

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 221-230

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 221

Leah stormed out of Blake's house right after that. In Blake's childhood memory, he had always remembered Leah as a gentle, goddess-like person, but the Leah he just saw earlier terrified him, and he could even smell the scent of death on her. That was a completely different person from his childhood memory!

Is she still the same person I knew, the same Leah that Father was so obsessed about? he wondered in fright.

A few minutes later, he recollected himself and scrambled to his feet. Dusting himself off with a crumpled, menacing look on his face, he then gritted his teeth and hollered, "Leah Wilkerson, I'll make sure you die a horrible death!"

Then, he punched the coffee table in front of the couch a few times to vent his ire.

Bang! Crack!

Suddenly, the coffee table broke into pieces under his not-so-tender ministrations.

Who do you think you are, Leah Wilkerson? How dare you threaten me! It sounds like you think nothing of the Hind Family at all, he thought, his anger growing with every passing second.

"Leah, let's wait and see! I would like to find out how you're going to wipe out my entire clan!"

As Blake was completely ignorant about Leah's background, he didn't believe a word she said, nor did he think that she was that powerful. In his eyes, she was nothing more than a regular elderly woman. In contrast, the Hind Family was a completely different existence because they were one of the Six Greatest Families of Irieson. When it came to threats, only he had what it took to threaten her, and not the other way around. Does she think that she can kill my entire family? What a joke! There's no way that I'll believe that.

Alas, Blake was simply too conceited, judging Leah without even doing the most basic research beforehand. The woman he looked down on was born

into the most influential family in Capitalis. She truly wasn't one that he should offend at all.

Leah sat in the car as she brooded with a sullen look on her face. If it's not the Hinds, then who killed Terrence and Norman? Then, she whisked out her phone, placed it next to her ear, and asked, "Did you find out anything?"

"No, we're still working on it. The situation in Irieson is far more complicated than we imagined and I'm afraid we'll need more time."

"Get on with it!" she ordered harshly.

She couldn't avenge the death of Terrence and Norman without knowing the murderer's identity. Alas, there was nothing else she could do except wait for the results of the investigations.

As for the mess Terrence left behind after his death... She had already started dealing with it. After all, the older and senior members of the Pearson Family knew of her existence, and they did give her some respect due to her identity.

This showed that the Pearson Family carried some weight in her heart. Otherwise, she had absolutely no reason to do something so tedious that brought her absolutely no benefits but more trouble.

Nevertheless, she was too arbitrary when dealing with matters concerning Olivia. It couldn't be helped since her current marriage was a result of the partnership between families. Although her husband loved her to bits, in her opinion, a girl born into a powerful family had to submit to the marriage arranged by the family.

The assassins from the Yam, Hind, and Xalmar Families didn't aim straight for Thomas. Instead, their first target was Chloe, his only 'kin' in Irieson. This was the final plan the three families came up with

after considerable deliberation—before killing Thomas, they wanted him to have a taste of losing his closest kin.

The three families had always been ruthless when they dealt with matters. Moreover, they had a deep feud with Thomas. Quentin's son was crippled for life after Thomas fought with him, Blake's beloved nephew was killed by the same man, and Kirk's son also died at Thomas' hands. Suffice it to say, they had been harboring a deep hatred for Thomas for quite some time and

thought that it was too easy to let him die just like this. Therefore, they would definitely pull out all the stops to torture him mentally before sending him off to the gates of hell.

Previously, Quentin had sent assassins after Chloe but was unsuccessful and even lost a man for his efforts. Yet, he hadn't learned his lesson and tried to harm her again.

In each of the three cars—Porsche Cayenne, Mercedes S600, and Audi A6—were three top assassins sent by each family, and they had stopped their cars in a spot close to Chloe's neighborhood. Unfortunately, now wasn't the best time to do anything. Once night falls and everyone else slumbered on, it wouldn't be too late to take Chloe's life then.

"We can act now, can't we?" a man in the Audi A6 asked.

The leader in that car shook his head. "Be patient. The time we agreed on is 1.00AM and there's still some time left."

"Argh, I wonder what's going on in the old master's mind. We're just killing a helpless girl, aren't we? Do they need to make such a big hoo-ha over it?"

"Exactly, just let someone in the lower ranks do this instead of sending us. Setting this aside, they even want us to join forces with the other two families. Tsk..." one of the men sneered, staring at Chloe's picture in his hand. She's truly a stunner, but unfortunately, her life will come to an end today.

"That's enough. Stop harping on like a bunch of geese. It's just taking one life, and we can go home once our job is done. We're paid well every month. Aren't we just freeloaders if we do nothing at all?" the leader said with a smirk.

"Well, that's..."

Similar conversations took place in the other two cars as well, and when the clock struck 1.00AM, nine of them got out of their cars and gathered at the entrance of the neighborhood.

"Let's split up. A group of nine is just asking for attention."

"Okay."

"I agree."

They split into three groups and chose three different routes to approach Chloe's rented place.

Thump! Thump! Crack!

Soon after they went separate ways, three of them died without a sound. Alas, the remaining six had no idea and continued on with their mission.

"Hey, boss. Did we arrive late and they're already inside, or are we early?"

"Who cares? We'll just go in and kill that woman."

One group arrived at the building where Chloe's apartment was. When they wanted to enter, a few dark figures suddenly appeared next to them, and they stopped breathing after seeing a flash of light before their eyes.

Only one last group was left, and they died in almost the same manner as the others. They didn't even get a look at their opponents and didn't know how they died before leaving this world forever.

Chloe wasn't an easy target at all because Quincy, the Mortons, and the Peralta Family had been guarding this neighborhood for a long time. Killing Chloe? That was a fool's dream!

In the dead silent night, nine bodies were dragged to a spot close to the neighborhood, where several Mercedes were parked. A middle-aged man walked to one of the cars. "Nine assassins came, and they're all taken care of."

"Okay, do a clean job and get rid of the bodies. I'm going back to report to Mr. Hofstead."

"Okay," the middle-aged man answered and climbed out of the car.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 222

The nine individuals dispatched by the three families were incredibly unlucky. As soon as they entered the residential area, they were mercilessly eliminated by an unidentified assailant. Not only did they fail to assassinate Chloe, but they didn't even catch a glimpse of their attacker, with the closest group barely reaching the building's entrance before meeting their end.

These individuals held prominent positions within the three major families, commanding respect wherever they went in this frigid city. However, their deaths were gruesome, epitomizing the adage of thriving in life, but being thwarted in the end.

The man in the car drove directly to the hospital and knocked on the hospital director's office door. From inside, Quincy's voice beckoned, "Come in."

He had remained at the hospital for the past few days since he wanted to stay by Thomas' side.

The man noticed Quincy sitting upright in his office chair upon entering, engrossed in an ancient book he held. The book happened to be the book, 'The Imperial Acupuncture', which Thomas gifted him. This book immensely benefited Quincy, as it contained the profound wisdom of acupuncture's inventor, the great Shian; even a superficial understanding of its contents would be enough to gain widespread recognition in the city.

Quincy's medical skills had taken a significant leap after receiving such a gift, allowing him to effortlessly treat numerous challenging and complex ailments. While he hadn't yet acquired the power to resurrect the dead, his expertise positioned him at the pinnacle of the medical field, surpassing his previous status in Droycore's medical community.

He set the book aside when he noticed the man enter and gestured to the chair in front of him, saying, "Please have a seat."

The man sat down and began to say respectfully, "Mr. Hofstead, tonight, nine assassins were sent to kill Miss Chloe. They were all eliminated, and the bodies and cars have been taken care of. However, we do not know who sent them."

Quincy's mouth curled into a cold smile upon hearing those words. It was clear to anyone, even a blind man, that the identities of the nine assassins were the Yam Family, Hind Family, and Xalmar Family. Regardless, it was impossible for the Zane Family to be involved, as the Turner Family had secretly allied with Quincy. The Zane Family, known for always following the Turner Family's lead, would never associate themselves with the other three families without Taylor's agreement.

Furthermore, Taylor had already contacted him personally and informed him of the three families' plan to collaborate against Thomas.

Indeed, Blake's worst fear had become a reality. Taylor had actually disclosed the information to outsiders!

Quincy's voice turned icy, "You don't need to concern yourselves with who sent those individuals with ill intentions toward Chloe and her father. Just take down every single one of them! If anything happens, I'll take full responsibility. You can proceed with your tasks boldly and without hesitation. Keep safeguarding Chloe."

Quincy understood that Chloe was Thomas' only family member' in this world. If anything were to happen to her, Thomas would lose his mind. For that reason, he would ensure her safety no matter the costs. It seemed like their decision back then was absolutely correct; if there hadn't been someone specifically dedicated to protecting Chloe, today might have ended up becoming a day of mourning.

"Mr. Hofstead, rest assured, I understand. We will do everything in our power to keep Miss Chloe safe." The man wasn't foolish. Since Quincy spoke in such a manner, it signified the utmost importance of Chloe's life, so he immediately gave his assurance.

Once he was done with his report, he stood up and prepared to leave. Just as he made it to the office doorway, Quincy called out to him, "Wait!"

"Mr. Hofstead, is there anything else?"

"We cannot allow the assassins to enter the residential area any longer. Kill anyone at the community entrance!" Quincy issued a solemn order. His team had already installed surveillance at the community entrance and once they identified anyone suspicious, they would eliminate them on the spot. They couldn't afford to let the assassins enter the residential area anymore, harming innocents, so this would be a safer approach.

What if Chloe and her father went downstairs for a stroll? It would be problematic if they encountered anything within the community.

The man displayed a troubled expression. It was true that they had surveillance at the community entrance, and they could indeed prevent any suspicious individuals from entering. Still, they might make a mistake in identification.

"Mr. Hofstead, this might pose some difficulties."

Quincy waved his hand dismissively. “There are no difficulties. I understand your concerns. At this critical moment, it’s better to kill the wrong person than to let the right one escape!”

“Yes!” The man nodded immediately and left the office.

Then, Quincy savored a sip of tea and muttered to himself, “Hind Family, Yam Family, Xalmar Family, if you want to mess with me, I’ll gladly join you for a good fight!”

He knew the Yam Family wouldn’t back down so easily; they were never ones to suffer losses silently.

Taylor’s show of respect was undeniable. Although he was part of the Six Greatest Families, he made the choice to refrain from supporting the other three families and instead stood by Quincy’s side, disclosing valuable information. His primary focus now was to protect Chloe and her father since there was no need to worry about Thomas’ safety, given his extraordinary abilities. He had single-handedly dismantled the entire Pearson Family, even beheading Duban, the highly revered worshiper of their lineage. Such unparalleled capabilities were possessed by none other than Thomas in the entire city.

As Quincy was fully aware of Thomas’ character and temperament, he had no intention of informing him about the assassination attempt on Chloe. If Thomas were to find out, he would undoubtedly charge into the gates of the three major families without a moment’s hesitation. Instead, it would be more beneficial to let Thomas concentrate on handling Olivia’s affairs. Besides, with the return of Leah, that cunning old woman, it wouldn’t be long before the talented individual from Capitalis arrived. There was also no doubt that they would begin targeting Olivia once they had settled down here.

Leah had already arranged an engagement for Olivia without her consent, and that talented individual would certainly investigate her thoroughly. Not to mention, Olivia’s stunning beauty alone would be enough to captivate the so-called genius. When that time came, Thomas would be occupied with frontline matters whereas Quincy would handle the logistics and support.

It had to be acknowledged that having a true friend like Quincy was a blessing Thomas cultivated in his past life.

The following morning, Thomas arrived at Quincy's office. "Thomas, you've come at the right time. There's something I don't understand, and I'd like to ask you about it." Quincy took out the "The Imperial Acupuncture" book and motioned to Thomas.

Thomas accepted the book, sat on the couch, and skimmed through its pages. "The book mentions that the death acupuncture point can save lives, but I don't understand such a claim at all. Aren't those meant to kill? How is it possible that triggering it could save lives? It simply doesn't make sense!"

Thomas smiled. "Let me provide you with an example. This particular acupoint is considered a death point because when stimulated, it temporarily halts the flow of blood in the body, resulting in insufficient blood supply to the heart and brain, ultimately causing sudden death. However, if one understands the characteristics of this death point and times it correctly, it can effectively halt bleeding and save lives, particularly in cases of severe arterial bleeding. Of course, this is purely theoretical. The actual outcome depends on the practitioner's skill."

I'm Someone Else Chapter 223

Thomas had thoroughly absorbed the knowledge contained in the book "The Imperial Acupuncture". He knew the functions and uses of various acupuncture points by heart. He had endured hardships to comprehend the knowledge recorded in this ancient book, especially the slap from the eccentric old man, which still haunted him. However, he was grateful to the old man, as he wouldn't be who he was today without him.

Quincy felt enlightened upon hearing Thomas' explanation and quickly took out a pen and notebook to jot down notes. He personally handed Thomas a cup of tea and asked, "So, what can I help you with?" There was no doubt that Thomas came to him so early in the morning for a reason.

Thomas replied, "I need to go out for a while, and I might be back late. I've already informed Olivia, and she won't leave the hospital today. She'll continue taking care of her uncle. So, I would appreciate it if you could look after her for a while."

Today was Zachary's birthday. Thomas planned to first call Chloe, pretending to be Zachary to let her know he was safe. Then, he would appear in person as himself. He wanted to distract Chloe and shift her attention. As siblings with



a strong bond, she would surely miss her brother even more on this special day.

Thomas hadn't decided when to tell Chloe about Zachary's death. He couldn't bring himself to say the words every time he looked into her teary eyes. Chloe and her father had just started living a good life, and it would be too cruel to break the news of Zachary's death now. So, Thomas chose to keep it a secret, even if it meant being seen as weak or evasive. He had made up his mind to postpone it as long as possible.

"You can rest assured and go about your business. Olivia will be perfectly safe with me here," Quincy reassured Thomas. They were in a hospital, and no one would dare to harm her while he was around. That would be a surefire way to invite trouble!

Thomas got up and left after a few more moments of conversation with Quincy. Quincy watched him leave and couldn't help but exclaim, "Olivia, life has a way of balancing things out. Although you lost your mother at a young age and faced rejection from your own grandfather and father, now you have someone like Thomas protecting you—a powerful man who seems heaven-sent. Perhaps you can break free from the destiny of being a sacrifice one day with him by your side! I hope to raise a toast at your wedding with Thomas soon!"

Quincy couldn't contain his laughter at the thought. He was eager to see the reactions of the Yams, Hinds, and Xalmars when they discovered that Olivia's toxins had been eliminated. It would undoubtedly be a remarkable sight!

"Well, well, after all the recklessness you families have displayed in Irieson for all these years, it's finally time for you to face some setbacks. I can't help but feel gleeful at your downfall!"

The Six Greatest Families of Irieson had garnered a widespread reputation as the town's despised pariahs. While the smaller factions and common folk may not have been aware of their affiliation with Minacia Oito Irieson, the Families consistently pushed the boundaries of decency. Their descendants displayed an arrogant and unruly nature, acting without restraint. Furthermore, the Families openly shielded them, allowing their offspring to bully others without consequences. Those who dared seek justice were met with even more outrageous retaliation from the Families. In a place where righteousness was forsaken, finding support became a rare occurrence. Their days of such behavior were numbered.

“Olivia, you’d better be wise and hold onto Thomas tightly. Don’t let him slip away to other women!” Quincy remarked before leaving his office and heading toward Declan’s ward to check on his recovery.

“You’re making good progress in your recovery, but don’t even think about pushing it. It’s best to remain in the hospital for a few more days given your current condition,” Quincy advised after examining Declan’s injury.

Declan nodded in response. “Okay, I’ll ensure I fully recover before leaving the hospital.”

Quincy then cast a glance at Olivia and her sister. Over the past few days, they had dedicated themselves wholeheartedly to caring for Declan in the hospital, forsaking work, and foregoing returning home. Even if they were just his nieces, their level of commitment surpassed what some biological daughters might do.

“Declan, technically I’m an outsider and shouldn’t meddle in your affairs, but the Hofstead Family and the Pearsons have a longstanding relationship. Allow me to say a few words,” Quincy said.

Declan smiled. “I understand. Speak your mind.”

Quincy said, “Now that Terrence and Norman have passed away, it’s clear that only you are capable of taking on the position of the family head. Gavin simply doesn’t have what it takes.”

The sisters looked up at their uncle. They agreed with Dr. Hofstead’s assessment. There was no denying that Declan was the most suitable candidate to inherit the family head position.

While Gavin had previously been recognized as the successor, his true nature had been exposed. He lacked the basic qualities of a decent person, let alone the ability to lead the family. He was nothing more than a spoiled playboy. If the family were to be entrusted to him, especially after the significant changes they had experienced, it wouldn’t be long before the family disappeared from Irieson.

Declan shook his head and let out a deep sigh. “To be honest with you, I can’t fulfill the role of family head.” Last night, after the sisters had fallen asleep, he received a call from a high-ranking executive of the Pearson Group. The

executive informed him in no uncertain terms that he could never become the next head of the Pearson Family.

Quincy was taken aback by Declan's statement and asked, "Why not? You and Gavin are the only direct descendants of the family. It's obvious to anyone with common sense that you're the rightful candidate for the family head position."

While Terrence was alive, Gavin had portrayed himself as a submissive and innocent figure within the family, but everyone was well aware of his true character. Calling him an animal would be an understatement.

"Uncle Declan, now is not the time to be modest. If you can't be the family head, then who can?" Olivia interjected. They couldn't possibly allow Gavin, that spoiled brat, to inherit the position. Little did she know that Gavin had indeed been designated as the next family head!

Currently, all the top executives of the Pearson Group, as well as the extended members of the Pearson family, had unanimously voted for Gavin to become the next family head. This information was not a secret within the family. In fact, everyone except for Declan was already preparing for the official inauguration ceremony of the new family head. In just a few days, Gavin would formally assume the role of the head of the Pearson Family.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 224

Declan remained the person in charge of Capitalis from the Pearson Family and was responsible for the expansion of the Pearson Family's business.

He heard the news from a senior executive last night.

Spreading his hands helplessly, Declan said, "Olivia, it's not that I'm being modest. The candidate for the next family head has already been decided. It was unanimously voted on by the high-level executives of Pearson Group and the branch family members. Gavin has been elected as the new family head."

Declan wasn't hungry for power. He never expected to become the family head, nor did he have much interest in the position. However, the Pearsons were currently at a critical stage. Handing over the family to Gavin was clearly a self-destructive move for a century-old legacy. If the decline of the Pearsons happened due to Gavin's succession, how could Declan face the ancestors of the Pearson Family with dignity when he met them in the afterlife?

“What did you just say, Uncle Declan?”

Olivia stood up in shock. “Gavin will inherit the family head position? He’s nothing but a despicable beast. Why should he become the family head? How is it possible that he was unanimously elected by the family? Are they blind or dumb? If Gavin dares to become the family head, I’ll have Thomas deal with him! As long as I ask him to, he will definitely help. I want to see if Gavin can actually do the job!”

“She’s right, Uncle Declan. You should be the family head. We can’t let Gavin, that sc\*mbag, have the position!” Ophelie pouted.

“Alright. Don’t be upset. It’s not worth getting worked up over this matter.”

Seeing his two nieces passionately defending him, Declan felt warmth in his heart. If only my daughter was as sensible as them.

Without the trio noticing, Quincy sat on the chair beside them with furrowed brows. He didn’t utter a word and was seemingly pondering over something.

Just then, the door to the ward was forcefully pushed open, and in came ten burly men dressed uniformly in black suits and white shirts. All of them were even wearing large sunglasses.

Quincy was taken aback by the sudden intruders. Who the hell are they? How dare they cause trouble in the hospital?

“Move aside, you useless bunch! You’re blocking the way of the family head!”

When e familier voice sounded, the ten men stood on either side, cleering e peth in the middle.

Then, they sew Gevin entering the room in e teiloed Armeni suit.

His overell gesture wes grend, which reminded everyone thet Gevin wes no longer en ordinary person now. He hed become the rightful heir to the Peerson Family. If he didn’t exude some power end presence in public, it would be en emberessment to the Peerson Family.

However, Gevin didn’t come todey just to show off. He hed something to discuss with Declen. Declen hed meneged to keep his injury end

hospitalization and secret from his wife and children, but he wasn't able to keep it from Gavin because the latter had informants.

He sought out Declan for two reasons. First, of course, was to formally announce in person that he would be inheriting the position of the family head. Although Declan was already aware of it, he was still Gavin's biggest competitor. How could he not show off in front of him and rub his defeat in his face?

Secondly, he wanted Declan to approach the Turner Family on his behalf as he had set his eyes on their eldest daughter. Since Declan was the son-in-law of Taylor Seunder, Gavin reckoned that there was no better person to convey his intentions than Declan.

"Gavin?" When Olivia and Ophelia saw him, bells of fire burned in their eyes.

"Who the hell let you in? Get out!" Olivia pointed at him as she scolded him.

"Calm down, my sexy and beautiful sister. Can't I visit Uncle Declan when he is admitted to the hospital? You're so bossy!" Gavin straightened his collar and continued, "By the way, I forgot to tell you that my status has changed. I am now the head of the Pearson Family. From now onward, I will call the shots! If you mend your ways, I will gladly welcome you back to the family. I can even guarantee that as long as you obey me, I will grant you wealth and glory for the rest of your life. How does that sound?"

Even a fool could understand what he implied by "as long as you obey me".

With an angelic face and a devilish figure, it could be said without reservation that Olivia was the dream of every ordinary man. Gavin was no exception, even though she was his half-sister.

When a familiar voice sounded, the ten men stood on either side, clearing a path in the middle.

Then, they saw Gavin entering the room in a tailored Armani suit.

His overall gesture was grand, which reminded everyone that Gavin was no longer an ordinary person now. He had become the rightful heir to the Pearson Family. If he didn't exude some power and presence in public, it would be an embarrassment to the Pearson Family.

However, Gavin didn't come today just to show off. He had something to discuss with Declan. Declan had managed to keep his injury and hospitalization a secret from his wife and children, but he wasn't able to keep it from Gavin because the latter had informants.

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Although Ophelie fell slightly short in terms of appearance, she was still a beauty, especially with her youthfulness and vibrant personality. If he could have both sisters at the same time...

"Hehehe!" At that thought, Gavin grinned devilishly. He was thrilled even at the mere thought of it!

“You beast!” scolded Olivia. How can a creature wearing human skin be worthy of getting appointed as the head of the Pearson Family? No way! The position belongs to Uncle Declan. Olivia had made up

her mind. Once Thomas was back, she would ask him for help. She firmly believed that he was capable of doing so. Back when Terrence was alive, Thomas alone had the power to overturn the entire Pearson Family. Dealing with Gavin would be as easy as shooting fish in a barrel.

Even though she had left the Pearson Family and cut off all ties with them, she couldn’t just watch the family that raised her be ruined by Gavin, that b\*stard!

Gavin remained unbothered upon hearing her words. Wearing a smug expression, he replied, “You shouldn’t say that, my dear sister. How am I a beast? I didn’t cut ties with the family who gave birth to me and raised me!”

“You—”

Olivia was filled with anger, momentarily unable to respond to him.

Declan looked up at his nephew, and his heart was filled with disappointment. Even before formally becoming the family head, Gavin had already revealed his true nature. If he were to truly take over the family, wouldn’t he be unstoppable? At that point, Declan was afraid that even gravity might not be able to hold him down.

“Oh, by the way, I came here today for a serious matter, Uncle Declan. As the head of the Pearson Family, I command you to arrange a marriage for me. You see, your nephew here is now on another level. Besides, I’m not young anymore. It’s time for me to marry a proper young lady,” Gavin said to his uncle.

“What did you say? Command?” Olivia and Ophelie widened their eyes and stared at him. Did he just order Uncle Declan around?

The succession ceremony hadn’t even taken place yet, but he was already flaunting his authority! Declan was his uncle and his elder. How dare he boss him around like that?

I’m Someone Else Chapter 225

Even when Declan's younger brother, Norman, asked Declan for help, he did so politely. When did he ever use the word 'command'?

Quincy, who was standing on the side, couldn't bear to watch anymore. With Gavin's character, it would be a miracle if he could lead the Pearson Family to a revival. He was clearly just a good-for-nothing. Without a doubt, the manipulation behind his inheritance of the family head position was the doing of that old witch, Leah Wilkerson.

She hadn't shown up in years, but some of the old members of the Pearson Family still remembered her and would show her some respect. Moreover, Leah had the support of the Wilkerson Family, the top family in Capitalis. It wouldn't be too difficult for her to elevate her grandson to the position of the family head.

It seemed that this was the reason why Declan didn't even have a chance to compete.

However, Quincy couldn't fathom if Leah was senile or blind. On what basis did she decide that Gavin was capable of taking over the position of the family head? Was she playing a joke on everyone?

Quincy's expression turned dark as he looked at Gavin. He really wanted to know which daughter of which family would 'luck out' to catch Gavin's eye.

"Hah!" Declan chuckled self-mockingly. "Tell me, who have you set your sights on?"

"Ignore that b\*stard, Uncle Declan!" Olivia and Ophelie were anxious now. How could he ask that question? He wouldn't actually be thinking of arranging a marriage for Gavin, would he? That would be equivalent to indirectly acknowledging Gavin's position as the family head!

Just as they were about to continue persuading him, Declan raised his hand to stop them.

"To be honest, I've set my sights on the Turner Family's eldest daughter! How about that? Your nephew has good taste, right?"

"The Turner Family's eldest daughter?" Declan's jaw dropped. Goodness, Gavin is a greedy man. How could he casually mention the Turner Family's



eldest daughter without considering his own worth? Did he think that Declan's father-in-law would agree to it?

In fact, the Turner Family's eldest daughter was well-known in the high society of Irieson. She was knowledgeable, talented, and exceptionally beautiful. Even if he managed to pass his father-in-law's scrutiny, would she even consider someone like Gavin?

"This is an urgent matter, Uncle Declan. I'll give you three days to settle this marriage arrangement for me. If you can't accomplish it, then don't blame me for turning my back on you. The country has laws, and so does our family. You should know how our family deals with those who fail to fulfill their duties!"

To be precise, Gevin was not just commending Declan anymore; he was threatening him!

As soon as he stepped into position, he started displaying his power! Gevin was planning to establish his authority by targeting his own uncle. Even before the inauguration ceremony had taken place, he was openly threatening his elder. Gevin was the first person in the history of the Six Greatest Families to do something like this.

"How could you...!" Declan choked on his own saliva as soon as he heard those words. Gevin did not have any respect for him at all!

"Uncle Declan!"

While Olivia petted Declan on the back, Ophelia quickly comforted him, "Don't get worked up over that beast. It's not worth it."

"Hmph!"

Gevin, however, remained indifferent to the situation. To be fair, Declan had treated him well, especially during the years he was abroad. Declan visited him frequently, but he had his reasons for targeting Declan. Declan had too good of a relationship with Olivia. He brought it upon himself!

Gevin almost got beaten to death by Thomas. If it weren't for his grandfather who paid for his expensive treatments by renowned doctors, he would probably be disabled by now. Yet, Declan dared to openly favor Olivia. Wasn't he asking for trouble?

"Don't forget, Uncle Declan. You only have three days. I'll be waiting for your good news." After saying that, Gavin turned around and walked away.

"Wait!" Quincy stopped him.

"Huh? What is it, old man?" Gavin didn't recognize Quincy, so naturally, he didn't bother to be polite. He turned around and looked at Quincy impatiently.

"Old man?"

"Did I hear it right, Olivia? Did he just call Mr. Hofstead an old man?"

The two sisters were startled. No one in the whole of Irieson dared to address Quincy with such a disrespectful term, yet Gavin dared to do so! Did he naively think that as the head of the Peerson Family, he could look down on everyone? He really didn't know his place!

Was Gavin just carrying an empty skull around on his shoulders?

Quincy smiled, stepped forward, and said to Gavin, "Young men, don't ever assume that there is no one in this world who can deal with you. Remember my words: karma will come for those who act despicably! I'm just going to leave you this message today. You won't be capable of handling the

responsibilities that come with being the head of the Peerson Family! Be prepared for that! These are my words, and if anyone asks, tell them it was Quincy Hofstead who said it. You, Gavin, are not qualified to be the head of the Peerson Family! You may go now."

To be precise, Gavin was not just commanding Declan anymore; he was threatening him!

As soon as he stepped into position, he started displaying his power! Gavin was planning to establish his authority by targeting his own uncle. Even before the inauguration ceremony had taken place, he was openly threatening his elder. Gavin was the first person in the history of the Six Greatest Families to do something like this.

"How could you...!" Declan choked on his own saliva as soon as he heard those words. Gavin did not have any respect for him at all!

"Uncle Declan!"

While Olivia patted Declan on the back, Ophelie quickly comforted him, “Don’t get worked up over that beast. It’s not worth it.”

“Hmph!”

Gavin, however, remained indifferent to the situation. To be fair, Declan had treated him well, especially during the years he was abroad. Declan visited him frequently, but he had his reasons for targeting Declan. Declan had too good of a relationship with Olivia. He brought it upon himself!

Gavin almost got beaten to death by Thomas. If it weren’t for his grandfather who felt bad for him and paid for his expensive treatments by renowned doctors, he would probably be disabled by now. Yet, Declan dared to openly favor Olivia. Wasn’t he asking for trouble?

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Quincy waved his hand, signaling Gavin to leave. The ignorant were fearless, but even Leah wouldn't dare to call Quincy 'old man'. Who did Gavin think he was?

"Haha! Hahaha!" After hearing Quincy's words, Gavin froze for a moment, then burst into laughter as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world.

"Hey old man, why are you still addicted to bragging at your age? Who else is qualified to be the head of the Pearson Family, if not me? Is it you?"

He pointed at Quincy and continued, "You're lucky I'm in a good mood today, so I'm not going to argue with you, but remember, you, an insignificant doctor, don't have the right to be involved in our family affairs. You're not even allowed to comment or discuss our matters! Who do you think you are? Damn. Next time, I'll make sure to send you to the Grim Reaper ahead of time!"

After saying that, he led the group of bodyguards out of the ward arrogantly.

Quincy truly couldn't be bothered to argue with him. Otherwise, he had plenty of ways to prevent Gavin from leaving the hospital.

There was no need to get angry with someone who would be on their deathbed soon. It was unnecessary.

While others might not be aware, Quincy was well aware that Thomas still had plans to kill Gavin. It was just a matter of time. Once Thomas returned and heard Olivia's complaint, there was no way Gavin would survive the night.

Declan let out a heavy sigh. All of a sudden, he felt a sense of despair. He had no desire to become the family head, but that didn't mean he wanted to see the Pearson Family handed over to someone like Gavin, a useless brat.

Besides, half of the business he had obtained from Keyshire Property, which he originally intended to return to Olivia, was now impossible to retrieve. When the senior executive from Pearson Group called him yesterday, he asked about it, but the answer he received was simple. "I'm not returning it!"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 226

Declan had been beside himself with fury. In all the years he had lived, he had never witnessed someone who displayed such a sense of entitlement despite being indebted.

He had agreed to return to Olivia what was hers, but he had not expected the sudden twist in the process. What should he do now?

The anguish on his face prompted Olivia to hurriedly reassure him. "Don't panic, Uncle Declan. Don't worry. Gavin can never be the head of the family."

She would tell Thomas about this when he returned. There was no way a nobody like Gavin could do anything significant.

Declan did not say anything and just shook his head with his eyes closed as he lay on the bed. He knew that it was impossible for Gavin to abruptly take over as the head of the family by himself, so Declan's long-lost mother had to be helping in secret. The moment she returned, she had Gavin injure Declan before making Gavin the head of the family. Was she really Declan's mother? It would be more accurate to call her Mrs. Claus as she had given Declan a 'Christmas gift'.

Olivia and Ophelie exchanged glances as they sat down on the chairs in the room. They did not say another word as they could see that he was in a bad mood. Hence, they decided to let him rest.

When Quincy returned to his office, he sat down on the couch and took a sip of tea. "Leah, you witch! Since you wish to play, I'll be your opponent. You will be destined to lose horribly, though."

He could not help but chuckle at that thought. The laugh was so menacing that it made him seem like an energetic young man in his twenties instead of a man in his fifties.

Perhaps he had spent too much time with Thomas, or Leah had awakened his thirst to win. Either way, he had decided to go against Leah this time.

The Hofstead Family had always been allies of the Pearson Family. He might just be an outsider, but even he found it incredulous that someone like Gavin could be the family head. It was simply ridiculous that anyone would discount Declan and insist on giving Gavin control of the family.

Did Leah not care about Declan's feelings? He was her son! Had she thought about what Declan might think when he saw that she would rather leave the family in the hands of a useless fool like Gavin than let Declan inherit the position?

After leaving the hospital, Thomas sat in the driver's seat of his Maserati and pulled out his phone. He then inserted the African SIM card Sean prepared for him into the phone before calling Chloe.

"Hey, Chloe."

Over the phone, Chloe was stunned. "Thomas?"

"Yes. Did you miss me?"

"I did. Thomas, are you still in Africa? Did the mission go well? Was it dangerous? Oh, it's also your birthday today. Happy Birthday!"

...

Upon hanging up, Thomas fell silent in thought as he fidgeted with the piece of jade Zachary gave him before dying while holding a cigarette in his other hand. He seemed unusually low-spirited, making any who might see him feel a wave of despair.

If one looked closely, they might even see his eyes turning red as tears shimmered in them.

"Happy Birthday, brother."

It was a long while before he could finally awaken himself from his depressed mood with a shake of his head. He then drove to Chloe's home.

"What brings you here today, Thomas?" Chloe was ecstatic to see him.

He smiled. "I don't have anything going on today, so I wanted to spend some time with you. Come. Let's go shopping."

"Really?" Her gorgeous face seemed to bloom as a smile spread across her lips.

"Of course. Go get changed."

“Okay!”

Adam shot him a meaningful look and said in a heavy voice, “Thank you, Thomas.”

Chloe had been acting unusual lately. Ever since the day that middle-aged man left, she had been in a sullen mood. The only time she had ever shown any hints of joy was a few days ago when Thomas took her shopping. However, her mood soon fell again after that trip.

Naturally, Adam had wondered about it. Still, he was helpless as no matter how much he pressed for an answer, Chloe would not tell him anything. The only thing he could do was worry. He might be her father, but Thomas was so very much better at cheering her up.

Thomas bitterly smiled and dismissed the thanks with a wave of his hand. Why thank him? If he had not been as useless as he was, their entire family would be living a happy life together now.

When it came to Adam and Chloe, all he felt was intense guilt and remorse.

It was an eventful day for Thomas. He took Chloe out to go shopping and watch a movie. Soon, the day was over.

That evening when he drove her back to her home, she asked, “Thomas, I’ve decided to work at Keyshire Property.”

He chuckled. “You don’t need to work if you don’t want to. I have enough money for you to live off of.”

She shook her head. “That won’t do. I need to be independent. Anyway, if I just stay at home, I’ll end up being a housewife.”

Her maturity made him smile with delight. If Zachary were still alive, he would definitely be proud of her. What a pity...

Thomas only arrived at the hospital at 10.00PM. The first thing he did was head toward Declan’s room. As he pushed the door open, he found Declan asleep while Olivia and Ophelie were napping nearby.

Instead of walking into the room, he stealthily closed the door, worried that he might wake the trio inside the room if he made too much noise.

He then headed to Quincy's office. After knocking on the door, he headed in.

"You're back," Quincy said.

"Yes." Thomas nodded and sat on the couch. As he was still recovering, his body was rather weak. Thus, he was exhausted after a day of fun with Chloe.

"Gavin came today." Quincy then recounted everything that had happened to him. "Olivia will surely seek you out for help. She wants Declan to be the family head."

Thomas smiled. He had not expected Gavin to have such a short fuse. If Gavin had not appeared, Thomas might not aim for him just yet. In the end, Gavin decided to show his face in a way that made it seem like he was afraid Thomas might have forgotten about him.

Since Yukine was Declan's daughter, Thomas had decided to let her go unpunished. The same could not be said for Gavin. He could continue to dream of being the family head for there was no way he could inherit the position after Thomas killed him. Once Gavin was dead, Olivia's wish would come true. After all, the death would mean that the only core family member left alive in the Pearson Family was Declan.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 227

"You were not here today so you didn't see it, but Gavin was throwing his weight around even though he is not officially the Pearson Family's head yet. He actually ordered Declan to meet the Turner Family to convey his intention to marry their daughter, saying that he liked her. He even said that if Declan could not complete the task within three days, he would punish Declan for being incompetent. It was such a petty display of smug and self-congratulatory behavior," Quincy said with a chuckle.

Even now, just thinking about what happened made him laugh. Gavin was acting so irrationally. Although he was not officially the family head yet, he thought he was invincible. Unbeknownst to him, he was just a clown in Quincy's eyes. All of Gavin's antics only resulted in laughter and nothing else.

"Where is he staying now? Norman's villa?" Thomas asked.

Quincy shook his head. "Norman bought Gavin a new mansion before he died. That's where he's staying now. Let me write down the address for you."



With a few quick strokes, he wrote down Gavin's address on a piece of paper. He had known that Thomas would never let Gavin go. Hence, he had his men track down Gavin's address earlier that day.

"Are you going to him now?"

Thomas nodded. "Yes. Since he's eager to die, I'll let him have his wish. No joy can be found by letting scumbags like him live a second longer."

Thomas then walked out of the office. Gavin could do whatever he wanted, including ordering Declan around. Thomas was absolutely not interested in any of that. However, the moment Gavin had the audacity to flirt and tease Olivia was the moment Thomas could no longer tolerate Gavin's existence. He had not even settled the score from before with Gavin yet, but Gavin insisted on making his presence known today. In that case, there was no need for him to stay alive.

Quincy chuckled as he watched Thomas walk away. "Oh, Leah, you can continue dreaming of making Gavin the head of the Pearson Family. Now, all I want to know is how funny your face will look when you find out he has been killed."

Thomas was not a fool. Since Quincy had told him about Gavin's intent to be the family head, he would practice some restraint when dealing with Gavin. No one would be able to tell Thomas was behind it.

When Thomas arrived at a lavish mansion, he could not help but sigh. "Norman Pearson, just how much do you enjoy playing favorites? When Olivia wanted to move out, you only gave her an apartment which you later forbade her from living in. However, when it comes to your son, you would buy him a grand and lavish mansion. Look at what you've done. This mansion must have cost you millions. If you spared even 10% of the love you've shown Gavin to her, she would not be that heartbroken and cold when it came to the Pearsons."

He had just stepped up to the front door when he heard people cheering and shouting from inside.

"Congratulations, Gavin!"

"Gavin? No, you should call him Master Pearson now!"

“Oh, yes, that’s right. My apologies, Master Pearson. Don’t forget about your friends in the future. Keep us in mind when good opportunities come knocking. Sharing is caring.”

“Of course, I will. I may not be the best at everything, but I am always a man who holds my friends dear. Tom, your family is in the construction business, right? Once I am formally the family head, you’ll be in charge of all the company’s construction projects. Troy, your family will be in charge of market development strategies. Let’s all get rich together!” Gavin loudly proclaimed as he thumped his chest.

“We’ll be part of the Pearson Family head’s inner circle soon! Haha!”

These men were Gavin’s good-for-nothing friends in Irieson. These were the same men who welcomed him when he first arrived back at the family home.

Birds of a feather flock together. Just like Gavin, every man in the room was considered the laziest bum in the city.

Bam!

Thomas kicked the door wide open and strode into the room.

“Who the heck are you?” Evidently, everyone in the room had a lot to drink as they all turned and squinted at him.

He continued walking into the room, not saying a single word.

“Are you deaf or mute? Do you freaking hear me? Who on earth are you?”

Two of the men shot to their feet and angrily stomped over to him. “Do you know where you are? This is the home of Gavin Pearson! That’s not a place a nobody like you can barge in uninvited. Do you want to die?”

“Wait a minute. Why does he look so familiar?” a man dressed in a fine suit muttered with a frown.

Thomas would be a familiar face to them because he had beaten them up outside the karaoke bar on Menry Street. With how many bones that had been broken, it would be strange for them to forget him. However, everyone in the room was so drunk that none of them could recall where they had seen him before.

They would have rather died than be so rude to Thomas if they remembered who he was.

The two men walking over to Thomas raised their fists. "How dare you barge in here? I'll kill you!"

Unfortunately, their fists swung through the air for only a few seconds before hanging there unmoving. The two men had suddenly gone as still as a statue.

Thomas had reached out with two fingers to jab at the men's death points. The death point was the acupuncture point he had taught Quincy about earlier. Striking them could result in the body's blood freezing to a stop, leading to the victim's death as the organs would shut down from a lack of oxygenated blood.

There was a cruel twist on Thomas' lips as he smirked. With how skilled he was, it was extremely easy to kill these men without anyone even knowing how they died.

"Huh?"

The other men were stunned upon seeing the two attackers abruptly stopping. They were going to punch Thomas, right? Why were they not moving?

Thomas did not give the others much time to think. Moving as quickly as lightning, he dashed through the crowd as his dancing fingers left afterimages in the air.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

In an instant, everyone in the room except for Gavin had turned into corpses. His eyes went wide with fear.

There were no visible injuries on their bodies, nor were there any signs of a scuffle. It would be practically impossible for anyone to investigate their deaths.

Gavin's face was stark white, and his lips trembled in fear. The others might not have recognized who Thomas was, but he did. He had never imagined that the demon would come knocking on his door.

"Thomas Clifford? W-Why are you here?"

Thomas nonchalantly glanced at Gavin and said, "To kill you."

"No!"

Gavin could not muster a shred of courage in him to fight back against Thomas. It couldn't be helped as Thomas' previous actions had deeply traumatized him.

"You can't kill me! Things are different now. I am the head of the Pearson Family. If you kill me, you'll die a horrible death!"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 228

"You were not here today so you didn't see it, but Gavin was throwing his weight around even though he is not officially the Pearson Family's head yet. He actually ordered Declan to meet the Turner Family to convey his intention to marry their daughter, saying that he liked her. He even said that if Declan could not complete the task within three days, he would punish Declan for being incompetent. It was such a petty display of smug and self-congratulatory behavior," Quincy said with a chuckle.

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"You can't kill me! Things are different now. I am the head of the Pearson Family. If you kill me, you'll die a horrible death!"

## I'm Someone Else Chapter 229

If this were to get out, they, the three families, would lose all respect from others.

"By the way, Quentin, I almost forgot to tell you. Gavin is dead." Blake spoke up.

"What?" Quentin could hardly believe it. Wasn't Gavin about to become the head of the Pearson Family? They were just one step away from the ceremony. How could he die at this critical moment?

Every time a new head of the Six Greatest Families of Irieson took on the role, they had to inform the other families. Quentin had already received the news that Gavin was to become the head of the Pearson Family.

His brows furrowed tightly, and he had a bad feeling as if an invisible mastermind in the shadows was causing trouble for the Six Greatest Families of Irieson.

"When did it happen?"

"Just last night. The cause of death is unknown."

Quentin shook his head. "Let's set aside the matter of the Pearson Family for now. Since Terrence and Duban are already dead, they can't help us anymore. Our immediate concern is to think about what to do next."

"Yeah, you make a valid point. In my opinion, we should send someone to assassinate Chloe again. Thomas must die, and before he dies, we must make his loved ones die first! Otherwise, I won't find peace!"

"All right! The Yam Family won't rest until he's dead too!"

The two men agreed instantly on the matter, and they knew the Xalmar Family would surely agree as well. After all, all three families had deep-seated grudges against Thomas.

Chloe was just a defenseless weak woman. How could they not be able to kill her? If they couldn't kill her in one attempt, they could try again. If they failed the second time, they would try a third time. They truly didn't believe in such a



curse. With the three major families working together, how could they not manage to kill one weak woman?

Just as Quentin hung up the phone, Leslie's screams of pain echoed once again, and he hurriedly rushed over.

Leslie's symptoms were exactly the same as before, with his body convulsing uncontrollably. He was also foaming at the corners of his mouth.

"Grandpa, save me! Please, Grandpa!"

"I..." Quentin felt a pang of helplessness upon hearing his grandson's plea. If he had a way to save his grandson, he would've done it at once. "Leslie, listen to me. It's not that I don't want to save you, but I have no idea what's happening to you."

"Ah! Grandpa, then just kill me. I can't take it anymore, please. I beg you, kill me!"

Bang!

Quentin couldn't bear to see his grandson suffer any longer, so he knocked him unconscious with a single punch. What to do now? We can't just keep waiting, right? My grandson already has the will to die, so who knows if he can survive another bout of suffering? It seems there's no other choice!

Quentin carried his unconscious grandson and got into the car, instructing the driver to head toward a villa in the suburbs.

He couldn't do anything, but the elder of the Yam Family surely would have a solution, right?

Similar to Duban's position in the Pearson Family, the Yam Family also had their own elder whom they idolized.

Quentin looked at his unconscious grandson, feeling a pang of pain in his heart. Despite Leslie's somewhat frivolous behavior, he was a good boy. Quentin often disapproved of Leslie's actions, but it was just out of frustration. Deep down, he truly loved Leslie.

Moreover, Leslie was the future successor of the Yam Family. Now that Quentin's son had become crippled, nothing bad must happen to Leslie.

Half an hour later, Quentin arrived at a villa on the outskirts. He surveyed the surroundings but couldn't spot the presence of the one he was looking for.

"Where is your elder?"

"He won't be back until noon. He has just gone out for a stroll," a young man responded.

"Well then!" Quentin sighed in frustration. The elder didn't use a mobile phone, so there was no way to contact him now. They could only wait.

The young man glanced at Leslie. "Is he injured?"

"No, it seems he suddenly developed some strange illness. He keeps screaming in agony and says he's hurting all over." The young man before Quentin was extraordinary; he was the direct disciple of the elder.

The young man nodded silently, refraining from further conversation.

At noon, the elder still hadn't returned. The young man suggested, "Why don't you go back and attend to your own affairs first? Leave the boy here, and when my master returns, he will heal him. I will give you a call then."

"Okay!" Quentin agreed and left.

He couldn't wait any longer as he needed to go home and arrange for someone to assassinate Chloe.

The young man cast a disdainful glance at Leslie. He had heard about the notorious reputation of this guy who was known for playing with women. Rumor had it that he changed partners more frequently than his underwear. Perhaps his current symptoms were the result of some filthy sexual disease.

With that thought, the young man took a few steps back, his face filled with disgust. It seemed as if he were afraid of catching some disease from Leslie.

Quentin returned home and spoke to a man standing before him. "Remember, this time you must not fail. Either bring back Chloe's head, or you'll bring back your own head! There's only room for one of you to live!"

"Yes! You can count on me!" The man's face grew cold and stern. If one looked closely, one could see a glimmer of determination in his eyes. He wasn't just one of the run-of-the-mill assassins sent out by the Yam Family,

but rather a leader of the Yam Family's hidden forces. In Irieson, he could be considered a formidable expert.

It wasn't just the Yam Family; the Hind Family and the Xalmar Family had also mobilized their hidden forces, all vowing to bring Chloe to her demise.

There was no other choice. Thomas was not someone to be messed with lightly. To kill him required careful planning. They didn't dare provoke him directly or target his family. Killing Chloe first would help relieve their pent-up resentment!

This was the despicable and vile nature of the Six Greatest Families of Irieson.

Meanwhile, inside the presidential suite, Leah looked at the documents in her hands, her face dark and troubled.

She had just paved the way for her grandson, supporting him to ascend to the position of the family head, and now he suddenly died? The cause of death was unclear too.

Could it have been a sudden illness? But that doesn't make sense. How could all of Gavin's friends who were with him in the villa also die? They couldn't have all spontaneously died, could they? It was evident that my grandson had been murdered!

With Gavin's death, all of her previous efforts had been in vain.

"Ugh!" Leah let out a sigh, feeling as if she had aged ten years in an instant. "Declan, oh, Declan, I really misjudged you. I never expected you to be so ruthless and heartless!"

The only person she could think of who had the motive to harm Gavin was Declan. After all, in terms of ability and experience, Declan far surpassed Gavin. If she hadn't intervened forcefully, Declan would have been the family head by now. Thus, it was normal that Declan harbored deep resentment about this.

She was also aware that Declan was the most suitable candidate to become the family head, but she couldn't let Declan get what he wanted either.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 230

After all, Leah never intended to help the Pearson Family overcome their difficulties; she wanted to control the Pearson Family!

When it came down to who would be easier to control between Gavin and Declan, the answer was clear.

Declan, despite not being involved in the day-to-day affairs of the Pearson Family, had proven his capabilities during his years of solo ventures in Capitalis. If he were to become the new head of the Pearson Family, he would undoubtedly prioritize the family's interests and not bow down to Leah's arrangements.

However, Gavin was different. He was nothing more than a complete waste—he had no skills, no ambition, and no brains. He was the perfect puppet.

“Declan, oh, Declan! How am I supposed to wholeheartedly assist you if you do this?” Leah sighed. Her previous plan was well thought out. She would support Gavin in becoming the family head and let Declan continue expanding the business empire of the Pearson Group in Capitalis. Meanwhile, she would utilize her resources to assist Declan in every way possible.

Now, it seemed unnecessary.

He was willing to harm his own kin to secure a position as the head of the family. If he were to grow stronger, who's to say he wouldn't kill me?

Leah covered her face with both hands, burying her head deeply.

Although she had left the Pearson Family long ago, Gavin was still her grandson. His sudden demise brought about genuine sorrow.

“Ugh!”

After more than forty minutes, Leah finally let out another sigh as she gradually recovered from the overwhelming sadness. She understood that the immediate priority was not to dwell in grief but to remedy the situation as much as possible.

She picked up her phone and dialed a number. “Come to my room. Let's discuss strategies.”

Not long after, four middle-aged individuals with gray hair entered Leah's presidential suite.

"Please have a seat." Leah gestured, knowing that these four individuals held real power within the Pearson Group and were crucial to the success of her plan.

The four of them settled on the couch, their eyes fixed on Leah as they waited for her to speak.

"I'm sure you've all heard about the sudden death of my grandson," Leah began. The news of Gavin's demise couldn't be concealed; the entire Irieson was aware, and rumors regarding the cause of his death ran rampant.

The four nodded. "Yes, we've heard about Gavin's unexpected passing. It was shocking and heartbreaking."

"Madam Wilkerson, please accept our condolences. After all, one cannot bring back the dead."

"Indeed. Madam Wilkerson, please take care of yourself."

Leah nodded, a touch of sadness in her eyes. "All four of you are loyal veterans of the Pearson Group and responsible for major business operations as shareholders. Tell me, what should we do next?"

The four glanced at each other before the slightly older man spoke up. "Madam Wilkerson, now that Gavin has passed away, the only candidate remaining for the new head of the Pearson Family is Declan."

At his words, Leah froze momentarily with a hint of resentment flashing through her eyes. She glanced at the other three. "What do the rest of you think?"

"Madam Wilkerson, we also believe that Declan should inherit the position of the family head."

Leah's brows furrowed. These four were core figures within the Pearson Group. If they wanted Declan to assume the role of the family head, it was likely that the mid-level employees and staff within the Pearson Group shared the same sentiment.

The crucial issue was that Declan couldn't be allowed to become the family head. If he did, then all of Leah's efforts would have been in vain.

No, absolutely not. Declan must not become the family head.

However, what could she do now? These four individuals were core figures of the Pearson Group. If she made a move against them, she would essentially be declaring war on the entire Pearson Group.

"Oh, Gavin's death pains me as well, but what truly breaks my heart is the fighting between family members... I can't understand it. Is a mere position of power worth it? Is power really more important than family bonds?" Leah, true to Quincy's description of her as an "old witch," spoke with sorrow in her voice and with tears glistening in her eyes.

"Huh?"

The four individuals were taken aback by Leah's words. They were all frozen in their seats.

What did she mean? Was Gavin killed by Declan's order? That would explain it. After all, the position of the family head in the Pearson Family is a significant role. They had all weathered plenty of infighting and witnessed numerous examples of family members turning against each other for the sake of personal gain.

If that were the case, then Declan certainly couldn't be allowed to become the family head!

A person who could ruthlessly harm their own nephew—what else were they capable of? They would stop at nothing for their own interests. If the Pearson Family fell into the hands of such an individual, it would be a true disaster.

Leah glanced discreetly at the four individuals, noting their changing expressions. She knew her words had affected them. Although she couldn't be certain that Declan was responsible, implicating him as someone who would turn against his own family would be enough to disqualify him from becoming the family head.

Declan had the motive to commit murder, and by saying so aloud, Leah knew these four individuals would believe her.

“Why don’t you all sit here for a moment? I’ll go to the restroom to freshen up. I apologize for the inconvenience.”

With that, Leah walked into the en-suite bathroom of the presidential suite. She intentionally gave them time and space to discuss among themselves.

“I never expected Declan to be this kind of person.”

“It’s hard to truly know someone’s character. We know them, but not their intentions. When they’re faced with such a situation, who knows what they’re capable of?”

“We’ll have to choose someone else. Declan can’t be the family head.”

“But who else could it be?”

The four furrowed their brows, contemplating for a while. They exchanged glances, and in their hearts, they soon had a suitable candidate.

Ten minutes later, a confident Leah returned to the living room. After considering all the options, there was no one left from the direct lineage of the Pearson Family who could take on this responsibility. The only qualified candidate to be the family head was Leah herself! She believed that after their discussion, the four individuals would arrive at the same conclusion.

Since she couldn’t be the puppeteer behind the scenes of the Pearson Family, she would rightfully assume the position of the family head. When she thought about it, she had to thank the person who killed Gavin. Without them, she wouldn’t have this excellent opportunity.

Of course, she couldn’t say that herself, as it would surely raise suspicions. However, if it came from the mouths of these four individuals, then she would seize the opportunity without hesitation.

Just the thought of it made her feel elated!

“So, have you come to a decision after your discussion? Is there a suitable candidate?” Leah asked, her voice filled with anticipation.