

Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 21-30

I'm Someone Else Chapter 21

The answer made Wallace freeze in disbelief. What the hell is going on today? First I got beaten up by a lowly driver, and then a filthy mechanic yells at me? What is this? Loser's Bragging Day?

"Why are you wasting your time on these losers? Just get rid of them and go back to the gathering," Izzy urged impatiently. They're just no-name losers. Beat them up and get it over with. Don't waste your time talking to them.

Outside the room, everyone else was watching the show unfurl without raising even a finger to help. After all, this had nothing to do with them. You only have yourself to blame, Thomas. You hit Wallace, and this is what you get.

"Nate!" Wallace looked at Nate.

"Kill that little b*stard!" Nate swung his hand down.

But before Nate's lackeys could do anything, Sean asked curiously, "Who the hell are you?"

"You're asking me? What's that got to do with you? F*ck off if you don't wanna die!"

Nate shot Sean an icy look of scorn and disdain. Who's this little sh*t? What kind of question is that? Don't you see you guys are in trouble? Shut the f*ck up or I'll kill you too!

"Someone has a short temper." William smiled as he lit a cigar, then he turned to Thomas. "I'm not saying anything, Thomas, but why did you snap his fingers?"

"Hm?" A smile curled Thomas' lips as well. He was not afraid in the slightest. "What should I do then?"

A hint of cruelty appeared in William's eyes, and he looked at Nate coldly. "You should have snapped his neck and been done with it. If you did, he wouldn't even be standing here right now."

"You have a point." Thomas nodded in agreement. But we're ruled by law. Killing him is going to get me in a lot of trouble.

"He's saved because of the laws." Thomas took the cigar William handed to him and drew a deep hit. "Murder is going to get me in trouble. The most I can do is paralyze him and have him spend his days on a hospital bed."

"What the hell is he talking about?"

"Does he even know what he's saying?"

"Probably not."

"Hey, you just told Wallace to lay low, didn't you? But now you're doing the same thing with these trash. That's kind of hypocritical, don't you think? Wallace has to lay low, but you can insult him all you want?" Aaron blurted. He despised Thomas even more now. Don't you see these guys around you? I would grovel and beg for mercy if I were you. Don't make it sound like you have the upper hand, because you don't, you absolute cockwaffle of a moron.

Thomas picked up an empty bottle and hurled it at Aaron's head right away.

I didn't snap at you even when you were insulting me, and now you're insulting me just to butter up Wallace? Just because he looks like he has the advantage? I didn't do anything to you, and you're calling my friends trash? Unforgivable.

"Dammit!" Aaron cursed. He could not believe Thomas would go so far. Blood was trickling down his head, and he held it tightly as he glared daggers at Thomas. If looks could kill, Thomas would have died.

Everyone else almost jumped in shock. There's a bunch of people here. If you missed that throw by just a few degrees, someone else could have gotten hurt. We were lucky.

Still as impulsive as ever. You can do anything you want if you're powerful enough, but the problem is, you're just a measly driver. You don't have anyone to depend on. Wallace and Nate aside, if Aaron decides to call the cops on you, it's still gonna spell your doom.

"Attack!" Nate's patience finally ran out. He swung his hand down and sent his thugs straight at Thomas.

Thomas picked up the chair behind him and smashed it down on the head of the first thug.

The impact shattered the chair into pieces, and the thug fell. He was covered in blood while his body spasmed uncontrollably.

The other thugs stopped cold in their tracks. That was a wooden chair, and he smashed it in one go? How much force was behind it? If we got hit by that, we'd be half-dead!

"What the f*ck are you doing? Attack!" The thugs' hesitance infuriated Nate. I called you guys here to teach him a lesson, not to stand around like ducks!

"Move, and you will pay."

Everyone turned around and saw a man in his thirties coming toward them. He was none other than the general manager of Haven Resort & Spa—Gerald Chudley.

Standing behind him were four dozen stern-looking security guards, and all of them were armed with a rubber baton.

The commotion in this room had alarmed the management staff, especially Gerald. When he found out someone was stirring up a storm in Sky Room, he almost fainted.

But the young master has reserved Sky Room today. Who the hell would stir up sh*t on the turf of the Peraltas? And they're targeting Master William? What are they, stupid?

Hence, he gathered all the security guards and came to William's rescue. Fortunately, he wasn't too late. "Are you stirring up trouble here, Nate? Do you have any f*cking idea what you just did, you buffoon?" Gerald pointed at Nate furiously.

"F*ck you, Gerald! Are you talking to me?"

Nate was a regular here, so he knew who Gerald was, of course.

He didn't expect Gerald to humiliate him in front of so many people though. I spend a sh*t ton of money every time I'm here, and I even got a Bronze VIP Card. There are less than fifty Bronze VIP Card holders in this whole city.

A You never talked to me like this, but now you insult me in front of my lackeys and his friends? Ooh, I'm so mad!

"You're friends with this guy, Gerald?" William asked.

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"H-He's not my friend, but he's a regular, so we got acquainted, but that's all. He is a Bronze VIP after all." Gerald quickly cut all ties with Nate.

He wasn't stupid enough to get on William's bad side. William's family owned the whole hotel, and he was working for them. If I get on his bad side, I'm going to get fired. And Master William's getting angry now. Nate, you f*cking moron. If I get fired because of you, I'll kill you!

"He's a Bronze VIP? Cancel his membership, and if I see him in the hotel next time, you're getting fired!" William growled.

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir." Gerald was sweating in fear. I'm lucky Master William didn't blame me for what's going on, or it would have cost me my job.

"Dammit! F*ck them up, men!" Fury had engulfed Nate's entire being. Who the hell does he think he is? God? He thinks he can cancel my membership just like that? As if!

"Charge!" Gerald ordered the guards to attack as well.

The two teams fell into a brawl, but the battle's outcome was obvious. Nate's men were strong, but the guards outnumbered them two to one, so they all fell in two minutes.

Nate was rooted to the ground, veins popping on his forehead. He cursed, "Damn you, Gerald! You're a traitor! How could you let your men attack my men?"

Gerald spat. I'd be a traitor if I helped you fight my own employer's son.

Thomas darted toward Wallace and smiled at him before kicking him to the ground.

“Not so tough now, are you?” Thomas stepped on Wallace’s head and looked down at him like he was trash. “I didn’t do anything to you. All I did was win in the chase for Felice, and that was about ten years

ago. But you just had to hold a grudge against me, and you wanted to step on me too? Well, looks like it’s time for a lesson in life.”

“Just let it slide, Thomas,” someone with a silvery voice blurted.

Thomas turned around to see who was talking, and it was none other than Melissa. “Let it slide?” He sneered. “Why didn’t you tell him that when he was very nearly going to deck me?” he asked coldly.

“But that didn’t happen, did it? Then there was no need for me to speak up,” Melissa retorted.

“Oh, so by that logic, you would have stood up if I was beaten up? If that were to happen, what use would it be even if you had spoken up, though? No, wait. There is a use. To make yourself look good.”

“You...” Melissa couldn’t argue back. She never expected Thomas to shoot back at her without mercy.

And then Thomas broke both of Wallace’s legs.

A scream of pain and agony pierced the air.

Thomas then turned to Nate. “Your turn. I let you go the last time, but you didn’t appreciate my kindness. Very well. I will show you no mercy this time.”

Nate’s lips twitched. How dare you break my lackey’s legs right in front of me? That’s disrespectful! And when he was reminded of the fact that Thomas broke his fingers as well, his fury mounted.

That fury led to him coming up with a wicked plan. He whipped out a dagger from behind and brandished it at Thomas. “I’ll kill you!”

He raised his weapon and charged at Thomas, but Thomas easily dodged it by stepping back.

However, Nate wasn’t aiming at Thomas in the first place. That attack was a feint, and the moment Thomas dodged, Nate ran for the door.

Nate was no fool. Even if he managed to injure Thomas, the guards could still swarm him in an instant. I need to back off and wait for an opening to get back at them.

“Olivia!”

However, something unexpected happened. Nate charged ahead without looking while holding a dagger in his hand and stabbed a lady in the stomach by accident.

Everyone was dumbfounded. There’s a fight going on here. You can’t just waltz by. Wait. We’re blocking the hallway though, so this is the only way through.

“What are you doing?” The lady’s sister pushed Nate away and held the lady’s wound.

Nate froze in his steps for a moment. He might be a thug, but that didn’t mean he would try to harm anyone anytime he wanted to, much less take their lives.

When Sean saw who the lady was, he gasped, “Holy sh*t, it’s Olivia!”

Thomas was stupefied as well. Why is she here? Oh wait, she didn’t go home after work. Said she had something to do. I guess it’s having dinner with her sister here.

“What? That’s Olivia?”

“Izzy, she’s your company’s president, isn’t she?”

“The famous lady boss of Irieson. Graduated with an MBA from Harvard at eighteen and took over the Pearson Group after she came back.”

Thomas’ classmates kept talking about Olivia despite the fact that she was stabbed. Most of them had only heard of her name, and this was their first time seeing her. As beautiful as they say.

“Quick! Take her to the hospital!” William ordered the guards to evacuate the people.

“Olivia, are you alright?” Olivia’s sister was starting to cry. No matter how hard she tried, blood just wouldn’t stop flowing out.

We didn't even do anything wrong. We were just having dinner and a chat. Just when we were about to leave, this happened. Ophelie wanted to kill Nate.

"Piss off!" Thomas approached Olivia and tried to pick her up.

"F*ck off!" Ophelie bristled like a lioness and slapped Thomas. Who the hell are you? Why are you trying to touch Olivia, you loser? Look in the mirror. She's way out of your league.

Thomas glared at Ophelie, but this was a dire circumstance, so he let it slide. He took Olivia's brooch off and pierced the needle into one of Olivia's acupuncture points on her belly. After that, her blood flow slowed to a crawl.

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"I'll kill you!" Ophelie teared up. She disliked Thomas because of his taking Olivia away, and his piercing her with the brooch didn't help his case. Is he trying to kill her? The panicked Ophelie didn't notice her sister's changes.

"Shut the f*ck up!" Thomas had enough with the girl. Shut up if you have no idea what's going on. You're annoying!

"Hey, you can't—" Ophelie felt a chill run down her spine. It felt like death would come for her at any moment. Color drained from her face, and she shut up.

"William, keep an eye on Nate until I come back!" Thomas told William before rushing off with Olivia in his arms.

"Wait for me, Thomas! I'll drive!" Sean followed behind him closely.

"That's your company's president, Izzy. Why didn't you take her to the hospital?"

Izzy was still in shock. Everything had happened at a breakneck speed. Before she realized what was going on, Olivia suddenly showed up, and then Nate stabbed her. Even as they spoke, she was still processing it.

"Take this Nate guy away, Gerald."

Gerald was already on it before William ordered him. A pair of guards came up and took the petrified Nate away.

And then William looked at the remaining people coldly. He would not let them off the hook just like that. After all, he heard all the insults they hurled at Thomas. That was not nice of them. I'm furious! I should teach them a lesson. "And call the cops. These people tried to start something at our place, and they're not getting away with it."

That angered everyone.

"What are you talking about? We didn't start anything!"

"Yeah! It was Nate and his lackeys who did this, not us!"

"We're paying customers, not troublemakers. Get that right!"

"Is that so?" William laughed. "Oh yeah, that reminds me. Gerald, check their bill and make sure they pay before you call the cops."

"Um..."

The crowd froze. Wallace was the one who paid for the bill every time they had gatherings in hotels. He was the GM of another hotel, so he knew Gerald. Besides, their employees would frequent each other's hotels. Sometimes, Haven's employees would get sick of their own dishes, so they would have their meals at Wallace's hotel. It was normal in this industry. Every time they had a gathering, the bill was on Wallace's tab, not theirs.

But things were different now. Wallace had been taken to the hospital, so he couldn't pay for them. The meal they had would cost a five-figure sum at least. That was hefty for them.

Gerald came back with the bill a while later. He was friends with Wallace due to the line of work they were in, but their friendship ceased to be when William told him to dish this punishment out to these people.

"Whoa, you guys sure know how to drink. Five bottles of wine that cost twenty-eight hundred each, and adding that to all the food you ordered... That comes up to a total of twenty-eight thousand."

There were fewer than twenty of them in this group, which meant each of them spent at least a thousand on this meal. The highest-earners of this group only made twenty-eight hundred a month.

This meal alone cost them half of their monthly salary. Of course it hurt their wallet.

They looked behind them, but the guards were already keeping an eye out for them in case they tried to run. They had no choice but to pay up.

“We can leave after we pay, right?” Melissa asked.

“Of course not.” William wouldn’t let them go that easily. After all, he had made up his mind to teach these people a lesson. “Don’t forget, you tried to start something here.”

“That’s a lie!”

“We didn’t do anything like that!”

William pouted. “Really? Alright, two questions for you. One, why are you guys here when you didn’t reserve this room? Two, your friend called Nate and his lackeys over, didn’t he?”

“Um...” The crowd was dumbfounded. They couldn’t possibly answer that, or it would be incriminating.

“Gerald, call the cops and let them figure it out.”

“Yes, sir!”

If they were taken away, there was no way they could come out unscathed. They could push the part of the blame on Wallace, at least for the Nate part, but they couldn’t deny gathering in someone else’s room just to watch the show. That would make them accomplices.

Izzy came up with an idea, and she said, “Hold it!”

“You got any ideas, Izzy?”

Izzy looked at Howard. “We’re friends, Howard. You can’t just stand by when we’re in trouble. Yeah, I know we mistreated you, but there’s no need to do this to us.” So what if you’re friends with these people, Thomas? You’re still just a driver in my company. Once I get out of this, I’ll destroy you!

“Yeah, Howard. You’re friends with Thomas, and Thomas is his friend. He’ll let us go if you help us out.”

“Please help us out, Howard.”

After Izzy made her case, Melissa, Aaron, and everyone else pleaded with Howard as well.

William stayed silent. He would teach these people a lesson no matter what, but he wanted to see what Howard would do. Will he help these idiots, or will he stand by Thomas? If he’s not going to help them, then I’ll just go on with my plan. But if he does help them, then I have to refuse him. There are some things I won’t tolerate, after all.

Howard shook his head. “None of you ever treated me nicely in any gathering. Nobody even came to chat me up. Don’t deny it. I asked for help when I needed to find a job, but nobody lent me a hand. I had no choice but to become a mechanic in the end. Not only did you not help me, but all of you would also laugh at me just because my job doesn’t pay me well. William’s teaching you guys a lesson because you were harsh to Thomas. I get to talk to him because I’m Thomas’ friend. Do you think I would help you guys out after you dissed my friend?”

The classmates despaired, for they lost their last hope. They didn’t help Howard when he needed them most, so he was not obligated to help them when they needed it either.

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The cops arrived shortly thereafter and took Izzy and her friends away. Public nuisance charges wouldn’t land them in jail, but getting bailed out would take some time. Everyone was glaring at Howard venomously. They blamed this bad fortune on him and Thomas. Howard refused to help them, while Thomas was the one who started this.

“I won’t forget what you did, Howard,” Aaron hissed at him before he was taken away.

Olivia was taken to Prescott Hospital, and Thomas and Sean were waiting outside the emergency room. Ophelie eventually caught up to them as well.

“Congratulations, Thomas.” Sean looked at Thomas.

“Why?”

“Because you saved the girl. If she comes out fine, she’s going to be really grateful to you. After all, you told the men back at the hotel to keep an eye on the guy who hurt her.”

Still as nonsensical as ever. Thomas glanced at him and looked at the emergency room. She should be fine. I stopped her bleeding, after all.

The sounds of footsteps rang in the air, causing everyone to turn in that direction. A middle-aged man showed up, and he was none other than Norman, the chairman of Pearson Group and Olivia’s father.

“Dad!” Ophelie approached her father.

“What happened?” Norman came at top speed from his house the moment he received the call. She was just out for dinner. How did this happen?

“They did this!”

Ophelie pointed at Thomas and Sean. She was too scared to do anything because of the air Thomas was radiating, but now that her father was here, she had nothing to fear. Couldn’t you take your fight elsewhere? You hurt Olivia, and I’ll make you pay for that!

“Sean?” Norman looked at Sean and gasped. Why would the Mortons’ young master hurt my daughter?

Sean got up and quickly explained, “We didn’t hurt your daughter, Mr. Pearson. It’s—”

“Stop lying!” Ophelie interrupted before he could finish. “See that guy beside him, Dad? He yelled at me and stabbed Olivia with her brooch. She’s still in there because of him!”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Sean was infuriated. He had no idea why Thomas stabbed Olivia with a brooch, but while they were on the way here, he realized that Olivia was bleeding really slowly. He wasn’t hurting your sister; he was saving her! And the guy who hurt her was Nate, not Thomas! He was angry that Ophelie would accuse Thomas of something he didn’t do.

Norman’s face fell. He said coldly, “I can let it slide for you, Sean. You may leave, but that man must stay.”

“Hah!” Sean laughed mirthlessly. “I can come and go as I please. This guy is my brother. You have no right to interfere with his liberty.”

“You’re not a child anymore, Sean. Think about the consequences of your actions. Do you have any idea what will happen if you don’t leave? Do you want our families to go to war?”

Norman wouldn’t allow Sean to contradict him. You guys might be an old and powerful family, but just because we’re nouveau riche doesn’t mean we’re scared of you. You hurt my daughter first.

Sean froze. The Pearsons had been showing a meteoric rise, and they were starting to clash with the Mortons. Skirmishes were starting to happen, and if Norman did try to go after him, it might cause a war between their families.

“Wait for me in the car, Sean,” Thomas said calmly. He could see his friend was in a tough spot. This is my problem, not his. I’ll deal with it myself.

“I won’t go, Thomas!” Sean glared at the Pearsons. I can’t leave him alone. I’m no deserter, and I never will be! Not on my name!

Norman was a little surprised to see that. Sean was the most brilliant man of his generation, at least in his family. He was no fool. On the contrary, he was smart. That man beside him looks ordinary, but who is he, really? Why is Sean helping him despite the possibility of causing a war between our families?

“Don’t worry. I can handle this, trust me.” Thomas patted his shoulder. The truth never lies. I didn’t hurt Olivia. This geezer can’t kill me.

Sean didn’t want to leave, but he had to listen to Thomas too. In the end, he stomped his foot angrily. “I’ll be waiting in the car, Thomas. Call me if anything happens.”

He shot Norman a glare before leaving. You won’t listen to me? Fine. Once my old man comes here, you’re going to listen whether you like it or not. So what if we start a war? You try to hurt Thomas, and I’ll make you pay for that.

“I don’t care who you are, but you’re not getting away for hurting my daughter.” Norman would have gotten into a fight with Thomas if they weren’t at the hospital.

Thomas stared at him icily. This is what I get for doing good? He was fuming as well. I would have kicked your *ss if you weren't my boss' old man. You'd be begging for mercy.

Someone opened the emergency room door from inside, and Olivia was pushed out. Her attending physician who followed her took off his mask.

"Richard?" Norman knew this guy. He was the son of Quincy Hofstead, the director of this hospital, and he was the most brilliant young surgeon in Irieson. So he's the one who saved my daughter.

Norman asked worriedly, "How's Olivia doing, Richard?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Pearson. She's fine. She'll heal up once she gets some rest. Oh, and who stabbed her with the brooch, anyway?"

"It's him! It's that b*stard! He did that to Olivia!" Ophelie pointed at Thomas and shouted.

Richard approached Thomas with excitement. "Thank you." He bowed to Thomas. "Thank you for saving her."

"What?" The Pearsons were shocked by what they heard. He stabbed her with a brooch. Why are you thanking him?

"You're versed in the way of medicine as well, my friend?" the doctor gushed.

Thomas shook his head. "I used to be a warrior, and injuries were part and parcel of that life. It's normal that I know a few acupoints that can stop bleeding."

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Richard gave Thomas a long, thoughtful stare. Earlier on, Richard had studied the brooch that was stabbed into Olivia's acupuncture point. Everything that Thomas did—from the accuracy he had to the strength he applied—was near-perfect. Furthermore, what shocked Richard the most was the angle at which Thomas had inserted the brooch. He had inserted it at a diagonal angle that allowed him to target two acupuncture points, which subsequently allowed him to stop the bleeding.

Judging by Thomas' skills, he knew more than just one or two acupuncture points that helped to stop the bleeding. What puzzled Richard the most was how the young man before his eyes had minimized all his hard work when he had an obvious opportunity to take credit for whatever he did. "What's going on here, Richard?" Norman asked.

"You need to thank this man. Olivia's wound from the dagger had been really deep. If this young man hadn't managed to stop her bleeding with the brooch, I'm afraid she might have lost too much blood before she even got to the hospital," Richard explained.

"Ah! Well..." Norman was dumbfounded for a moment. So, Thomas isn't the killer who hurt Olivia... He's her savior! I got it wrong all along! I can't believe we created such a huge fuss! Norman's cheeks were flushed with embarrassment. This was the largest misunderstanding he had ever made in his 50 years of living.

After Thomas made sure that Olivia was well and healthy, he stood up to leave without saying much else. When he got to the ground floor of the hospital, he found Sean waiting for him in the car. "Did that old man, Norman, cause you any trouble, Thomas?" Sean had already given his father, Michael Morton, a call beforehand. Are you trying to assert dominance over me just with the use of your old age, Norman? You didn't even give me a chance to explain myself, huh? Well, I'll get my father to come over. Let's see what you say then! Sean was angry just at the thought of what had happened in front of the emergency room earlier. He was furious—Norman was clearly bullying him!

"Don't worry. It's fine!" Thomas waved it off. However, Sean still seemed rather worried about the matter. He got out of the car and circled around Thomas to make sure that Thomas wasn't injured before he heaved a sigh of relief. Then, Sean pulled his phone out and gave his father a call to tell his father that things were under control and that he no longer needed to come.

As Thomas saw this happening, he felt a surge of warmth in his chest. It seems like this guy did more than just sit around and wait for me, huh? He tried asking for backup, and he even approached his father for my sake. He was willing to risk his family's reputation to fight for me! He's truly my brother from another mother!

After both of them got in the car, Sean handed Thomas a cigarette before lighting it up for him. "Where should we go now, Thomas?"

Thomas' eyes glinted icily as he took a look at the clock. "Let's head back to Haven for now," he ordered. After what happened with Nate, Thomas felt like he had learned a new lesson. Whenever someone doesn't know their limits and crosses their boundaries, I have to do something that scares them. It's like how one would have to kick a dog when it's charging at you, just to teach it not to bite you the next time!

It was evident that Thomas had been too nice to Nate in the past—the worst thing he had ever done was just to break Nate's fingers. That might have been a good-enough lesson for any other person, but it wasn't threatening enough for a man like Nate, who had seen so much of the world. So, this time, Thomas wanted Nate to be thoroughly terrified!

Soon enough, they arrived at Haven Resort & Spa. William was already waiting for them at the front entrance. "Where's he?" Thomas asked.

"I've sent all of Nate's men to the station, and I'm sure the police will have their fun with them. Nate, on the other hand, is locked in a room. I've told my men to teach him a lesson." William wasn't pleased by

the situation. He had waited for a long while just for Thomas to be back from the military, and he had intended to host a meal for Thomas at his very own hotel. I can't believe Nate, that annoying pest, showed up and ruined my plans! He deserves to suffer! How dare he mess with Thomas on my grounds?! He's killing my vibe!

William brought Thomas and Sean over to a private room. They walked in to find Nate with his wrists secured firmly onto a chair with some thick hemp ropes. Nate's face looked badly beaten up. It was just as William had said—William's men had already taught Nate a lesson, and it seemed like they had taught him a pretty severe lesson...

"Who are you staring at, f*cker?!" William lost his temper when he saw Nate glaring at Thomas. He stepped forward to give Nate a tight slap. Meanwhile, Thomas dragged a chair over to sit down in front of Nate. "I beat up one of your men, Wallace, because he deserved it. He said the wrong things. You, on the other hand..." Thomas took a glance at Nate's hands. "I broke your fingers the last time, but it seems like that wasn't enough! I can't believe you're challenging me again!"

"F*ck! You b*stard! If you're that brave, why don't you set me free?! I swear to God, I'm going to make you pay for this!" Nate shouted. At this point, Nate

figured that he wasn't going to play nice any longer. There's no point in lowering my voice, anyway. I might as well be firm with my stance. Maybe I could scare them into setting me free, right?

Clearly, Nate was too innocent for his own good. He treated Droycore's King of Marksmen as a regular person, and he thought that he could use his thug ways to scare Thomas. If any other gangs had heard about this matter, they would have fallen to the ground from laughing too hard! "You imbecile! How dare you threaten Thomas?!" Both Sean and William were hot-tempered men, and they were even angrier after hearing what Nate said. Do you think Haven is your house? How dare you treat us like thin air?! You must have a death wish!

"Don't move." Thomas held his arm out to hold William and Sean back. Then, he pulled a cigarette out from his pocket and placed it between Nate's lips before lighting it up. All of a sudden, Nate started laughing in Thomas' face. It was a loud, hearty laugh. I was right. My plan worked! I managed to scare him, didn't I? Why else would he give me a cigarette? It's great that he feels threatened. That means he'll let me go! I won't forget this man's face, and I'm going to gather more of my men to attack you someday. I'd like to see how arrogant you can get when that happens!

"You should set me free now, young man. I won't kill you since you gave me a cigarette. At most, I might set you free after paralyzing your limbs. If you don't let me go now, I'm going to make sure you watch while that sister of yours gets raped by all of my men!" Just the thought of Chloe made Nate excited. She's such a gorgeous young lady. She's both innocent and pretty! Just the thought of having her in bed makes me aroused. Well, after I recover from my injuries, I'm going to hunt her down. I need to have some fun with her!

Thomas frowned upon hearing Nate's words. A threatening aura filled the air without any warning, and even William and Sean staggered backward without them realizing it. Every individual had sensitive spots that would trigger their temper. For Thomas, his sensitive spot was none other than his sister, Chloe!

Thomas shot to his feet before sending a powerful punch directly toward Nate's face!

I'm Someone Else Chapter 26

Bam! Thomas had used all his strength in his punch. Poor Nate, who had believed that Thomas would set him free and was even planning out his

revenge just moments ago, found himself flying backward along with the chair he was tied to. His entire being slammed onto the ground, and he passed out before he could even let out a cry. "Send him out!" Thomas growled.

The punch Thomas gave Nate was enough to send Nate into a coma. He can stay bedridden for the rest of his life! Thomas thought. "It's getting late, Thomas. Why don't we go take a look at the villa that we bought for you?" Sean suggested.

Thomas shook his head. "It's fine. I have a place to stay," he replied.

"But Thomas..."

Thomas waved his hand. "I appreciate the kind gesture, guys. I'll definitely reach out for help if I ever end up homeless," he uttered.

"But... Ah..." Sean and William exchanged glances before smiling at each other helplessly. It was just as they had predicted—they had prepared a villa and a luxurious car for Thomas, but a part of them also knew that Thomas wouldn't be receptive to these gifts. Both of them knew how stubborn Thomas could be, and they knew that they couldn't do anything if Thomas didn't want to change his mind. They couldn't force Thomas into the house, could they? They wouldn't have the guts even if they had the ability to do such a thing. Of course, they didn't have the ability, either.

Thomas rejected the two men's kind offer to send him home. It was past 1.00AM by the time everything had been settled, and Thomas felt bad to get the two men to send him home. Sean parted his lips to speak as he watched Thomas walking away. "What should we do now that Thomas rejected our gift, William?"

William rolled his eyes. "What else can we do? We'll have to keep it and wait for the day that Thomas changes his mind. Perhaps we can give it to him when he's in a good mood," he replied.

"I guess that's the only thing we can do," Sean uttered with a nod.

When Thomas got back to the place he had rented, he saw that the lights in the hall were still on. Chloe was sitting on the couch and hugging a pillow against her chest. She had been taking a short nap, but she leaped out of the couch the moment she heard Thomas returning. "Are you back, Thomas?"

Thomas greeted her with a smile. "Why aren't you asleep?"

"I... I'm not sleepy!" she insisted. Thomas sighed. She was clearly falling asleep on the couch when I first walked in. How can she say that she isn't sleepy? She's clearly waiting for me because she's worried. He reached his hand out to ruffle the girl's hair. "How was your first day at Pearson Group? Did your colleagues bully you?" he asked.

A look flashed across Chloe's eyes the moment she heard his question, but she quickly put on a smile as she responded to him. "It was pretty good." Thomas didn't seem to notice anything. "That's great," he replied. Then, he pulled the bank card and the slip of paper with the password out from his pocket before placing it in Chloe's hands. "This is for you. You can hold on to it," he said.

"This is..."

"There's about 2.8 million in there. You can use all of it," Thomas uttered casually. He had never been one to care much about money. Otherwise, he wouldn't have given his eight years' worth of allowance all to Felice. If anything, he felt like the money he was offering Chloe wasn't enough to wash off the guilt he felt toward her.

"2.8 million?" Chloe parted her lips in shock. She felt like she couldn't comprehend the situation at all. Thomas and I were just fretting over the rental and medical fees a while ago. It has only been a day!

How did Thomas come up with 2.8 million? I can't believe this. Did he rob a bank? At that thought, Chloe couldn't help but take a longer look at Thomas. He's back home late, and he seems rather tired... Could it be...

"Where did you get this money from, Thomas?" she asked.

He could immediately tell what was on her mind. "Don't worry. It's not dirty money," he said. Chloe felt a little more secure after hearing his words. She felt better knowing that the money wasn't obtained through illegal tactics. "No, no! I can't take this. It's too much!" She shook her head vigorously. This wasn't 2,800 dollars; this was 2.8 million! The typical person wouldn't even have that much money in their lifetime!

Thomas' face hardened when he heard her words. "Just take the money. I'm your brother, aren't I? I told you that we'll both care for the family from now on.

If you don't take the money, it means that you don't treat me as your brother!" he uttered.

"But..." Chloe was conflicted. She knew that she would hurt Thomas if she rejected his money, but she felt bad for taking such a huge sum. She didn't know what to do for a while. She lifted her head and took a glance at the man's stern face before she decided that she would have to take the money. I should take it since I know he has good intentions, she figured. He beamed when he saw Chloe keeping the card away. "Goodnight," he said.

After showering, Thomas headed into the bedroom and settled in the large bed. He fell asleep within a matter of minutes. While he was fast asleep, Chloe felt too excited to even shut her eyes. She tossed and turned in bed, and she could picture Thomas in her head whenever she tried closing her eyes to sleep. His handsome face and muscular figure surfaced in her thoughts, along with the words he had uttered earlier. "We'll both care for the family together!"

"Thomas is such a great man! If only my future boyfriend could be as manly as him... Ah... What am I thinking about? I'm so... embarrassed!" Chloe threw the sheets over her face to hide her flushed cheeks. The next morning, Thomas realized that he had an issue after having breakfast with Chloe and watching her leave the house.

I'm Olivia's driver, but she's injured and hospitalized. Who am I supposed to drive today? "Ah! Forget it. I'll go visit her at the hospital, I guess. She's my boss, after all!" He left home and made his way to Prescott Hospital in Irieson. The moment he arrived at Olivia's ward, he heard a loud gasp. "It's you again! What are you doing here?"

Thomas turned around to see who the voice belonged to. It was Olivia's sister, Ophelie Pearson. Her eyes were bulging wide as she scanned Thomas from head to toe. "Hey, why do your clothes look rather familiar?" she asked. Thomas couldn't be bothered to speak to her, so he simply reached his hand out to push the door open.

"No! You're not allowed in there!" Ophelie immediately wedged herself between Thomas and the door. She didn't like the man at all. Even though he had saved her sister, he was also the first man to have ever scolded Ophelie! It doesn't matter even if my dad sets you free. I'm not going to let you slip! Ophelie thought.

Thomas frowned. “Why are you blocking the way?” he asked.

“Did you just ask me that question? Do you know who’s lying in there? It’s the most well-known, gorgeous CEO in Irieson, Olivia Pearson. Do you understand how huge of a gap there is between you and her? Do you think Olivia would want to meet every single stranger that comes knocking on her door?” Ophelie hissed.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 27

Thomas narrowed his eyes and glared at Ophelie. If the way that she had spoken to him a day ago was due to a pure misunderstanding, then he was convinced that she was just being a nuisance at this point. After all, the doctor had already stated that he hadn’t harmed Olivia—in fact, he was the one who saved her! Why is she still talking to me like this? Does she think I’m a pushover? Thomas was about to lose his temper when the door to the ward was flung open.

Norman heard some noise coming from outside, so he walked out to check things out. “Oh. It’s you,” Norman said with a hint of surprise as he stared at Thomas. What’s this guy doing here again? Is he here to visit Olivia? That doesn’t make sense. They just encountered one another by chance— isn’t he a little too much by coming over to visit? Norman was the head of the Pearson Group so he was a busy man, but he had taken out some time in the morning just to visit his daughter. He hadn’t expected to bump into Thomas here. Norman and Ophelie exchanged glances as they tried to figure out the reason Thomas was there. Soon enough, they came to the same conclusion. He must be here because he wants some form of reward!

The Pearsons were a reputable family in Irieson, and there were tons of people queuing up to be on their good side. Thomas was clearly one of those people! However, Norman still found one thing rather puzzling—Why didn’t Thomas just ask for a reward yesterday? Did he only think about it this morning? Could he have realized something after waking up today?

“Give me a moment.” Norman stood at the door without any intention of making way for Thomas to enter. Instead, Norman pulled his phone out and dialed a number before pressing his phone against his ear. “Can you get someone to bring 150,000 in cash now?” Norman asked. Despite feeling a sense of disrespect toward Thomas, Norman understood that Thomas was the one who had saved his daughter. The doctor made it clear the day

before—Olivia wouldn't have survived if it hadn't been for Thomas. So, Norman found it reasonable to offer Thomas a reward.

"Pfft!" Ophelie gave Thomas disdainful scoff. Why is he acting all high and mighty? What's up with that icy look on his face? He's just here for the money, isn't he? If he's so desperate for the money, he should play the part, at least! Soon enough, a man in a black suit and black sunglasses showed up with a white suitcase. The man walked directly to Norman.

"Give it to him!" Norman ordered. The man in black nodded and opened the suitcase before presenting it to Thomas. The bright green bills caught the attention of everyone else in the hospital. "Woah! How much is that? There's at least 30 grand there, isn't there?" someone cried.

"30 grand? No way. I bet there's at least 50 grand there!" another one said.

"This is what I'm paying you for saving my daughter. It's a total of 150,000. You can take this as a thank-you gift," Norman said to Thomas. "150,000 isn't a small sum, and I bet you'd take years to earn this amount of money. I'm sure it's enough for you," Norman added.

"How shameless!" Ophelie rolled her eyes. Saving another person's life is supposed to be an act of unconditional kindness. Isn't he shameless for coming over just to ask for a reward?

Thomas froze in his spot. He had only stepped forward to save Olivia out of pure kindness, and he hadn't expected anything in return. Furthermore, Olivia was nice to him, and she was his boss. He felt like it was only right for him to have offered a helping hand. What did they think when they decided to offer me this money? he wondered.

"Is it not enough?" When Norman saw Thomas standing still in his spot, Norman assumed that Thomas had expected more than 150,000. So, Norman pulled his chequebook out of his pocket before scribbling something on it and throwing it into the suitcase. "Here's another 300,000. You can have it."

Thomas nearly laughed out loud. Norman's an interesting character. Does he really think I'm interested in such a small sum of money now? That's a total of 450,000. It's really no big deal. I just handed 2.8 million out yesterday!

"Is it still not enough?" Norman's face darkened as he wrote another cheque. "This makes it a total of 750,000. Take the money and leave. You'd be

considered a rich person in Irieson with 750,000 cash in your hands,” he uttered. One should have limits to his greed! I’m not going to play nice anymore if this young man continues to push for more money!

“Hey! Didn’t you hear what my dad said? Take the money and leave! I hate greedy people like you.” Ophelie couldn’t bear to witness this scene any longer. The people around them were starting to whisper among themselves as well.

“Yeah, he should know when to stop. He has 750,000 already!” someone commented. “There are people who might never get that amount of money in their lifetime…”

“I would just take the money and leave. We need to know when to be content, you know,” someone else added. Thomas took a deep breath. If the two people standing in front of him weren’t Olivia’s biological relatives, he might have just punched them in the face. They claimed to be kind enough to provide him with a thank-you fee, but it was obvious that they were only doing such a thing because they were looking down on him.

Why does it matter if they’re rich? Do they think they can use their money to trample all over my pride? “I don’t want the money. I’m not here for the money,” Thomas uttered. Norman and Ophelie exchanged puzzled glances. Does he not want the money? Why would he come here, then?

Thomas held his finger out to point at Ophelie. “Didn’t you say I have no right to see your sister? Well, I’m afraid I do. In fact, I have the right to see her every day.” Ophelie pouted at the sound of this. “Stop bluffing! What makes you say that you can see my sister every day? You’re just a poor freak who’s trying to get into my sister’s pants!”

Thomas shook his head. “I’m Miss Pearson’s professional driver. Wouldn’t I have to see her every day?”

“What do you mean you’re a driver; you—” Ophelie stopped herself as she widened her eyes. “Did you just say that you’re my sister’s professional driver?” So… he wasn’t bluffing. He really has the right and reason to see Olivia every day… Ophelie felt her cheeks burning with shame. I can’t believe he embarrassed me like that!

Thomas walked into the room while Norman and Ophelie were still processing their shock from hearing his words. Olivia had already awakened from her

coma, but her face was still extremely pale. She smiled when she saw Thomas. "Thank you for yesterday," she said. She had already heard from Ophelie and the doctors that she would've died from severe blood loss if Thomas hadn't pierced her with the brooch.

She was filled with gratitude toward the man before her eyes. This was the second time he had saved her life, after all. Thomas waved his hand to dismiss her. "It's fine. Look, now that you're hospitalized, how am I supposed to work?" he asked.

"You can go home and rest. You don't have to work," she offered.

"Hmm..." Thomas took a deep breath. "You're not going to deduct my pay, are you?" he asked.

She couldn't help but laugh. "Of course not!"

"Great. You should get some rest, then. I'll head home now," he uttered. Norman couldn't believe what he saw when he witnessed the exchange between Thomas and Olivia. What is going on in this guy's mind? He didn't want the 750,000 we offered him, but he's worried about getting his salary deducted. How does that make sense?

I'm Someone Else Chapter 28

However, Norman didn't understand how Thomas had drawn a distinct line between the two sums of money. Even though 750,000 was a lot of money, Thomas wasn't drawn to it as he didn't think that he deserved that money. Meanwhile, even though his salary wasn't a lot, Thomas didn't ask for an off-day nor did he skip work. Since he had put in the effort to earn that money, Thomas didn't think that his pay should be deducted!

Thomas turned and left without bidding goodbye to Norman. He didn't like Norman and Ophelie at all. "That explains why I found his outfit so familiar. It turns out that he's Olivia's driver. That outfit is the uniform for Pearson Group's drivers!" Ophelie finally realized what was going on. After a while, she stuck her lower lip out as she spoke in a grumpy tone. "He's just a driver—who is he to act all arrogant? He's just a staff member who's getting his salary from us!"

"Ophelie!" Olivia couldn't stand it any longer. "How could you say that?"

"You don't know what happened, Olivia. He scolded me yesterday, and he was rude to me today! You should fire him!" Ophelie cried.

Olivia was stunned to hear this. "What happened?" she asked. Ophelie told her sister everything that had occurred in the past two days. Olivia gazed at Norman thoughtfully. "Ophelie's young and immature, but how could you go along with this, Dad? Thomas is my savior. Isn't it a little too much for you guys to treat him that way?"

"Um..." Norman rubbed his nose awkwardly. "I have to leave now as I have some matters to handle in the company." He hurried off right after that—it was almost as if he were trying to escape the situation. If he were being honest, he knew that he had made a mistake, and he reflected on his actions while he was on his way to work. "That young man is really something!" Norman muttered to himself.

After all, it might have been easy for a rich man to be unimpressed by a sum of 750,000, but it was different for a mere driver not to be intrigued by such a huge sum of money. The more I think about it,

the more I see that Thomas knows where he stands. However, he's still firm with his principles when in the face of such temptations. It's clear that this man has a lot of willpower. This young man is a keeper!

After Thomas returned to the place he rented, he began to clean the place up since he didn't have much else to do. He washed the sheets and bed covers before making himself a bowl of noodles for lunch. Then, he proceeded to mop the floor. The whole house was sparkling clean after a full day of work. Thomas beamed before he checked the time to see that it was nearing the end of a work day. "I'm going to cook today. I want Chloe to try out my cooking," he uttered to himself.

So, he hurried to the market, where he purchased some ingredients for a feast. He bought some beef, seafood, vegetables, and other stuff before heading home with a large grin on his face. As he was heading back to his place, he heard two women arguing as he was heading up the stairs. "You have no right to say that about Thomas!" one woman cried.

"Hmph! Am I wrong? He's just a rash and brainless piece of trash!" another woman cried. Thomas looked up to find two women in a debate with one another. One of them was Chloe—her face was flushed, and she was clearly furious because of how the other person was offending Thomas.

When Thomas turned to see who the other woman was, he felt a ball of rage building up in his chest. The other woman was none other than Felice, the person who cheated on him! But... What is she doing here? Apparently, after Thomas had broken both of Walt's legs, he left Walt in a critical condition. The doctors had already made it clear that Walt would have to amputate both his legs if he wanted to survive.

However, Walt was also the man that Felice had ended up choosing from a pool of choices. He was rich and powerful, yet Thomas had turned him into a cripple before Felice got to marry him. How was Felice supposed to resolve the anger she felt over this matter? So, she asked around in search of Thomas' whereabouts, and she charged over to hunt him down when she found out about his new

place. To her surprise, she bumped into Chloe, who had just returned from work before she could even confront Thomas.

Chloe didn't know who Felice was, but she asked Felice if anything was the matter when she saw Felice standing in front of her door. Naturally, all the things that Felice said about Thomas were unpleasant things that didn't align with the heroic figure that Chloe believed Thomas to be. How could Chloe deal with that? That was how Chloe ended up in an argument with Felice.

"Thomas!" Felice's gaze was filled with hatred as she glared at Thomas. She looked as if she wanted to tear Thomas into pieces. She was especially furious when she saw all the delicious ingredients that Thomas had purchased from the market. My boyfriend is fighting for his life in the hospital bed; look what you're doing! You have a new girl, and you're even about to have a good meal? Is there really justice on earth?!

Thomas shot Felice a side glare without saying anything. "You b*stard, Thomas. You ruined my happiness. Walt is going to have to amputate his legs, and it's all because of you!" she cried. Thomas scoffed at her words. "You guys deserve it! You cheated on me, and you even tried to rob me of my money. I was being kind by allowing him to live!" Thomas didn't feel the least bit sorry for Walt—to him, Walt was just a brat whose hands were still itchy for other women even when he had broken his arm.

Naturally, Thomas didn't feel any sympathy for Felice either. She could have told me honestly if she fell for another man. I was gone for eight years when I went into the military, after all. She didn't have to wait for me, and I wouldn't have stopped her if she wanted to break up with me. But... why did she lie to

me? Did she do it just so I would give her money every month? Thomas wasn't a selfish and calculative man. He wouldn't have hated Felice if she had just asked to break up with him earlier on. In fact, he could've been friends with her, and he would've helped her out if she ever faced issues with her finances.

Who does she think she is? I came back expecting to be greeted by my girlfriend's warm embrace and sweet words, yet I ended up receiving the news that I had been cheated on for eight years. On top of that, they even had the guts to ask me for money. Do they really think I'm an easy man they can just trample all over?

"I'm not going to let you go! Just you wait, Thomas! I, Felice, will haunt you for the rest of my life!" Felice clenched her fists in rage. If she hadn't witnessed Thomas' combat skills, she might have just started a fight with him right then! "I see what's going on now! You shameless b*tch! How dare you come to our place?" Before Thomas could say anything, Chloe lost her temper. Does she think I'm just going to keep quiet after knowing that she's the one who cheated on Thomas?!

Smack! Right after Chloe finished her words, Felice held her hand up to give Chloe a fierce slap. "Who do you think you are? How dare you curse me?" Then, Felice turned around to glare at Thomas. "Thomas, you filthy, unwanted orphan! You stupid military soldier! A b*stard like you deserves to be cheated on for the rest of your life! I'm definitely going to avenge my boyfriend! I'm going to do it even if it's the last thing I do! Just you wait!"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 29

It was true that Thomas was an orphan. He had grown up alongside a rather crazy old man whom he used to think was his grandfather. However, as Thomas started understanding the world around him a little more, the old man told him that they weren't related to each other at all. Thomas was just a kid that the old man had picked up by the side of the road. Thomas had always taken pride in his strength, and he hated the idea of telling others about his past just to be pitied by them. So, there were only a few people who truly knew about Thomas' upbringing.

Unfortunately, Felice was one of those people. Thomas hadn't expected Felice to expose his old wounds, especially since she had publicly claimed that Walt was just a man she was fooling around with. Chloe froze when she

heard Felice's words—this was the first time Chloe had ever heard of the fact that Thomas was an orphan.

However, Felice showed zero interest in anyone else's feelings or thoughts. She simply shoved Chloe aside before turning to leave. "Ah!" In a bout of fury, Thomas pulled out a glass bottle from his grocery bag before throwing it at Felice. The bottle hit Felice on the leg, and she let out a cry as she fell onto her knees. Thomas wasn't mad about the fact that Felice had exposed his childhood. After all, there wasn't much more she could do to hurt him after she lied to him for eight years just for the sake of his money.

"How could you leave after hitting Chloe? Do you think I'm going to let you off just like that?" Thomas walked over and glared at the woman who was on her knees. Felice barely had the chance to gauge the situation—all she understood was that there had been a sharp pain in her leg, and that she had fallen onto her knees. She gritted her teeth and tried to stand up, but she felt as if her legs no longer belonged to her. She couldn't seem to summon the strength to move her legs. When she looked up to meet Thomas' cold glare, she felt chills running down her spine.

"W-What do you want from me?" Felice stuttered while asking.

"What do you think I want? You slapped my sister once, so you deserve to be slapped 100 times in return!" he growled. Does she really think I'm a pushover? She just happened to get herself attached to some gangster; does she really think that she's undefeatable? Why doesn't she use her brain for once? Does she think she can scare me when I've already broken both of her boyfriend's legs? She cheated on me, and I tolerated it. She asked me for money, and I gave it to her. I can even pretend that she didn't just bring up my dark history, but... I'm not going to let her go now that she laid hands on Chloe.

With that said, Thomas lifted his hand up and sent it directly toward Felice's face. Thomas had only hit the woman a few times, but blood was already starting to trickle down the corner of her lips. Felice's pretty face looked as if she had been stung by thousands of bees!

"Thomas!" Chloe was worried that Thomas' behavior might escalate the situation, so she quickly held him back. "Forget it. You're only dirtying your hands by hitting a woman like her. I'm sure she learned her lesson." In the past, Thomas' good friend, Zachary, often praised Chloe for her good temper.

After spending more time with Chloe for the past few days, Thomas realized the truth in Zachary's words.

Chloe never had much of a temper. Whatever curse words Chloe had used earlier were probably the harshest words she had ever uttered in her whole life. It was clear that Chloe was furious about how Felice had cheated on Thomas. Thomas is such a great guy, yet you didn't know how to cherish him. You must be blind!

Thomas wanted to continue hitting Felice, but Chloe's grip felt oddly strong against his wrist, so he had no choice but to give up. "I'm going to make sure you suffer if this happens again," Thomas hissed. At one point, Felice thought that she would end up a cripple like her boyfriend. To her surprise, Chloe was the one who spoke up for her this time. Fine. One of us will overpower the other in the end. We'll see what happens! Since you guys set me free today, I'm going to make sure that you guys regret that decision!

Chloe walked over and picked up the glass bottle on the ground. She took a good look at it before holding it up in Thomas' face. "We can still use this, Thomas!" she cried excitedly. Thomas responded with a bitter smile. Chloe was too used to being a thrifty person—she had instinctively picked up a glass bottle that was thrown out even after Thomas had given her 2.8 million. She even seemed genuinely happy when she saw that the glass bottle wasn't broken...

Both of them entered the house to start preparing a meal. After a while, Felice finally felt some sensation in her legs. She forced herself to her feet before staring at the front door and letting out a scoff. She endured the pain as she shuffled her way out of the building.

After dinner, Chloe packed some of the food into containers before she got ready to head out and send the meal to her father. Before she left, she took a long glance at Thomas. "Thomas..."

"Yes? What is it?" he asked. Chloe had intended to ask him about his childhood, but she didn't know how to start the conversation after calling his name. "Don't be sad. That woman was blind to have cheated on you. I'm sure you'll find happiness someday. You'll find a woman who truly loves you," she said in the end.

"Don't worry about me. I'm way past it," Thomas said with a smile. A girlfriend, huh? I've had no shortage of women around me in the past few years. I'll just

start dating when the time is right, he figured. Furthermore, Thomas no longer felt much drive to find love after Zachary's death. He felt like his main purpose for being alive was to repay his sins.

At that thought of Zachary, Thomas felt a pang of sadness in his chest. He headed back to his room and pulled out the jade pendant before clutching it tightly in his hand. Before he knew it, fat tears were already rolling down his cheeks. "I'm sorry, Zachary..."

...

Thomas' holiday lasted for three days. Every morning, he would head to the hospital to check on Olivia since she was his boss. He felt like it was only right that he paid her a visit each day. Furthermore, this allowed him to check on her condition and her whereabouts—he didn't want to still be on holiday after Olivia was discharged. He was worried that his pay would be deducted.

Olivia would have been annoyed if she knew what he was actually thinking. Do I seem like I'm that stingy of a person? she would think. Thomas was glad to watch Olivia's pathway to recovery. He was a man who had to be kept busy, and he felt guilty to continue taking the Pearson Group's salary when he was just resting at home.

Olivia seemed to be in a good mood as well. She no longer looked as tired and anxious as she did in the past, and all she did was sip her tea and read the news every day. "It's great to be injured! I'm treating this as a holiday!" she claimed.

One day, Thomas had just stepped foot into the ward when he saw Norman standing by the edge of the bed.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 30

"Hello. We meet again." Norman was no longer hostile toward Thomas—this time, he greeted Thomas with a friendly smile. Thomas gave Norman a curt nod to acknowledge the man's presence before making his way to Olivia. Even though Norman was the president of the company that Thomas was working for, and even though Norman was technically his boss' boss, Thomas didn't feel the need to please Norman at all.

After all, Norman had left a really bad impression on him after their last two encounters. He had been quick to conclude that Thomas was Olivia's

murderer after hearing what Ophelie said, and he even offended Thomas by offering him money. When Norman saw the icy look on Thomas' face, he couldn't help but feel rather embarrassed. However, upon reflecting on his own actions, Norman realized that he was guilty of misunderstanding Thomas twice.

"Are you free tonight? I'd like to buy you a meal. I made a few mistakes in the past, and I'd like to formally apologize to you. We could have a celebration since Olivia's getting discharged today," Norman offered after some consideration. It's rare to see young men nowadays who are as honest and hardworking as Thomas. I'm interested in getting to know him.

Thomas was rather taken aback by the offer. He was about to reject it when Olivia, who was lying on the bed, interrupted their conversation. "Since I'm getting discharged, you're going to have to drive me home, Thomas. Why don't you join us for a meal instead of just waiting in the car?" she offered.

Thomas nodded with a rather bitter smile on his face. After Thomas and Norman agreed on a time, Thomas left the hospital and returned to his house. When it was time for dinner, Thomas sent Chloe a text to let her know that he was heading out that night and that he wouldn't join her for dinner. He reminded her to have her meal and get some rest, and he told her not to worry about him.

Chloe didn't respond to the message even after a few minutes. She's probably too busy to check her phone. It's fine. She'll see it once she gets off work, he thought. He got to his feet and headed to

Pearson Group's parking lot, where he took the BMW Z4 and drove to the hospital. When Thomas got to the ward, Olivia had already packed most of her items and had already completed the discharge procedures. Thomas trailed behind Norman's car and drove Olivia over to a villa.

This was one of the grandest villas Thomas had ever seen in his life. The designer of the place had magically created a fusion of eastern and western-styled themes in the whole place, and the house was luxurious yet elegant. There were splashes of traditional art and furniture in the overall modern building. The place looked like it cost a minimum of 8 million! Thomas sneaked a glance at Olivia, who was standing beside him. Why did this woman choose to stay in some regular condominium when she has such a grand villa?

“Please come in!” Norman held his hand out in a gentlemanly manner and gestured for Thomas and Olivia to enter. They headed to the dining area, where all the dishes had already been prepared. Thomas could tell that Norman had put some effort into planning the dinner, as he had even prepared wine for his guests.

Ophelie was already at the dining table, but she didn’t look as pleased when she saw Thomas. Thomas simply rolled his eyes at her before pretending not to notice her. Olivia held her glass up before addressing Thomas in a sincere tone. “I can’t have alcohol yet, but this tea will do the job. This is a toast to you, Thomas. Thank you!” Olivia was still recovering from her injury, so she wasn’t allowed to have alcohol. After her short speech, she finished her tea and beamed at him.

“You’re welcome!” Thomas sipped on his tea as well. It’s no wonder that she’s known as one of the prettiest girls in Irieson. Even though this isn’t my first time witnessing it, her smile still leaves a really strong impact on me. She’s so beautiful! Felice is a piece of trash in comparison to Olivia!

“Where did you go to college, Mr. Clifford?” Norman asked as he clinked glasses with Thomas.

“I graduated from Irieson First High School…” Thomas muttered awkwardly. “I didn’t go to college. I enlisted in the army after my SATs,” he uttered.

“Pfft. You don’t even have a degree. That explains why you’re my sister’s driver,” Ophelie said through pursed lips.

“Ophelie!” Norman shot his younger daughter a glare. This girl is so immature nowadays! Then, Norman turned to smile at Thomas. “You had the ambition to protect the country even at that young age, huh, Mr. Clifford? That’s so rare!” he commented.

Thomas waved his hand to dismiss Norman’s compliment. “I feel rather bad about it nowadays. The decision to enter the army was a rather abrupt one. Irieson’s University of Technology had offered me to study with them, but I never got a chance to go there in the end.” If the old man hadn’t forced Thomas to abandon his studies and enlist in the army, perhaps Thomas would’ve been a degree-holder and a white-collar worker by now. He could’ve gotten better pay and a more stable 9.00AM to 5.00PM job.

“What? Irieson’s University of Technology? They offered you to study with them?” Both Norman and Olivia were shocked to hear what Thomas said. Irieson’s University of Technology was one of the most famous universities in the country. If the university was the one that offered Thomas to study with them, it meant that Thomas had to be an extremely outstanding student. Yet, Thomas ended up abandoning his studies to enlist in the army. Did he reject the university’s offer? Is there something wrong with him?

“Wait.” Ophelie narrowed her eyes to stare at him. “What’s your name?”

“Thomas.”

“So, you graduated from Irieson First High School, and Irieson’s University of Technology offered you a place to study with them after your SATs. Yet, you gave up on them and chose to enlist instead?”

Ophelie summarized his words. Thomas nodded blindly—he didn’t understand what Ophelie meant by the look on her face.

Ophelie widened her eyes even more as she stared at him in disbelief. “It’s you, then! You were Irieson’s top student in the SATs, eight years ago!” she cried. Thomas’ achievements had been a big deal back then, and Ophelie could remember it as she used to be a student at Irieson First High School. Even at this point, there were still people who would talk about Thomas’ achievements when they recalled their studying days.

“You brainless b*stard!” Ophelie cried.

“Stop talking nonsense, Ophelie!” Olivia barked.

“Did I say anything wrong? This b*stard changed his mind—that was the reason our aunt got punished!” Ophelie cried. “Your aunt?” Thomas frowned to recall the details. Yes, I was offered to study at the university by a senior who shared the same surname as this family. Could she be the aunt that Ophelie’s talking about?

Ophelie got to her feet before wagging her finger in Thomas’ face. “Get out of our house, you b*stard! You’re not welcome here!”

Back in high school, Thomas had performed extremely well. The person in charge of recruiting students for Irieson’s University of Technology was Veronica, and she stumbled upon Thomas’ profile before offering to let him

study there. Thomas was eager to do so, so he agreed almost immediately to the idea. Veronica was pleased, and she was even happier when she heard that Thomas was the top student of his year. This felt like a huge achievement to Veronica.