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### I'm Someone Else Chapter 281

Thomas moved and shifted around, trying to evade Cornelius and Bartholomew's attacks, and he eventually found himself backed into a corner.

This is it! Cornelius and Bartholomew exclaimed excitedly in response, their eyes lighting up.

Huff! Huff!

Each of them threw a fierce punch at Thomas' face.

You think you can dodge, huh? Try and dodge this, you rascal! Die!

The two elders had already made up their minds about Thomas in advance. They acknowledged that his footwork was a bit elusive and his evasion was quick, but there was nothing to fear. They didn't consider him a real threat.

Cornered, Thomas raised his hands and caught the elders' fists.

Bam! Bam!

Cornelius and Bartholomew were astonished, their eyes widening with incredulity.

Is this kid even human?! Not only is he fast, but he's also incredibly powerful! They had given their all in that combined attack, yet Thomas still managed to catch them. What sort of monstrosity is this? How is this possible?!

To make matters worse, they felt as if their fists were being held by a pair of pliers, shackled firmly in Thomas' grasp. Both men were unable to withdraw their hands.

It was evident that Thomas' strength was not inferior to theirs!

It was a terrifying notion. Cornelius and Bartholomew had dedicated their lives to studying martial arts, and though they were getting older, they had cultivated powerful internal energy. In terms of strength, they were far beyond ordinary people.

As experienced veterans of real combat, the two elders quickly came around after their momentary stupefaction. Almost simultaneously, they lifted their legs and kicked Thomas.

“Die!”

Cornelius and Bartholomew could almost envision Thomas dying instantly after being booted down. After all, he had their fists under control. If he dared to let go, their relentless onslaught would resume. Of course, they didn’t think Thomas would be foolish enough to release his grip. With his limited movements, he wouldn’t be able to dodge their kicks.

Thomas would die in their hands this day!

Bam!

Whoosh!

However, to their astonishment, Thomas had seemingly anticipated their movements and leaped into the air, blocking their legs with his own.

Then, the young man soared high into the air, reaching an unbelievable height. He was like a martial arts master in the movies, capable of flying and scaling the walls. He also resembled a soaring eagle with an exceptionally graceful posture.

With a clean and swift somersault, Thomas appeared behind the two elders.

Thomas executed the series of actions seamlessly and at breakneck speed. If one did not look closely, they would think Thomas could teleport, shifting positions in the blink of an eye.

“This is...”

“He’s yielding and redirecting their attacks!”

Everyone, including Ignatius, was stunned by Thomas’ remarkable technique.

The reason Thomas moved so quickly that not even Cornelius and Bartholomew could react in time was that he yielded and redirected their attacks.

It might sound simple, but it required extremely precise control over the user's strength. One slight mistake could lead to self-injury instead of utilizing the opponent's force. Therefore, those who mastered this skill were exceedingly rare in reality. Not even Bartholomew, Cornelius, and Ignatius achieved such a level of control over their strength.

"Elder Ignatius, you said something about Clifford yielding and redirecting their attack just now. What's that?" Quentin asked, perplexed. The elders all share the same look of surprise. Could it be a powerful technique? It seems quite ordinary, though. No one perceived anything extraordinary about that move either.

"What he's doing is using his enemy's force for himself. If executed properly, not only will the enemy's attacks fail to harm him in the slightest, but they will also enhance his strength. Such an extraordinary skill only ever appeared in legends and has long been lost. To think Clifford has learned it!" Ignatius suppressed his astonishment and explained it to Quentin.

Gasp!

Ignatius didn't hold back his voice. Hence, everyone in the room heard him.

Quentin, Kirk, Logan, and Blake, who was leaning against the wall in a corner, all took in a sharp breath. According to Ignatius, not only would the enemy's attacks fail to harm Thomas in the slightest,

but they would also be used to his advantage! Won't that mean Thomas is invincible?!

"Elder Ignatius, if what you're saying is true, does that mean no one can do anything to Thomas?" Quentin asked grimly. Initially, he didn't think much of Thomas. But now, he thought the young man was possibly the embodiment of the devil. Just where did this demon come from?! The young prodigies of Capitalis are probably no match for him either!

Ignatius shook his head without a word.

There was only one way to counter Thomas' move—it was to overpower him with absolute strength, using a force that he couldn't borrow to shatter his skill. However, judging by the strength Thomas had just displayed, Cornelius and Bartholomew could not do that! For them to vow to kill Thomas... Fat chance!

Cornelius and Bartholomew were now stuck in a tight spot. Thomas, who had previously only defended without fighting back, now assaulted them like he had gone mad. With every punch he threw, a sonic boom erupted, just like the previous ones they had created!

“What the f\*ck?!” Ignatius, Cornelius, and Bartholomew cursed simultaneously. They had trained their whole lives to develop formidable internal energy, earning them the qualifications to produce the sound of breaking the air with their punches. Yet, someone as young as Thomas was already able to channel his internal energy! He hadn’t successfully cultivated internal energy, had he? Otherwise, how could he create the sound of breaking the air?!

Little did they know that Thomas didn’t possess any internal energy at all. The reason he was able to do so was solely due to the sheer strength of his physical body! He had already pushed the limits of his muscular strength to the extreme!

The tables turned entirely. Thomas now shifted from a passive stance to an aggressive one, each move more ferocious than the last, completely overpowering Cornelius and Bartholomew, who had no

means of fighting back.

If news of this spread, nobody would believe it! Each martial arts expert from the six major families was practically invincible on their own. Thomas, on the other hand, was just a greenhorn. How could a mere kid single-handedly suppress two martial arts experts who had joined forces without showing any sign of resistance?!

That was the unshakable truth, though!

Thomas had previously evaded their attacks to understand their patterns. Now that he had a good grasp of them, he naturally wouldn’t hold back and aimed every move at ending their lives.

Cornelius and Bartholomew didn’t possess the elusive footwork Thomas had. Unable to dodge in time, they could only raise their hands to defend themselves.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

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The sound of fists colliding resounded continuously, with each impact seemingly hitting Ignatius' soul.

To possess such skill at such a young age was truly horrifying.

Cornelius and Bartholomew were overwhelmed at this point. Now, they no longer saw Thomas as a man but a monster. It became apparent to them Thomas' fighting spirit surged, and his strength became increasingly formidable.

Bam! Bam!

They couldn't withstand Thomas' power any longer and were sent a few steps backward by a single punch from him.

Still, the young man continued to pursue them mercilessly, his fists fierce and aggressive, almost bordering on madness, attacking the two elders.

No way would they dare directly confront Thomas again when their arms were still numb from receiving his punch. All they could do now was dodge desperately.

It was also at this moment that a sense of regret overcame them. If they had known it would come to this, they wouldn't have wanted to cause Thomas trouble. It was evident that, even after joining forces, they were still no match for this monster.

The situation on the field was clear. Quentin panicked and turned to his family's martial arts expert, "Elder Ignatius, what should we do now?"

His implication was whether Ignatius should step in. However, the elder shook his head, saying, "Don't panic. Let's observe a little longer."

Ignatius was hesitant himself, unsure if he should step in and fight Thomas, for the young man had already demonstrated enough strength. And judging from the current situation, it was only a matter of time before Thomas killed Cornelius and Bartholomew.

What if he remained still and took this chance to win over Thomas?! After all, being on the good side of such a gifted individual would only bring him benefits and no drawbacks.

Just as Ignatius hesitated, the situation on the field experienced a sudden change.

Crack!

Bartholomew, unable to dodge in time, had no choice but to raise his fist and block Thomas' punch. However, his arm instantly broke with a crack under Thomas' overwhelming strength.

The elder fell back instantly, leaving the battle. His limp arm hung down, his face extremely pale, and even his lips trembled slightly from intense pain. It had been ages since he last suffered a substantial injury. Never had he thought he would be so humiliated, being injured by the very young man he looked down upon.

Meanwhile, Logan and Kirk quickly supported their family's martial arts expert, anxiously inquiring Bartholomew about his injuries.

Their gazes at Thomas had changed at this point, laced with a stronger sense of animosity and a few more traces of fear.

Even Elder Bartholomew is injured by Clifford. Do even the heavens not want them to avenge Harvey? Is Harvey to die in vain?!

Meanwhile, Cornelius was completely thrown into disarray. After all, how could he defeat Thomas alone when he couldn't even do it with Bartholomew by his side earlier?!

Maybe I should just run. There's no need to fight him stubbornly. What's more, I will definitely die here if I keep fighting him! And who's to say fate won't be even more tragic than Bart's?! No, wait, I can't run! What can my family do if I chicken out?! Jake's already dead! Blake won't be able to escape if even I run away. The Hind Family will be doomed for good if the brothers die!

Unable to run away yet unwilling to die, Cornelius' only option left was to seek help.

“What are you doing, standing there, Ignatius?! Come and help me!” the elder yelled.

Ignatius was the strongest among the three of them. With his help, they might actually win.

The Yams were now in a dilemma. Their grudge against Thomas wasn't deep, for the latter merely gave their descendants a piece of his mind. It wasn't a blood feud. They were present to spectate, not intending to engage in combat, especially after witnessing Thomas' impressive abilities.

So be it if they successfully killed Thomas at this moment, but what if they couldn't? Wouldn't they just incur Thomas' enmity?! The young man would most certainly annihilate them in the future!

Not only Ignatius but even Quentin had come to realize that point.

“Have you forgotten where we're at now, Ignatius?! The ceremony is about to begin. If you stand by and do nothing, the Hind Family will be obliterated. Will you be able to bear the responsibility if the elders reproach us?! How can you do nothing when you and I are allies?!” Desperate, Cornelius could only use the higher-ups to pressure the Yams.

If the Yams knew Thomas was behind Leslie's strange disorder, Ignatius would've long joined the fight. But the key was that they were oblivious to it. Until now, they continued to assume Leslie had ended his life because he couldn't bear the pain of suffering from some strange disorder.

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Taylor really gave Quincy a good one. Not only did he tell the doctor how Thomas left Green Lake Manor in a bloodbath and that he also battered the Hinds, but he even mentioned what the Hinds did to the ashes of Chloe's mother.

Quincy hit the roof after receiving the news and immediately gathered the three families and rushed to Hind Residence, providing Thomas additional support.

So be it that the three families wanted to bully Thomas, but who the heck are they to lay their hands on the deceased?! Do none of them know to respect the dead?! Just how f\*cking more shameless could they get?!

Thomas was the one who screwed with you guys, but you went to seek revenge against his foster sister when you dared not go after him. Then, when you realize you can't harm the young woman the slightest, you decide to desecrate her mother's ashes?! I swear the Hinds are the epitome of shamelessness!

Ignatius greeted the crowd and said, "Mr. Morton, Mr. Peralta, Mr. Elliott, Dr. Hofstead, what brings all of you here?"

"Elder Ignatius." Quincy went up to the martial arts expert after taking a gander at him. "Is it necessary to fake it when it has already come to this? Do you really not know what brought us here? You intend to use numbers to bully the few, don't you? Very well, since you're in such a mood, I shall fight you!"

With that, the doctor rolled up his sleeves and beckoned to Ignatius. He had already made up his mind long before showing up at the mansion. It was time for him to express his stance and side. It didn't matter to him even if he had to make public enemies of the Yam, Hind, and Xalmar Families for Thomas. Since they had no shame, there was no need for him to show them mercy either. At worst, it'd turn into a death match!

Um... Ignatius was rendered at a loss for words. He could step aside for good now that Quincy had put it that way, lest he wanted to offend Quincy, a revered figure, for good.

Of course, Quincy's martial arts accomplishments were far inferior to Ignatius'. Still, he'd be crazy to fight the doctor, whose name alone was enough to crush Ignatius.

Moreover, the Mortons, Peralta Family, and Elliotts were present, and these families weren't to be messed with.

"Dr. Hofstead is right. We, the Mortons, don't mind fighting you either."

"We, the Peralta Family, too!"

"And us, the Elliotts!"

John, Samuel, and Raymond all stepped forward and stood beside Quincy, boring icily into Ignatius. Their demeanor illustrated their determination to fight to the death!



Ignatius unconsciously took two steps back in response. Originally, he thought that Thomas was, at best, a nobody, but little did he think so many people would stand by him. What kind of freak is this kid?! Not only is he incredibly powerful, but his network is also terrifyingly wide!

Even the Xalmars were flushed bright red. Sh\*t! It's over! We can't do anything to Thomas anymore now! they mused.

The four families joining forces were enough to annihilate them and the Yams, not to mention when there was also the monstrosity named Thomas Clifford! It was now a one-sided victory. They stood no chance against him!

"Don't waste your time yapping with them, Grandpa. Just fight them! How dare you f\*cking bully Thomas?! Do you really think we're pushovers?! You \*ssholes, what did Chloe's mother ever do to you

that you can't even let her die in peace?! Are you people even human?! I swear I will fight you b\*stards if you don't hand over the ashes!" Sean roared, infuriated after learning about the matter. Six Greatest Families? Six Greatest Families, my \*ss! More like Six Monstrous Families!

He had made up his mind. He would never let this matter go, not even if his grandfather wanted to resolve it peacefully. He would pursue the Hinds to the end. If necessary, he would hire assassins himself.

"That's right! Damn you, Hinds, how dare you bully Thomas?! I will f\*cking kill you! You want to fight in numbers, eh? Come on, let's see who's outnumbered now!" William belabored, pointing at Cornelius and Blake.

In comparison, Rose was the calmest. She blinked her eyes as if they could speak, checking out the inside of the mansion the whole time as a tremendous storm brewed within her.

The situation couldn't be clearer. Thomas had killed Jake, and he had also certainly injured Blake as well. Bartholomew was also looking wan. Clearly, he had suffered substantial injuries, no doubt also Thomas' handiwork.

Good heavens, is Thomas even human?! He's practically a monster! Not only did he single-handedly confront three of the Six Greatest Families, but he could even bring them substantial damage! This is crazy! No wonder Grandpa told me not to ask Thomas for money, giving him all those precious medicinal

herbs for nothing! He must've known all along that Thomas was no ordinary man!

"You hear that?!" Quincy said to Ignatius. "Do you think anyone decent would do what the Hinds did?! They brought all this upon themselves. If you, Yam Family, dare to aid the Hinds, well, let's turn this into an open brawl. Others may fear you, but I, Quincy Hofstead, don't!"

If it weren't for those ancient b\*stards behind the Six Greatest Families, he'd have long taken action and instead rambled with the bunch of old codgers in front of him!

"Dr. Hofstead's right," Samuel echoed. "Today's matter is between Thomas and the Hinds. If you Yams or Xalmars dare to interfere, you will have to go through us Peralta Family before you get to Thomas!"

The prestigious Yams, Xalmars, and Hinds would undoubtedly become a subject of ridicule if they were to be known for joining forces against Thomas.

"Count me in! You'll have to go through the Elliott Family, too, if you want to get to Thomas!"

John was the most domineering. He pointed at Ignatius and Bartholomew and said, "You two prunes are nothing but martial arts experts! Don't go around thinking you're something special! In this day and age, every family has martial arts experts!"

The Hinds, Yams, and Xalmars were stunned, especially Cornelius. He was certain the Yams and Xalmars wouldn't help him since Quincy and the other three families had taken such a firm stance. What was he to do now?! Wait for his demise? He was no match for Thomas at all!

Sure enough, the Yams and Xalmars decisively withdrew, not daring to even make a peep, and slinked away with their tails between their legs.

Thomas looked at the two departing families. Initially, he had wanted to keep them here as well, but from what Cornelius had just said, it seemed that there were some higher-ups behind the Six Greatest Families. It might be better to let these two families struggle for a while longer. He would figure out the truth when he had a better grasp of the situation.

“Return the ashes to me now,” he said to Cornelius,” and I might consider sparing your lives.”

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Presently, Thomas was most concerned about the cremains. If something happened to the cremains, he had no idea how he would face Chloe and his deceased best friend, Zachary.

Upon hearing Thomas' request, Cornelius was elated. Initially, he thought that they were doomed. After all, the Xalmars and the Yams were gone, and he was no match for Thomas. As such, death seemed to be their only eventuality.

However, he was surprised that Thomas was more interested in the cremains. As long as he and Blake were still alive, there was hope for the Hind Family. He certainly understood that if they could survive, they would stand a chance to retaliate against Thomas in the future.

“Didn't you hear him, Blake? Tell him where the cremains are right now!” Cornelius bellowed. It was no longer just about the cremains. The matter would determine the Hind Family's chances of survival.

A helpless Blake replied, “Elder Cornelius, I-I don't know where the cremains are. Jake has been doing everything by himself, and I know nothing about it.”

Naturally, he wanted to survive as well, but he had no idea where the cremains were. Otherwise, he would've revealed everything before Cornelius' arrival instead of enduring Thomas' torture.

Upon hearing that, Sean was anxious. “Do you think we're fools, old geezer? Everyone knows that you're the one in charge of the Hind Family, and Jake had to get your permission before he did anything. Do you think you'll be fine by pushing all the responsibilities to your dead brother?”

Besides Sean, even Cornelius didn't believe it. “Stop lying, Blake. Tell them where the cremains are!” He could see that Quincy and the others appeared displeased. What's Blake doing? He's usually reliable, but why is he so stupid now?! Why is he keeping the cremains? He should just return it to them. What's more important than saving his life?

Blake was on the brink of tears. “I’m not lying, Elder Cornelius. I really have no idea. Jake didn’t tell me anything when he did such a thing. I was informed of the matter when my subordinate found out about it. When I came across Jake earlier, he told me Thomas was killed, so I didn’t ask him about the cremains. Then, Thomas barged into my house.”

“Are you serious?” Cornelius was flustered. Blake doesn’t seem to be lying. What should we do? Thomas is formidable. If we don’t give him the cremains, all of the Hinds will be destroyed!

“It’s true, Elder Cornelius. I’d never dare lie to you!”

Hearing that, Thomas gasped as his heart sank into an abyss. It seemed that something must have happened to the cremains. However, that shouldn’t have happened. He had only put off the matter for one night, so it was unlikely that Jake would feel threatened and do such a thing. Even though Jake had fled when Thomas was destroying Green Lake Manor, he would supposedly take the urn with him instead of destroying it.

Cornelius could only pin his hopes on Quincy as he started begging him. “Dr. Hofstead, as you can see, we don’t know where the cremains are. Can you put in a good word for us?”

A good word? Quincy sneered. “How do you have the nerve to say that? Are you in your right mind? The Hinds have done such a thing, and you’re telling me you have no idea where the cremains are. Do you think I’m a fool?”

“Dang it! How do you have the gall to ask Dr. Hofstead to put in a good word for you? I’m telling you—if you don’t give us the cremains, you won’t live to see the next sunrise.”

John and the others appeared threatening. After this incident, they had more or less fallen out with the three Greatest Families. As such, it would be fine even if they were merciless.

“Blake, try to recall where the cremains are!” Cornelius’ eyes were bloodshot. Their enemies had made it clear that if they returned the cremains, their lives would be spared. However, if they didn’t, they would lose their lives. This is the only chance for us to survive. You have to seize it, Blake!

Blake said through choked sobs, "It's no use forcing me, Elder Cornelius. Thomas arrived not long after Jake returned. I didn't even have time to ask him where the cremains were!"

"Wait a minute!" Sean and William exchanged glances, realizing that something was off. "Grandpa, Thomas, we'll take a look at Jake's car."

Upon finishing their words, they dashed out of the place.

Their speculation was right. Jake had taken the urn with him when he fled from Green Lake Manor. However, he was horrified at that time, so he didn't hide the urn. Instead, he had placed it in the car trunk.

"Thomas, we've found the urn!" Sean entered the villa while carrying the urn.

Thomas took the urn from him and examined it. Fortunately, there were no signs of any damage. He let out a breath, feeling glad that the cremains were safe. Otherwise, Chloe would go mad, and he would never forgive himself.

Cornelius mustered his courage and asked, "Well... since you guys have found the cremains, does it mean you'll let us go?"

Apart from Thomas, the other people present at the scene were famous figures in Irieson. Therefore, Cornelius believed they wouldn't go back on their word.

Quincy and the others looked away and ignored him. Upon seeing that, Cornelius was elated instead of frustrated. That was because it showed that these people probably wouldn't kill him.

Quincy approached Thomas and asked caringly, "How is it? Are you injured?"

Thomas shook his head with a smile. "Don't worry. I'm fine."

John walked up to him as well and passed him a silk handkerchief. "Use this to wipe the sweat off your forehead."

"Thanks." Thomas passed the urn to Quincy and took the handkerchief before disappearing from the spot with a whoosh the next moment.

Following that, a bang was heard as the walls inside the villa trembled. Thomas was seen clenching Cornelius' neck and pressing him against the

wall. Quincy and the others were startled, not expecting Thomas to make a move without warning.

“Y-You said you’d let us off!” Cornelius plunged into a despairing state. He wanted to resist, but Thomas had made a move out of the blue. When he came to his senses, Thomas had already clenched his neck, making it impossible for him to counterattack. He could only glare at the younger man.

“I think you’re mistaken. I only remember saying I’d consider letting you off.”

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Thomas’ lips curved into an eerie smile as he announced, “After giving it some thought, I’ve decided not to let you off!”

“Y-You’re such a liar!” Cornelius cursed as his eyes turned bloodshot.

“A liar? Hahahaha!” Thomas guffawed. “What do you think I’d do? Keeping my word for a group of b\*stards like all of you? Shameless people like you all have no right to demand that I honor my word. I’ll only be trustworthy to my friends, not people like you! Everyone has people they want to protect, and to me, those people are my friends and family members. I don’t care who you are or what kind of powerful background you have. If you dare to harm them, I’ll destroy you!” The smile on Thomas’ face disappeared, and it was replaced with murderous intent.

Crack! He exerted more force on his hand and broke Cornelius’ neck. Then, he retracted his hand, letting the man collapse to the ground before he shuffled toward Blake.

As Thomas approached him, Blake couldn’t help but tremble, thinking that the man was like a demon who had just crawled out from hell. He seemed to catch a whiff of death, and as Thomas was getting closer, the smell thickened.

He tried to get to his feet, but one of his legs was fractured, so how was he supposed to do that? Apart from waiting for his eventual demise, there was nothing else he could do.

Bang! Thomas lifted his leg and forcefully extended it toward Blake’s head, directly ending his life.

For a very long time, Thomas had been giving in to the Hinds, but he didn't get the peace he wanted. Instead, the Hinds had pushed him over the edge. Left with no choice, Thomas could only destroy them. Other than Blake and Jake, he also had to kill the core members of the Hind Family and the managers of the Hind Group. He had to destroy all of them. Otherwise, they might prove to be a threat to him in the future.

"A man who achieves great things doesn't sweat the small stuff. You've done a wonderful job." This time, Quincy didn't stop Thomas. Instead, he complimented his actions.

What allowed a person to achieve greater heights wasn't their strength or aptitude. Since time immemorial, there had been countless geniuses who were touted to be the Best Fighters. However, only a small number of them could reach the top of the pyramid.

That was because most of them were inflexible and soft-hearted, which served as the obstacles to their road to success. On the other hand, shamelessness was what made a handful of people successful.

Quincy and the others wouldn't despise Thomas just because he went back on his word. Instead, they felt that someone like him could potentially reach a greater height in the future.

A person should only be trustworthy to his friends, not his foes. Thomas had all the qualities that would make him successful, so his future was bright.

After bidding them farewell, Thomas took the urn with him and left the place in his car. As for the Hind brothers, Cornelius, and the Hind Residence, they turned into ashes following a fire.

Quincy said to the others with a smile, "Thomas has saved the police a lot of trouble. Taylor told me that the police have been keeping an eye on the Hinds because of the matter regarding Minacia Oito Irieson, but they don't have any concrete evidence yet. Since Thomas has destroyed the Hinds, the police will be at ease for a while."

John and the others exchanged glances. The Hinds, the Xalmars, and the Yams were the financial backers behind Minacia Oito Irieson. Since the police had targeted the Hinds, the Xalmars and the Yams would be doomed as well.

“Cornelius, Blake, and Jake are dead, so no one else can take charge of the Hind Family. Why don’t the three of you seize the chance and gobble up the Hinds’ businesses? Certainly, you have to

eliminate the core members of the Hind Family and the loyal managers of the Hind Group as well. Thomas’ intention is to destroy all of them,” Quincy continued.

Despite his gentle voice, he was drenched in bloodlust, directly announcing the death sentence for all of the Hinds. Faced with the threats from the Mortons, the Peralta Family, and the Elliots, how were the Hinds supposed to counterattack when they had no leader? One of the Six Greatest Families of Irieson, the Hind Family, was bound to disappear from this world.

Before Thomas left, he had talked about this matter with Quincy. He had wanted to destroy the remaining Hinds himself, but Quincy stopped him from doing that. It was because it wasn’t necessary for Thomas to carry out such a trivial task personally. The three Greatest Families were going to devour the Hinds’ businesses anyway, so they could do it for Thomas.

John and the others nodded. Certainly, they wouldn’t refuse such a good chance. Moreover, they would take action as soon as they could. If they didn’t do it immediately, the Yams and the Xalmars would make a move. As such, they couldn’t let the two families snatch the chance away from them.

After bidding each other farewell, they left the Hind Residence.

On his way to the hospital, Quincy received a call. He answered it and placed it beside his ear before listening to his subordinate’s report. “We’ve dealt with everything at Green Lake Manor, Dr. Hofstead. All the surveillance footage is destroyed, and no traces are left behind.”

Quincy put on a smile, feeling at ease. Thomas’ job was to destroy the enemies while his task was to erase the traces Thomas had left behind, making sure they wouldn’t get into trouble in the future.

“Examine everything again to make sure all the traces have indeed been wiped out. Then, burn down Green Lake Manor to destroy everything,” Quincy ordered and hung up.

Meanwhile, Thomas was heading toward the rented house to send the urn back to Chloe and her father. When he passed by a convenience store, he



pulled up his car and bought some tissues and mineral water to cleanse the bloodstains on his figure.

The blood stains belonged to the enemies, not him. Anyway, he had to clean up before he met Chloe. Otherwise, she would be worried. When he was done with that, he leaned against the seat, feeling lethargic. He turned to look at the urn in the passenger's seat as tears slid down his face.

"I'm sorry for dragging you into this, Mrs. Hahn. It's my fault that you couldn't even rest in peace."

Thomas was full of self-blame and guilt, knowing that he owed it to the Hahns forever. He didn't think he could ever repay them in his lifetime.

Following that, he stepped on the gas pedal and drove his Maserati away.

As he controlled the steering wheel, he recalled the things he owed to the Hahns. The more he thought about it, the more frustrated he felt. He subconsciously extended his hand into his pocket to get a cigarette and ease his sorrow, but to his chagrin, he realized there was no cigarette left.

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Thomas let out a sigh. He decided that he wouldn't place the cremains of Chloe's mother back in the cemetery. Instead, he would find a nicer place and bury the urn.

Soon, he arrived at the apartment and entered the rented house with the urn.

As soon as he stepped inside, Adam approached him with agitation. He extended his wrinkled hands and touched the urn, tears already sliding down his face. "You're finally back, my wife."

Although his hands were coarse, he was gentle. It was as if he was touching the skin of the woman he loved instead of a cold, hard urn.

Two minutes later, he finally calmed down. He wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "Show it to Chloe. She is still confining herself to her room."

Thomas nodded and walked toward Chloe's room.

The door opened with a creak, and all he could see was darkness. The curtains were drawn, and the lights were off. As such, he couldn't see anything in the room.

With the help of the light coming from the living room, he walked toward the windows and opened the curtains.

In an instant, the room was filled with dazzling sunlight. It was as if the light dawned on this place after a storm.

Chloe subconsciously covered her eyes, for she wasn't used to the sunlight.

Without a word, Thomas stood there with the urn in his hands, waiting for the woman to get used to the sunlight.

A minute later, Chloe lowered her hands after adapting to the sunlight. She couldn't remember how many days she had been living in the darkness.

When she caught sight of the urn in Thomas' hands, she agitatedly leaped out of the bed and dashed toward the man before she took the urn and bawled her eyes out.

With the urn in her hands, she fell to her bottom and cried out at the top of her lungs, "Mom!"

Thomas couldn't help but tremble, for he knew this moment was important to Chloe. She could finally put down the burden that had been pressuring her for days. All her feelings were conveyed through her cries.

Following a sigh, Thomas turned around and left the room. He wasn't a good talker in the first place, so he didn't know how to placate Chloe. Therefore, he decided to leave the room to give her some space.

Meanwhile, Adam was seen holding a string of beads. It seemed that he was ready to pray for his deceased wife.

"Mr. Hahn, I've decided not to place the urn in the cemetery. I'll be looking for a better place over the next few days. When I find one, we'll bury the urn."

"Sure. Thanks for the help, Thomas." Adam's eyes were red as he nodded.

For the rest of the day, Thomas stayed in the rented house to keep Adam and Chloe company. It wasn't until 6.00PM that he left the house and headed to Keyshire Property.

The moment he passed through the entrance, he heard something fall to the floor. He turned around and saw Molly standing near the entrance, and there were some documents in front of her.

Earlier, she had been carrying some documents, ready to return to the office. However, before she even reached the elevator, she saw her dream man, Thomas. As such, she became excited and

accidentally dropped the files.

Thomas smiled and crouched down to pick up the files for her.

Molly did the same and stole glances at him from time to time. It seems that Thomas still cares about me. He's even willing to pick up the files for me.

In actuality, she was reading too much into it. Thomas would've offered the same help if anyone else dropped their files.

Certainly, a woman deep in an unrequited love was sensitive, so it was only natural that she would overanalyze Thomas' actions.

They then entered the office together. After sorting out the documents, Molly got up from her chair and left the office, for it was time to get off work.

Meanwhile, Olivia was seated in her chair and humming a song, appearing to be at ease.

A curious Thomas asked, "Why do you look so happy today, Olivia?"

"Haha! I forgot to tell you a piece of good news, Thomas." Olivia then narrated to him what had happened while having the urge to dance in excitement.

It turned out she had managed to retrieve most of the business taken from her by the Pearson Group. Meanwhile, the remaining ones would be returned to her in a few days.

She snorted. "No one can take what is rightfully mine away from me. Moreover, you gave it to me, so no one can touch it!"

Olivia placed her hands on her hips and pouted her red lips, looking domineering.

When Thomas saw the way the woman carried herself, he put on a smile. He had to acknowledge that Olivia was a capable person. At the very least, she was one of the best presidents in the business world, and those from the Pearson Group were unlucky enough to have offended her.

One shouldn't be fooled by her charming appearance. Given the fact that Rafael had touted the woman to be a business genius, there was no way she was an ordinary person.

They then left the company together. Olivia suggested going to the supermarket to pick up some groceries.

When they returned to the villa, Olivia busied herself in the kitchen. Thomas had offered to help, but the woman turned him down and even came up with a reason that seemed out of place in the modern world. "You're a man, so you shouldn't cook. This is what a woman is supposed to do."

Since the woman appeared determined, Thomas had no choice but to go to the living room and watch a boring television program while waiting for dinner.

A cheerful Olivia prepared dinner and soon placed a lot of dishes on the dining table. She kept placing food on Thomas' plate while saying, "You have to eat more. This is good for you."

Thomas was torn between tears and laughter. Food had piled up on his plate, but Olivia continued getting more food for him.

In actuality, he was already full, so he didn't have much appetite left. However, if he refused to eat, he was worried he would hurt the woman's feelings. She had been cheerful, and it took her a lot of effort to prepare dinner, after all.

Left with no choice, Thomas could only widen his mouth and pig out on the food on his plate.

After dinner, he returned to his room and practiced martial arts. Since he had eaten so much food, he decided to exercise to help with his digestion.

It wasn't until the middle of the night that he dozed off.

He had a strange dream where he was stuck in a quagmire, and all he could see was mud. The harder he tried to struggle out of it, the more mud there was around him.

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For the entire night, Thomas struggled in the quagmire in his dream. When he woke up the next day, he caught a whiff of a pungent smell.

“What’s that smell? It’s so revolting!”

It was so stinky that he quickly opened his eyes, and he was shocked by what he saw. Could the dream be true? Otherwise, how do I explain the mud around me?

Thomas hurriedly got out of bed and took a look at himself in the mirror, only to see that his entire figure was covered in mud. He reckoned that if he left the house like this, everyone would be looking at him like he was a strange man.

Thomas turned around to look at the dirty bed sheet and shook his head with a helpless smile. “I have to throw away the bed sheet and quilt cover. They’re all stained.”

Instead of getting frustrated, he was elated. That was because he knew that he had consumed too much herbal medicine a while back, and the remaining impurities had been expelled from his body. That was why he woke up looking like this.

He entered the bathroom and took a shower. It took him an hour and a half bottle of body wash before he washed off all the dirt and made the stench go away.

While he was showering, he had been pondering if his body could cleanse itself. Otherwise, how were the impurities even removed from his body?

However, he couldn’t come up with a reasonable explanation for this, so he decided to stop thinking about it. It was wonderful that the impurities had been expelled instead of staying in his body. As for the reason that it even happened, it wasn’t so important, after all.

After changing the bed sheet and quilt cover, he sat on the bed and smoked, recalling the battle from the day before.

He had a feeling that his strength, agility, and responsiveness had been enhanced significantly. Even though he hadn't fully recovered, the strength he exhibited in the fight the day before was much better than when he was at the peak of his power.

In the past, he wouldn't have been able to easily defeat his enemies with little effort. However, everything happened naturally the day before. His movements were smooth, and he was able to defeat his enemies quickly.

What's going on? He closed his eyes to examine himself and confirmed that he hadn't fully recovered, so why did such a thing even happen? He kept asking himself questions.

All of a sudden, he opened his eyes as a glint flashed across his gaze. Could injury be a good thing for me instead? As long as I recover, I'll be stronger than before.

He felt that it was likely the case. In other words, he had to get wounded more frequently and restore his power. By doing so repeatedly, he would be unrivaled in this world.

It was no wonder that during the eight years when he was in the military service, he always felt that his power would increase tremendously every time he recovered from injury. In the past, he thought that it was just a misperception, but now, he could confirm that it was his body's special characteristic.

The more he thought about it, the more excited he became.

In other words, he had acquired his power through countless times of injury and recovery. He was like a piece of metal being forged repeatedly. There was no doubt he was a genius!

Gunnar, who was touted as the Genius of Capitalis, was no different from a piece of trash when compared to Thomas.

However, there was also a downside to this. He had detected an anomaly in his body the day before. After an examination, he realized some strange energy in his elixir field, and it would move around from time to time. The energy was extremely weak. If he wasn't attentive enough, he couldn't even detect it.

This made Thomas worried. What's that? Is it because I've been consuming medicine without any prescription?

He felt his pulse and confirmed that he was in the pink of health. In that case, why was there some strange energy in his elixir field?

After pondering for some time, he still couldn't figure it out.

"Forget it. Since it doesn't hurt, I'll just ignore it," Thomas muttered under his breath and stepped out of the room. Then, he entered the kitchen to prepare breakfast and herbal soup for Olivia.

After breakfast, he watched Olivia finish the herbal soup before they headed to Keyshire Property together.

In Prescott Hospital in Irieson, Quincy was drinking his coffee and reading the newspaper in his office, enjoying the tranquility of the morning. Just then, his phone rang all of a sudden, shattering the peacefulness.

Quincy picked up his phone and felt his chest tightening. That was because the person who called him was his confidant, the mole sent to linger among the Six Greatest Families. The person had been doing well, and he had been helping Quincy to collect information about the old monsters behind the Greatest Families.

Unless it was about a particular matter, the confidant usually wouldn't call him for trivial matters.

"Hello?" Quincy answered the call while feeling apprehensive.

"Dr. Hofstead, the old monsters behind the Six Greatest Families had a meeting last night, and they've decided to hold the sacrifice earlier."

"What? Are they going to hold the ritual earlier? When is it exactly?"

"It's going to happen in ten days."

Upon hearing that, Quincy gasped and almost dropped his cup. What are those old monsters up to by holding the ritual earlier? Have they realized that something is off?

After giving it some thought, he realized it shouldn't be surprising. Declan was the only core member left in the Pearson Family, so that family was practically

powerless. On the other hand, the Hinds had been wiped out. It would be strange if those old monsters weren't aware of the commotion.

"Hello? Dr. Hofstead?" the man on the other end of the line called out as Quincy had been silent for a while. He wanted to inform Quincy about it last night, but it was already the latter half of the night. As such, he decided not to disrupt the man's sleep.

"Alright, I got it. Continue to keep an eye on them," Quincy ordered and hung up before leaning against the chair lethargically. Thomas just got into a fight yesterday. It seems that he'll have no choice but to put his life at risk again.

He felt that the heavens were unfair to Thomas by giving him trouble after trouble when there were so many unscrupulous people out there. It felt as if Thomas had been targeted.

"It's no wonder people always say good individuals don't live long while a jinx will be around for a long time. Anyway, I have to inform him about it."

Although Quincy was frustrated, he had no choice but to give Thomas a call. After all, it was an important matter, so he couldn't hide it from him.

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"Hello." Thomas' voice came through from the other end of the phone.

"Thomas, come to the hospital. I have something to tell you."

Thomas instinctively asked, "What's the matter? Can't you say it over the phone?"

"No! This matter is important! Hurry up and come!"

After saying that, Quincy hung up the phone.

Thomas was puzzled. What could have happened to make Quincy sound so serious?

He bid farewell to Olivia, got into his car, and headed to Prescott Hospital.

He had a bad feeling because Quincy looked glum like a frozen lake after he entered the director's office.



“Dr. Hofstead, what happened? Why do you look so pale?”

“Sigh! I have bad news to tell you. The Six Greatest Families have decided to begin the sacrifice in ten days!” Quincy said helplessly.

At this, Thomas froze in place and was unable to recover for a long time. Why was it so sudden? Wasn't the sacrifice still some time away?

He furrowed his brows into a knot since the Six Greatest Families didn't give him any buffer time at all!

Olivia was still taking herbal medicine since the toxins in her body had not been completely eliminated yet. His own body had not yet returned to its peak state as well. Moreover, Thomas only heard that there were a few old monsters backing the Six Greatest Families, but he didn't know who exactly they were. He also had no idea what their true strength was!

The enemy was hiding in the dark while he was out in the open. The initiative was completely in the hands of the enemy, which made him extremely unhappy. He disliked this feeling of being a sitting duck!

Quincy looked at Thomas, who was standing still, and also felt troubled. As far as he could recall, it seemed that Thomas had never had a few peaceful days since Thomas left the army. Thomas was always engaged in fierce struggles with fate.

“Here. Have a cigarette!” Quincy took out a cigarette from his pocket and handed it to Thomas. He also lit one himself and accompanied Thomas.

He didn't usually smoke, but he had just bought this pack of cigarettes right after he finished the call with Thomas. It was specifically prepared for Thomas, and even the brand was Marlboro, which was Thomas' favorite.

Hopefully, tobacco would make Thomas feel a little better.

Puff! Thomas squinted his eyes in the smoke while silently contemplating.

He only had ten days. Wasn't that too short? What could he accomplish in these ten days? Could he eliminate the toxins in Olivia's body, restore his own body to its peak state, or even advance his strength to the next level?

None of it seemed possible!

Even if he had the spirit of fearlessness and could fight with the Six Greatest Families to death, as long as he could prevent the sacrifice from taking place, he wouldn't mind paying his life for it. But what if he couldn't stop the sacrifice? What would he do then?

What about Olivia? And what about Chloe?

He smoked four cigarettes in one sitting before he sat on the couch and turned to Quincy. "Dr. Hofstead, I want to ask you a question."

Quincy nodded. "Go ahead."

"You've always mentioned that the Six Greatest Families are not simple and that there are old monsters behind them. Who exactly are those old monsters? Why do you say they're not simple?" Thomas asked his lingering doubts.

Thomas could ignore these matters before this, but now it was different. The imminent battle was about to begin, and only by keeping the enemies closer could he increase his chances of success.

Quincy shook his head wryly. He knew that Thomas would ask him this question. He opened a drawer and handed over a thick stack of documents. "Take a look. Everything you want to know is in here."

Thomas took the documents and carefully flipped through them.

Quincy remained silent while waiting as he was afraid of disturbing Thomas. The information in the documents was specific and clear. Once Thomas finished reading, he would surely understand how terrifying his opponents were with his intelligence.

The old monsters behind the Six Greatest Families were elusive in their daily movements. They would only appear once during the sacrifice, and after the sacrifice ended, they would leave. Even the nominal heads of the Six Greatest Families rarely knew what the old monsters were doing specifically.

It took a whole hour for Thomas to finish reading all the documents. His heart was already surging with waves. He had once thought that the so-called Six Greatest Families were just products of reputation and not truly formidable. However, after reading these documents, he realized how naive his previous thoughts were.

The reason why the Six Greatest Families could stand tall in Irieson for so many years was beyond the imagination of ordinary people in terms of their heritage and strength. Furthermore, what he had ruthlessly trampled on before were just the peripheral forces of the Six Greatest Families. In plain terms, people like Terrence and Blake were nothing more than low-level characters running errands!

If he wanted to successfully prevent the sacrifice, he would either need a sudden and significant improvement in his strength, a qualitative change, or it would be just a pipe dream!

Quincy sighed and spoke slowly. "The so-called Six Greatest Families have no blood relation to those old monsters at all. The first-generation leaders of the Six Greatest Families were orphans raised by those six old monsters. They only inherited their surnames. As for the sacrifice, it's a tradition that has been passed down since the establishment of the Six Greatest Families. It has been going on for so many years, and no one even remembers how many unfortunate girls have been sacrificed and lost their lives."

"Thomas, let me ask you one last time. Are you really determined to stop the sacrifice? You need to think it through. Do you know what kind of situation you will be putting yourself in if you stop the sacrifice? Those six old monsters have immersed themselves in martial arts for their whole lives and have already cultivated their inner strength. Their strength is enough to surpass those so-called martial arts experts!"

Upon hearing this, Thomas closed his eyes. To tell the truth, he was also torn. He knew very well that with his current strength, trying to confront those old monsters head-on would be equivalent to seeking death. However, what other choice did he have? Should he just watch Olivia be used as a sacrifice and tortured to death?

No! That was absolutely not possible!

He had already experienced the tragedy of watching his friends die before his eyes without being able to do anything. He would never go through such a thing again!

Even if Olivia couldn't escape death, she had to die after him!

After seeing the resolute light in Thomas' eyes, Quincy understood Thomas' answer even though Thomas didn't answer verbally.

“Thomas, do you remember Leah?”

Quincy still had a method that could prevent Olivia from becoming a sacrifice without directly confronting those old monsters.

“Of course. She’s an old witch,” Thomas said with a sneer.

“Leah mentioned something before. She has a way to help Olivia escape the fate of being a sacrifice. Think about it. Since she dared to arrange a secret engagement for Olivia, there must be a corresponding plan!”

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If it were before, Quincy wouldn’t mind swallowing his pride and going to Leah for a discussion. But now, it was impossible. They had completely fallen out. Even if he begged Leah, she might not be willing to help.

“Leah has a way?” Thomas’ expression froze. It wasn’t just Quincy; he didn’t know how to approach Leah either.

Although Thomas was young, his eyes were sharp and ruthless. Based on his understanding of Leah, if he went to her at this moment, she would definitely humiliate him and wouldn’t genuinely help Olivia. That old witch would undoubtedly seek some unfair demands.

Quincy nodded firmly. “She must have a solution!”

Click!

Thomas lit another cigarette as he furrowed his brow in thought.

Should he really go beg Leah? It was not just about his humiliation. That old witch had ulterior motives toward Olivia in the first place. It was unlikely she would sincerely help Olivia, right? In that case, Leah would definitely make unreasonable demands.

If he couldn’t rely on Leah, he would just have to confront the old monsters behind the Six Greatest Families!

Even if it meant death, so what? What was there to fear?

He couldn't simply let go and do nothing about Olivia. Since that was the case, it was simple. It would be a fight to the death! Even if their strength was unfathomable and even if their background was strong, it didn't matter.

Even in the face of great danger, he would march forward!

True heroism was revealed in towering waves, and Noah's Ark was forged through hardships and difficulties!

A sense of liberalism appeared on Thomas' face after he thought about it, and he seemed much more relaxed.

"Dr. Hofstead, I've only heard that the Six Greatest Families have a tradition for sacrifice. Who exactly are they sacrificing to? And why?"

Quincy shook his head helplessly. "This question has truly stumped me. To be honest, I was also puzzled by it before. I even sent people to investigate this matter. The investigation started ten years ago, but after ten years, we still haven't obtained any information. All I know is that the sacrifices are taken away by those six old monsters, but we have no clue where they go."

Quincy had to admit that those six old monsters were extremely good at keeping secrets. The people he sent to infiltrate their ranks couldn't gather the slightest bit of information.

"Then so be it!" Thomas stood up. He had a broad perspective on things. In the end, knowing the reasons and who they were offering the sacrifices wouldn't affect the outcome. He just needed to find a way to deal with the difficulties at hand. As for the reasons and the recipients of the sacrifice, it didn't matter.

He felt a bit tired. He had just retrieved the ashes of Chloe's mother, and now the Six Greatest Families had brought forward the date of the sacrifice. It seemed that he was destined to be constantly busy without any time to rest.

He then walked toward the door and prepared to leave.

However, just as he reached the door, he was stopped by Quincy, who was behind him.

"Thomas!"

“Hmm?” Thomas turned around as he looked at Quincy in confusion. Hadn’t they already said everything that needed to be said? What else did Quincy want to say?

“In ten days, I will fight alongside you. Come to think of it, I’ve been dormant for many years. This time, I want to formally come out of retirement and fight side by side with you!” Quincy’s expression was resolute. He had made this decision in his heart even before Thomas arrived.

There was little hope for Leah’s assistance. Thomas could only choose to confront those old monsters head-on. As Thomas’ old friend, Quincy naturally had to lend a hand and have a showdown with those old monsters!

A touched expression appeared on Thomas’ face after he heard this. He walked up to Quincy, raised his arms, and tightly embraced this world-renowned doctor.

“Dr. Hofstead, we are old friends. I appreciate your kindness, but this matter is extremely dangerous. You shouldn’t involve yourself any further. I’ll handle it myself. By the way, please keep this secret for me. I don’t want my brothers to get caught up in this mess.”

If Sean and William were to find out about this, they would definitely stand on Thomas’ side without hesitation and confront the Six Greatest Families head-on given their personalities and character. Both of them were heirs in their respective families. When that happened, the Morton Family and the Peralta Family would also be embroiled in this turmoil, and the situation would only escalate.

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell them.” Quincy nodded, indicating that he understood Thomas’ intention.

Thomas smiled, turned around, and left. His calm demeanor made it seem as if he weren’t facing terrifying old monsters but rather insignificant individuals who weren’t worth mentioning.

“Thomas, you have treated me well, and I remember the kindness you’ve shown me. In this world, people like you who value loyalty and righteousness are hard to come across these days!” Quincy muttered to himself as he looked in the direction Thomas had left.

Quincy had made up his mind to step out of retirement. Even if Thomas was against his idea, Thomas couldn't stop him. Although their acquaintance wasn't long, he never forgot Thomas' great kindness and favor.

To someone like him, who was devoted to studying medicine, the "The Imperial Acupuncture" was an invaluable treasure. Thomas giving him this ancient book was equivalent to giving him a tremendous opportunity. How could he not be grateful?

"If a young man like Thomas, who has a bright future, isn't afraid of death, what do I, a middle-aged man, have to fear? Just you wait, you old monsters! I will teach all six of you a lesson!" Quincy's eyes emitted a sharp light.

Meanwhile, Thomas was immersed in deep thought. He was prepared to fight the Six Greatest Families to death, but he also considered how to resolve the current troubles while ensuring his survival.

Upon returning to Keyshire Property, he had to maintain the appearance that nothing had happened. He couldn't let Olivia detect anything.

Even when Olivia was busy with work, she would occasionally look up at Thomas. As long as this man was sitting on the couch in front of her, she would feel an immense sense of peace.

He couldn't help but notice her gaze. He had sensed it before, but he always pretended not to notice.

His heart ached. Olivia was still unaware of her fate. If she found out, he couldn't imagine how heartbroken she would be. She would become a sacrifice, subjected to humiliation and drained of her blood, and would become a corpse!

Worst of all, all of this was arranged by her own relatives!

If she found out, she might lose her mind, wouldn't she?

At 6.00PM, Molly packed up her belongings and left.

Initially, she wanted to ask Thomas out, but with Olivia present, she felt too embarrassed to speak up, especially since she was quite shy, to begin with.

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Fortunately, Molly didn't speak up. Otherwise, Thomas would have decisively refused.

After such an incident, how could Thomas still have the mood to accompany Molly for shopping and dinner? He would be out of his mind if he did.

At 7.30PM, Olivia finally closed her laptop and let out a sigh of relief.

Thomas looked up at Olivia and asked in an extremely gentle tone, "Is everything taken care of?"

"Yeah! Let's go home."

The two of them walked out of the office side by side and got into the Maserati. Thomas turned his head and asked Olivia, "Wanna go somewhere to relax? I can see how hard you work every day."

In fact, Thomas also wanted to go out and take a break to clear his mind. After thinking about solutions all day without any clues, he decided to temporarily set aside his worries and relax.

"Hmm?" Olivia's eyes lit up with a different radiance. This was the first time he had suggested going out to have fun. It seemed like a miracle.

"I need to think about where to go." She pouted and furrowed her brows while thinking deeply. She looked exceptionally cute.

She really wanted to go to the amusement park again, but Thomas had already accompanied her there on her birthday. If she insisted on going again, would he think she was childish?

No! She couldn't go to the amusement park again.

Thomas wasn't in a hurry either. He slowed down the car and gave Olivia some time to think. They wouldn't be doing anything else tonight anyway. They would just relax together.

"Say, Thomas, let's go to Menry Street and have BBQ. I know a place with really delicious BBQ!"

Thomas nodded, and the Maserati sped off according to Olivia's directions.



When they arrived at the BBQ restaurant, he realized that it specialized in spicy BBQ, which he couldn't tell from the outside. He didn't expect Olivia to enjoy spicy food so much.

"Please come in. We have a special couple's seating area in our restaurant. Would you like to sit there?" The waiter wore a polite smile as he recommended the couple's seating area to Thomas and Olivia.

Upon hearing this, Olivia suddenly lowered her head in shyness. Couple's seating area? Wasn't that a place only for couples? She and Thomas weren't a couple!

However, she didn't say anything. It would be great if others mistook her and Thomas for a couple. It meant that in the eyes of outsiders, they were a good match.

Thomas also felt a bit awkward. He nodded to the waiter and followed him to the so-called couple's seating area.

Soon, the dishes were served, and the two of them started to enjoy the BBQ. Perhaps because it was too spicy, Olivia's beautiful face turned completely red, especially her lips, which looked like ripe cherries. Anyone who saw those lips would find them irresistible, wanting to take a bite.

Besides that, sweat dripped from her forehead and it dampened the ends of her hair.

She raised her hand and casually brushed her hair. This casual gesture of hers managed to send onlookers into a daze and infatuation.

Thomas didn't like spicy food, to begin with, so his attention was mostly focused on Olivia. When he saw her brushing her hair, he unconsciously became infatuated.

Her face became even redder as she thought, Thomas is looking at me! Why am I feeling so hot? Is it because of his scorching gaze?

"Thomas, do you think I'm beautiful?"

In a moment of spontaneity, Olivia blurted out this question. Normally, she would never be so direct.

However, her courage skyrocketed at this moment. If her younger sister, Ophelie, were here, she would definitely give her a thumbs up.

“Well done, Olivia! That’s the way to do it! If you had done this earlier, Thomas would have become my brother-in-law a long time ago!”

Thomas was also stunned. He had never expected the usually shy Olivia to ask such a question.

“Yes!” He spoke honestly.

Olivia smiled sweetly, put down her fork, and cupped her cheeks with her hands. She looked at Thomas with an affectionate gaze and asked, “Really? How beautiful am I?”

“Before I met you, I couldn’t imagine that there could be such a beautiful girl in the world. After meeting you, all the other beauties pale in comparison.”

Not only was Olivia beautiful, but she also had a good personality. She did not possess the arrogance of a spoiled heiress and had the innocence of the girl next door. She was gentle, considerate, adorable, and had an undeniable business acumen.

Upon hearing Thomas’ answer, Olivia couldn’t help but tremble. She was thrilled. His answer was the greatest praise she could receive, and more importantly, it wasn’t just anyone saying it; it was coming from the mouth of her beloved man!

“Have you ever thought about taking things to the next level with me?” She figured she should strike the iron while it was hot. She took advantage of her overwhelming courage and continued to ask.

This question was already quite straightforward. If he agreed, she would definitely take the opportunity to confess her feelings!

Olivia, go for it! Success or failure depends on this moment! Olivia encouraged herself in her heart, and her eyes, as if they had a soul of their own, looked at Thomas eagerly.

“Ah?” Thomas was stunned and his mouth was agape as he was unsure of how to respond.

“Haha! Look at how scared you are. I was just teasing you!” Olivia saw Thomas’ reaction and felt extremely disappointed in her heart. However, to break the awkward atmosphere, she could only laugh it off.

For the rest of the time, she would occasionally sneak glances at him. She knew that she had acted too hastily earlier. In dealing with someone as dense as him, impatience was the biggest taboo. She had to slowly thaw his heart like boiling a frog in tepid water!

She still had to work hard! You can do it, Olivia!

After finishing the BBQ, Olivia suggested going to watch a movie. By the time the movie ended, it was almost midnight. The two of them had supper at Menry Street and didn’t return to Northpine Villa until the early hours of the morning.

She went back to her bedroom to wash up and sleep, but Thomas couldn’t fall asleep no matter what. He wasn’t even in the mood to cultivate his inner energy. Whenever he had a moment of leisure, he would contemplate solutions.

Stimulating his strength through herbal medicine was no longer effective. His body had developed resistance, and no matter how much he consumed, it would be in vain.

The lights were bright in Quincy’s private villa. He sat on the couch in the living room, seemingly waiting for someone.

Ding-Dong!

Finally, the sound of the doorbell rang, and Quincy got up to open the door.

“Mr. Hofstead!”

A man in his thirties bowed deeply upon seeing Quincy. He showed great respect for Quincy.

Quincy smiled and nodded while motioning for him to come in and talk.

Quincy went straight to the point and explained the reasons for inviting him over. The man was shocked by this. Was Quincy kidding? He actually wanted

to make a comeback? He had only just extricated himself from the turmoil of the past!