injured Mr. Norman. Mr. Gavin was severely injured and nearly disabled by him. Even Miss Yukine has been beaten by him."

After he finished speaking, he closed the file in his hand. "This is all we could find for now. It seems that Thomas has honed his skills during his eight years in the military."

"He even dared to hit my precious grandson? And almost disabled him?" Leah's eyes widened with anger.

Does he not know who Gavin is? He's the future head of the Pearson Family! Such a noble status. How dare this Thomas even lay a hand on him? And from the report, he has practically beaten everyone in the Pearson Family, from the elders to the youngest. What now? Does he think the Pearsons are

pushovers? Even though I have long left the Pearson Family and am no longer a member, Norman is my biological son, and Gavin and Yukine are my grandchildren! How can I let him bully them like this?

“Alright, I got it.” She waved her hand, dismissing the man in the suit.

Not long after, a young man and woman walked in, full of youthful energy. The young woman hugged Leah’s arm and acted coquettishly, saying, “Grandma.”

Leah embraced the two in her arms, her face filled with kindness. “You two little troublemakers. You’re finally back. Tell me, where have you two been?”

These two were her grandchildren. After she left the Pearson Family, she remarried and had children.

If Declan knew about this story regarding his mother, he probably wouldn’t know how to react.

“Where else can we go, Grandma? This place is so backward. If I had known it was this lousy here, I would have stayed abroad.”

“Yeah. Grandma, since when did you get in touch with the people from this place? Whatever happens to them has nothing to do with us. Let’s go back. This place is so boring.”

“Be good. After I finish dealing with things here, I’ll take you two back. Just bear with it for a little longer.”

At 8.00PM, Declan returned to the suite, accompanied by Ophelie. He could bring her back because the Denver Family showed him some respect, considering their good relationship. As for Olivia, he couldn’t bring her back. He told her that her grandmother had returned and wanted to see her, but she directly refused, saying, “Grandma? How come I don’t know I have a grandma? I’m busy, Uncle Declan. I can’t go.”

Although Olivia had a good relationship with Declan, she still had lingering fears from when Terrence faked his illness to trick her into coming back. I don’t want to have anything to do with the Pearson Family anymore. Who knows what dangers in the dragon’s den lie ahead of me? Besides, I haven’t seen my so-called grandmother for so many years, and I haven’t even heard of her existence. Now I’m suddenly told that she’s back. Who would believe that?

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Not only Olivia but even Thomas didn't believe it. Helpless, Declan didn't explain much either and left the Northpine Villa. He could sense a hint of killing intent in Thomas' eyes earlier, especially after he mentioned Olivia's grandmother had returned.

Thomas didn't kill Declan, but that was mainly for the sake of Olivia. If Declan dared to disturb her peaceful life and try to deceive her into returning to the Pearson Family with various excuses, he wouldn't mind killing another core member of the Pearson Family.

"Ophelie, this is your grandmother I mentioned to you," Declan said to Ophelie.

Hearing that, Ophelie tilted her little head and stared at Leah curiously, her cute face filled with curiosity. She was aware of what had happened in the Pearson Family, but she didn't react much. Whether it was Terrence or Norman, they were no longer her family, so their lives and deaths had nothing to do with her.

"Ophelie, come here. Let me take a good look at you." Leah stood up, excited. She had only seen these juniors in photos before. Now that she saw one of them in person, how could she not be excited?

On the contrary, Ophelie stood still, not moving. Since her childhood, her grandmother had never been a part of her life. She hadn't even heard anyone mention her grandmother. If it weren't for Declan suddenly approaching her and telling her that her grandmother had returned, she would have thought her grandmother had passed away long ago. Now, facing this unfamiliar 'family member,' she hadn't recovered from the shock.

When Leah saw her like that, she forced a bitter smile. Right, I appear all of a sudden. It would be difficult for anyone to accept it instantly.

Declan sighed and took Ophelie's hand, walking toward Leah's direction. Since she's already here, she can't just stand here. They have to recognize each other eventually. I should take the initiative and

break this somewhat awkward standstill.

“Hey, you two just stay there. My sister and I are resting. You’ll only disturb us if you come here. Don’t get too close to us. We don’t know who you are,” said the young man sitting on the couch, his face showing undisguised disgust.

“Huh?” If he hadn’t spoken, Declan and Ophelie wouldn’t have even noticed his presence. Disturb his rest? How are we disturbing his rest? And he wants us to just stand here? What’s with him? Does he own this hotel or something?

Declan was usually mild-tempered, but that didn’t mean anyone could bully him. Although the Pearson Family was practically nonexistent, the pride of a Pearson man was still present.

Meanwhile, Ophelie was taken aback for a moment, then her eyebrows furrowed. What? Didn’t you ask us to come? Now that we’re here, you’re telling us to stay away and just stand here? Is this how they do things?

“Who are these two?” Declan asked his mother.

“Oh, right, I completely forgot to introduce you to each other. I was too excited just now. They are my grandchildren. Both of you, come up and say hello.”

“Grandma, we don’t even know these two bumpkins. Why should we say hello to them?” the young woman said, pouting. She looked down on Declan and Ophelie from the bottom of her heart. To be frank, she didn’t even hold the people in this city in high regard. This is such a backward place. How can there be any good people here?

“I think you’re the bumpkin here!” Ophelie had a fiery temper. She had already been suppressing it by not saying anything earlier, but now she couldn’t hold back anymore.

“Tch! How dare you talk back? Don’t be too arrogant. Being too arrogant can get you hurt!” The young man immediately threatened when he saw that Ophelie dared to insult his sister.

“Are you trying to scare me? I wonder how you plan to hurt me.” Ophelie stood with her hands on her hips. Doesn’t he realize where we are? This is Irieson. How dare he threaten me? “Don’t say I didn’t warn you. If you dare lay a hand on me, I’ll make sure you regret it.” The Pearson Family is no longer reliable, but I still have Grandpa Harrison. The Denver Family is also prominent in Irieson. Also, I have Olivia, and Thomas is an extraordinary person too.

“Haha!” The young woman chuckled. “Who in the world gave you the courage? Is it this rundown city or those insignificant small families behind you?”

“That’s right. Just listen to us and stay quiet. How dare you talk back? You don’t know your place,” the young man echoed.

“Let’s go, Grandma. I don’t want to stay in this lousy place for another minute,” the young woman complained to Leah coquettishly.

“Enough, both of you! Keep quiet. If you don’t want to stay here, then go out and play.” Leah glared at her grandchildren. These two have been spoiled. I won’t be staying in Irieson for long anyway. Once the matter is taken care of, we’ll naturally go back. They were the ones who insisted on coming with me in the first place, claiming they wanted to relax and get away. But now that we’re here, they’re complaining and wanting to go back.

“Fine,” the young woman grumbled with a pout, feeling wronged. She realized that her tactic of acting coquettishly was no longer effective.

At the same time, the young man stood up and led his sister out. When they passed Ophelie, he pushed her aside. “Get out of the way. Even a dog won’t block someone’s way.”

“Hey!” Ophelie stumbled from the sudden push. I’ve reached my limit. It doesn’t matter who he is. I have to let out all this pent-up frustration. She then took out her phone and dialed Harrison’s number. “Grandpa, someone hit me.”

“What? Tell me where you are now, Ophelie.” Harrison was furious. Someone actually dared to hit my granddaughter within Irieson? This is absurd!

Ophelie provided the address. After all, there were only a few five-star hotels in Irieson, and she knew them.

“You wait there, Ophelie. I will come and take care of them for you.”

“Tsk tsk tsk! Brat! Calling for someone, huh?” The young man and his sister stopped in their tracks, looking at Ophelie with disdain. They didn’t care who Ophelie sought help from because no one in this world dared touch them. So what if her grandfather comes? If he dares to come looking for trouble, we’ll take care of him and you too!

Ophelie glared fiercely at him. "I dare you not to run."

"Fine, I won't go anywhere. I'll just wait right here." He crossed his arms and nodded in agreement.

"You shut your mouth!" Leah shouted in anger.