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### I'm Someone Else Chapter 251

Jake was sure Thomas would die should he show up. He spent six hundred million just to kill him, and he waved his underling away. "Alright, get back to work."

The Yams and Xalmars had no idea about his plan. The families might be allied on the surface, but they were fighting among themselves, scheming and plotting to gain more ground. They wouldn't even have banded together if it weren't for Thomas being too much of a threat.

Jake, however, didn't put his faith in the alliance as he would take revenge into his own hands. Telling the other two families might backfire, seeing that they might sabotage him. Not even his brother knew of this plan, let alone the other families.

"Yes, sir." The man left the office and realized his back was drenched with sweat. This can't go on, or he's going to find out I've been disobeying his orders. I need to make sure Thomas knows about this.

He whipped out his phone and called his underling. "Tell Chloe that her mother's ashes were stolen."

The man's boss was the leader of the famous Hind Family. Anyone who crossed Jake would be wiped off the face of the earth without a hitch, yet this time, Jake went through so many hoops just to get at Chloe and Thomas. That was proof that Chloe and Thomas were not to be trifled with. If his boss needed to be careful with them, then he had to be even more careful. I'll just let the underlings deliver the message. I don't want to die just yet.

An hour later, his underling came back with news. "There's no one at her house, boss."

"It's deserted?" The man frowned. Where could she be? "Just take that letter along and stake out the place. Once they come back, give it to them, but make sure you're not seen. And make sure they see the letter," said the man.

"Yes, boss."

A whole day went by. Night had fallen, yet there was still no news. Now that his patience was lost, the man quickly made a call. "What are you doing? It's been a whole day."

"I've staked out this place all day, but no one returned."

"What?" The man panicked. Jake told him clearly that he must leak the name of the culprit to Thomas. But he has no idea about the culprit just yet. How am I supposed to answer him when he asks me about it tomorrow? "Damn it. Guess I'll have to get to Thomas."

He quickly made a call to someone else. "I'm sending you an email, and I need you to print it out. Take it to Number 66, Northpine Villa. Make it quick, and don't be seen."

"Yes, sir."

"On the double. This is urgent."

"Right away, sir."

The man was pacing around his office like a cat on hot bricks. Jake was a cruel, cruel man. If he messed up this job, his head would be lopped off.

A while later, the man who went to the villa called. "No one came back, boss. It's dark inside."

"Damn it all!" the man cursed as he thought, Is this some sort of sick joke? There's only one thing left to do.

"I'm really sorry about this, madam. I didn't want to do this, but I had no choice. Please forgive me," he muttered. Then, he told his men to smash the grave of Chloe's mother. Still worried, he darted out of his office. I'm going to keep an eye on this myself. If I botch this up, I'm going to get busted.

Darkness engulfed the inside of Keyshire Properties. All the other employees had gone home, but the president's office was still lit up. The documents had piled up into a mountain in Olivia's absence. She had to work a lot of overtime just to catch up on work. Molly stayed back to help as well.

Thomas was not around. He was going around the city searching for pharmacies. Most of the herbs in his recipe could be found easily, but wild

manroots were a problem. He had scoured the whole city, but he still didn't find enough.

"I should check out Angelvale Pharmacy," he muttered. Angelvale Pharmacy was owned by the Elliotts, and it was where he first met Rose. A moment later, he arrived at Angelvale Pharmacy, parked his car, and went inside.

Angelvale Pharmacy was closed for the day. Rose had sorted things out and was getting ready to go home, but then she bumped into Thomas. "Thomas?" She hadn't seen him after that poisoning incident. It had been a while.

Rose was happy seeing him, but she had no idea why. "It's late. What brings you here?"

"I'm searching for a herb and wondered if you guys have it."

"What herb? I'll check the inventory."

"High-quality wild manroot."

"Wild manroot?" Rose dabbled in medicine, and she wondered why Thomas needed that herb. Quality wild manroots were precious herbs and they fetched a high price, so they didn't have many of them. Not everyone could afford them. Besides, supply was always low, and purchasing them was a hassle.

"Yeah. Do you have any?" Thomas looked at her with anticipation. He had been running around the whole day just for this herb. He knew it was hard to find, but he never thought it would be this hard. He

came here to try his luck out, seeing that Rose told him that she came from a family of healers.

Rose nodded. "Yeah, but wild manroots are precious. We don't have many, so I'll have to check with Grandpa."

Thomas heaved a sigh of relief. As long as they have some. "I don't need too many of them. Twenty should be enough."

"You want how many?" Rose gasped. Twenty of them isn't 'too many'?

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Rose scurried off upstairs. Precious herbs were expensive and barely anyone would purchase them, but as a family of healers and pharmacists, they must have some of everything in their inventory, or their professionalism would be put into question.

Thomas was asking for a lot. Twenty high-quality wild manroots were almost all the manroots they had. This was a big decision, and it was normal for Rose to be this nervous.

Thomas plopped down on a chair and took a sip of water. Oh, right, it's late. Olivia's still working. He took out his phone and made a call. "Don't worry, Olivia. I'll be back soon."

"It's alright. I'm not going home anyway. Working overtime."

"You're pulling an all-nighter?" Thomas was surprised. She's pulling out all the stops. At this rate, she's going to destroy herself.

"Yeah. No way around it. I have to finish these before tomorrow as they'll be needed at the meeting. Be careful out there, alright?" She hung up and went back to work.

"Okay." Thomas smiled dryly and turned around. There was a pen and some paper on the table. Angelvale Pharmacy's staff member had placed them there so they could jot things down when needed. He pulled a paper out and wrote down a formula for Olivia. It was one to replenish her energy.

He wasn't much help when it came to her work, but he could keep her healthy with his skills. No one's going to believe someone like Olivia has to work so hard. Everyone thinks she's so glamorous and beautiful and powerful, but they have no idea how much she has had to work for it. Nothing's easy in this world.

At the same time, Rose was on a call with her grandfather.

"He needs that many?"

"Yeah. So, are we giving them to him, Grandpa?"

Raymond mused over it for a moment, then he said, "Yes, and we're doing it free of charge." His opinion of Thomas had changed drastically. At first, he thought Thomas was just a skilled doctor without any kind of powerful friends

or allies, but after the events that happened last time, he found out that Thomas actually was a popular person. The Mortons and the Peralta Family were friends with him, and even Quincy, the respected doctor, revered him. After the poisoning, his family quickly became friends with Quincy, given that they were both members of the medical world.

Just the value of these connections alone was enough for Raymond to befriend Thomas, and doubly so after he asked Quincy about the improvement of his craft. The answer shocked him. The reason he improved so much was all thanks to Thomas' guidance. That answered the question of why Quincy was so protective of Thomas.

Of course, Rose didn't know any of that, so her grandfather's answer shocked her. "We're giving them to him free of charge?" We spent so much money buying them, and now we're giving them for free?

"Yes. We're giving him everything," Raymond repeated. Twenty quality wild manroots? So what? It's not exactly priceless, but compared to the friendship with Thomas, it's nothing.

Rose inhaled sharply. "I see. I understand, Grandpa."

"Good." Raymond was delighted. Twenty quality wild manroots might seem much, but the value of Thomas' favor far outstripped the cost. He was sure Thomas would help should their family fall into peril. The fact that he's a remarkable doctor alone can be a big help.

"Thomas is more than meets the eye. Quite a skilled man, and you guys are the same age, so make sure you get along with him. It'll be good for you and the family," said Raymond. There was a hidden meaning in his words.

Rose hastily answered, "Yeah, yeah." She hung up as she was in a hurry to get the herbs for Thomas.

Raymond smiled. Thomas was a young and successful man, while his granddaughter was young and beautiful. He certainly hoped the spark of love would bloom between them. I'm sure he's going to be a good partner.

Rose went back to the first floor, and Thomas handed her another formula. "I need some of your men to gather these herbs for me. Brew it into a concoction if possible. I'll need to take it back with me."

Rose took the formula and skimmed through it, then she nodded. "Sure thing." She summoned a staff member and handed the recipe to them, then she led Thomas to the repository.

The moment he stepped through the threshold, Thomas caught the whiff of herbs, and it cleared his mind. He looked around the repository. I expected nothing less from the Elliott Family. They have a ton of good stuff here.

Rose led him to the innermost cabinet and pointed at the items on it. "Quality wild manroots here. Take them. All twenty-six of them are yours now. Grandpa's word, not mine."

Thomas was touched. "Thanks. How much do I owe you?"

Rose smiled. "Free of charge. Once again, Grandpa's word." She didn't know why Raymond was doing this, but she was just carrying out his orders. Besides, she didn't dislike Thomas. In fact, she found him to be special.

"Free of charge?" Thomas was shocked. Quality manroots cost a ton of money, and most places didn't even have them. He couldn't believe the Elliotts would give them away free of charge, and all twenty-six of them too.

He took a box and opened it. The root was wrapped in parchment paper. Judging from the girth, it was about five hundred years old at least. You don't see this every day.

"Just take them. You don't have to open everything up. Saves time," Rose said. We're already giving the herbs for free. Not going to skimp out on the boxes.

"Thanks," said Thomas. I owe you guys one. He hauled the roots to his car, and Rose came back with a thermos of the brew Thomas wanted. "Um..." Rose hung her head low, her cheeks pink, and she fiddled with her fingers. "Do you want to grab something to eat sometime?"

"Sure." Thomas nodded.

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Rose left a good impression on him. Olivia told him that the Elliotts had planned to use their priceless curing herb on him just to get rid of the poison, and now they were giving him all their quality manroots. He now saw them as

friends. It's just normal for friends to have a meal and get to know each other better. However, one thing puzzled him. What's with the look on her face? Why is she looking shy? It's just a get-together. Nothing to be shy about. Ah well, I suck when it comes to what girls think. I give up.

He drove away, and Rose saw him off with a smile. "I knew I was right about you. Even Grandpa thinks highly of you. You're more than meets the eye, that's for sure. Interesting." Rose might not have figured out everything, but she wasn't stupid. The fact that Raymond gave something so precious to Thomas meant he knew something. I'm going to find out what. Get ready to answer my questions, Grandpa.

Once back at the office, Thomas approached Olivia and handed her the thermos. "Time for your meds."

Olivia put her documents down, took the thermos, and gulped everything down. She didn't even ask what was in there, for she knew Thomas would never hurt her. Everyone else might, but not him.

Seeing this filled Molly with envy. He's so nice to her. He listens to everything she says and comes up with so many good meds for her. If he gave me one-tenth of that level of attention, I would die happy. She shook her head and pretended she saw nothing, going back to work while holding back her jealousy and complaint.

"You should catch a break. Bet you haven't eaten anything." Thomas bought some food on his way back and he laid them out on the table now, telling the ladies to eat.

Olivia smiled. She skipped out on dinner, and now her stomach was protesting loudly.

Thomas' phone then rang, and he checked it out. Chloe? He quickly took the call. "Chloe? What happened? It's late."

"Thomas! My mother... She..." Chloe broke down into tears before she could even finish one sentence, and Thomas panicked.

Why is she crying? Did someone hurt her? No way. She has a pair of powerful bodyguards protecting her. There's no way anyone can hurt her. "Calm down, Chloe. Tell me what happened."

“Y-You have to come to Westhill Cemetery.” She cried again. Chloe was in a bad state. Her breathing was labored, and she was not even making sense. She must be distraught.

Thomas didn’t stay much longer. He said goodbye to Olivia and drove to the cemetery, but he was confused. It’s the dead of the night. What on earth happened?

Chloe was kneeling before her mother’s grave, crying her heart out. Adam stood beside her. They went to the mall earlier, courtesy of Adam. He didn’t know why, but he could feel that his daughter was not in a good mood, so he dragged her along, hoping she could distract herself.

The moment they came out, someone from the cemetery called, saying that the grave of Adam’s wife was desecrated. Horrified, they quickly came to the cemetery, and the sight of their family’s torn-down grave left them speechless.

They couldn’t believe someone would go so far. There was a special place in hell for those who would desecrate a grave. Not even purgatory would want them.

Chloe was beside herself. She went down on her knees and broke down in tears.

One of the staff members profusely apologized, “We’re really sorry. We take full responsibility for this, and our men are already looking into this, but we still have no idea who desecrated the grave.”

Adam sighed, tears streaming down his face. He was too tired to say anything. He lived his whole life as an upright citizen and never crossed anyone, and yet fate kept raining down misfortune on him.

They could’ve just come after me. My wife’s been dead for many years. Why did they disturb her?

The gravestone was smashed into pieces, and the urn was taken away. How much do they hate us? This goes beyond a regular grudge.

“Mom!” Chloe roared and quickly picked up the gravestone shards.

Adam went ahead and stopped her. “Calm down, Chloe!”



“Who did this? Why did they do this to Mom?”

“Alright, calm down. We’ll think of something once Thomas gets here. He’ll find out who did this,” assured Adam. He was putting his faith in Thomas right now, and he pulled his daughter into his embrace. The shards were sharp, and they had already cut through Chloe’s skin when all she did was pick up a few pieces. If he didn’t stop her, she would end up with a broken hand.

The staff member shook his head in resignation. Let the dead rest in peace. That’s an unwritten rule. I can’t believe someone would break that rule. He sympathized with the Hahns, but he had no idea what to say. He couldn’t even imagine how angry and devastated they must be. All he could do was leave and continue his investigation. Then, he would come back and give them the truth.

Thomas arrived after a short while, and the sight of the desecrated grave made him freeze.

“Thomas!” Chloe fell into his arms.

“I-Is this...” Thomas had a guess who this grave belonged to, but he couldn’t even bring himself to say it out loud.

“It’s my mother’s grave. Do you know who did this? Why did they do this? We never did anything wrong, so why?” Chloe cried.

Thomas felt something explode in his mind. His eyes turned bloodshot and he clenched his teeth down hard. It wasn’t the Hahns’ fault. The only reason someone desecrated this grave was because they wanted to get to him.

It was his fault Chloe was dragged into a case of assassination, and the answer for the reason for this desecration was clear. They were after him.

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Furthermore, this incident was familiar. Minacia Oito did the exact same thing to Dominic’s grave. Only b\*stards like them would do something so reprehensible. Now that they were dead, the only suspect in this crime would be the masters of the dead gang. I see where they got their proclivity for desecration from. Just you wait, b\*stards. The Hinds, the Xalmars, the Yams... You’re all getting it.

Thomas let Chloe cry in his arms all she wanted as he stared out vacantly. A long while later, he softly pushed her away and approached the grave, then he knelt down. "Go back, you two. Let me handle things."

"Sure, Thomas. And thank you." Adam pulled Chloe up and trundled to the exit. He didn't want to leave, but he must. Chloe was on the verge of breaking down. If they were to stay, she would lose her mind.

"Don't take me away, Dad! I don't want to leave! I want to be with Mom!" Chloe roared, but she was just a weak lady. Adam was stronger than her, and despite her reluctance, she was taken away.

Thomas knelt before the grave in dead silence. Something cracked in the skies, and thunder boomed across the city. A torrential downpour crashed into the land, drenching Thomas' shirt, needling away at his face. Thomas let out a roar that thundered across the heavens.

He too was human, and he too would break down. The fact that Zachary died because of him had wracked his nerves enough with guilt, and now his mother's grave was desecrated because of him too. Of course, he was furious. Of course, he was agitated.

Thomas slammed his fists into the ground again and again, venting the rage and self-blame he was feeling. Pain and exhaustion did not register in his head. Even when his fists were already bloody, still he went on without stopping.

Just like Jake predicted, Thomas almost broke down when he found out about the news. Or at least, for the moment, Thomas was on the verge of a breakdown. You could've come for me. Just come for me.

I'll take everything head-on, but why did you go after Chloe's mother? What did she ever do to you? She's dead. Let her rest in peace. Why did you disturb her?

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hahn! This is my fault! It's all my fault!" Thomas banged his head against the ground with a force that could shatter his skull. "I'm bad luck, Zachary. You died because of me, and your mother's grave got desecrated because of me. Everywhere I go, someone always gets dragged into misery! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

He banged his head repeatedly until blood trickled down his forehead, tingeing the rainwater red.

The cemetery's administrator came over. The rules said that no one was allowed to stay in the cemetery at night, but this was an exception. The desecrated grave belonged to Thomas' relative, and they watched on as Thomas banged his head against the ground. A sigh escaped their lips, and they left.

A long while later, Thomas stood up and made his way to the exit. No longer did he have tears to cry, and his hands and forehead were covered in blood. He looked like a ghost who just got up from its grave.

The ashes of Chloe's mother should still be fine, Thomas thought. The enemies were trying to get to him. They only stole the ashes just to threaten him. Before they got what they wanted, they wouldn't do anything to the urn. He came to his car and slapped himself. I have to stay calm. Rage won't help me in this situation. A calm mind, on the other hand, can do that.

His phone rang again, this time from the bodyguards protecting Chloe. "Mr. Clifford, she's still crying. She's been crying for a long time."

"I know. Please keep an eye on her." Of course, she would cry, but he couldn't go back to her. He was not good at comforting anyone, so he wouldn't know what to say to her. Besides, he had no idea how to

face them. The reason they were in this mess was thanks to him. He could do nothing but apologize, but they didn't need his apology.

And so, he went back to Northpine Villa to get his sniper rifle, then he tucked it away in the trunk. He washed his face and changed into a fresh set of clothes before going back to Keyshire Property. He didn't want Olivia to see him looking like a mess.

When he showed up, Olivia smiled at him. "You're back, Thomas."

"Yeah." Thomas nodded and said hi, then he walked to the window beside the corridor to smoke away his frustration.

He had made up his mind on his way here. For now, he had two things to do. One, he had to bide his time. Since the enemy was coming after him, they would not stop at one operation. Two, he must hold his rage in. Before he

could regain his top condition, he must hold it in, or everything he did would be for naught.

He might be a peerless marksman, but not even he could guarantee a win if he was surrounded by skilled fighters. Not to mention the enemy was no small fry this time; they were three of the Six Greatest Families.

He must stay alive if he wanted to take down the enemy. If he were to lose his life, there would be no way to carry out his revenge, not to mention Olivia would die too.

Morning came, and Olivia finally was done with work. It was odd, however, that she didn't feel exhausted. After taking the meds Thomas gave her, she felt full of energy, and her mind was clear. Magical.

She came out of the office and approached Thomas. "Why don't you take a break, Thomas?" Ever since he came back, Thomas hadn't been looking too good, and she thought he was exhausted.

Thomas waved his hand. "I'll make you your meds. You get some rest." He left before Olivia could say anything.

Olivia saw him off, feeling her heart squeeze. No. He's not exhausted. He must've run into something, but what?

She could not rest now, not when her heart was filled with concern for Thomas.

Thomas went back to the villa and entered the kitchen. First, he made Olivia's meds, then he brewed his.

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Thomas refused to waste a single moment. If he could, he would have willed his body to get back to top condition, but alas, it wasn't possible. He must have patience. The meds he brewed required concentration. If the heat was too high or too low, it would affect the meds' efficacy.

It took him more than an hour to finish brewing. He poured the meds into a bowl and waited until the steam was no longer billowing, then he picked the bowl up and gulped everything down.

He felt a burst of flames charging down his throat and his digestive tract, finally settling in his belly. The heat coursed through his veins, boiling his body up, but Thomas didn't feel any agony. Instead, he felt a wave of comfort traveling through his body. The meds were warm in nature, and what he had to do now was meditate a little so his body could absorb the meds.

Quickly, he sat down cross-legged, and he closed his eyes to feel the changes in his body. Time passed, and half an hour had gone by eventually. Thomas' shirt was drenched, and beads of sweat poured forth from his whole face and dripped to the ground. A layer of fog had filled up the room thanks to the evaporation of Thomas' sweat. If someone were to come in, they would probably think they were in a sauna.

Thomas could regain all of his strength if he were to absorb all the herbs he bought, but that was if nothing were to happen to him during the process. For example, if he was disturbed during this session, the remaining efficacy would go to waste.

Another half an hour went by, and a long rush of air escaped Thomas' lips. His eyes snapped open, and two bolts of lightning jumped into the air. Alright, hard work pays off. That was a good session. Not a drop went to waste. Thomas felt a lot better than he used to. Still, all the sweating took a lot out of him.

Slowly, he got up and took his shirt off, then he wrung it, sweat being squeezed out like a stream. He had sweated enough to fill a bucket. After that, Thomas went upstairs. He had to take a shower and

start training his lower body at night. The situation was getting tense, and time was of the essence. He would not allow himself to waste even one second.

Back in Olivia's office, she asked the man before her, "How's progress?"

This man was Keyshire Property's account executive, and his name was Eugene Westeris. Thanks to his outstanding abilities, he was valued as much as a VP in this company. Olivia told him to launch an offensive on Pearson Group's companies.

With respect, Eugene said, "Worry not, Miss Pearson. Once we stepped in, the companies' reps went around doing their negotiations, but all ended in failure. The companies that signed a partnership with them canceled their

contracts. All their partners have announced their desire to partner up with us instead, and they will no longer do any business with the five companies.”

Eugene had a smug smile on his face. He had been dealing with this matter himself, and at this rate, those companies would have to close up shop in a matter of days. The whole point of a company was to make money. Now, their partners had abandoned them, and no one in this city would do business with them either. If they can't make any money, they'll have to close up shop.

Olivia nodded. Compared to Eugene, she was a lot calmer. Driving them to near-bankruptcy was the first step, and now she could go on to the next one. “I want you to find out the companies' details and purchase some of their subsidiaries' more important businesses. I want to make sure they can never stage a comeback.”

Eugene paused for a moment, and then his eyes shone. He nodded. “Understood, Miss Pearson.”

“Make sure you purchase their shares at the lowest price possible. If push comes to shove, you can go for some extreme measures.” Nothing illegal, of course. Olivia meant it in business terms. She was speaking so casually, it felt like she was talking about the breakfast she had, not the fate of a few companies.

Keyshire Property's main business might be in the real estate market, but after years of development, it was now a company with dealings in real estate, food and beverage, entertainment, and more. The companies that were under pressure found all their businesses being attacked by Keyshire Property. This was a lethal blow for them.

Olivia went all out. They insulted the guy I like. I'm going to teach them a painful lesson, or my name isn't Olivia Pearson.

“Of course, Miss Pearson. I know just what to do.” Eugene gave Olivia a look of respect, and he went away to do his job. Olivia was no longer a regular girl from that moment on, at least for him. She was a goddess—a goddess in the field of business and an entity that could decide the fate of various companies.

Only people like her were worthy of the fealty of someone brilliant like him. About half an hour later, Eugene came back to the office. “Miss Pearson, the purchase of their shares is underway, and according to reliable sources, their cash flow is in trouble, but they haven't told Pearson Group just yet.”

She didn't care if they'd asked Pearson Group for help; she wanted to know when they would be out of business. With a wave of her hand, she said, "Give me a concrete timeline. When are they going to go out of business?"

"Um..." Eugene was at a loss for words. He had no idea if Pearson Group would help the companies. If they were to step in, then it would make things complicated. A moment of musing later, Eugene clenched his teeth. "Five days. Give me five days. Four if everything goes well, and I'll make sure they go out of business."

"Good. You've done a lot, Mr. Westeris. We're going to start a new branch company soon, and I think you're capable and qualified enough to be its president."

"I... I..." The surprise came all of a sudden, but it was a welcome one. Looks like I chose the right boss to work for.

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A branch company's president was on par with a VP from headquarters. Eugene was rising through the ranks quickly. I'm honored she's valuing me this much. I'll work even harder to prove that she didn't choose the wrong person.

Noticing Eugene's response, Olivia chuckled. "Is that a no?"

"It's a yes! It's a yes!" Eugene thumped his chest. "Don't you worry, Miss Pearson. I'll do everything to make this company greater."

Olivia held back her laughter and nodded. "Good. Go back to work. I trust that you'll deal with everything perfectly, including the matter at hand."

"Of course, Miss Pearson." Eugene left, his heart leaping with joy. A few moments ago, he was just filled with respect and approval for Olivia, but now he felt a sense of loyalty for her.

Olivia saw him off, a smile curling her lips. She was the Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur of Irieson, and even someone like Rafael called her a business genius. She knew how to run a company, of course, and that was evident from her management of Pearson Group. She knew how to utilize her human resources. Carrot and a stick was the name of the game. It was how she could make sure someone stayed loyal to her.

If the leaders of the companies Olivia was targeting knew about this, they would probably scream. They would never believe a gentle woman like her could be this iron-fisted. This wasn't the Olivia they knew.

Should they get on Thomas' bad side, at most, they would be beaten up and get themselves a long hospital stay. However, they had also crossed Olivia. Insulting the man she loved right in front of her warranted a heavy price. She would make sure they went out of business and get deep into debt.

Olivia looked up to check the time. It's almost noon, so why is he not back yet? Maybe I should make a call. She took out her phone, but she didn't dare to make the call because she was worried that Thomas might think she was too clingy and start disliking her. "Maybe I should wait. He's probably on his way back," she told herself.

She refused to be away from Thomas for even a second. Going even for a moment without seeing him made her feel empty inside. She didn't even feel like working, and she rested her chin on her hand, reliving the memories of her and Thomas.

The rascal took my first kiss away and saw me stark naked. I'm not letting him off the hook. Yeah, that's right. I'm going to stick to him forever. That first kiss came out of left field. Before she knew what was happening, her first kiss was gone. That time back in the hospital went by in a flash too. She didn't even notice what a kiss felt like. I really want to do it again, and this time, I'm going to feel it properly.

Suddenly, she turned red. Fortunately, Thomas wasn't there, or he would be shocked by the sight of her. She looked like she had a high fever.

The ringing of Olivia's phone snapped her back to reality, and she picked it up. "Hello?"

"Olivia? It's me, your grandma. I'd like to see you." Leah was the one who called. The Genius of Capitalis was arriving soon, and she wanted Olivia to meet him. He could also confirm the financial power of the Pearsons himself. If things were to go as Leah had planned, then the marriage would be all but confirmed.

Olivia frowned. She had nothing but impatience and annoyance for Leah. Coldly, she said, "You might have dementia, woman. How many times do I have to tell you that I am not your granddaughter, and you are not my



grandma? We're not as close as you think. Now leave and never disturb me again."

"You can't take that tone with— Hello? Hello?" Leah wanted to say something, but she only heard beeps. Olivia had hung up.

Furious, the old lady gnashed her teeth, but she couldn't do anything. She was humble enough, and yet Olivia still wouldn't acknowledge that she was her grandmother. Fine, I don't mind, but at least say yes to the marriage. I can't believe you're not interested in him at all. "I won't let this happen. The family's fate hangs on this marriage. I must have her married off to them," she hissed, her eyes filled with venom.

Leah was someone who would do anything to achieve her goal. She had spent too much time and effort building up the marriage between Olivia and the Genius of Capitalis, and she would not let that plan fail at this crucial moment. Her rage was understandable, of course. For one, Olivia was cold and distant toward her. For another, she too had heard of the attack on Pearson Group's companies, and Leah was no fool. After a little digging around, she knew Olivia was behind this.

She thought she would deal with both matters at once after she met up with Olivia, but the girl wouldn't even give her a chance. Still, she had no choice but to make another call.

Olivia was on her way to a meeting when her phone rang again. She checked who the caller was, and it was still Leah, but she took the call again. "What part of 'no' do you not understand?"

She hung up, but Leah called again. Olivia hung up, but the phone kept ringing. In the end, she was irate. "Are you mad or something? Stay away from me! Try pulling any stupid tricks and you're done for."

After she hung up this time, Olivia blocked Leah's number.

Leah's face was as black as thunder. Only two out of the dozen calls she made were picked up by Olivia, and she didn't even get to speak before Olivia told her to shut up. Did she just threaten me as well?

Furious, Leah hurled her phone away, and it was smashed into shards. It was the latest model too. How dare she take that attitude with me? No one talks

like that to me. “I tried to be nice, girl, but you just had to spit in my face. Fine. You made me do this.”

I’m Someone Else Chapter 257

An icy glint flashed in Leah’s eyes as her face darkened. Even the air around her seemed to turn colder from her fury. She was no docile person, and Olivia had just exhausted the last of her patience. Guess she wants the hard way. “You asked for this, Olivia. Let’s see how you can fight this off, you brat.”

She then left the room. A car was already waiting outside the hotel, and Leah climbed into it. Calmly, she said, “To the airport.” She wanted to welcome her future grandson-in-law herself. The Genius of Capitalis was about to arrive soon.

The driver froze for a moment and looked at the time. “It’s still early, madam. We’re going already?”

Leah nodded. “Yes. He’s the Genius of Capitalis after all. We need to be there early. It’s only courteous.”

The driver revved up the car and drove toward the airport.

Leah remained in her seat, her brows furrowed. Things were in a sensitive state. She had told the Genius of Capitalis everything about Pearson Group and its companies, but right before he came to check them out, five of the companies were under attack. What if he finds out? How am I supposed to mop things up? He’s going to think I lied to him. There’s no way we can ally with his backer if that were to happen.

The Genius of Capitalis was a powerful, talented, and prideful man. As the clock struck twelve, Leah arrived at the airport with trepidation in her heart. She kept checking the time and looking around.

Another hour went by, and the person she had been waiting for finally showed up. Three young men came out. The one in the lead was in casual attire. He was in his early twenties, and a pair of sunglasses sat on his nose. Both of his hands were in his pockets, and he looked regal. He was about six feet tall, lean, and more dashing than any famous supermodel. He held his head high like he was

looking down on everyone and everything. The air around him smelled like royalty, and it lent him the color of regality.

He was handsome and dashing. If there were any of the more easily excited girls around, they would scream at the sight of him. He was the Genius of Capitalis and the man of every woman's dream, after all.

The men behind him were carrying his luggage. Obviously, they were his servants.

Leah sprang into action right away. She walked toward him, simpering. "Hello, Gunnar."

"Hello, Madam Wilkerson," said Gunnar Flynn coolly. He then walked away without even stopping. Despite her position, Leah was nothing to him.

Leah kept simpering. "Let's go, Gunnar. I've reserved a room in Irieson's best hotel. It must've been an exhausting trip. Let's get something to eat, and then we can talk."

"It's alright, Madam Wilkerson. We have a few business outlets here too, so I have lodging and food covered. I'll tell you about my decision tomorrow, so this can wait." Gunnar went to the roadside and got into a Benz, then he left, ignoring Leah.

Leah was left behind, and she looked a little miffed. Her warm welcome was met with a cold reception. She might be a brazen and almost shameless woman, but even she felt a little awkward.

"The hell was that attitude? He thinks he's a big shot. He's just the Genius of Capitalis. Boy, I don't even want to think about his attitude if he gets the title of 'Genius of Droycore'. You're still his elder, and he showed you no respect at all."

Leah heaved a sigh and saw Gunnar off coldly, then she waved at the driver. She climbed back into her car and returned to the hotel. She knew Gunnar looked down on her, but she couldn't do anything

about it. He was powerful enough to do that. The lad was as arrogant as they came, treating everything as inferior to them.

Back in the Benz, a middle-aged man handed Gunnar a file. "This is the file you asked for, sir."

Gunnar grunted and took his sunglasses off, then grabbed the file and looked through it.

"We've looked into Olivia's background, sir. She's the top beauty in this city, and she's also a business genius. Everyone knows that."

Even without the explanation, Gunnar knew that. He was already going through that part, and he nodded.

The man stopped for a moment. "But there's one problem: Olivia is the sacrifice, and she carries on her the weight of ensuring the survival of the Six Greatest Families."

"I know, but that's no big deal." Leah had told him about that, and she had her own way to deal with it. He didn't care about that matter at all, since the hag would settle it for him. Her family might be a little damaged, but they still had enough power to pull Olivia out of being a sacrifice.

Gunnar closed the file and smiled. Judging from what he knew about Olivia so far, he liked her. "Arrange a meeting for us. I want to see Olivia."

The man said, "Of course, sir. Right away." He whipped his phone out and called his men. It was easy to arrange a meeting between Olivia and Gunnar. All he had to do was call Leah. He trusted that she would make the arrangements. She'd love it if she knew Mr. Flynn has taken an interest in her granddaughter. "Don't let me down, Olivia."

Once the arrangements were done, the man said, "It's been a long journey. Why don't we catch a break?"

Gunnar shook his head. "Take me to Prescott Hospital."

"You wish to go to the hospital? But why, sir?"

"Yes, and it's because I want to see Mr. Hofstead."

Gunnar's father gave him a task before he left. There was one job he must not botch during his trip to Irieson, and that was to meet Quincy Hofstead. That was one thing he would not put aside that easily.

## I'm Someone Else Chapter 258

Quincy might have been living a quiet life for years and seldom made any appearance, but he was still highly regarded in the circle. People with wealth and power treasured their lives and health a lot more than anyone else. Being one of the most revered members of this country's medical society, Quincy had immense power and network.

Gunnar knew that, of course. He might have taken an arrogant stance against Leah, but he knew very well there were some people he must bow down to.

The middle-aged man nodded. Gunnar might be an important person, but so was Quincy. He had heard of Quincy's stories, and it was a given that Gunnar must greet him after he came to this city.

They arrived at Prescott Hospital a while later. Gunnar went to the director's office right away. He knocked on the door and waited for a moment.

"Come in," Quincy said.

Gunnar went inside and bowed. "It has been a while since we met, Mr. Hofstead."

Quincy gave him a cursory glance, the look on his face deadpan. He knew Gunnar would come. The moment Gunnar boarded the plane, his contact in Capitalis told him about it. Given Gunnar's way of doing things, it would be odd for him not to come over.

Quincy wasn't about to show him any courtesy, and he didn't even invite him to take a seat. "Why are you here?"

That annoyed Gunnar a little. What did you say? I came all the way here just to see you, and you're not even offering me a seat? And you're snapping at me? Damn it, you're looking down on me, aren't you, you git?

He might be incensed, but he couldn't say it out loud. Screaming in his head was the best he could do. Even back in Capitalis, everyone would love to inveigle themselves with Quincy. Even his father would stay docile and polite around Quincy, and they weren't even that far apart in age.

"My father wanted you to have a few books. You're looking into alternative medicine lately, aren't you? These are ancient books. They talk about

acupuncture and formulas for meds. I think you're the only one who can make sense of them."

He gave his lackeys a look, and they brought out a wooden box, placed it before Quincy carefully, and opened it.

Quincy gave it a desultory look. He would probably be ecstatic to see them before he met Thomas, but now? Now, he wouldn't even give them a moment of his time. You call these ancient? They're not even a century old. Compared to The Imperial Acupuncture, this is trash.

Quincy knew why Gunnar came to Irieson. He was here for Olivia, the very woman Thomas risked his life to protect. If he showed this brat even a little courtesy, he would be turning his back on Thomas. He waved his hand. "Take them back. I don't need it."

"Um..." Gunnar couldn't believe what he was hearing. He's not even giving us any courtesy. He had never met anyone who would refuse their family's gifts until Quincy came along. The fury in his heart was burning bright. I've told him it's a gift from Dad, and he still won't take it? He's not just disrespecting me; he's disrespecting our whole family.

Just an hour ago, Gunnar humiliated Leah, leaving her awkward, and now he was in her position, humiliated by Quincy. Karma came back to bite him in the butt fast.

Quincy ignored the seething Gunnar and chased him away. "I have work to do. If you have nothing else to say, leave. I don't like anyone disturbing me when I work."

Gunnar's face twitched, but he held back his fury and left.

"And take these away too."

Gunnar and his lackeys might be leaving, but they weren't planning on taking away the medical books. Quincy wasn't stupid. If he were to take these gifts, it would be akin to accepting their gesture of friendship. Should the moment come when they had a falling out, he would have to hold back, and that was taboo for him.

Gunnar was red with fury, but he told his lackeys to take the books away. He wanted to scream, but instead, he simpered and backed off. It was obvious he hated the situation.

The moment they left the hospital, his lackeys complained, “He thinks he’s some sort of bigshot. He’s just an old git.”

“Yeah. He should feel honored that Mr. Flynn came to see him, but the nerve of him to give us an attitude. Damn it, I wanna beat him up.”

“Shut it!” Gunnar roared. He was already in a bad mood, and his men were yammering nonstop, irking him even more. All his life, he was the only one dishing out humiliation. No one had the guts to dish it back to him except Quincy, and he couldn’t even do anything about it.

He got into his car and told the driver to take him to their family’s villa in this city. First, I need to get some sleep.

At the same time, Declan was lying in the corner of his living room limply, blood trickling down his chin, and he clutched his chest with one hand. He couldn’t believe what just happened. The one who did this to him was none other than his long-lost mother—Leah. His mother beat him to a pulp. Not even beasts would harm their own children.

“Listen to me and call Olivia. Tell her to go to the hotel tonight. I have a feast waiting for her. Please don’t blame me for this. She’s throwing a tantrum right now, so I need you to ask her out.” Leah sat on the couch, looking calm. She wasn’t even fazed after beating her son to a pulp. Not an ounce of guilt flared in her heart. Not my fault. That b\*tch wouldn’t listen to me. I was forced to do this.

“Don’t do it, Declan!” Yuna roared. She was pinned down by one of Leah’s lackeys, a knife against her throat.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 259

Yuna didn’t want Declan to give in. It was obvious Leah had dark plans for Olivia, or she wouldn’t have to force Declan into calling her. Yuna was the daughter of Taylor, the de facto leader of the Saunder Family. She was also Yukine’s real mother.

Declan bit his lip. He really didn't want to ask Olivia out, but if he didn't do as he was told, his wife would be killed. He was forced to choose between his wife and his niece, putting him in a dilemma. Quincy called him earlier, and he was told of Gunnar's arrival. Of course, he knew why Leah wanted Olivia to show up.

"Can't make a decision? I'm on a tight schedule, so I don't have time to waste here." Leah checked the time. "Three minutes. If you can't make a choice by then, you'll have to watch your wife die right in front of you."

Leah had no choice but to do this. She couldn't seek Olivia out, not when she had Thomas guarding her. That man was not to be trifled with. She had seen how he fought back at the villa. In order to bypass him, she used Declan.

Leah might've been missing in action for years, but she knew everything about the Pearson Family. Olivia was close to Declan ever since she was a child. If he was the one inviting her, she wouldn't say no.

"You'd better think it through. Two minutes left." Leah looked at her watch nonchalantly. If Declan refused to make the call, she wouldn't mind killing his wife.

Flames of fury flared in Declan's eyes. My mother's a b\*tch, and a shameless one at that. What did I do to deserve this?

Yuna sobbed and shook her head at Declan. He had told her about Leah, and Yuna was furious at this woman for what she did. Yuna put it behind them, thinking that it was in the past and that they wouldn't

meet Leah anyway. However, Leah suddenly showed up and beat Declan up without saying anything, and she held her hostage to threaten Declan. Damn her!

Declan was breathing heavily. He had no doubt Leah would kill Yuna. The moment she came in and beat him to a pulp, he knew she would stop at nothing to get what she wanted. If she couldn't care less about him, she wouldn't care about Yuna at all. Yuna was the woman he loved. Unlike Norman, he had only loved one woman, and that was Yuna. They had been married for twenty years, and not once did they fight. They were a loving couple.

"One more minute," said Leah coolly. There was murder in her eyes.



Declan clenched his teeth so hard that he might crush them. If he could, he would kill Leah without a second's doubt, but he was badly hurt and not an ounce of strength would come to him. What now? What now?

"Can't believe you'd be this stubborn, Declan." Leah told her underling, "Time's up. Kill her."

"No! I-I'll do it!" Declan deflated like a balloon and plopped down, the last of his strength leaving him. Saying that alone took everything he had. He couldn't watch his wife die. This was his family's problem, and Yuna was innocent.

Leah stood up. "Good choice, but I can't let her go just yet. I'll take her away. Remember, take her to the hotel at seven, or else."

Leah left, and her lackey dragged Yuna away.

Declan stared ahead vacantly. He managed to return to his senses only after a long while, and he struggled to get up. Then, he pointed at his dead father's photo, roaring, "Look at her, Dad! That's your wife! Look what she did!"

Declan plopped down on the couch, weakened. The only good thing that came out of this was that Yukine wasn't home. Ever since the tragedy that fell upon their family, Declan had an ominous feeling about what was to come, so he sent his daughter to the Saunder Residence, hoping that he could keep her out of these affairs.

If Yukine were around, things would be much worse. "I'm sorry, Olivia. If there's a next life, I'll make it up to you." A long while of hesitation later, Declan took his phone out and called Olivia.

Olivia was in her office, working. "Uncle Declan? Is anything the matter?"

"Let's have dinner together at seven. Yuna will be there too. Don't invite Thomas, though. It's a family gathering, so I don't want him to feel awkward." Declan tried his best to speak calmly.

Olivia smiled. "Sure. I won't do overtime today." Olivia wasn't even on guard around Declan. Thomas did tell her he had something to do at home, so she wasn't worried about him having nothing to do.

"I'll pick you up at six, then." Only God knew how much this hurt Declan. If Leah had threatened to kill him, he would gladly die before dragging Olivia into this, but Leah was using Yuna as a hostage. He couldn't leave her for dead. She was his child's mother.

At five in the afternoon, Olivia said, "Thomas, you have to go home tonight for some business, don't you? You don't have to worry about me. I'm going to have dinner with Uncle Declan."

"You're going to have dinner with Declan?" Thomas looked surprised.

"Yeah. He just called me. We'd be having a family gathering."

Thomas frowned. What is he up to? Why the sudden invitation for a family gathering? Olivia might not suspect Declan of foul play, but Thomas didn't trust him at all. The whole Pearson Family was rotten, save for Olivia, at least that was how Thomas saw it. "You don't need me to tag along?"

"Nope." She put on a sweet smile. Of course, she knew he was worried about her, and she extended her hand, pulling his frown back. "Haven't seen your smile all day. Come on, cheer up."

I'm Someone Else Chapter 260

Olivia must have mustered up a lot of courage to get so close to him, but that wasn't the end. Olivia stared into Thomas' eyes, and she got lost in them unknowingly. His eyes were captivating, his nose was aquiline, and his jawline was strong and hard. Everything about him was so lethally seductive to her. As if under a spell, she slowly moved closer to him.

She closed her eyes and leaned closer for a kiss. Even though she wasn't looking, she knew where Thomas' lips were.

Thomas' eyes went wide, but he remained still and unmoving. She's beautiful. No wonder she's the woman of everyone's dreams. Her face is sculpted by the gods. Any man would go crazy for her.

Thomas was a man as well, and he couldn't resist Olivia's advances. He knew what would happen next, and something in his heart was telling him to move away, but his body remained firmly in its place. He was actually looking forward to what would come next.

Their distance was slowly closing up, and eventually, their lips were only millimeters away from touching. If this kiss was sealed, their relationship would move on to the next step.

At this moment, someone knocked on the door.

Shocked, Olivia's eyes snapped open, and she quickly stood up. She looked at the door and asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Miss Pearson. Do you have time? It's a work report."

Olivia took a deep breath. "Come in."

The door swung open, and in came Keyshire Property's marketing director with a file in his hand.

Olivia blushed. I was this close to being seen flirting. Good thing he knocked before he came in. If it was an idiot, they would have barged in unannounced. Things would get a lot more awkward after that.

What were you doing? You're in the office. Why did you suddenly try to kiss him? What's he going to think about you now? Gods, this is embarrassing, Olivia thought.

Hey, why am I so scared anyway? Not like he's a stranger. I gave him my first kiss anyway, and he's seen me naked. I belong to him now, so there's nothing to be embarrassed about. That's right.

Thomas had a weird look on his face too. It was awkward knowing that someone almost barged in on them flirting around.

The marketing director was focused on the file so he failed to read the air. With respect, he handed the file over. "This is an urgent file, Miss Pearson. Please take a look. If it's alright, I'll start running through the process."

"Yeah." Olivia held back her embarrassment and pretended like nothing happened as she went through the file. However, she would look at the marketing director from time to time, her eyes glinting coldly. She really wanted to yell at him. You ruined my lovey-dovey scene with Thomas!

The marketing director didn't leave. As he said, this was an urgent file, so he stayed until Olivia was done with it. While he was waiting, he approached Thomas and handed him a cigarette. "Hello, Mr. Clifford."

"Hello." Thomas smiled. He wouldn't blame this guy for what he did. After all, there was no way he could know they were flirting before he came in.

A while later, Olivia was done with the document, and she handed it back to the marketing director. "Done. Get on with it."

"Of course." The director took the file and left in a hurry. He was obviously trying to rush things through.

Olivia saw him off, her eyes filled with complaint. He just had to come in at that moment. I could've gotten my kiss. Couldn't he wait for two more minutes? I could've kissed him and made my confession. That's going to take a weight off my shoulders.

She wasn't stupid. Judging from Thomas' reaction, she had a ninety percent chance of success if she had confessed. He didn't even move away from her kiss. That proved that somewhere inside him, he liked her.

She had a new problem to deal with now. With the marketing director gone, she wondered how she should face Thomas. There was no way she could pretend the almost-kiss didn't happen.

Things got awkward, and they had no idea what to say. Olivia checked the time. It was six, and fortunately, that was clock-out time. "Let's go, Thomas."

"Yeah." Thomas nodded and took Olivia's bag, then they left.

"Hello, Miss Pearson. Hello, Mr. Clifford."

The employees who were on their way home greeted the two of them. To an extent, that helped with their awkward situation.

Declan had been waiting for a while outside the company. When Olivia and Thomas came out, he quickly approached them. "Olivia, Thomas."

"I need to go now, Thomas. See you tonight." Olivia took her bag and waved Thomas goodbye.

Thomas was worried. For some reason, he was concerned about this, yet he couldn't go with her. He must leave as Adam called him earlier. Ever since they came back from the cemetery, Chloe had been

locking herself up in her bedroom, refusing to eat or drink. He needed Thomas' help with this.

"I'll just give her a call and ask for an address. If anything happens to her, I'll just go right over."

Thomas had a Maserati, but he was driving slower than a tortoise. There was a look of dilemma on his face. He was bad at expressing himself, so he wondered how he should talk to Chloe.

If he was in top condition, he would've torn the families down without any worries. He couldn't care less how powerful they were.

Eventually, he arrived at the neighborhood, then he called Olivia. "Which hotel are you at? And which room?"

"Give me a minute." Olivia turned around to ask her uncle, who was driving. Then, she told Thomas the hotel's name and the room she would be in.

Concerned, Thomas said, "Be careful. If anything goes wrong, call me." He still couldn't shake the memory of Terrence feigning sickness just to lure Olivia back. Once bitten, twice shy, they said, and he was worried this might be another trap for Olivia.