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### I'm Someone Else Chapter 291

"Mr. Hofstead! Absolutely not! You must be well aware of how dangerous the situation was back then. If you rashly make a comeback, it will be difficult for you to extricate yourself again!"

The man's brows furrowed into a knot. Quincy was the number one physician in Droycore back then, who had unparalleled connections and prestige, especially in Capitalis. If the people there found out that he wanted to make a comeback, it would surely cause a stir!

What was even more terrifying was if those people whom Quincy had offended back then found out about this, Quincy would be in grave danger.

What exactly happened to make his mentor make such an impulsive decision?

Quincy tapped his fingers on the chair and slowly spoke. "Theodore, you are one of my most accomplished students, and the Duncan Family is one of the top families in Capitalis. Let me be frank with you. One of my closest friends has encountered some trouble, and I must help him resolve it!"

Theodore Duncan nodded. "Mr. Hofstead, if I may ask, what trouble has your close friend encountered? If the Duncan Family can be of assistance, I will do everything in my power to help him. As for you, you should continue living in seclusion in Irieson and not make rash decisions."

The water could carry a boat, but it could overturn it as well.

Quincy was once a rising star. He had become the number one physician in Droycore at a young age. However, it was precisely because of this that he offended some unfathomable figures. Some secluded sects and families approached him in hopes that he could treat their members, but he had his principles. He would never treat those who had committed heinous acts. It was because of his stubbornness that he completely infuriated those secluded sects and families, which led to a calamity. In the end, it was his students and friends who came forward to help resolve the situation, allowing Quincy to return to his hometown, Irieson, and live a leisurely life.

Unless it was an absolute necessity, Theodore would never let Quincy make a comeback. For ordinary matters, he and Quincy's other students could handle them.

How could Quincy not know Theodore's good intentions? Quincy chose to make a comeback out of helplessness so that he would be able to help Thomas and prevent the sacrifice or delay it.

"Mr. Hofstead, what exactly happened?"

Quincy recounted the events, and Theodore's expression kept changing. He never expected that his teacher would become an enemy of the Six Greatest Families in Irieson. Although Capitalis was far from Irieson, he had heard some things about the reputations of the Six Greatest Families, including the sacrifices.

"Mr. Hofstead, rest assured. I will return to Capitalis and inform my father about this matter. I will ask him to think of a solution." Theodore looked sincere. Since his mentor encountered troubles, he, as Quincy's student, had to help him!

"Thank you!" Quincy pressed his palms together in gratitude.

Theodore stood up. "Mr. Hofstead, it's my honor to be able to help out."

After saying that, Theodore turned and walked out of the villa. He had to rush back to Capitalis overnight.

Quincy personally escorted him to the entrance of the villa as he watched his figure gradually disappear.

Ring! Ring!

Quincy's phone rang and a crisp ringtone resounded.

He took out his phone and checked. The call was from an unknown number, which puzzled him. It was late, so who could be looking for him?

"Hello!"

"Hehe. Dr. Hofstead, long time no see. I hope I didn't disturb your rest. Oh, right, you should be having trouble sleeping these past few days, so I couldn't have disturbed you. Haha!"

Leah's voice sounded sarcastic on the other end of the phone.

"It's you? Leah!"

"They say important figures have a lot on their minds, but you are truly exceptional. You still remember my voice even with such a noble status. Not bad!"

Leah clearly still held a grudge over what happened at the hotel. Otherwise, she wouldn't be so sarcastic when speaking to Quincy.

Quincy asked with a displeased expression, "What do you want?"

Who was Leah to mock him? Even her man would show respect when seeing him. How could she have the audacity to ridicule him?

Quincy instinctively wanted to hang up the phone, but then he quickly dropped the idea. After all, Leah had a method to prevent Olivia from becoming a sacrifice. Maybe if he talked to her, she would be willing to help.

"Dr. Hofstead, I just landed. Let's meet tomorrow at noon, at the same hotel and the same private room. Bring Thomas with you. Don't stand me up! Of course, you can choose not to come, but be prepared. If you don't come, you'll have to watch Olivia die helplessly in ten days!"

Then, she hung up the phone without waiting for Quincy's response.

Quincy furrowed his brows. No wonder Leah dared to be so insolent. It seemed that she had heard the news and knew that he needed her help. Well, he would meet her tomorrow and maybe she could indeed assist with the sacrifice.

With these thoughts in mind, he went upstairs to his bedroom and retired for the day.

Early the next morning, as the sky was just beginning to brighten, Quincy called Thomas. He wanted to call the previous night but figured it was too late, and he didn't want to disturb Thomas' rest.

At this moment, Thomas was in the kitchen. He had just finished preparing the medicine and was about to make breakfast. He hadn't slept the previous

night, as he was trying to find a solution that would benefit everyone. However, he still couldn't come up with a good plan after a sleepless night.

"Hello, Dr. Hofstead."

"Thomas, Leah called me last night..."

Quincy explained the situation, and Thomas readily agreed. Thomas knew that the old witch, Leah, had ulterior motives, but he had to go. Compared to resolving the trouble for Olivia, what did a few sarcastic remarks matter?

At 7.30AM, Olivia descended from upstairs while yawning.

"So sleepy... If only I could sleep in!"

Thomas felt somewhat guilty. If he had known, he wouldn't have stayed out so late with Olivia.

She looked at him with a sweet smile. Despite being tired and not having enough sleep, she had a great time hanging out with him last night.

When they were eating supper at Menry Street, she even tentatively held his hand, and he didn't refuse. What did that mean? It meant that Thomas wasn't against the idea of going out with her. After all, holding hands was an intimate gesture only couples would do!

In reality, Olivia was overthinking. Thomas didn't reject her simply because his mind was focused on finding a solution. He didn't pay attention to the fact that she was holding his hand.

The two sat at the dining table, and he handed the fork and spoon to Olivia. "You don't have to go to work today if you didn't rest well."

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Shaking her head, Olivia said, "How could I do that? With all the things I have to deal with at the company, I'll be holding up a lot of work if I'm absent for a day."

"You can work any time you want. I just want you to be happy." Thomas continued to persuade her.

At his words, a sweet smile bloomed on Olivia's face, resembling a blossom at the break of dawn. "I'm happy when I'm working. Keyshire Property is a present from you, so I feel really accomplished when I do a good job at running it!"

Unable to say anything in return, Thomas buried his head in his breakfast instead. However, with all the thoughts weighing on his mind, it was impossible for him to whet his appetite at all, and he only toyed with the food on his plate without sending it into his mouth.

Olivia, who keenly sensed his change in behavior, placed some food on his plate. "Hurry up and eat. Food is for eating, not for you to play with. By the way, I've been meaning to ask, but what is up with you? Did something happen?"

Since the day before, she had noticed that something was off with him, and he wasn't acting like his usual self. Although she wanted to ask him, she was too embarrassed to, but she could tell that there was something on his mind.

"Huh? It's nothing. Why would anything happen to me? Haha!" Thomas could only play dumb, not wanting her to find out about the sacrifice as it would only add to her troubles.

After finishing their breakfast, the two drove toward Keyshire Property. At 10.30AM, Thomas bade Olivia adieu before making his way to Prescott Hospital alone, where he had already agreed to meet Quincy so that they could head to the hotel to see Leah together.

Currently, Leah had long arrived at the agreed room and was waiting for them there. This time, she had only brought her grandson along on her trip to Irieson.

Back then, it was in this very same room where Quincy told her not to intervene in Olivia's duty, and he even told her that many other people wielded influence and power in the world, and she was not the only one who had the ability to solve Olivia's troubles. And yet, the current turn of events proved that the man who was once the top doctor of Droycore was nothing but talk.

"Grandma, how confident are you this time?" her grandson asked, his face filled with curiosity. He had heard about Leah's previous defeat in Irieson, and the main reason behind it was Quincy's interference. He couldn't quite

understand—if Quincy didn't allow her to take Olivia away back then, why would he agree obediently this time? Shaking her head, Olivia said, "How could I do that? With all the things I have to deal with at the company, I'll be holding up a lot of work if I'm absent for a day."

Leah chuckled in return, exuding an unusual amount of confidence. "I'm absolutely confident!"

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From the way things were playing out, it was clear that only she could resolve the problem Olivia was facing. Besides, taking her away meant that she would arrange for her to marry Gunnar, the most talented individual in Capitalis, which was certainly a way better outcome than death. Quincy was a smart man, and she believed he would make the right choice.

As for Thomas, he was nothing but a foolish clown. So what if he was better than the average Joe? He wasn't worthy of Olivia in the slightest, much less when compared with the exceptional Gunnar. Even the thought of it alone made her laugh!

Squeak.

Just then, the door was pushed open with a creak, revealing Quincy and Thomas who entered the room.

"Grandma, they're here!"

Even without her grandson's reminder, she had seen them as well. However, she had no intention of rising to her feet to greet them and remained rooted in her seat, as firm as a rock.

If it were in the past, she would have stood up and greeted Quincy with a smile piled on her face long ago. After all, his power was not to be underestimated. Now, however, there was no need for that at all —the tides had turned, and Thomas and Quincy were the ones who were bending over themselves to ask for her favor instead.

Quincy and Thomas took a seat by the table and looked at Leah, who had her nose in the air haughtily and refused to even greet them.

In the end, it was Quincy who spoke up first. “Madam Wilkerson, just tell us why you called us here. Did something happen?”

Leah’s grandson scoffed coldly and berated, “Nonsense! Of course, something is up, or why would we call you over for no reason? To eat my meal while looking at that wrinkled face of yours? Don’t be ridiculous! I’m losing my appetite just from looking at you!”

Does Quincy have a screw loose? Is there any reason for him to ask such a simple question? How did he even get to his status with that intellect? Or is it because he’s turning senile from old age?

“Phew!”

Quincy inhaled deeply, forcefully suppressing the boiling anger within him. This was the first time in his life that he had been berated by an insolent brat! But for the sake of helping Thomas, he had no choice

but to bear with it.

Thomas’ eyebrows furrowed slightly as well, and he cast a deep gaze at Leah’s grandson. He was truly angry at the lack of respect shown to his friend right in his face, but he chose to remain silent, wanting to see what kind of scheme Leah was plotting in that devious mind of hers.

As Leah glanced at the two, she could tell that the two were going through the roof with fury, but neither of them dared to say anything in rebuttal, and this nearly caused her to burst out in laughter.

Oh, Quincy, so this day has come for you. Weren’t you all high and mighty the last time we were in this room? Where did all that arrogance go?

As for you, Thomas, just you wait. When I take Olivia back to Capitalis, just wait and see how I’m going to teach you a lesson. Don’t think that you can do whatever you want just because you’re a little capable. I’ll let you live for a few days longer, and when the time comes, I’ll give you a taste of your own medicine.

“Quincy, I won’t beat around the bush anymore. Olivia’s situation is dire, and in ten days at most, she will be offered as a sacrifice. I came to Irieson for this very reason. If you want to save her life, there is only one way—let her leave with me!”

At this point, Leah had even discarded Quincy's title and called him by his name as she announced her ultimatum. As for Thomas, she did not have the slightest interest in acknowledging his presence. Just allowing him to sit with them and listen to their conversation was already a tremendous act of benevolence on her part; he had absolutely no right to decide whether Olivia was to stay or leave.

Quincy's eyes flickered with flames of fury. He had guessed that Leah did not bear any good intentions when she decided to take a trip here long ago, but he never expected that she was still hung up on her

plan to marry Olivia into the Flynn Family. How were her actions any different from preying on them while they were too weak to fight back?

Yes, Olivia's life would be temporarily spared if she joined the Flynns, but what then? Who could ensure that she wouldn't be abandoned by them? After all, there was no such thing as affection when it came to wealthy families, only profit.

"Leah, do you think that I won't be able to solve this problem without you?"

"Of course, you won't!" Leah did not hesitate to reply. If they had a solution, they wouldn't have made Theodore come all the way to Irieson overnight! Did they take her for a fool?

"Leah, don't go too far!" Quincy barked.

Even until this moment, there was no response from Theodore, and he understood that he could no longer count on the Duncan Family.

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At the sight of Quincy flying into a rage, Leah curved her lips upward into a pleased smirk.

She remembered how she had been heavily berated by Quincy in this very same room as clear as day, and now that the tables had turned, she would ensure that he got a taste of his own medicine.

"Madam Wilkerson, you—"



“Shut up!” Before Thomas could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Leah’s sharp voice. “Do you think you’re worthy enough to speak? Do you? Just sit there and listen! If you don’t want to listen, then leave! How did you make it this far without any manners?”

“Please calm down, Grandma. This brat is just an orphan without anyone to teach him the ways of life, so it’s normal that he doesn’t have any manners. You don’t have to waste your time on him!” Next to her, Leah’s grandson appeased her. What use was there to lose their temper over a worthless punk? Even speaking to him was a disgrace to themselves; it was much better to use that time to think about how to drag Olivia back to Capitalis instead.

“Yeah, you have a point.” Leah nodded in agreement.

Thomas’ face flushed crimson, his eyes blazing with anger.

The only thing that held him back from going on a rampage was Quincy’s hand that pressed on his shoulder forcefully. “Calm down, Thomas. This isn’t the time to lose your temper. Think about Olivia!”

Quincy’s voice was extremely small, only loud enough for the two of them to hear.

He was seething with anger as well. As the esteemed top doctor of Droycore, he possessed both status and influence, and there was no one who did not treat him with deference. And yet, things had taken a completely different turn today. It was infuriating enough to be mocked by Leah, but to add

insult to injury, he was now being verbally attacked by an immature brat, and even his friend was subject to such ruthless belittlement.

How humiliating! This is definitely one of the most humiliating moments of my life!

Thomas raised the glass in front of him and downed it in a single gulp, hoping to use the alcohol to put out the flames of rage in his chest.

“Tsk, ts. You’ve never had such fine wine in your entire life, have you? Well, that’s not a surprise. A little punk like you won’t be able to afford it anyway! In that case, drink all you want. Just think of it as an act of charity from us!”

Leah's grandson wore an expression of disdain as he spoke. He had long heard of this man named Thomas as Gunnar and Olivia's arranged marriage was a big deal in Capitalis, and so he paid more attention to this matter than usual. At the sight of Quincy flying into a rage, Leah curved her lips upward into a pleased smirk.

From Leah's words, it seemed that this man was Olivia's boyfriend. Hmph, what an insolent thing. Do you think you're worthy of Olivia?

From Leah's words, it seemed that this man was Olivia's boyfriend. Hmph, what an insolent thing. Do you think you're worthy of Olivia?

"You little..."

Quincy could no longer hold it in. He could somewhat understand Leah's behavior as she held the upper hand over him, but how could her grandson have the nerve to be so impudent?

He was even on the brink of teaching that brat a lesson, but Thomas held him back. Just a few seconds ago, he was the one restraining Thomas and stopping him from losing his temper, and now he

was the one being held back instead.

Leah felt extremely refreshed at the sight of Quincy's predicament. If the news of today's events spread to Capitalis, it would definitely make headlines. After all, Quincy's name was known far and wide throughout Droycore, and yet he was unable to say a word against her grandson. If people found out about this, she would look good as well.

After taking a few deep breaths to quell his anger, Quincy asked, "Leah, are you saying that you have to take Olivia away? Are there no other options?"

"Of course!" Leah said mercilessly. "As long as you let me take Olivia away, I will order someone to prepare a switch. Quincy, now that things have come to this point, I'll tell you the truth. It's none of your business where Olivia goes, and even if Terrence and Norman are dead, an outsider like you will never have the right to meddle in the Pearson Family's affairs!"

Quincy trembled with anger. The implication of her words couldn't be any clearer; she was essentially telling him to mind his own business. Even if her

current husband were present, he would not be as impudent toward Quincy like Leah was.

“Leah, are you so sure that I don’t have a solution for this?” Quincy shot to his feet and glared furiously at Leah. Ever since he entered the room, he had repeatedly held himself back, and yet she did not show any intent of restraining herself and was stepping further out of line with every passing moment, and he could no longer put up with this humiliation.

On the contrary, Leah’s expression was unusually calm as she nodded. “That’s right. I know for certain that you don’t have a solution. Am I wrong? Oh, I remember, you do have a solution, which is to make a comeback. However, do you have the courage to do that? You made Theodore from the Duncan Family rush over to Irieson overnight to prepare for your comeback, right? But, now what? Did Theodore agree? I’m quite grateful on the Pearson Family’s behalf; I can’t believe that you’re still willing

to sacrifice so much for them even at a time like this. Ha, Quincy, both of us are old foxes, so stop playing word games with me. You won’t dare to make a comeback!”

Saying that, she rose to her feet and met Quincy’s eyes, completely unafraid of him.

Crack, crack!

Quincy’s fists clenched tightly, a sharp crack emitting from his knuckles. Leah was right; he did have reservations about it deep within. The moment he made a comeback, what waited for him would be nothing but never-ending troubles, and he might even lose his life. However, for the sake of his friend, he was willing to take the risk. Of course, he meant Thomas, and not a certain someone from the Pearson Family!

“Hm?” Thomas stared at the two in confusion, wondering dubiously to himself, Comeback? What comeback?

It seemed that Quincy was hiding something from him. Moreover, from Leah’s tone, it was clear that it wasn’t any good news. However, as Leah was still present, he decided to remain silent and question Quincy once they left.

“Quincy, you’re not as old as me, at least not to the extent where you’d start losing your memory. I’m sure you’re well aware of how you made it back to

Irieson without needing me to remind you, right? If you get involved in those conflicts again, it'll be difficult for you to leave with all your limbs intact! The Pearson Family is all but dead, so do you think it's worth it to put yourself in danger just for someone else's family matters? It's not like I'm sending Olivia to her death. I'm just going to make her marry someone, and her groom is even one of the best men there is. I just can't understand how much free time you have to stick your nose into something so irrelevant?"

Quincy's eyes were bloodshot. "That's none of your business. I can do whatever I want! If I want to make a comeback, I will, and if I think it's worth it, then it is!"

He was nearly going insane from anger. In his entire life, he was always the one berating others, and he had never been mocked like this before. Not to mention, the person mocking him was an elderly woman like Leah.

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Hearing that, Leah pursed her lips in disdain. "Quincy, aren't you scared of your words biting you in your back? Do you have the nerve to make a comeback? I think you're getting senile. It seems like I have to remind you that other than your eldest son, the rest of your family is still in Capitalis! What will happen to them if you make a comeback? Do you really not care about their lives? Let me take Olivia with me, and also, give me Pearson Group! If not, you can just wait and watch while Olivia perishes!"

"You old... Pfft!"

Before he could finish, Quincy coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Clank!

Then, he felt his body give out, and he limply collapsed onto a chair.

"Dr. Hofstead!" Thomas cried out frantically, scrambling to hold on to him. He placed a hand on Quincy's wrist to check his heartbeat.

The only reason why Quincy was showing these symptoms all of a sudden was completely due to his uncontrollable anger.

With a few swift taps, Thomas hurriedly pressed on a few acupoints on Quincy's body while rubbing his chest with his other hand in an attempt to calm him down.

"Haha! Coughing blood from anger? Not bad! As expected of the former top doctor of Droycore!" Leah's grandson sneered mockingly. Was this the caliber of the so-called top doctor of Droycore? Tsk, it really was difficult to live up to his reputation!

He had learned about Quincy's past from his family, and knew that he had fled back to Irieson after provoking someone he shouldn't have, bringing only his eldest son with him. In other words, he was just a miserable wretch! What right did he have to be so arrogant? He even dared to get in his

grandmother's way in the past. Who did he think he was? It served him right to be coughing up blood now!

Next to him, Leah let out a cold scoff. If Quincy knew what was good for him, she would let this matter go. However, if he refused to give in, she wouldn't mind provoking him further. In fact, she wouldn't mind if he dropped dead right then and there!

"Quincy, don't blame me for not reminding you this. You shouldn't force yourself. How did that saying go again? Oh, right, showing off only feels good for a second, but it will lead to your downfall! Tell me your decision in two days. I believe that you're a smart man who will make the right decision!"

Upon saying that, she left the room with her grandson.

Back then, after offending the hidden forces, although Quincy managed to escape back to Irieson with one of his sons, his other family members were held hostage in Capitalis and kept under constant surveillance. This fact had always been a thorn in his heart that he couldn't get rid of, so it was natural that he wasn't able to bear the humiliation of Leah openly speaking of the matter and even using it to threaten him. Hearing that, Leah pursed her lips in disdain. "Quincy, aren't you scared of your words biting you in your back? Do you have the nerve to make a comeback? I think you're getting senile. It seems like I have to remind you that other than your eldest son, the rest of your family is still in Capitalis! What will happen to them if you make a comeback? Do you really not care about their lives? Let me take Olivia with me, and also, give me Pearson Group! If not, you can just wait and watch while Olivia perishes!"

A while later, Quincy felt much better than before, and he no longer felt stifled. He knew that this was all thanks to Thomas; if he hadn't treated him in time and protected his heart, he would've been in much more pain.

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"Thank you!"

Thomas shook his head. "No words of thanks need to be said between you and me. What did Leah mean by a comeback earlier?"

Hearing that, Quincy narrowed his eyes and frowned, a morose expression taking over his face. For him, that was a memory he was reluctant to mention or even touch upon. However, since Thomas had asked, he could only tell him the truth.

After listening to Quincy's explanation, Thomas nearly flew into a rage. The hidden forces were truly overbearing; how could they resort to hunting someone down and even holding their family members hostage just because they refused to provide them with medical treatment? Their actions were utterly outrageous!

Now, it made sense why Quincy chose to live in a rural area like Irieson when he could've spent a comfortable and easy life in Capitalis with his knowledge and status. After all this time, Thomas finally knew that it wasn't because Quincy was unwilling to remain in Capitalis, but he had actually escaped from that place.

"Dr. Hofstead, if that's the case, why are you so insistent on making a comeback this time?"

"Thomas, while I'm someone who values friendship, I'm also a stubborn man. Throughout my life, I haven't had any hobbies other than medicine, and I've always dreamed of taking my skills to a higher level. It was because you gave me 'The Imperial Acupuncture' that I managed to make a breakthrough, and I won't allow your kindness to go to waste!"

Thomas shook his head with a bitter smile. "Dr. Hofstead, that wasn't any act of kindness at all. As friends, we were always meant to treat each other with utmost sincerity. Since you treated me kindly, I'd naturally return the favor."

That book was nothing more than a present from one friend to another. In other words, it was my way of expressing my gratitude to you, not an act of kindness at all!"

Rising to his feet, he patted Quincy on the shoulder. "I'll take care of Olivia's issue. You don't have to make a comeback."

"Thomas, I..."

Thomas waved a hand, interrupting his words. "I've accepted your goodwill, but it's just like Leah said; it's unnecessary. If I successfully make it through this time, I'll treat you to a drink. By then, we can enjoy ourselves!"

Upon seeing Thomas' determination, Quincy could only give up, albeit with a sullen heart. It seemed that he couldn't provide any help at all.

After dropping Quincy off at the hospital, Thomas headed back to Keyshire Property alone by car.

On the way there, he mumbled to himself, "Now that I have no choice, I can only risk that method!"

He would never allow Olivia to be sent to her death, much less let her marry a stranger she didn't know. As long as he was still breathing, he would not permit anything like that to occur.

Screech!

The tires of the Maserati screeched against the ground, emitting a sharp sound, and in an instant, Thomas forcefully turned the steering wheel and went in the opposite direction.

There was one final way that he could improve his abilities in a short amount of time, and that was to tone up his body. However, the risks that came with this method were significant. This technique had been passed down to him by the eccentric old man who had raised him before he joined the military, and he had cautioned him against using this method unless it was a last resort.

At this point, Thomas could only take a gamble; he no longer had the liberty to worry about the dangers of it. Now, he had to head to the pharmacy in order to acquire the ingredients he needed to tone up his body.

Not long after he began driving, he received a call from Olivia.

“Hello? Thomas, when are you coming back?”

When he left, Thomas had said that he would only take a while, but Olivia began to grow worried as it was already afternoon and he was still nowhere to be found.

“I still have some things to take care of. I might take a little longer,” Thomas hurriedly replied before hanging up. He was pressed for time and had to prepare the needed ingredients as soon as possible, but even if things went smoothly, he would most likely work into the night.

He specifically targeted a large pharmacy to look for his ingredients, but as the quantity he needed was exceptionally high, he had only managed to gather enough supply for three days even after visiting three different stores. The process of toning up his body was a relatively lengthy one, spanning five entire days, and it was evident that these ingredients were far from enough.

With no other choice, he could only continue to look for other pharmacies. As for the Elliott Family’s store, he would save it for last for fear that they would not accept his money after he took their supplies.

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Thomas was not someone who liked to trouble others, especially for a small matter like this.

At 5.00PM, he had scoured all of the pharmacies in Irieson, but he was still unable to acquire all of the ingredients he needed.

“There’s no choice. I have to go to the Elliotts,” he mumbled under his breath, driving straight toward the Elliott Family’s pharmacy.

“Mr. Clifford?”

As soon as he stepped through the door, Timothy’s voice sounded. Rose was not around today, so her father was in charge of managing the store.

Without beating around the bush, Thomas said, “I’m here to get some ingredients.”

“All right. What do you need?” Timothy inquired solemnly.



Thomas headed to the counter and asked for a piece of paper, where he wrote the names of the herbs he needed as well as the amount.

When Timothy picked up the sheet of paper and took a look, he jolted in surprise at what was written.

“*Rhodiola rosea*, Century Lotus...”

There were over ten different ingredients listed, each of them being extremely pricey, and even a single herb would cost an arm and a leg. What does Thomas need all these expensive herbs for? Has someone fallen ill? No, that can't be. The Elliotts are now close with the Peralta Family and the Mortons as they're all Thomas' friends, and I haven't heard of anyone who's close with Thomas coming down with a serious disease!

“Mr. Elliott, do you have these ingredients?”

Now, Thomas could only pin all of his hopes on the Elliott Family. If they didn't have the ingredients he needed, his plan to tone up his body would practically be a failure. If he had more time, he could perhaps gather the required herbs by offering a substantial sum, but he was pressed for time as he had only ten days. No, to be precise, less than ten days were remaining.

Timothy looked troubled at his words. “We do have them, but we lack one specific herb—the Century Lotus. We don't have it in stock, but we have sufficient quantities of the other herbs.”

“Really? Please pack some for me!” This simple fact was enough for Thomas to be overjoyed. With just one herb missing, the difficulty of gathering all the necessary ingredients had decreased slightly.

With a nod, Timothy turned to instruct his staff to gather the herbs Thomas requested, while he personally escorted Thomas to the second floor and offered him a cup of their best tea. His father had reminded him that Thomas' status as an esteemed guest of the Elliott Family was never to be forgotten, and they always had to serve him with utmost care. Thomas was not someone who liked to trouble others, especially for a small matter like this.

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After giving it some thought, Timothy suggested, “Mr. Clifford, to be frank, it’s not just us that are out of stock of the Century Lotus; no one in Irieson would have it either. After all, the Century Lotus is incredibly rare, and even the seventy-year and eighty-year varieties are difficult to obtain. However, if you absolutely need it, it is not entirely impossible to get your hands on it. It would just require some effort on your part to attend an auction.”

Hearing that, Thomas was immediately disappointed. “Mr. Elliott, can I trouble you to ask someone you know if there are any auctions that have the Century Lotus on their list recently?”

Thomas did not hesitate to ask him as he understood that Timothy mentioning the auction meant that he had some connections in that line of work.

Timothy waved his hands. “Sure, I’m glad I’m helpful, Mr. Clifford. Please wait a moment while I ask around.”

As this posed a perfect opportunity for Timothy to establish a favorable relationship with Thomas, he would naturally do as he asked. Moreover, the Elliott Family frequently dealt with major auction houses in Irieson after generations of dabbling in the pharmaceutical business, and inquiring about this matter was a piece of cake for him.

Twenty minutes later, Timothy returned with his phone in hand. “Mr. Clifford, I’ve asked around, and there is indeed an auction house that has the Century Lotus. At first, they planned to auction it next week, but I spoke with them and they agreed to hold the auction earlier. However, auction houses have their rules, so they won’t conduct a private transaction with us.”

Timothy’s face was piled with guilt as he spoke. He had tried his best to communicate with the auctioneers, hoping that they would sell the goods privately to the Elliott Family, but he had been rejected in an instant. After all, a rare and precious treasure like the Century Lotus could only truly demonstrate its maximum value through a public auction.

Hearing that, Thomas shook his head. He never held any hope for a private transaction in the first place, and he didn’t mind as long as the Century Lotus was available. Besides, he was not worried about money either. “It’s fine. May I ask which auction house it is?”

Timothy immediately replied, "There just so happens to be a listing we're eyeing at Miles Auction House, and I'll go with you then."

Thomas ceded, "That would be nice. Thank you, Mr. Elliott."

Then, the two decided on the time, and after Thomas' insistence, he paid for his ingredients and left.

After wandering through the furniture market without finding what he was looking for, Thomas had no choice but to give William a call. "Will, I need a bathtub made of mahogany, and it needs to be able to withstand heat. Also, it has to be large enough to accommodate an adult male."

Although puzzled by Thomas' request, William could sense the urgency in his voice and refrained from asking further. Instead, he immediately agreed, "Don't worry, Thomas, I'll have someone look for it right away. If we can't find one, we'll arrange for a custom-made option. What time do you need it?"

"Before nine tonight."

"All right."

At 6.00PM, Thomas returned to the Elliott Family's pharmacy to meet Timothy so that they could head to the auction together.

"Oh, so the busy man decided to pay us a visit!"

Thomas had just stepped into the pharmacy when Rose, who had been waiting, spoke up teasingly.

She had made plans with him to have a meal together, but after all this time, he had not uttered a word nor extended an invitation to her at all. Was she not pretty enough? There were countless young and good-looking men who wanted to invite her to dinner in Irieson! Only Thomas seemed to have completely forgotten about their promise. Not only did he fail to invite her out, but he would always reject her on the excuse that he was busy with other matters whenever she called. How busy could a man get?

Thomas let out an awkward laugh. Naturally, he had picked up on the implication behind her words, but he did not refute them as he knew that he was in the wrong. Instead, he took a seat on a chair nearby and waited for

Timothy. When he was making his way to the pharmacy, he had already given him a call.

Rose looked at him and said, "I'll go with you to attend the auction later."

Raymond had heard from Timothy about Thomas' intention to bid on the Century Lotus. He would never miss such an opportunity. Hence, he immediately instructed Rose to drop all her prior plans to tag along with them. In fact, before she arrived at the pharmacy, Raymond had summoned her home and personally instructed her to establish a good relationship with Thomas. As she looked at her grandfather's suspiciously suggestive expression, Rose understood perfectly well what establishing a good relationship entailed.

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Clearly, Raymond was telling her to pursue Thomas instead!

However, it was strange even to Rose herself. When she received Raymond's orders, she did not feel any hint of displeasure or hatred, but rather, she felt embarrassed.

She had to admit that she had been attracted to Thomas for some time now, and she became even more curious about him, especially after witnessing the devastating state of the Hind Family. What kind of man was he? How could he single-handedly overturn the entire Hind Family? He was truly formidable!

"Oh!" Thomas only nodded in reply without any further reaction.

This left Rose a little frustrated. After all, she considered herself a stunning beauty, so shouldn't he seem a little excited by the fact that she was coming with him to the auction? Fine, if he wasn't thrilled, then so be it; but he should be surprised at the very least, shouldn't he? What was with that calm and indifferent expression on his face? Was she really that unattractive? She might not be on par with Olivia in terms of appearance, but she wasn't that far behind either.

Meanwhile, Thomas did not notice her gloomy expression in the slightest. He took out a cigarette and lit it, placing it between his lips.

"Do you like smoking that much?" Rose asked. It seemed that a cigarette was always in Thomas' hands every time she saw him.

“Not really. It’s just a habit.”

“Habit, huh?” She observed him carefully. Logically speaking, with how frequently he smoked, his teeth should have turned yellow long ago. However, they remained sparkling white, as if he had never

smoked a single cigarette in his life, and it was truly bewildering. Moreover, his fingers showed no signs of yellowing either.

“Thomas, how long have you been smoking?”

After thinking for a beat, Thomas replied, “Probably around eight years.”

His habit of smoking started eight years ago, back when he had just joined the military. It was curiosity that led him to try it after seeing his comrades smoke, but little did he know that he found himself addicted once he had a taste. Smoking helped to alleviate his tension before a mission, and it was able to ease his frustration and loneliness as well.

“My goodness, eight years!” Rose exclaimed. She had once read an article on the difference between the lungs of someone who smoked and someone who didn’t. After eight years, Thomas’ lungs must have turned dark by now.

At that thought, she headed to the second floor, planning to give him a surprise. Clearly, Raymond was telling her to pursue Thomas instead!

As he watched her retreating figure, he remained silent, poring over his plan to tone up his body.

As he watched her retreating figure, he remained silent, poring over his plan to tone up his body.

For some reason, he suddenly found himself missing that eccentric old man who had raised him. It had been eight long years since he had last seen him, and while he had searched for him upon returning to Irieson, the old man seemed to have vanished into thin air, not a single piece of information about him to be found.

“Old man, I haven’t seen you in so long. I wonder how you’re doing. At first, I promised you that I would take care of you to the end, but now I don’t even know where you are... If I survive this time, I’ll

definitely find you and take care of you. If I don't make it... Please don't blame me," Thomas muttered under his breath with a heavy expression, stubbing out the cigarette in his hand.

If he succeeded in toning his body, his strength would improve by leaps and bounds. However, the old man had made it clear to him that the price of toning his body was something he might not be able to bear.

However, he had no other choice. Those old monsters were just too strong, far beyond his expectations, and even if he were to use firearms, he might not be their opponent with his current abilities. Hence, he could only resort to embarking on a risky path.

Thomas had already made up his mind; if he did not survive, he would use all of the connections he had to take care of Chloe. That way, he would keep his word to his long-lost friend, Zachary.

While he was lost in his thoughts, Timothy and Rose headed downstairs together and stopped in front of him, saying respectfully, "Mr. Clifford, it's time for us to leave."

With a nod, Thomas rose to his feet and followed him out.

However, Rose did not go with Timothy and instead sat in the passenger seat of Thomas' Maserati.

"Here, take this. It's good for a smoker like you." She handed him a pill jar.

She had ransacked the pharmacy for these pills earlier. As the ingredients they were made of were rare and valuable, it was unattainable for most people.

"Oh? What's this?" Thomas opened the pill jar, taking a whiff. "Detoxification pills?"

His knowledge of traditional medicine proved to be remarkably profound; just by smelling the aroma, he was able to discern the nature of the medicine, and he recognized that this pill would help to cleanse his lungs of the toxins accumulated from years of smoking.

He hadn't expected Rose to prepare a medicine like this for him. How thoughtful of her.

“Thanks!” he said, before immediately tossing one of the pills into his mouth and swallowing it in a few gulps.

Meanwhile, Rose let out a pleased smile. The fact that Thomas did not reject her goodwill was a good start. If I pursue him, Olivia will become my biggest love rival, won’t she? They seem close. There were even rumors about them in the past that caused quite a stir. However, what makes Olivia better than me? In terms of both looks and our background, I’m no less inferior to her. That’s right, as long as I work hard enough, I’m sure I can win Thomas over!

Soon, the three arrived at the entrance. Miles Auction House was the largest auction house in Irieson, and every auction of theirs attracted a large crowd. Naturally, this occasion was not any different.

“Mr. Elliott, Miss Elliott, please come in!”

The manager of the auction house had been waiting by the entrance long ago, and he rushed forward to greet the Elliots enthusiastically upon catching sight of them. The pair were important clients of the auction house, and he couldn’t afford to offend the two key figures of the Elliott Family.

Timothy turned around and looked behind. “Huh? Where’s Mr. Clifford?”

“Olivia gave him a call, so he’s answering it outside. Since it’s noisy here, he didn’t come over,” Rose grumbled unhappily with a pout.

After nodding in reply, he headed into the auction hall with Rose.

“Olivia, wait for me in the office, and don’t go anywhere. I’ll head back immediately after I’m done here.”

“All right!” Olivia agreed before hanging up.

Meanwhile, Thomas felt a little exasperated. He had already lost track of how many times Olivia had called him today, and every time she called, she didn’t have much to say except to ask him how things were going and when he would return.

Instead, he asked her, “Do you need anything?”

Olivia replied solemnly, “Nothing, I was just worried about you.”

I’m already an adult. What is there to worry about?

Thud!

“Are you blind? Watch where you’re going!”

When he turned around, he accidentally collided with someone. “I’m sorry.”

He did not think much of it either; after all, with this many cars and people around, it was normal for him to accidentally bump into other people.

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“Thomas!”

In the next second, a roar filled with anger echoed through the air.

“Hmm?” Thomas paused for a moment as he felt like he had heard that voice before, so he looked back. “Melissa?”

The person who just called his name was Melissa, the beautiful class monitor from his high school days.

“What are the odds, Thomas? I can’t believe I would run into you here!”  
Melissa’s eyes sparkled with anger. It was because of this guy that she ended up being taken to the police station that day. If her family hadn’t scraped together a large sum of money to bail her out, she might still be locked up in the detention center.

The culprit behind all this was Thomas!

Thomas glanced at her indifferently and didn’t bother to respond. He had more important things to do right now. His task tonight was to acquire that Century Lotus, so he didn’t have time to waste arguing with her.

With that in mind, he lifted his foot and continued walking toward the entrance of the auction house.

“Where do you think you’re going? Stop right there!”

Melissa was furious. She didn’t hesitate before walking straight toward Thomas and blocking his way. After finally seeing this jerk, how could she let him escape so easily? She must teach him a lesson!



“You b\*stard! You almost ruined my life, and yet you dare to show your face? Do you have no shame?”

She pointed her finger at Thomas’ nose and cursed loudly while attracting the attention of passersby. Her anger was justified. If her family hadn’t managed to gather the hefty bail money, she wouldn’t have gotten out of the police station so easily. In that case, she would have a criminal record, and reputable companies in the city would never hire an employee with a record.

She considered herself lucky. Thanks to this scumbag in front of her, many of her classmates were still languishing in the detention center. They were classmates at the very least. Was it necessary to be so harsh? She had to settle this debt with him today!

However, Thomas did not know of all this. It was William’s idea to send his high school classmates to the police station, and Thomas was unaware of it. Even if he had known, he wouldn’t blame William. After all, William was just standing up for him.

“If you keep blocking me, you’ll regret it!”

Thomas’ face darkened. Did this woman have a screw loose? She came up, started cursing at him, and blocked his way. If this delayed his important matters, would she take responsibility for it? “Thomas!”

In the next second, a roar filled with anger echoed through the air.

If it weren’t for their shared high school experience, he would really consider kicking her aside. Did she think he was easy to bully just because he seemed calm?

If it weren’t for their shared high school experience, he would really consider kicking her aside. Did she think he was easy to bully just because he seemed calm?

Dun... Dun... Dun! Melissa keenly sensed a hint of killing intent in Thomas’ words and took two steps back in fear as she watched him walk into the auction house before snapping back to her senses.

“Damn it! This b\*stard!”

So, he entered the auction house, huh? Fine! As long as he's inside, he won't be able to escape for a while. I don't believe he can get away this time! I must have my boyfriend teach him a lesson!

"Rose, what's going on? Do you know that guy?"

Melissa's boyfriend, Tosh Richie, walked over. He was the person whom Thomas had bumped into earlier. He hadn't approached immediately because he was startled by his girlfriend's intense reaction.

"He's a jerk! He almost ruined my life. Honey, you have to take my side!" Melissa immediately changed her tone and appeared extremely wronged as she clung to Tosh's arm and acted all sweet.

"He almost ruined your life?" Tosh was taken aback. So, that person was really his girlfriend's enemy? He had to help his girlfriend vent her anger today. "Don't worry, Rose. I will make sure he becomes disabled. Damn it! How dare he bully my woman! Is he tired of living?"

As for how Thomas had offended his girlfriend, he didn't bother to ask. In his mindset, how Thomas had offended her wasn't important. He only needed to know that Thomas had made his girlfriend unhappy, and that was enough!

After entering the auction house, Thomas called Timothy and walked over to where Timothy and Rose were seated. He sat down in the middle while conveniently positioned between the two and waited for the auction to formally begin.

This was also arranged by Timothy. He allowed Thomas to sit in the middle. This way, Timothy could explain the auction process to him and facilitate communication between his daughter and Thomas. It was a win-win situation.

Rose asked, "Thomas, my dad told me that you came here today for the Century Lotus?"

The Lotus was a precious medicinal herb, and even a fifty-year-old variant could cost several hundred thousand. The Century Lotus was even more expensive, reaching tens or even hundreds of millions. It seemed that Thomas was going to spend a fortune this time.

“That’s right!” Thomas nodded. He came here today with the determination to acquire the Century Lotus. No matter who competed with him, he would not give an inch!

Without the Century Lotus, he wouldn’t be able to tone his body. Without toning his body, he would have to watch helplessly as Olivia went to her death. That was something he would never allow to happen!

“Well, you’ll have to wait a bit. The Century Lotus is the second item to be auctioned today.”

Just as Rose finished speaking, four burly men walked over and approached Thomas directly. They said to him, “Lad, come with us!”

Thomas looked up at the four men and simply ignored them. The auction was about to start, and he didn’t want any trouble at the moment.

“Damn it! Are you deaf or something? F\*ck!”

The four men became furious when they saw that Thomas was ignoring them. What’s the meaning of this? You’re ignoring us, aren’t you? Are you forcing us to get physical with you?

Timothy was enraged and shouted, “Who do you think you are? How dare you be so rude here?”

They even dared to swear at Thomas. Were they tired of living?

“It has nothing to do with you, you old coot. You better shut your mouth and behave, or else we’ll deal with you too!”

Not only did the four men dare to curse at Thomas, but they also didn’t spare Timothy as they scolded him fiercely.

“All right, all right. I’ll go with you.”

Thomas stood up helplessly and signaled the four men to lead the way. Judging from their behavior, he knew they were here to cause trouble for him. If he didn’t deal with them, the auction would not proceed smoothly.

Timothy and Rose remained silent as they simply watched the four men sneering.

They weren't worried about what would happen to Thomas. They had witnessed Thomas' strength with their own eyes. Even if the four of them were formidable, could they compare to the Hind Family? Thomas could defeat the Hind Family alone, let alone these four clowns.

How dare you spew nonsense. Just wait for Thomas to deal with you all! Timothy believed that Thomas would give them an unforgettable lesson!

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Thomas followed the four men into the restroom inside the auction house.

As soon as he entered the restroom, four more men emerged. In total, there were eight of them. One of them said darkly to Thomas, "Brat, blame no one but yourself for messing with the wrong person. Come on, guys! Get him!" With that, the eight men instantly began attacking him.

Needless to say, Thomas wasn't going to let them have their way. After knocking all eight of them down with one kick each, he left the restroom in style without even bothering to ask who had sent them here to come after him. At the moment, his top priority was to get hold of the Century Lotus, and he didn't want to miss it.

No sooner had he left than he returned. In less than five minutes, he resumed his seat between Timothy and Rose.

"You're not hurt, are you, Mr. Clifford?" asked Timothy.

Thomas shook his head. "Don't worry, there's no way they could hurt me. They're just a bunch of clowns."

Timothy nodded without saying another word. If it were other young people who had said that, he would certainly turn up his nose at them for being pretentious. However, it was Thomas who had said that, so he was utterly convinced. He has the right to be pretentious, after all.

In reality, the eight men were sent by Melissa's boyfriend to find trouble with Thomas. At this moment, the couple was sitting in the back row of the auction house while gawking open-mouthed at the man in disbelief. What's going on here? How did he get back here unscathed?

“Honey, w-why is he not hurt at all?” Melissa was almost mad with rage. Didn’t we agree to make him a cripple today? But look at the way he is now! He looks perfectly fine. Even if he can fight, he can’t be so

good at it as to knock out eight professional bodyguards by himself, can he?

Tosh was baffled as well. Could my eyes be playing tricks on me, and the guy in front over there isn’t Thomas at all? He wanted to charge toward the man and beat the daylights out of him right now, but now that the auction had already started, he didn’t have the courage yet.

The first item to be auctioned today was a scented pouch. Despite its bland appearance, its fragrance was said to be made of Nerve Calming Flower, which had a nerve-soothing and mind-refreshing effect.

“Dad, the bid price has gone up to 16 million now,” said Rose while turning to look at her father.

This scented pouch was precisely what had drawn Timothy here in the first place, so he was determined to get his hands on it. “Keep bidding for it! We have to buy it!” he ordered with finality.

Without saying another word, Rose immediately put up her bid card. “20 million!” she announced. Thomas followed the four men into the restroom inside the auction house.

“Gasp!” Everyone in the room let out a gasp. A seemingly ordinary scented pouch can actually be auctioned off at the astronomical price of 20 million? Is she out of her mind? A flurry of commotion broke out before the crowd turned to see who the bidder was. Seeing that it was Rose, they finally calmed down. Turns out it’s the Elliotts. No wonder they’re so liberal with their money. The Elliotts have been in the pharmaceutical business for generations, so it goes without saying that they have deep pockets. One can say their wealth can compare with that of a nation!

Just when everyone thought the dust had settled, another voice rang from the auction floor. “30 million!” It was the voice of a young man from the Saunder Family.

“Dad, it seems that the Saunders are after this scented pouch, too,” said Rose with a slight frown. The Saunders are one of the Six Greatest Families. If they’re determined to bid against us, things will get really tricky.

“40 million!” said Timothy with a snort of disdain. I’ll take my chances today. So what if we’re competing with the Saunders?

“40 million!” shouted Rose while putting up her bid card.

“Holy cow! They raised the bid price by 10 million right away!”

“Ah, forget it! Let’s not bid against them anymore. We’ll watch the bidding war between the Elliotts and the Saunders instead.”

“60 million!” The young man from the Saunder Family was even more prodigal; he directly raised the bid price by 20 million.

A piercing glint flashed across Timothy’s eyes. Seems like the Saunders won’t stop until they get what they want! “Rose, bid again—”

However, before he could finish his sentence, Thomas spoke. “Mr. Elliott, pardon me for asking, but why are you trying to buy this scented pouch?” He really couldn’t stand the sight of this anymore. Even if you guys are loaded, you can’t squander your family’s fortune like that!

“To tell you the truth, Mr. Clifford, there’s someone in our family who’s suffering from persistent migraines. This time, we’re trying to buy this scented pouch to help him get back to health.”

Thomas shook his head. “Forget it. Even if you buy this scented pouch, it’s useless. It simply isn’t worth the price.”

“W-What?” Both Timothy and Rose were startled by his words. Nerve Calming Flower is a miracle drug for migraines! Why is this scented pouch not worth the price? Could it be a fake that isn’t made of Nerve Calming Flower at all? No way! If that were the case, this auction house might as well close down for good.

Thomas calmly nodded before slowly explaining, “It’s true that Nerve Calming Flower is a miracle drug for migraines, but the effects of its fragrance last only for three days from the time of its harvest. Even if it still retains its fragrance after that, it will no longer be as medicinally effective as before. Mr. Elliott, you may do a mental calculation of how many days had passed since the Nerve Calming Flower in this scented pouch got harvested and made into a scented pouch until it gets put up for auction. This pouch isn’t even worth 600 thousand, let alone 60 million.”

Timothy and Rose looked at each other in shock; this was their first time hearing that there was a limit on how long the effects of Nerve Calming Flower's fragrance could last. Before they returned to their senses, the gavel was struck, and the deal was closed. Timothy had no choice but to watch the young man from the Saunders Family get hold of the scented pouch.

Seeing the resentment written all over his face, Thomas said with a smile, "Fret not, Mr. Elliott. Let me take a look at that person in your family after the auction is over. Perhaps I can cure him of his ailment."

"Are you sure about that?" Timothy's eyes widened in astonishment. Upon hearing Thomas say this, he recalled hearing from his father Raymond that even Quincy had to ask this man for advice on medicine. This man might actually be able to cure the person in my family of their illness!

Thomas nodded. "I'd say I'm pretty sure about that."

Timothy promptly thanked him, knowing full well that the man must have dared to say this because he was confident about it.

At last, the Century Lotus, which Thomas had long desired, made its appearance. A pair of pretty young ladies dressed in traditional costumes walked up on stage holding a sandalwood tray before placing it on the auction table.

The auctioneer announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, the second item to go up for auction today is this 105-year-old Century Lotus! Bidding starts at 20 million with a minimum increment of 200 thousand! The bid starts now!"

"22 million!"

"30 million!"

"36 million!"

Knowing full well the worth of this Century Lotus, many of the bidders present raised their bid cards to increase the bid price one after another. On the contrary, Thomas didn't make a sound, though his eyes were fixed on the Century Lotus on the auction table the whole time.

"Mr. Clifford?" whispered Timothy to remind the man.

Thomas shook his head. "There's no hurry." I'll make the final bid. In any case, I must take this Century Lotus today.

"Impressive! It's actually twin lotuses!"

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Thomas suppressed the excitement within him. As a matter of fact, Century Lotus was the main ingredient needed to tone up his body. There was no special requirement for its quality; as long as it was 100 years old and above, its effectiveness wouldn't be a problem. However, the Century Lotus to be auctioned off this time was a pair of twins, which was the absolute best of all Century Lotuses! This meant that his chances of successfully toning up his body would improve considerably. So, how could he not get excited?

Just then, Timothy urged, "Mr. Clifford, it's almost time now. The bid price has reached 140 million!" He was somewhat anxious. Only a short time had passed, yet the bid price was already seven times the initial bid price. Furthermore, basically, everyone other than the young man from the Saunder Family had given up bidding by now. If Thomas kept on saying nothing, the Century Lotus would fall into the hands of the Saunders!

At hearing this, Thomas finally recovered from his surprise. He hurriedly raised his bid card to make a higher bid. "140.2 million!"

"Huh?" The young man from the Saunder Family was startled at once. "F\*ck! Who is that ignorant little prick who came out to make a higher bid? Is he trying to go against me?" He had already offered a bid of 140 million; the auctioneer had shouted, "140 million, second time!" And yet, someone had to put a spoke in his wheel! This displeased him very much. "200 million!" Raising the bid card in hand, he daringly increased the bid price by 60 million right away!

This sent the auction floor into an uproar. How shocking! He's increased the bid price by 60 million, not 60!

"Trying to compete with me, eh? Tch!" The young man from the Saunder Family let out a sneer with eyes full of disdain. "I can totally smash you to death with cash if I want to!"



He said so in a loud voice, plus he and Thomas and others were all sitting in the front row at the auction. Naturally, every word he said was heard by Thomas and the two Elliotts.

Timothy looked at the young man as if the latter were an idiot. This young man from the Saunder Family really is fearless out of ignorance! Smashing Mr. Clifford to death with cash, eh? I bet not even Taylor Saunder, the head of the Saunder Family, would have the nerve to say that!

He knew Thomas' background better than everyone else at the auction. Thomas was backed financially by Keyshire Property, which everyone in Irieson knew was a money-spinning monster! And besides, given Thomas' reputation, even if he didn't have enough cash, he could absolutely borrow some money from Quincy, the Mortons, the Peralta Family, and the Elliotts. Each of these families was on an equal footing with the Saunders in terms of financial resources alone! Smashing Mr. Clifford to death with cash? What a blowhard! Thomas suppressed the excitement within him. As a matter of fact, Century Lotus was the main ingredient needed to tone up his body. There was no special requirement for its quality; as long as it was 100 years old and above, its effectiveness wouldn't be a problem. However, the Century Lotus to be auctioned off this time was a pair of twins, which was the absolute best of all Century Lotuses! This meant that his chances of successfully toning up his body would improve considerably. So, how could he not get excited?

Thomas calmly raised his bid card again. "200.2 million."

"F\*ck! How dare that f\*cking brat really compete with me?!" The young man from the Saunder Family was astounded. He had asked around before taking part in this auction. At this auction, only the Elliotts could compete with his family in terms of financial resources. But this brat looks unfamiliar. Where the hell did he come from? Not only that, he's seated between Timothy Elliott and his daughter. Could he be one of the Elliotts? "280 million!" he shouted with an exaggerated swagger, raising the bid price by 80 million in an instant!

To almost everyone present at the auction, 280 million was already an astronomical price. He didn't believe that a nobody like this brat could come up with so much cash at once!

Thomas announced, "280.2 million." He had made up his mind to add only 200 thousand to whatever bid amount had been placed by the young man. It's true that I'm loaded at the moment, but this doesn't mean I could spend money like water. It's good to save as much money as I can.

“F\*ck you!” swore the young man from the Saunder Family before raising the bid price straight to 500 million.

“Holy crap! What a big spender! As expected from the Saunders.”

“That’s right! This demonstrates how powerful the Saunders are. The way I see it, that young man’s going to be in trouble.”

“That young man’s out of the ordinary. As expected from one of the Six Greatest Families of Irieson!”

A buzz of whispers rippled through the crowd as everyone looked at the young man from the Saunder Family with eyes full of admiration. This scene that happened at the auction will probably become the talk of Irieson’s upper-class society after today!

Compared to the young man, Thomas kept a much lower profile. He raised his bid card unhurriedly, announcing, “500.2 million.”

“Are you a f\*cking idiot?” The young man from the Saunder Family couldn’t suppress his anger anymore. He jumped to his feet and pointed at Thomas, swearing, “Did you die of poverty in your previous life or what? Go ahead and raise the bid price by millions like I do if you can! What’s the point of bidding in increments of only 200 thousand?”

Everyone followed the direction he pointed to look at Thomas. He’s thrown down the gauntlet! Next, we’ll see whether this unfamiliar young man dares to take up the challenge.

Thomas rolled his eyes. Then, his lips parted, spitting out a remark that raised everyone’s eyebrows. “What a numskull!”

“What did you f\*cking say? I’m gonna kill you!” swore the young man while trying to make a lunge at Thomas. I don’t care anymore. I have to teach this ignorant little prick a good lesson today! The one who dares to call me a numskull isn’t even born yet!

“Please calm down, Mr. Saunder,” interrupted the auctioneer icily at this moment. “Every industry has its own rules, and whoever enters our auction house has to follow our rules. This is a fair auction where the highest bidder wins. If you have a personal grudge against that gentleman, please settle it outside later. Otherwise...”

Startled, the young man from the Saunder Family hurriedly sat back down in his seat. I almost got myself into big trouble on impulse! If I get taught a lesson by Miles Auction House in front of so many people today, I'd have no one to go to about it. After all, I'm the one who broke their rules in the first place! And besides, Miles Auction House has a powerful background. Even if my grandpa was here, he would have to follow their rules, let alone me.

Just then, a middle-aged man beside him reminded him in a whisper, "Sir, we only have a budget of 600 million. If you insist on buying this Century Lotus at 500 million and above, we'll have to forget about taking part in the subsequent bids."

The young man gnashed his teeth hard. He really had a hard time resigning himself to this, but it couldn't be helped. In the end, he had no choice but to give up on the bid. "Go send someone to find out who that little prick is. How dare he go against me and even call me a numskull! I'll never forgive him for this!"

At last, with a strike of the gavel, Thomas acquired the Century Lotus as he wished. Perhaps out of happiness, he shot back in a manner untypical of him, "Sigh! What a lonely life I'm leading. Why isn't there someone who could smash me to death with cash?"

"Why you f\*cking—" The young man from the Saunder Family nearly spat out a mouthful of blood in fury. That being said, he could do nothing about Thomas. After all, he didn't have enough money at his disposal today. Naturally, he wasn't rich enough to be able to throw his weight around.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 300

"Pfft!" Rose couldn't help but let out a chuckle. Her impression of Thomas had been that of an unfeeling man of few words; she never thought he would actually have such a mischievous side to him.

Even Timothy couldn't hide his amusement either.

In the back row of the auction floor, Melissa's eyes were popping out of her head. She wondered if she was dreaming. Could that guy who offered a bid of 500.2 million be Thomas? No, it couldn't be him. He's just a soldier, no? Do soldiers make that much money nowadays?

On the other hand, her boyfriend's face was ghastly pale. It was true that he was born into a rich family, but his family's assets were only worth several million! Compared to Thomas, he was just a pauper who wasn't even considered a member of the upper class!

Thomas headed backstage right away without a pause to pay the bill by card.

The auction house had a dedicated staff responsible for packing the Century Lotus. As they placed it in Thomas' car, his lips curled into a smile of satisfaction. Great. This Century Lotus is enough for me to tone up my body this time. Tonight, I can get ready to tone up my body in seclusion!

Before he knew it, Rose appeared next to him and teased, "Look at that silly grin on your face!"

"Uh..." Thomas scratched his head in embarrassment.

She urged, "Let's go instead of standing here like an idiot. My dad wants to continue taking part in the auction, and I'm not gonna join him. Can you give me a ride back home?"

"Okay!" agreed Thomas with a nod. Then, he got into his car with her.

Little did they know, a man and a woman were standing at the auction house's entrance, staring in speechless silence at the Maserati's taillights for a long time.

They were none other than Melissa and Tosh. Thunderstruck, they stood there stupidly, neither of them able to come to their senses.

Tosh's car was a sedan worth only 70 thousand, which was hardly even comparable to Thomas' limited-edition Maserati. In fact, just a wheel of that Maserati alone was already worth the amount. This guy is no f\*cking little prick. He's obviously a real moneybag!

His eight bodyguards had come around and sent him a text message. Speaking of this, the eight of them were pretty unlucky. They got knocked out before they could even make out Thomas' fighting moves.

"Melissa, are you sure that guy was the Thomas you were talking about?"

"I... I don't think I was mistaken. He looked just like Thomas to me. How can there be two people in the world who look so much like each other?"

A terrified look crept into Tosh's eyes. He had seen it just now; the lady standing next to Thomas was the daughter of the Elliott Family, whom even his father would have to bow and scrape to upon meeting her. He hadn't paid attention to it in the dim light of the auction floor just now, but the road was brightly lit, allowing him to recognize Rose at a glance. "Pfft!" Rose couldn't help but let out a chuckle. Her impression of Thomas had been that of an unfeeling man of few words; she never thought he would actually have such a mischievous side to him.

Moreover, he had keenly discovered that Rose had been looking at Thomas with flirtatious eyes, which seemed to betray a hint of love! Is this f\*cking b\*tch purposely trying to get me in trouble?

Just then, Melissa said, "No, I must've been mistaken. How could Thomas possibly be so rich? This guy wasn't him!"

She was blinded by hatred. After all, Thomas' special status had been revealed at the class reunion early on.

"Phew!" After hearing her say that, Tosh let out a sigh of relief. Good that the guy wasn't Thomas. If he was, I would've been in big trouble now. For a bigwig like him, killing me would be as easy as squashing an ant underfoot. If nothing else, his close relationship with Rose Elliott alone is enough to cause me big trouble.

Not forgetting his promise, Thomas had Rose call the migraine sufferer from the Elliott Family to set up a meeting at the pharmacy.

Soon after that, the pair arrived at the Elliott Family's pharmacy, where the young man from the Elliott Family was already waiting. "Thomas, if you're busy, you can treat him some other day," said Rose.

Thomas shook his head. "It's okay. This won't take long." He didn't have much time recently, as it would take him quite a few days to tone up his body in seclusion.

They headed straight to the second floor of the pharmacy.

The patient from the Elliott Family was a teenage boy who was only 17 to 18 years old. Despite being in the spring of his life, his face was haggard, and his eyes were glazed. Obviously, he was being tortured by his illness.

After taking his pulse, Thomas asked Rose for a pen and a piece of paper. Then, with vigorous strokes, he quickly wrote down a prescription and handed it to her. "Fill out this prescription and have him drink the medicine twice a day in the morning and evening. It should see immediate effect and cure him in 15 days."

Rose blurted, "This is..." The Elliots were skilled in medicine for generations. Being a core member of the family, Rose was also quite knowledgeable about pharmacology, but she was nonetheless stunned the moment she set eyes on the prescription. This prescription is absolutely perfect! It's by no means inferior to those long-lost ancient prescriptions!

He smiled before getting up to leave.

It was only after a long time that she recovered from her astonishment. When she looked up, Thomas was already nowhere to be seen. For some reason, her mind was filled with images of him taking someone's pulse and writing the prescription just now. "He's so good-looking!" she blurted to herself. "Oh, no! Rose Elliott, what nonsense are you thinking? Are you fangirling over a guy?" she said. "Ah! So what if I'm fangirling over him? I'm not fangirling over another man. Thomas was the man handpicked by Grandpa himself to be my future husband. What am I afraid of?"

A blush colored Rose's pretty face as she lost herself in thought. Just what kind of man Thomas is? At their first meeting, she had only thought that he was quite knowledgeable about antiques. It wasn't until later that she learned from her grandfather that he was so skilled in medicine that even Quincy Hofstead, the top renowned doctor of Droycore back then, had to ask him for advice on medicine.

After that, she had even witnessed with her own eyes the tragic outcome befalling the Hind Family. Thomas' fighting skills were simply off the charts! What an all-around talent who is an expert at everything!

She realized that Thomas was a treasure in which all sorts of superhuman abilities that fascinated her were hidden. Only a man like this is good enough for me! "Thomas, you can't run away from me! I'm gonna get close to you, learn more about you, and unlock all the mysteries about you!"

Here was yet another girl who fell into a one-sided love for Thomas.

Meanwhile, Thomas drove straight to Peralta Residence. Looking at the bathtub custom-made for him by William, he was immensely satisfied. At the moment, he already had all the supporting ingredients ready. Everything is ready now; all that is left is the right opportunity.

“Will, go check out how my vegetables are doing in the backyard.” Samuel came over and made up an excuse to send William away. The moment he learned that this bathtub was needed by Thomas, he had a bad feeling about it, especially when he talked to Raymond over the phone this evening. Raymond told him that Thomas had visited the Elliott Family’s pharmacy today and asked for some expensive herbal ingredients—and in large quantities. This made him feel more and more uneasy as if something big was going to happen.

William looked at his grandfather with a bitter expression. Checking out vegetables in the middle of the night? What a far-fetched excuse this is! Might as well have me go out and wait for sunrise instead!