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I'm Someone Else Chapter 271

"What'd you say? I dare you to say that again!" Blake could not contain his anger and raised his palm threateningly.

For so many years, the Hind Family had always been about whatever he said goes. Although Jake was the nominal head of the family, the one who held actual power was Blake. Moreover, his younger brother had always been obedient and never disobeyed him before. That was a first.

"Huh!" Jake took a deep breath. He was still afraid of his older brother, but he had no choice as he had to avenge his son! "Blake, my stance will remain the same! There's no putting the toothpaste back in the tube. Since I've started it, I won't give up halfway! I won't return the ashes! That is unless I kill Thomas! I will avenge Drake!"

"You... You..." Blake's hand was trembling in the air. He truly wanted to teach his younger brother a lesson but could not bring himself to do it.

Drake's death was a blow to him. Looking at it from another perspective, it was understandable that his younger brother hated Thomas. It was the hatred that clouded his judgment and led him to do such an outrageous thing.

"Do as you please then..." After saying these words, Blake turned and walked upstairs. At that moment, his figure was filled with helplessness and sorrow, as if he had aged ten years in an instant.

Seeing Blake like this, Jake felt a sudden pang of pain in his heart. He suddenly regretted his defiance earlier. Perhaps if he had not opposed his brother, he would not be so heartbroken now. He even wanted to apologize to his brother, but his mouth moved as if something was stuck in his throat, and in the end, he could not say anything.

Blake, I'm sorry. I can't listen to you this time. But don't worry because I won't let you down. Just watch how I avenge Drake and all the members of our Hind Family who died at Thomas' hands! I will tear him

apart, along with his foster sister, Olivia, and Declan. None of them will survive! When I hand over the Pearson Family to you, maybe then you'll know everything I've done is right. Jake clenched his fists and thought to himself.

He turned around and left the villa, heading back to the Hind Group. After that, he called for his trusted subordinate—the one he had arranged to desecrate Chloe's mother's grave. "Did you find out who ratted us out?" His voice was cold.

The man nodded. "Yes, I did."

"Good. Get rid of him!"

"W-What? Boss, but that's..."

"What is it? Are you trying to say that he's my brother's man? Let me ask you, am I the head of the Hind Family or my brother?"

The man quickly replied, "Of course you are. There's no doubt about it. Everyone in Irieson knows."

"Well, if that's the case, I'm not gonna repeat myself. Get it done!"

"Yes, boss!" The man exited the room.

Jake knew his brother well. If he did not oppose him further, it meant he had tacitly approved of his actions. He could finally let loose and take decisive action. Still, the person who betrayed him could not be spared. He wanted to use their death as a warning to others within the Hind Group, a blatant display of the consequences of betrayal. Otherwise, he would not be able to hide anything he did in the future!

Jake was indeed dissatisfied. He was the head of the Hind Family and also the leader of the Hind Group. You work for the Hind Group, receiving the salary I give you, yet you betrayed me? Well, I'm sorry, but I can't let you live!

Finding out who had betrayed him was relatively simple. After all, over the years, his brother had only planted a few people in the Hind Group. The target group to investigate was small. Jake had become so obsessed that he dared to kill even his brother's men. He truly had an audacious streak.

Half an hour later, his trusted subordinate knocked on the door and entered. "Boss, the person has been taken care of."

"Very good!" Jake nodded in satisfaction. "How are the preparations at the Green Lake Manor?"

“Everything is in order. Yesterday evening, we sent out the letter as you requested. I believe Thomas will come tonight. He won’t be able to escape!”

“Good!” Jake revealed a contented smile. The two groups of assassins he had paid a hefty price to hire were ready according to his instructions. Everything was set, and all it needed was for Thomas to walk into their trap.

He drove to Green Lake Manor, located on the outskirts, which was also well-known for its internal lake, large size, and luxurious decorations. Even the manor’s interior was filled with peach blossoms, giving it a secluded paradise-like atmosphere. Compared to the estate where Blake had invited Terrence to have breakfast, it was equally impressive.

Jake held the urn and sat at a pavilion on top of an artificial mountain. This was the highest point of the entire estate, offering a panoramic view of the surroundings. He had planned it out. When Thomas arrived, he would not kill him directly. Instead, he would bind Thomas tightly and force him to watch as Chloe’s mother’s ashes were scattered into the lake, feeding the fish.

You dared to offend me? You killed my son! None of your dead loved ones will rest in peace!

Just thinking about it made Jake uncontrollably excited. “Haha! Hahahaha!” An almost maniacal laughter echoed throughout the estate, sending shivers down one’s spine.

He looked at the traps and mechanisms meticulously arranged throughout the estate, where every step was almost the wrong one. Coupled with the two groups of assassins he had hired at a high price, even if Thomas was impressive, he would not be able to escape death.

Jake turned and walked back to the villa. The only thing left was for Thomas to walk into his trap willingly.

Ring!

Unknowingly, it had already become late at night. With the tolling of a bell, the clock’s hands pointed to midnight. All the personnel in the estate were already in position, countless pairs of eyes fixed on the direction of the estate’s main gate.

Jake felt puzzled. What's going on? Why don't I see any sign of Thomas? Is he too afraid to come in?

With that thought, he immediately ordered someone to retrieve the surveillance footage from the entrance and carefully examined it. However, there was no sign of Thomas, not even a ghostly shadow.

"Huh! Just wait a little longer. Maybe Thomas isn't familiar with this place and is still looking for the way here." Jake had to console himself in this way.

However, it was already 12.30AM, yet there was still no image of Thomas. Now, the person who could not sit still was Jake.

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"Get your *ss over here!" Jake roared at his trusted subordinate.

"Mr. Hind, what's the matter?"

Jake's face turned livid with rage. "Tell me, did you deliver the letter to Thomas as I instructed you?"

It's almost 1.00AM. If the letter is delivered, why hasn't Thomas arrived yet?

His subordinate nodded quickly. "Rest assured, Mr. Hind, that I've delivered the letter. It's placed on the coffee table in his villa's living room. I always pay great attention to the tasks you assign to me!"

He was also anxious. Thomas, oh Thomas, please come quickly. If you don't arrive soon, I won't be able to explain the situation. And if he gets angry, there's a possibility he might even kill me!

At the same time, he also felt a sense of injustice. He had instructed his henchmen to deliver the letter. To ensure nothing went wrong, he had personally accompanied them. As for why Thomas had not shown up yet, he was clueless about the reason as well.

"F*ck!" Jake seethed with anger but had nowhere to channel his frustration. He raised his hand and landed a resounding slap on his subordinate's face. "If the letter has been delivered, where the hell is he?"

The subordinate covered his burning cheek with his hand. "I-I don't know. The letter was delivered. Maybe... There's heavy traffic on the way?"

“Get lost!”

Driven nearly to madness by his subordinate’s words, Jake raised his foot and delivered a powerful kick to the subordinate’s stomach, sending him crashing to the ground. It’s 1.00AM. How can there be heavy traffic? Is there a hearse causing the traffic jam?

“Go now! Go and inform Thomas on my behalf!”

“Okay, alright. I’m going!” The subordinate quickly got up and hurried toward Northpine Villa, ignoring the pain in his body.

He felt unjustly treated. As he was not even related to Thomas or acquainted with him, how could he possibly know why Thomas had not arrived? He felt aggrieved to receive a slap and a kick for something beyond his control. Especially that slap, which had loosened his back teeth. Was this not an unexpected disaster that had befallen him out of nowhere?

Thomas had undoubtedly received the letter, yet he had no intention of honoring the appointment! After bringing Olivia back to Northpine Villa in the evening, he had remained there all this time. Since the other party had approached him and requested his presence at Green Lake Manor, it implied that Chloe’s mother’s ashes were there. With this knowledge, he became less anxious.

As the King of Marksmen, would he simply go because they told him to? Ridiculous! He always preferred to be in control, and he could not allow a bunch of insignificant individuals to dictate his actions.

Thomas was well aware that Green Lake Manor had likely set up a trap at this moment, eagerly awaiting his arrival. However, his decision not to attend the appointment was not driven by fear but rather by the fact that his body had not fully recovered.

Throughout the day, he had been tirelessly absorbing the effects of the medicine at Northpine Villa. However, fate seemed to be against him. His current physical condition had only recovered to about ninety percent.

The process was fraught with dangers, and he could hardly withstand the injuries at one point. Fortunately, his exceptional willpower and extraordinary medical skills allowed him to endure. With the aid of acupuncture stimulation, he managed to push through.

Olivia smiled at him. "I'm going to bed now. You should get some rest too."

"Okay!" Thomas nodded and watched as she went upstairs. "Alas! I fell a little short in the end!" he muttered unwillingly. He had anticipated his physical condition to reach its peak, but to his surprise, it had not met his expectations.

In the afternoon, he visited Rose and acquired another prescription. However, when he tried to absorb the medicinal effects, he failed, well aware that his body had developed resistance to the medicine. No matter how much medication he consumed, it would be futile and potentially harmful to him.

He pressed his temples with both hands, hoping to come up with a prescription that would facilitate his speedy recovery. Still, it was far from easy. While there was indeed another prescription that could aid in his recovery, it was a slow process. He could not afford to wait or waste any more time.

Thomas was conscious he could not postpone his visit to Green Lake Manor. A one-day delay could be tolerated, but if it continued further and he refused to take the bait, there was a risk that the other party would become desperate and destroy the ashes.

"Alas!" He sighed and got up, making his way upstairs. Since he could not come up with a suitable prescription, he decided to rest early. If things did not go as planned, he would have to rely on his expertise—firearms!

Unless necessary, he preferred not to resort to firearms as it would potentially invite various troubles. Unable to fall asleep, he tossed and turned in bed.

Bang!

Thomas suddenly leaped up and started practicing leg techniques in the bedroom. Since his body could not fully recover to its peak state, he decided to practice more and try to compensate for the

weakness in his lower body.

Crack!

Just as he was deeply engrossed in his training, he suddenly heard glass shattering from outside. Startled, he did not hesitate and rushed out of the room, bursting into Olivia's bedroom.

It was not his fault for reacting so intensely. With numerous past incidents of people trying to harm her, he developed psychological trauma. At the slightest abnormal noise, his immediate thought was that someone had broken into the villa with malicious intent toward her.

Meanwhile, Olivia had not gone to sleep either. She had just finished taking a refreshing shower. Upon hearing the peculiar noise, she hastily dashed out of the bathroom to investigate, not even having a moment to dress herself. Much to her surprise, the bedroom door swung open the next instant. Before she could react, the room was abruptly illuminated.

“Ah!” she screamed and instinctively covered her intimate area, but how could a pair of small hands shield the entirety of her body’s curves?

Now, this was an awkward situation. Thomas was momentarily stunned by the captivating sight before his eyes, but he soon snapped out of it. Turning around, he exited the room and closed the bedroom door. Judging from the situation, it seems that Olivia hasn’t encountered any danger. He decided to go and investigate the source of the sound.

Olivia stood in the room, her face already flushed. “Oh dear, what’s going on? He saw me naked again! Never mind. It’s not the first time he’s seen it. I’m used to it!” With that, she changed into clean sleepwear, planning to go out and investigate what had happened.

Thomas arrived at the ground-floor living room and switched on the lights. To his surprise, he noticed that the window had been shattered, and the floor was scattered with glass shards. Amongst the

debris, he spotted a pale-yellow letter lying on the ground.

He opened the front door to the villa and scanned the surroundings, but there was no one in sight. He understood that if his initial instinct had been to dash out and apprehend the individual, he might have been able to catch them. However, he could not afford to take that risk. Olivia’s safety took precedence over capturing the letter’s sender.

Returning to the living room, he bent down to retrieve the letter from the floor. He unsealed the letter and started reading its contents. As expected, the contents were the same as the previous one he had received.

“Tsk!” Thomas sneered disdainfully and tore the letter into pieces before throwing it into the trash bin. I’ll go to Green Lake Manor, but not at this moment, and certainly not tomorrow night. He was not foolish enough to go exactly when the other party had specified.

Grabbing a broom, he prepared to clean up the shattered glass on the floor. At that moment, Olivia came downstairs. “W-What happened? How did the window break?”

“It’s nothing. Don’t worry. We’ll get the property management to fix it tomorrow.”

“Okay, give me the broom. I’ll sweep it up,” she said and reached out to take the broom from Thomas’ hand. How can a grown man do such a thing? Cleaning the room is supposed to be women’s work.

“No need. I’ll do it.” He did not adhere to any gender stereotypes. It was just a matter of sweeping the floor, so he was perfectly capable of doing it himself.

“Come on! You’re a man!” She stepped forward, determined to snatch the broom from his hand. As her attention was on the broom, she failed to notice the glass shards beneath her feet. Unintentionally, she stepped on a piece of broken glass. “Ah!” She immediately lost her balance and fell backward.

Disregarding the task of sweeping, Thomas immediately tossed the broom aside and swiftly caught her by her slender waist.

Smooch!

His grip was stronger than intended as he pulled her back from falling. In the next second, their lips accidentally collided. At that moment, they froze, finding themselves in proximity and gazing into each other’s eyes. The sound of their heartbeats resonated distinctly, as if time had momentarily frozen in this very moment.

Thomas gazed at the captivating beauty in his embrace, bewildered by her exquisite features. Just then, he could not help but be mesmerized by Olivia’s stunning beauty, leaving him breathless.

Compared to Olivia, his ex-girlfriend, Felice, was nothing; she could not hold a candle to Olivia’s radiant beauty, not even a single strand of her hair. Campus

belle? Beauty pageant champion? They were nothing but self-conscious and inferior before Olivia!

Gulp!

He swallowed awkwardly, feeling a familiar and heated sensation in his lower abdomen. He was not a saintly figure, after all. It was natural to have some physiological reaction when holding such a beautiful woman in one's arms.

Olivia's face blushed as red as an irresistibly alluring ripe apple. Her heart raced, and her eyes, brimming with unspoken emotions, remained glued on his gaze while her delicate hands fidgeted restlessly.

It was a heaven-sent opportunity! By a twist of fate, the two had unexpectedly kissed. So... Should she seize this moment to confess her feelings to Thomas?

"Olivia, go for it! Don't miss this opportunity! Summon the courage to confess right now!"

"What's the rush to confess? It's still too early. What if Thomas rejects her? How will they interact in the future?"

Like in the morning, Olivia's mind was in a state of conflict. Two little figures appeared in her mind and engaged in a constant argument.

"Why would Thomas reject her? Even I can tell that he has feelings for her."

"That won't do either. Olivia is a girl. How can a girl be so proactive? Even if there's a confession, it should be Thomas confessing to her!"

"You've got to be kidding me! Thomas is as dense as a log. If we wait for him to confess, it might take forever! This is about her lifelong happiness. It wouldn't hurt to be a bit more proactive."

"Shut up! You shameless fool!"

"You're the one who's shameless here! Shut up!"

Olivia felt perplexed as the two conflicting voices argued once again. Why are they arguing again? Whose advice should I listen to? Should I seize this opportunity to confess or not?

At the same time, Thomas regained his senses, gently helped her to her feet, and took a couple of steps back on his own accord. "It's getting late. You should go and rest." With that, he picked up the broom and resumed sweeping the floor.

He avoided making eye contact with her because the situation was too awkward for him. He could not help but wonder how they ended up kissing once more.

Olivia stood there, dumbfoundedly staring at him. Deep down, she did not want to leave. She wanted to break through the barriers between them at that very moment. However, she lacked the certainty that he would agree to be her boyfriend. With a sigh, she reluctantly turned around and made her way upstairs, feeling a sense of dissatisfaction lingering within her.

On the bed, scenes of their kiss kept replaying in her mind. "Now that I think about it, I've kissed Thomas twice today, although the morning kiss was a secret one."

At the thought of it, she felt a mix of joy and regret in her heart. She regretted not mustering enough courage to confess her feelings earlier. If she had, maybe he would have agreed to be her boyfriend,

especially considering the romantic atmosphere they had just experienced. But then again, I'm always by Thomas' side daily, and he isn't going anywhere. What is there to fear? That's right. Good things come to those who wait!

"Thomas, you're my man. You can't escape from my grasp!" she muttered as she pulled the blanket over her head, drifting off to sleep sweetly.

Meanwhile, Thomas had finished sweeping the floor and was now seated on the couch. Like her, the scenes from earlier kept replaying in his mind. He shook his head in annoyance, attempting to prevent himself from overthinking. However, the more he tried, the more vivid the scenes became. Not only the recent fragments of time but every little detail of their interactions kept floating into his mind.

Olivia's way of walking, her speech, her moments of joy and sorrow, everything, from her furrowed brows to her radiant smiles, were so vivid in his mind.

“Oh no, I’m falling for her!” he muttered. He had been unsure about his feelings, but things had changed then.

“Unfortunately, now is not the right time.” Thomas acknowledged that he did not have the time or the right circumstances for a romantic relationship. What lay before him was the journey to Green Lake Manor, which he decided to visit and uncover the secrets that awaited him tomorrow morning.

As the night passed, he woke up early and freshened up. When Olivia came downstairs, she still appeared quite shy. While she displayed a dominant demeanor when thinking about matters concerning herself and him in private, she immediately transformed into a girlish state the moment she laid eyes on him.

There was no avoiding it; whenever she saw him, the scene from last night would come to her mind.

The two sat across from each other at the dining table, having breakfast. “Olivia, I’m heading out after I drop you off at the company today. Just stay at the office and don’t wander around. Wait for me to come back.”

“Y-You’re going out again?” She immediately set down her bowl and looked at Thomas reluctantly.

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She could not focus on her work yesterday without Thomas around and it felt like torture. If she did not see him today, the office would be hell!

He nodded. “Yep. I must take care of some things outside.” He did not want to tell Olivia what he was going to do because it would only worry her.

“Oh! Then, make sure to come back early.” She could only reluctantly agree, even though she secretly did not want to. Thomas was a human, not her belonging, and he had his things to do.

After breakfast, he dropped her off at the entrance of Keyshire Property’s building and headed toward Green Lake Manor. The other party probably had not rested well the entire night because they were waiting for him, so now was the best time to go.

However, the recent events made Thomas realize a concerning problem. No matter how capable he was, he was still alone. Fighting in solitude was ultimately not a solution. It was time to gather allies and develop his power. Otherwise, let alone distant matters, if both Olivia and Chloe experienced trouble simultaneously, he would be overwhelmed trying to handle everything alone.

Thomas had a cigarette in his mouth, circling Green Lake Manor, his eyes sharply surveying the surroundings and the buildings. Then, not far from Green Lake Manor, he stopped the car and pulled the SR-25 rifle from the trunk. He had prepared a guitar case earlier and placed the rifle inside, after which he strapped it to his back. He loaded the Desert Eagle pistol and holstered it at his waist. With determined steps, he walked toward the entrance of Green Lake Manor.

“Who are you?” Two security guards stepped forward as he approached the entrance.

Thomas smiled faintly, not wasting any time with words. He raised his hand and went straight for their throats.

Crack! Crack!

The two security guards did not even have time to react before their bodies went limp, breathless.

For him, killing people like them was as simple as moving his fingers.

Bang!

Thomas did not hesitate. He kicked open the gates of the manor and observed the scene inside. It was no longer just a private estate but more like a mini park. It had artificial lakes, rockeries, and various flowers and plants, creating a picturesque atmosphere. Furthermore, the manor was located on the outskirts of Irieson, with few people visiting, giving it a secluded paradise-like charm.

The news of Thomas' arrival had already reached the villa since the cameras at the entrance were not for show. Jake, watching the monitor, was initially taken aback but soon became ecstatic. “Quick. Everyone, take action! Thomas is here! Kill him!”

Everyone inside the manor was well prepared. As soon as Jake gave the order, everyone was ready to strike. Even the two groups of assassins were waiting for the right moment. Of course, they would not act immediately. After all, Jake had already informed them that there were traps throughout the manor. It would take Thomas a lot of time and effort to break in, and he might even die in the traps before entering.

Meanwhile, Thomas stepped into the manor, but as he took a couple of steps, he felt a series of cold winds blowing toward him. As he looked closely, he realized countless arrows were charging toward him! The sharp arrowheads reflected the chilly sunlight, and being struck by any of them would result in severe injury or even death. Moreover, if he could not dodge them, he would become a human pincushion instantly with so many arrows coming at him simultaneously!

The traps were activated. These arrows were the first level!

He dared not slack off. As such, he forcefully pushed off the ground with both feet, unleashing his explosive power without hesitation. His body transformed into a streak of light, rapidly retreating backward. In almost an instant, he had exited the manor's gates.

Bang!

He casually closed the gates.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The dense barrage of arrows shot through the air one after another. They pierced into the ground, and some even hit the gates. However, not a single one struck Thomas.

Jake, witnessing this scene, was not upset because this was just the beginning. There were even more dangerous traps awaiting inside. He did not expect Thomas to die so quickly at his hands anyway.

Gasping for breath outside the manor gates, Thomas realized the rain of arrows he had just dodged was a famous trap resembling a shower of stars. It seemed his anticipation was correct—Green Lake Manor was not easy to break into. It could be called a treacherous place; easy to die under those traps without good skills.

Considering his physical condition was not at its peak, he had especially relied on medication for partial recovery, but that was still a temporary solution. Otherwise, he would not be gasping for air so early in the battle.

This time, he did not dare to be careless. He cautiously pushed open the gates and stepped back inside. Coincidentally, it was almost identical to before. Just as he took a few steps, he suddenly stopped. "Danger!" Almost relying on instinctive reaction, he immediately lowered his body and quickly rolled on the ground twice.

Bang! Bang!

Just as he flipped away from his previous position, two bullet holes appeared where he had been standing! He performed a quick somersault, stood up, and squinted toward the mansion, where the gunmen were. Without hesitation, he retreated directly and walked out of the manor gates.

"What? Why is he leaving?" Jake was dumbfounded. What does this mean? Is he giving up? Does he not want the ashes? The show has just begun. Why is he leaving?

Not just Jake but everyone else inside the manor was also dumbfounded. They had speculated a hundred possibilities for Thomas' actions when entering the place. However, they never expected him to exit after sensing danger!

Isn't that a bit heartless? His loved one's ashes are still here! How can he leave like this?

Indeed, Thomas left Green Lake Manor, but only within their supervision. Just as everyone in the manor had guessed, the ashes of Chloe's mother were still here, and he would not leave without taking them.

He arrived at a vantage point close to the manor, a small hill where he had previously noticed. He had a perfect view of the entire Green Lake Manor from there.

Click! Click!

In a matter of seconds, he assembled the SR-25 rifle and lay on the ground, observing the manor through the scope.

“Wind from the south, level one. Air humidity 43%. Clear sky, good visibility.” A familiar voice suddenly resounded in Thomas’ ears, surprising him as he turned to look.

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That voice had rang in his ears countless times during his eight-year army stint. Even after his retirement, it would often appear in his dreams. Today, he heard that familiar voice again. However, it did not occur in his dreams but in reality this time.

Sure enough, Zachary’s honest face appeared in front of him. Grinning, he said in a silly manner, “Thomas, why are you looking at me? You should be focusing on the direction of the Green Lake Manor. All the enemies are there. Kill them and bring back my mother’s ashes!”

“Zach, I’m sorry. I’ve taken an oath to never touch a gun ever again, but I—” Guilt was written all over Thomas’ face. However, before he could finish, Zachary interrupted him.

“Thomas, what are you talking about? Why can’t you touch a gun? The failure of the mission back then isn’t your cross to bear alone. I’ve never blamed you for that. Besides, if you were to pick up the gun again, it would be to take back my mother’s ashes, right? I am happy that you are willing to do that for me from the bottom of my heart. After all, you haven’t fully recovered yet, so there is no reason for you to take the risk of having hand-to-hand combat.”

Thomas’ lips twitched as if yearning to say more.

“Everything will be fine, Thomas. I will scout the enemy’s movements and report back to you.” With that, as if by magic, Zachary produced a telescope right in front of his eyes and pointed it in the direction of the Green Lake Manor.

Thomas knew in his heart that the person before him was not Zachary. He was born out of his longing and guilt for his friend, a mere hallucination.

Since Zachary put it that way, he was not in the position to say much. As such, he merely took a deep breath to steady himself and aimed the SR-25 rifle in the direction of Green Lake Manor. “There are a

total of thirty-seven hostiles inside the Green Lake Manor. I'm sure you can kill thirty of them. Let's begin the hunt!"

Bang! Bang!

With that, two deafening gunshots were fired. Soon, the two lackeys that had tried to assassinate him earlier fell to the ground immediately.

"What the f*ck?!"

"What on earth is going on?!"

Just when everybody in the manor was suspicious of Thomas' intentions, both their comrades had already collapsed in a pool of blood. Turning around, they noticed a bloody hole within their dead comrades' skulls. Moreover, fresh blood was flowing out of the freshly made punctures.

Bang! Bang!

Two more gunshots were heard. Following that, two more men collapsed in puddles of red.

"Something's wrong! There is a sniper here!"

Everybody started to panic as they quickly retreated to the manor in search of refuge from the barrage of bullets. Soon, the entire manor had descended into chaos.

"Somebody tell me what is going on!" Jake bellowed angrily.

"Boss! I believe it's that b*stard Thomas," said his confidant. He was equally afraid, to the point whereby he felt his calves cramping. At that moment, he had an instinctive urge to run away. However, he knew the safest place now was beside Jake.

"F*ck this! How dare that b*stard play dirty!" Jake cursed.

Nobody knew where he got his confidence from. How could he be allowed to set up traps against Thomas, yet Thomas was not allowed to snipe him from a distance? How shameless could he be?

"Thomas! Did you f*cking think you are the only one with a gun?! Since that's how you want to play it, I will do the same as well. I'll make sure you die

today! I swear it over my dead body!!” Jake was not an amateur in this field. After thinking about it for a moment, he came up with a countermeasure. Turning around, he ordered his most trusted ally, “Tell the men to remain calm. The entire manor is filled with traps, so it won’t be easy for Thomas to infiltrate this manor. Tell them to take cover and locate his position. Once he’s found, I want all of you to shoot him!”

“Yes, sir!” After receiving his orders, the man turned around and began executing his plans.

On the other hand, Thomas perched on top of the hill and looked calm. There was not a single trace of emotions in his sharp face, merely a cold murderous glint in his eyes. While adjusting the barrel of the gun leisurely, he pulled the trigger one after another calmly.

Gunshots rang out one after another. For the uninitiated, one would think somebody was playing with firecrackers during the festive season.

With each gunshot, one of the lackeys in the manor would collapse onto the ground accordingly. The way they died was surprisingly consistent—all were hit by a bullet in the head and killed in a single shot.

No wonder Thomas was known as the King of Marksmen. He was an expert in his field! Every bullet he fired found its target, and he was akin to an emotionless executioner as he ‘harvested’ the lives of everyone there. How dare they touch his mother’s ashes! I’ll show no mercy to these heartless monsters! All of them deserve to die!

Within a blink of an eye, more than a dozen people had perished. His original intention was not to massacre everybody in the manor; instead, he wanted to create mass panic. The reason why he chose

to use the gun was that he did not want to put himself in danger by blindly running across those hidden traps. He was not cornered by fear and merely did not want to waste so much time and energy doing that.

Since he could not enter the manor, he decided to force them out of hiding. With all the traps they had laid, he would ensure they would not be able to use them!

Zachary’s voice was heard saying, “On the second-floor villa in the southeast direction, there are three men with guns looking for your location.”

Thomas did not hesitate. Immediately, he redirected his gun, his vision as sharp as a hawk. Within the time it took to take a single breath, he found their location.

Bang!

A strange thing occurred... There was undoubtedly only one bang, yet a single bloody gunshot wound appeared in all three gunmen's heads. The scene shocked Jake, who was watching the battle unfolding within the insides of the manor. What is going on? Does Thomas have some kind of special ability? Only a single gunshot is heard, so why are there three bullet holes in total?

Unbeknownst to him, this was one of Thomas' unique skills. In reality, he had fired three bullets earlier, but as the speed of his shots was rapid, the sounds of the three gunshots overlapped against each other, causing an illusion that he was firing three bullets in a single shot.

Jake had never seen this ability before. Immediately, he ordered the rest of his men to return fire. However, the moment that somebody arrived at the windowsill, he would receive a shot through the head.

That was not the most frightening sight to have occurred. Seemingly unwilling to waste a single second, Thomas continued to assassinate the rest of the lackeys hiding within the manor while locking his sight on the highest point of the building.

Within a blink of an eye, more than half of the people in that manor perished. At that moment, the inside of the building had turned into a bloodbath akin to hell on Earth.

Jake was shocked beyond words. He saw Thomas entering alone, yet why did it feel like he had the might of an entire army?

In the end, one of the men could not stand the pressure much longer, crying out, "My brothers! Run for your lives! You may stand a chance for survival if you do that. You will die if you do not run. We are merely sitting ducks here!"

Following that, a gutsy man rushed out of the manor and ran outside into the gardens. With the first escapee, the second and third followed. On the other hand, Thomas, who was positioned atop the hill, did not pull the trigger anymore; instead, he merely observed their escape route.

Seeing as he had stopped firing his bullets, the rest of the lackeys were relieved as they continued to escape outside, causing Jake and the rest of his men to be ultimately defeated.

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They followed Jake solely for the sake of wealth. However, money could only be enjoyed if their lives were intact. When their lives were on the line, running for their lives became paramount.

“Stop running! Come back!” Jake roared at the top of his lungs. Of course, no one would still listen to his commands.

These lackeys were people whom Jake carefully chose. Since they had been staying in the manor since the traps were set up, they were already familiar with the parts of the building that had no traps. Therefore, their escape route was astonishingly unified.

Thomas watched this scene from the hillside with the corners of his mouth slightly raised into a smug smile. This was going as planned.

Of course, he didn't let those lackeys go. When they rushed out of the gate of the manor, thinking that they had finally escaped, a burst of gunshots rang through the sky, and all the lackeys became corpses one after another.

“Good job, Thomas. The plan was a success. I doubt you'll need me for the rest. I'll make a move, then.”

“Zach—” Thomas turned his head and wanted to say a few more words to Zach, only to find that there was no one around him. Zach was nowhere to be seen.

“Ha...” He sighed as he put the sniper rifle back into the guitar case, slung it on his back, and sauntered toward Green Lake Manor. He wanted to see with his own eyes who would be so shameless as to dig a person's grave!

After entering the manor, Thomas strode toward the villa. Every step he took was according to the route the lackeys escaped through just now, so it was impossible to trigger any of the traps.

In the manor, Jake was on the verge of crying as he watched Thomas approaching. He never dreamed that the mechanism he proudly arranged would be broken so easily by the man.

There were still many supposedly miraculous mechanisms that hadn't and could no longer be used.

"M-Mr. Hind, what do we do now?" the man asked, trembling.

Despite his own panic, Jake put on a calm and composed demeanor as he reprimanded, "Why are you getting all anxious? Even if our plan failed and those lackeys are dead, we still have the assassin ranked third in the World Assassin Ranking! Gentlemen, we'll need your help for what comes next."

The four assassins saluted at Jake and turned to leave. They were still reeling from Thomas' display of authority moments ago. Despite their years of experience being assassins, they had never witnessed such astonishing marksmanship. The memory of recent events sent shivers down their spines. However, at that moment, they didn't consider Thomas a threat. After all, he had foolishly exposed himself while sniping from a distance. They were confident that Thomas wouldn't stand a chance against them in close combat.

Little did the five of them know that as their figures disappeared, Jake stood up and exclaimed, "What are you waiting for? Run!"

The men didn't dare to hesitate and hurriedly followed Jake, taking the chance when Thomas wasn't focused on them to flee from the scene.

Just as Thomas reached the entrance of Green Lake Manor, four figures surrounded him. He proceeded to size the four men up with his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

He could tell that each of them was a formidable opponent. It seemed that the mastermind behind all this was willing to go to great lengths to bring him down.

The four men howled and charged at Thomas. "Attack!"

Thomas' eyes filled with fierce determination. Despite their impressive skills and his own physical weakness, he wasn't intimidated by them. Killing them would be as easy as pie.

Boom!

With the force of a thunderbolt, Thomas' Iron Fist struck right on the chest of the first attacker who charged at him. The man's body flew backward, soaring more than three meters before lifelessly crashing to the ground.

"F*ck!"

The remaining three were taken aback by Thomas' retaliation. They hadn't expected him to possess such remarkable close combat skills in addition to his exceptional marksmanship.

At this moment, they finally started thinking about retreating because they realized they were no match for Thomas when they saw his speed and strength.

However, since they had already charged ahead, they had no choice but to fight head-on.

Like a God descending to earth, Thomas leaped into the air, delivering a powerful and forceful roundhouse kick that took the life of another assassin.

In just an instant, four assassins were reduced to two. One was the assassins' group leader while the other was ranked third on the World Assassin Ranking and was known for his skills in single combat.

Seizing the opportunity while Thomas launched an attack, the two of them quietly circled around to his back.

"Go to hell!"

The duo struck almost simultaneously, their massive fists resembling fierce tigers pouncing at Thomas' head.

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The duo struck almost simultaneously, their massive fists resembling fierce tigers pouncing at Thomas' head.

Sensing the deadly intent behind him, Thomas swiftly turned around with a lightning-fast maneuver, and his fists unleashed toward the incoming blows.

Bang! Bang!

Crack! Crack!

The two men's arms were directly shattered by the tremendous impact from Thomas, and they fell to the ground as they lost their ability to fight.

They looked at each other with disbelief in their eyes. Even though they knew Thomas was powerful, they never expected that they would still be no match for him, even with their combined efforts.

Thomas merely glanced at them before he lifted his foot and crushed their legs without any hesitation before he headed into the manor.

He carefully searched the place, making sure there was no one else left inside, before returning and looking down at the two men.

"Tell me, who is your master?"

The two men turned their heads, wearing expressions that showed their determination not to speak. After all, they had some integrity left.

At the sight of this, Thomas had a sinister smile and grabbed their intact hands before he increased his force into his grip.

Crack! Crack!

"Ah!" The two men immediately let out agonizing screams, sounding as if they were slaughtered pigs.

"I'll give you another chance. Are you going to talk or not?" Thomas asked coldly.

He had no sympathy for these men. If it weren't for his own strength, he would probably be the one lying on the ground enduring the torture.

"We won't talk! Just kill us if you dare!"

"Sure." Thomas nodded and snapped the neck of the assassin skilled in single combat.

“Tsk! This is the first time I’ve heard such a request. I’ll fulfill it for you, then!”

Thomas took out a fruit knife from his clothes and said to the last person alive, “It’s fine if you don’t want to talk. You must have heard of death by a thousand cuts, right? It’s when you cut a person’s body

with forty-nine cuts and turn them into a skeleton while they’re still alive. You know what? Just hearing about it is boring, so I’ll let you experience it now!”

As he spoke, he approached the man with the fruit knife in his hand.

“No!” The man’s eyes widened in terror. “I’ll talk! I’ll talk, alright?”

He was scared. He didn’t even know if the person in front of him was human. He is the devil incarnate!

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He didn’t doubt Thomas’ words. After all, Thomas had nearly wiped out everyone in the manor. His viciousness was clearly on another level.

“Our master is... the head of the Hind Family, Jake Hind. He instructed us to kill you,” the man whispered shakily.

Thomas glanced at him disdainfully upon hearing that. Judging by his recent performance, Thomas had actually thought the assassin was a tough guy. However, he could tell that it was all a pretense when he looked at the assassin now.

“Jake Hind!” Thomas roared angrily, his eyes flickering with flames of fury. Jake, you f*cker, I haven’t settled the scores with you for setting me up time after time, but now you’ve stooped so low as to put your hands on the dead. Fine, then. Let’s settle all our scores at once!

Thomas then waved the dagger in his hand and put an end to the assassin’s life.

He had already searched the manor and found no trace of Jake. He must have run away with Chloe’s mother’s ashes with him. I’m not worried, though. You can run, but you can’t hide!

Thomas then walked out of Green Lake Manor and drove straight to the Hind Residence. Today, he would make sure to annihilate the Hind Family! If they

had done anything to Chloe's mother's ashes, Thomas didn't mind letting them taste what it meant to have a death wish.

Meanwhile, Jake and his confidant had already escaped to the Hind Residence. Truth be told, Jake was feeling very uneasy. He was well aware of Thomas' style of doing things. If those two groups of assassins couldn't deal with Thomas, Thomas would surely come for him.

He could only silently pray that the two groups of assassins he had paid a hefty price for could take care of Thomas!

"Whew!" Jake sat on the couch in the living room, panting heavily as his expression constantly changed. At this point, he was as restless as ever.

It was utterly terrifying. The scene that happened at Green Lake Manor today completely shattered Jake's perception of Thomas. The man's astounding marksmanship was chilling, and the fact that Jake was able to escape alive was a miracle.

"Mr. Hind, would you like something to drink?"

Jake's confidant, who was equally shaken by Thomas' presence, handed him a cup of tea.

Jake took the cup and gulped the contents down. Just as he was about to swallow the liquid, the mansion's door swung open.

"Pfft!" Startled, Jake sprayed a mouthful of tea as he looked toward the direction of the door, instinctively thinking that Thomas had come knocking.

He regretted not listening to his brother's advice and knowingly got involved with Thomas. He realized he was the one who went looking for trouble. Why did I provoke that notorious figure for no reason?!

But as he focused his gaze, he realized it wasn't Thomas who entered. Instead, it was his brother, Blake.

"F*ck! That scared me!" Thomas grumbled under his breath as he finally calmed his racing heart. When he glanced at the time, he realized he had been hiding for almost an hour. If Thomas was still not here by now, it was highly likely that the assassin Jake hired had taken care of him.

I don't care as long as he's dead! Hmph! In any way, I've avenged my son without getting implicated myself!

Bleke soon walked over and looked at his brother before asking, "Why aren't you at the company working? Why are you at home?"

Although he was angry with Jeke, they were biologically related, after all. It wasn't like they could sever their ties just because the deed had been done.

"There's nothing important at the company, so I came back to stay here for a while. Don't worry, Bleke."

Jeke had a hint of excitement on his face as he thought to himself, It seems all that money wasn't wasted after all!

Bleke was unaware of what had happened at Green Lake Manor. It had only recently occurred, and even if he was well-informed, there was no way he could have known so soon.

And here he was, wondering why his brother was acting this way today. When Bleke had just entered, Jeke seemed greatly startled, and he even spewed out the tea in his mouth. And yet, the younger man appeared elated now. Is Jeke ill?

"Jeke, is everything alright with you? Why do I feel that something's off with your expression?"

"Bleke, let me tell you some good news. Great news, actually! Thomas Clifford is dead!"

Jeke stood up and excitedly narrated the whole incident from start to finish.

Bleke didn't believe it at first, but seeing the earnest expression on his brother's face, he carefully pondered and surprisingly believed it.

"Good! That's wonderful!" Bleke shed tears of relief. "Drake, do you see this? Your father avenged you!"

For a long time, Drake's death had been a dark cloud hanging over the Hind Family. There was no way Bleke wouldn't be excited now that the vengeance had been exacted.

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"Jake, go and send someone to kill that sworn sister of Thomas'. Also, get rid of Olivia Pearson!" Blake emotionlessly commanded.

Now that Thomas was dead, nothing was restraining Blake. I want everyone related to Thomas to die! They will all accompany Drake in death! Aren't you one fearless and arrogant motherf*cker, Thomas? Look at where you've ended up!

"And bring Thomas' body back to me. I want to consult an expert and make sure he never reincarnates!"

Jake passed a meaningful glance to his trusted subordinate, who immediately turned and left to carry out the orders.

However, as soon as he reached the doorstep of the mansion, the door was kicked open, and he let out a horrific scream the next moment.

"Argh!"

The Hind brothers froze for a moment and quickly turned their gaze toward the entrance.

They saw their trusted subordinate lying motionless on the ground, his head hanging weakly as if his neck had been snapped. Blood continued to flow from the corner of his mouth.

And from the entrance of the villa, a figure slowly walked in. The figure stood tall and upright, as if nothing in the world could crush him.

The two brothers were more familiar with this figure than anyone else. It was none other than Thomas Clifford.

“How... How is this possible?”

“Thomas?”

The Hind brothers were taken aback. Wasn't Thomas killed by the assassins? How can he be here?

“Holy sh*t!” Jake exclaimed as he felt his legs go weak before he slumped to the ground. He had lost all hope; it was over. It seemed he had miscalculated. Those two groups of high-priced assassins not only failed to kill Thomas but also led him to their doorstep. Having witnessed Thomas' terrifying abilities, Jake was certain that he wouldn't escape death today.

Thomas proceeded to reach out a hand. “Give the ashes to me!”

His chilling voice was filled with murderous intent.

The dumbfounded brothers stared at Thomas, neither of them reacting or speaking for a moment. It was as if someone had silenced them.

Blake's chest was now filled with resentment toward his own brother. Is this what you meant when you said Thomas had been killed? Killed my foot! How could he barge into our home like this if he's dead?

Just look at how fierce and imposing he is. Instead of us killing him, it's more like he will kill us!

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As the Hind brothers remained silent, a cold smile appeared on Thomas' face.

Not speaking, huh? Alright! I'll slaughter you one by one and see how long you can stay silent. Everyone from the Hind Family must die today!

With this thought in mind, Thomas took big strides toward Jake. Since the assassin had claimed the latter was the mastermind behind everything, Thomas decided to deal with him first.

“No!”

Seeing Thomas' hand raised, Blake hurriedly rushed over and threw a punch at him. Even though he knew he wasn't a match for Thomas, he couldn't just stand there and watch his younger brother get killed.

“Get out of my way!”

Smack!

Still consumed by rage, Thomas didn't even turn his head as he relied on his instincts and swiftly backhanded Blake across the face.

Blake's fist was still hanging in the air, and he was not even close to touching Thomas when he was slapped to the ground. His vision spun, leaving him feeling dizzy and in excruciating pain. Tremors coursed through his body uncontrollably.

Just as Thomas had sent him flying with a punch back then, now he could knock him down with a slap.

Though Thomas' physical condition wasn't at its peak, no normal person could withstand him exerting all his strength in that one blow.

Dum-dum-dum!

Not daring to hesitate, Jake used the time Blake had bought for him and quickly got up to run.

He would be dead if he didn't run now.

But there was no way Thomas would let him go so easily. With a swift movement, he appeared behind Jake in the blink of an eye, thereafter grabbing him by the collar and slamming him against the wall.

Bang!

“Gah! Ugh!”

The immense impact caused internal injuries, making Jake cough up a mouthful of blood.

“Tell me, where are the ashes?”

Jake felt shivers down his spine at how much Thomas resembled an enraged beast.

He had no strength left to speak. He felt as if his entire back had been shattered by the previous blow, and his internal organs were a mess. All he could focus on now was gasping for air with his mouth wide open.

Fear crept into his heart. It was at this moment that he truly feared the man before him.

“Are you telling me or not?” Thomas’ other fist swung into Jake’s abdomen.

Bam!

Instantly, Jake’s body bent like a boiled lobster, and veins bulged on his forehead as he was covered in a cold sweat.

The pain inflicted by Thomas’ punch was evident.

“Well?” Thomas had numerous ways to torture Jake. If Jake dared to be stubborn, he didn’t mind slowly tormenting him. These past few days, the situation with the ashes had driven Chloe to the brink of madness. Thomas’ anger grew uncontrollable whenever he thought of Chloe’s experience.

Is he threatening someone by targeting the deceased? Is he even human? Is this something a human being could do?

“Go to hell!”

Bleke had crawled up from the ground and silently approached Thomas from behind. Mustering all his strength, he aimed a punch at the back of Thomas’ head.

At that moment, Thomas’ attention was solely focused on Jake in front of him. It was a rare opportunity since no one from the Hind Family could match Thomas in a direct confrontation. The only way to turn the tables and win was by launching a surprise attack.

Jake watched as his brother’s fist drew closer and gradually grew larger. He felt excited as if he could already see the scene of Thomas being struck down by his brother’s punch.

Contrary to his beautiful expectations, the reality was cruel.

Thomas had his attention fixed on Jake, but that didn’t mean he would let his guard down.

Just as Bleke's fist was about to land on Thomas' head, Thomas vanished in an instant.

Boom!

Crack!

Thomas' speed was astonishingly fast, so much so that Bleke couldn't react in time. Instead of hitting Thomas, his punch landed solidly on Jake's face.

Jake would never have expected the person to be killed by Bleke's fist wasn't Thomas but himself.

His entire cheek promptly caved in as blood covered every inch of his cheek. There was no doubt that he was dead.

"Jake!"

Bleke let out a heart-wrenching roar filled with immense pain. He had actually killed his brother with his own hands.

Smack!

Right when Bleke was drowning in his sorrows, Thomas appeared by his side once again. With a clean and swift motion, he raised his hand and slapped Bleke across the face.

The slap sent Bleke flying backward.

Thomas turned his head to glance at the lifeless Jake before slowly approaching Bleke, squatting down, and looking down on him from above.

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“How does it feel to kill your kin with your own hands?”

“Thomas Clifford, you will die a horrible death! You b*stard! You despicable animal!” Blake endured the pain in his body and cursed vehemently at Thomas.

It was all because of Thomas that he ended up killing his brother. If it weren't for Thomas, Blake wouldn't have struck Jake with that punch.

It was all Thomas' fault!

“Me? Despicable? An animal?”

Thomas' expression froze when he heard these words. Standing up, he placed one foot on Jake's chest while his eyes burned with raging fury.

“You think you, of all people, have the right to call someone else a despicable animal? I was the one who ticked you off. If you want revenge, come find me! What does my sister have to do with this? Fine, I can understand even if you laid a hand on Chloe, considering how despicable you all are. But her mother has been dead for so many years, and yet you won't spare her? Don't you understand the respect for the deceased? Who is the animal devoid of morality here? You dare to talk about me, eh? A shameless family like yours doesn't deserve to exist! Today, I will act on behalf of justice and wipe out your entire family!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A crisp sound echoed as Thomas crushed all ten of Blake's fingers with his soles.

He not only intended to kill Blake but also to torture him thoroughly.

Jake had died too easily, but his brother wasn't going to be as lucky!

"Gah!" With his fingers broken, Blake let out a scream resembling that of a slaughtered pig. "Thomas, you heartless b*stard! I won't let you off the hook even if I die!"

Blake could be considered a tough guy as he endured the pain of his broken fingers after just one howl. If it were Jake, he would have been crying for mercy a long time ago.

"Haha!" Thomas snickered. There was no trace of emotion on his face that was filled with boundless murderous intent.

Thomas sent chills down people's spines, looking as if he were the reincarnation of the Grim Reaper.

"I am indeed heartless. What can you do about it? I have repeatedly tolerated you and your family since you laid your hands on Olivia. Since we have the time today, let's settle all the old and new scores!"

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Thomas raised his foot and ruthlessly stomped on Blake's knee.

Crack!

And just like that, Blake's left leg was broken.

"Ah!"

"Your family is the one who forced me into this. You sent people to assassinate me, targeted my sister Chloe, and now you even dare to dig up someone's grave. You've gone way too far for me to take it. Since you pushed me to this point, I will have to annihilate the Hind Family! Tell me, where are the ashes? Speak now, and I'll give you a dignified death. Or else... Haha! I'll show you what true inhumanity is!"

As much as Blake wanted to tell him, he had no idea where the ashes were hidden. This whole event was carried out by Jake. Blake knew nothing!

"I... I don't know!"

Thomas paused for a moment before commenting, "Alright, then. You're one tough guy, aren't you? You can't blame me for what I'm about to do if you're going to stay stubborn."

Thomas wasn't worried at all. He believed that with what he would do, Blake would eventually tell the truth.

Leslie should be suffering quite a bit by now. Thomas didn't mind if Blake ended up like Leslie— helpless to survive, yet unable to die.

Indeed, Thomas was prepared to use the same tactics on Blake as he did with Leslie, except this time, there was no need for a waiting period. He would make the illness flare up directly.

Thomas extended two fingers, aiming at several acupoints on Blake's body as he got ready to strike.

However, an unexpected change occurred.

A streak of light as fast as lightning suddenly appeared before Thomas.

In the blink of an eye, Blake was whisked away, and Thomas' two fingers remained suspended in the air before they could strike Blake's acupoints.

Meanwhile, Blake was somewhat in a daze. Just a second ago, he was lying on the ground, and now, he suddenly appeared on the side. Did I awaken some kind of superpower? Can I teleport?

He slowly turned his head and looked at the person beside him.

"Elder Ignatius?"

Blake was overwhelmed with excitement, and tears streamed down his face. He had thought that he would meet his death today, but just at the critical moment, his elder had arrived!

The person who came was the Hind Family's martial arts expert. But why did Elder Ignatius come here? Shouldn't he be discussing matters at Xalmar Residence at this moment? I even sent him over early in the morning! Or does he know about the major changes that have happened in the family?

Although Blake had been physically tortured to the point he was beyond recognition by Thomas, his mind was still intact. His guess was correct—the

martial arts expert from the Hind Family had indeed received the news and knew what had happened to the Hinds. He was even aware of everything that had happened at Green Lake Manor.

Not only him but the other five families of the Six Greetest Families were also aware of this incident. In fact, it was the people from the Xelmer Family who had informed Ignatius about what had happened in the Hind Family.

He rushed back in a hurry as soon as he learned of the incident. Otherwise, Bleke wouldn't have escaped death even if he had nine lives!

Leslie was already dead. Unable to endure the inhumane torture, he bit his tongue and took his own life. As for the cause of Leslie's sudden illness, the Yem Family was still investigating it on top of being busy with funeral arrangements. If Bleke had suffered the same treatment, he probably wouldn't live much longer!

The relationships among the Six Greetest Families were complex. Each family had informants within the industries of the other five families, all to gather internal information.

The Six Greetest Families had long-standing conflicts, and each family harbored its own thoughts and ambitions. If it weren't for the appearance of a powerful enemy like Thomas, they would never have come together and allied against him.

This had become an unwritten agreement among the Six Greetest Families. No one would touch the informants hidden within their own family's industries, and likewise, no one would touch their own informants sent out by their family. Even if their identities were exposed, they were not to be harmed.

"Elder Ignatius, he is Thomas Clifford. He killed Dreke, and even Jeke died by his hand. I'm begging you to kill him!" Bleke gritted his teeth and growled with intense hatred.

He hated Thomas to the core, so much so that he wanted to drink the man's blood and eat his flesh. Not to mention the excruciating pain he was currently enduring, which was enough for him to hold a grudge against Thomas for a lifetime.

The martial arts expert of the Hind Family, Ignatius Yem, narrowed his eyes and looked at Thomas with a murderous gaze. He had heard about this young

men named Thomas, but he didn't expect him to be even more arrogant than the rumors suggested. How dare he come to the Hind Residence? Does he not know where he is? We can't let him run amok here! But since he is here, I'll make sure he stays here forever!

"Take a rest, Blake. Let me deal with him."

When Blake heard that, he leaned against the wall with a smug smile on his face. "Oh, Thomas, it seems that the heavens have not forsaken me. Now that my elder has arrived, let's see if you live or die!"

Not only him but the other five families of the Six Greatest Families were also aware of this incident. In fact, it was the people from the Xalmar Family who had informed Ignatius about what had happened in the Hind Family.

He rushed back in a hurry as soon as he learned of the incident. Otherwise, Blake wouldn't have escaped death even if he had nine lives!

Leslie was already dead. Unable to endure the inhumane torture, he bit his tongue and took his own life. As for the cause of Leslie's sudden illness, the Yam Family was still investigating it on top of being busy with funeral arrangements. If Blake had suffered the same treatment, he probably wouldn't live much longer!

The relationships among the Six Greatest Families were complex. Each family had informants within the industries of the other five families, all to gather internal information.

The Six Greatest Families had long-standing conflicts, and each family harbored its own thoughts and ambitions. If it weren't for the appearance of a powerful enemy like Thomas, they would never have come together and allied against him.

This had become an unwritten agreement among the Six Greatest Families. No one would touch the informants hidden within their own family's industries, and likewise, no one would touch their own

informants sent out by their family. Even if their identities were exposed, they were not to be harmed.

“Elder Ignatius, h-he is Thomas Clifford. He killed Drake, and even Jake died by his hand. I’m begging you to kill him!” Blake gritted his teeth and growled with intense hatred.

He hated Thomas to the core, so much so that he wanted to drink the man’s blood and eat his flesh. Not to mention the excruciating pain he was currently enduring, which was enough for him to hold a grudge against Thomas for a lifetime.

The martial arts expert of the Hind Family, Ignatius Yam, narrowed his eyes and looked at Thomas with a murderous gaze. He had heard about this young man named Thomas, but he didn’t expect him to be even more arrogant than the rumors suggested. How dare he come to the Hind Residence? Does he not know where he is? We can’t let him run amok here! But since he is here, I’ll make sure he stays here forever!

“Take a rest, Blake. Let me deal with him.”

When Blake heard that, he leaned against the wall with a smug smile on his face. “Oh, Thomas, it seems that the heavens have not forsaken me. Now that my elder has arrived, let’s see if you live or die!”

The Hind Family’s martial arts expert coldly said to Thomas, “Kid, how dare you trespass on the Hind Residence? Do you think no one in our family can handle you?”

Thomas had been acting as though nothing could hold him down. He had yet to face the consequences of killing Drake. Instead of hiding, he voluntarily showed up at their doorstep.

Thomas only sneered. “I’m sure there’s someone in the Hind Family who can take me down, but they are all people who deserve to die. I’m here today to make sure that all of you meet your end.”

Even though Ignatius was a martial arts expert, Thomas was not afraid of him. Thomas didn’t mind killing another elderly man since he had personally gotten rid of the martial arts expert from the Pearson Family before.

If he couldn’t get his hands on the ashes today, he would wipe out all the core members of the Hind Family and the executives of the Hind Group. After all, he did say he was going to annihilate the Hinds. As such, he would do as he said.

“Ha! You think too highly of yourself, boy. Where in the world did you get this audacity from? I will show you today that there will always be someone better than you!”

Although the martial arts expert of the Hind Family kept threatening Thomas, his sharp eyes kept peering at the young man. After all, Ignatius was no fool. He knew that a person who could single-handedly turn the Six Greatest Families of Irieson upside down was not someone to be trifled with.

So what if he stands out? Judging by his age, he can't be stronger than the Genius of Capitalis. Otherwise, he would have become a genius too. But it's not easy to be a genius. Instead of a genius, he's more of a fool. A fool who came knocking on death's door!

Thomas then unbuttoned his coat and swooped his fingers at Ignatius. “Come, you old fart. I'll send you off on your last journey.”

“Tsk! You're deluding yourself, you punk! Your nose is so high in the air I doubt gravity can do anything to hold you back.”

But before either one of them could make a move, a teasing voice rang out.

A few people proceeded to swarm into the building then.

They were Quentin Yam from the Yam Family, Kirk Xalmar, the head of the household from the Xalmar Family, and two white-haired old men of similar age with the martial arts expert from the Hind Family. There was also an elderly man about the same age as Quentin—it was Kirk's father, Logan Xalmar.

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Thomas gazed at those before him in bewilderment, not recognizing any of them.

Then again, he couldn't be blamed, for those he recognized couldn't show up anymore—the patriarch of the Yam Family, Harley, for instance. The man's lumbar vertebrae were broken, and he was still lying at home. Come to think of it, it was rather troublesome.

It was Thomas' first time meeting Kirk too. Though he killed Harvey out of anger, Kirk had been retaliating in the shadows all this while. This was their first official meeting.

"You've got the nerve, kid!" Quentin was suddenly impressed with Thomas when he looked at the two dead bodies and Blake trembling in pain in the corner. If it were someone else, they'd have long disappeared after upsetting the Six Greatest Families of Irieson. On the contrary, Thomas deepened his conflict with the Six Greatest Families. In fact, he had even barged through the Hind Family's main entrance, disregarding the Six Greatest Families entirely. Who else in this world had courage like Thomas?!

The two eldest men were the Yam and Xalmar Families' martial arts experts, who came together to end Thomas after learning that the young man had come right to the Hind Family's doorsteps.

"It's not just that. He's practically audacious!" Logan's eyes burned ablaze with anger while he glared at Thomas. He had been out of town for business all this while, and it was immediately after returning to Irieson that he heard about Thomas' actions. What infuriated him more was the fact that the young man had also killed Harvey. This grudge had to be avenged.

"You don't know us, do you, Thomas Clifford?" Quentin sneered, having seemingly read Thomas' mind. "No matter, you will die today. I shall let you die with peace of mind. This is the martial arts expert of the Yam Family, and the man next to him is the Xalmar Family's martial arts expert. I, on the other hand, am Leslie's grandfather and Harley's father! This is Harvey's father, Kirk, and this is his grandfather, Logan Xalmar!"

Thomas, oh, Thomas, you should be content with what you have. You're the first person ever in history to gather three of the Six Greatest Families to kill you. Even if you die, it will be a glorious death, and you will be remembered by future generations.

"You're quite skilled for someone your age, kid. Blake was once known as the Best Fighter in Irieson, yet you managed to injure him. You're a rare talent, I must say!" said the Yam Family's martial arts expert carefreely.

In his eyes, no matter how skilled Thomas was, he and his allies could kill the young man without even breaking a sweat. After all, their powers were all a level above Blake's, whose title of the Best Fighter in Irieson never included the martial arts experts from each great family. As powerful as Thomas could

be, he was certainly below them. After all, he was still young, and there was no way he could be even stronger than the Genius of Capitalis.

“That’s right. If it weren’t for such deep-seated hatred, I would really consider recruiting this kid. Who knows, if he had worked hard, he could’ve become our successor. Unfortunately, he revealed his sharpness and provoked the wrong people. He deserves to die!” The martial arts expert of the Xalmar Family also spoke up, his words carrying some sincerity. He was someone who valued talent.

“Elder Bartholomew, it was him who killed Harvey. You have to avenge Harvey!” Kirk pleaded to his elder, dying to see Thomas die a tragic death. He never let go of the deeply-rooted hatred for his son’s murder, and he could no longer contain the aversion upon seeing Thomas.

“Kirk! Be patient!” Logan spoke up. Thomas’ death was inevitable now that the elders had stepped forward. There was no need to rush them.

“Haha! Will it be you or us who’ll make the move, Cornelius?” Bartholomew guffawed. “I’ll say this upfront; I’m taking his body with me to pay homage to Harvey.”

“Don’t even think about it!” Cornelius Hind barked. “It’s true that he killed Harvey, but he also killed Drake and Jake! Do you think I’ll let you take his body away as you please? I will kill him and have a master see that he will never enter rebirth!”

Bartholomew sneered in response. “There’s nothing more to be said, then. Whoever kills him gets to take his body away!”

If it wasn’t for Thomas causing public outrage and the fact that we’ve arrived at the ritual juncture, who’d care what you Hinds think?! Instead, your entire family should be obliterated! Do you really think we’ve come to help you?!

Cornelius, on the other hand, said nothing and attacked Thomas.

Bartholomew didn’t hold back either, quickly charging toward the young man.

Neither held back, aiming all their attacks at Thomas’ vital points.

Meanwhile, the Yam Family’s martial arts expert stood quietly aside, watching the three fight. Unlike the other two families, the Yams’ grudge against

Thomas was merely about injuring Harley and Leslie. Of course, that was on the basis that the Yams were oblivious to the fact that Leslie's strange disorder was Thomas' doing, or the Yam Family's martial arts expert would have definitely joined the fight as well.

It became a massive fortune for Thomas, for he had faith in defeating two martial arts experts.

Like a spirit, Thomas evaded the two martial arts experts' fierce attacks easily, shocking the two. What kind of footwork is Thomas using? How is it so impressive?! Upon closer inspection, they realized that Thomas' footwork didn't follow any particular pattern, not fitting into the category of ancient martial arts.

Little did they know it was something Thomas developed through waltzing with Death. It might not be as graceful as ancient martial arts footwork, but it excelled in practicality.

Thomas suddenly leaned back, narrowly avoiding the lethal punches from the two martial arts experts.

Boom! Boom!

"That..." The martial arts expert of the Yam Family exclaimed in surprise, never expecting such rapid progress in strength by the two old men. The two sounds of breaking air were produced by the internal force released from their punches. The reason why these people became stronger as they grew older was because they cultivated internal force!

Looks like these two old geezers haven't been idle all these years!

"Elder Ignatius, their progress in terms of strength is astonishing!" Quentin murmured.

"Yes," Ignatius Yam, the Yam Family's martial arts expert, answered grimly. The Saunders and the Zanes of the Six Greatest Families separated themselves from this. As such, those two aside, the family with the strongest martial arts expert among the other four families would be the Pearson Family followed by him, Ignatius. However, it seemed that Cornelius and Bartholomew were on par with him now. It might not be easy for him to suppress them anymore in the future.

As Thomas dodged their attacks, he observed the patterns of Cornelius and Bartholomew's attacks. Although their strikes seemed random, they were filled with deadly intent. They appeared to fight individually, but in reality, their coordination was seamless. For a moment, Thomas could only focus on evading without fighting back. Of course, it was a delusion for the two elders to think they could harm him.