

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 301-309

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 301

If you want me to leave, just say it, but at least give me a decent reason.

Just as William was lost in his thoughts, Samuel turned around and glanced at him. "Didn't I ask you to go check on the vegetables? Why are you still here?"

"Grandpa, your reason is a bit far-fetched. I feel greatly disrespected," William complained with a hint of grievance.

Samuel paused for a moment, after which a gentle smile appeared on his face as he said in a very nice tone, "Get lost."

"Oh, okay!"

William retreated in fear and left the room.

Samuel personally poured a cup of tea and brought it to Thomas, asking, "Thomas, is this the tub you ask for?"

"Yes." Thomas nodded.

"What do you need the tub for?"

"It's useful."

"What's it for?"

Quincy had already informed the Peralta Family and the Morton Family about Thomas' current situation. Even the Elliott Family knew about it. Samuel recalled Thomas' visit to the Elliott Family's pharmacy today where he bought so many medicinal herbs. It made him feel like Thomas was preparing for something.

Thomas smiled, lifted the teacup in front of him, and drank it all in one go. He didn't say a word.

He wasn't planning to tell Samuel. He had to carry some burdens himself. There was no need to involve others and make them worry.

While toning up his body could forcibly enhance his close combat abilities, the consequences it brought were beyond imagination, and even a slight mishap could lead to death.

Samuel furrowed his brow and stared at Thomas. From his expression, Samuel knew that Thomas didn't intend to tell him anything. Further questioning would be in vain. He knew Thomas' personality too well. If there was something he didn't want to do or say, even if a knife was pressed against his throat, he wouldn't give in.

"Old Mr. Peralta, there's something I need your help with."

Suddenly, Thomas remembered that the process of toning up his body would take several days, during which he couldn't be disturbed. He could find a quiet place to hide, but what about Chloe and Olivia? If something happened to them while he was away, it would be disastrous, so he wanted to ask Samuel to protect the two girls.

As for Quincy, Thomas didn't want to trouble him anymore since he had already helped enough, and he had just been angered by the old witch, Wilkerson, so he should rest. If you want me to leave, just say it, but at least give me a decent reason.

Samuel waved his hand. "Thomas, there's no need to be polite between us. If you need anything, just speak up."

"I might be away for a few days. During this time, please make sure to protect Olivia and Chloe well," Thomas said seriously.

"You're going away for a few days? How many exactly?"

"At least five days. Maybe even seven."

At this point, Thomas' expression suddenly became solemn because there was another sentence he hadn't uttered. Or maybe I'll never come back.

Samuel looked deeply at Thomas. He had a rough idea of what Thomas was planning to do. He's going to enhance his strength.

He must be planning to use some secret technique to forcefully improve his strength in a short period of time. Only in this way could he have a chance in

the life-and-death battle against the old monsters from the Six Greatest Families.

Samuel felt somewhat apprehensive. Being his age, he had seen and experienced a lot. Improving one's strength was undoubtedly a good thing, but there was no such thing as free lunch in the world. It seemed that forcibly enhancing one's strength carried great risks.

How old was Thomas? He had not only killed the martial arts experts of Cornelius and the Pearson Family, but also possessed a secret method to forcibly enhance his strength. Most importantly, he dared to take desperate measures. Such a person was truly a peerless genius!

Compared to Thomas, the Genius of Capitalis, Gunnar Flynn was simply trash! Without the concentrated efforts of and the extensive resources invested in him by the Flynn Family, what was he worth?

How could a flower in a greenhouse be compared to a soaring eagle in the sky?

Samuel nodded gravely. "Thomas, rest assured. Olivia and Chloe will be protected by the Peralta Family and the Morton Family. As long as our two families are not destroyed, I guarantee that they will

not suffer any harm. Also, you asked William to find a quiet place for you, and I have already found one. You can go to Acketts Estate. It belongs to our family. It's very secluded, and I will leave a few trusted subordinates there to assist you."

Samuel understood that he couldn't change Thomas' decision, especially given the current circumstances. Thomas could only rely on himself to fight against the old monsters from the Six Greatest Families. His current strength was far from sufficient!

That's all I can do for Thomas.

Thomas clasped his fists toward Samuel. "Thank you, Old Mr. Peralta!"

Then, he asked Samuel to send someone to deliver the tub to Acketts Estate. Afterward, he drove toward his rental house. Before starting the process of toning up his body, he wanted to see his sister once more.

“Thomas.” Chloe seemed much better and greeted Thomas as he entered.

Thomas nodded and felt relieved upon seeing Chloe’s improved condition. As long as she wasn’t the same lost and devastated person as before, he was reassured.

“Where’s Mr. Hahn?”

“He went out for a walk. He’s probably playing chess with someone in the park now,” Chloe replied.

Thomas approached the urn containing Chloe’s mother’s ashes, took several candles, and worshiped Chloe’s mother.

Chloe bowed her head deeply as she suddenly felt a sense of self-blame. Her mother’s ashes had been stolen by Thomas’ enemies, so he must have felt terrible, right? The degree of his suffering was

probably no less than her own. Yet, Thomas had endured the pain and helped her retrieve her mother’s ashes while comforting and consoling her.

Chloe, oh, Chloe, you’re really foolish! How can you show such sorrow in front of Thomas? Won’t it make him feel more guilty?

Similarly, Thomas had mixed feelings. He thought of his deceased good friend, Zachary. If he couldn’t overcome this challenge, he would probably die during the process of toning up his body. He wondered if he would be able to meet his good friend again in the afterlife.

After the worship, Thomas sat down on the couch and motioned for Chloe to come closer.

Chloe walked over to Thomas in a daze.

“Keep this bank card. The password is your birthday and this is the key to Villa No. 66 in Northpine Villa. This rental house is a bit too small, so you can go take a look there later. If you like it you can move there with Mr. Hahn. It would be good for Olivia to have companions too.”

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There is 30 million in this card and combined with the money previously given to Chloe, it should be enough to cover her and her father’s expenses for a

lifetime. Thomas understood the frugality of the Hahn Family well as they were careful with their spending and never splurged.

Thomas was scared that if he couldn't survive the process of toning up his body, the Hahn Family would run out of money, which would be terrible.

His best friend's biological father and younger sister shouldn't live in hardship.

"Thomas, where did you get so much money?" Chloe was shocked. "I haven't even touched the card you gave me last time."

Chloe could tell from Thomas' serious expression that the amount of money on the card was more than the one given the previous time.

"Chloe, don't worry, I earned this money. Don't burden yourself mentally. Spend it as you need," Thomas explained to prevent Chloe from overthinking.

This money was given to him by Olivia previously. He hadn't had a chance to return it yet, and now, it came in handy. He believed that Olivia wouldn't be mad that he had suddenly spent so much money because she was not that petty.

"No, Thomas. I can't accept any more money from you. You have already given me enough!"

"Chloe, if you consider me as your older brother, then accept it. Otherwise, I'll be angry."

"A-Alright." Chloe looked at Thomas and knew that if she refused, he would definitely get angry. It was better to accept it for now. Besides, she wouldn't casually spend the money and could consider it as Thomas entrusting her with it.

Thomas chatted with Chloe for a while before taking his leave and heading to Keyshire Property.

With the matters of the Hahn Family dealt with, the only person left for Thomas to worry about was Olivia.

Watching Thomas' departing figure, Chloe suddenly had a bad feeling. It seemed like Thomas' visit this time was different from before. He didn't seem to have come just to see her but rather to make arrangements for the future.

Pffft. Chloe, why are you thinking such things? Who curses their own brother like that? Chloe shook her head and stopped overthinking.

There is 30 million in this card and combined with the money previously given to Chloe, it should be enough to cover her and her father's expenses for a lifetime. Thomas understood the frugality of the Hahn Family well as they were careful with their spending and never splurged. A woman's sixth sense was sharp, and Chloe was no exception. Thomas' visit this time was indeed to make arrangements for the future.

The process of toning up one's body was full of risks.

When Thomas entered the office, it was already 10.00PM. Olivia was sitting at her desk, daydreaming. When she saw Thomas returning, her face lit up with excitement. "Thomas, you're back! I thought you forgot about me!"

She had been absent-minded the whole day and couldn't go anywhere after work, so she could only wait in the office. She had wanted to call Thomas to urge him, but then she thought better of it. She had already called him many times today, and if she called again, he might get annoyed.

Thomas smiled helplessly. "How could I forget about you? Let's go."

With that, he took Olivia's purse and walked toward the exit.

"Oh. By the way, Olivia, I've spent all the money you gave me last time."

"Spent it?" Olivia looked surprised. He spent so much money in just a few days? Did Thomas buy something expensive?

Thomas turned to look at her and asked with concern, "Are you not angry?"

She smiled and replied, "How could I be angry? This company is ours. What does it matter if you spend some money? Should I give you some more?"

"No need." Thomas knew that Olivia wouldn't get angry about money, and he was right.

On their way home, they bought some supper and took it back to the villa where they sat at the dining table and ate.

Thomas said, "Olivia, I'll be leaving for a while, probably for five or six days, and at most nine days. I have already asked Old Mr. Peralta to protect you during my absence. He will be sending his men over."

"What?"

Olivia was dumbfounded. What was Thomas going to do? He wanted to leave for such a long time. She couldn't bear not seeing him for a day, let alone five or six days. It would be better if she were dead.

At the sight of Olivia's dejected expression, Thomas obediently closed his mouth. He had prepared a few words to say, but now he couldn't bring himself to say them. It felt like a thorn was stuck in his throat.

"Y-You don't want me anymore, do you?" Olivia gathered her courage and asked pitifully.

Thomas immediately denied, "Olivia, don't think too much. I just have some urgent matters to attend to. Once I'm done, I'll come back."

"Really?"

"Of course, it's true. Have you forgotten what I told you? In this world, I can deceive anyone, but not you."

"Then... that's good." Olivia put down her utensils and forced a smile. "Take your time. I'll go pack your luggage."

With that, she turned and went upstairs.

Her heart was filled with reluctance, but she knew that her role was to support Thomas, not to become a stumbling block in his life.

Thomas' eyes remained fixed on Olivia. He hoped he could look at her a bit more to deeply engrave her figure and appearance in his mind. Just in case his attempt to tone up his body failed, at least he would still have something to hold onto in the realm of death.

After dinner, Thomas entered the kitchen and brewed seven doses of herbal medicine in one go. He repeatedly reminded Olivia to take one dose per day and not to forget about it.

Even late at night, Olivia didn't find a moment of rest. The usually decisive and capable woman suddenly seemed like a grandmother as she kept asking Thomas questions.

"I only packed five sets of clothes for you. Is that enough for you to change?"

"Do you need a spare set of toiletries?"

"Maybe you should take more money with you. Tomorrow, I can transfer another 1 billion to you from the company's account."

After Thomas politely declined, Olivia reluctantly left Thomas' bedroom.

She hadn't been out for two seconds before she pushed the door open again. "By the way, Thomas, let me tell you some good news. I have taken back all the businesses belonging to Keyshire Property."

"Hmm." Thomas just nodded and didn't say anything more.

Seeing that the man wasn't engaging in conversation, Olivia finally left the room.

Thomas knew what Olivia was thinking. He knew she didn't want him to leave, so she kept finding reasons to talk to him.

He lay on the bed, and once again, he spent the night sleepless.

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In his mind, Thomas continuously calculated the specific steps for tomorrow's process of toning up his body. He also pondered various contingency plans because, after all, life was precious, and he didn't want to die, especially not at this critical juncture.

When morning came, he woke up and prepared breakfast. After eating with Olivia, he dropped her off at the entrance of Keyshire Property.

"Here, this is the car key. I promised you before that I would accompany you to buy a good car, but due to various reasons and your not-so-good driving skills, we didn't get around to it. Please take good care of my car. I hope it remains intact when I come back."



Thomas decided to break the tension with a joke. The atmosphere was too oppressive and he wanted to lighten it.

Olivia blushed and took the car key. "Don't worry, I won't damage your ride. I hope you come back to be my driver."

Thomas nodded with a smile and said unwittingly, "Of course. I will be your driver for a lifetime."

"Okay."

Upon hearing this, Olivia's face lit up with a sweet smile.

"Well, I'm going in."

"Go ahead, but don't overwork yourself."

"Alright."

Olivia entered the office building, but instead of taking the elevator to her office, she looked back through the glass window with deep reluctance. She only turned away when she saw Thomas getting into a Mercedes-Benz.

Thomas sat in the Mercedes-Benz, occasionally glancing back in the direction of the Keyshire Property building. Although Samuel was old, he had seen enough of the world. How could he not know Thomas' cautious intentions?

"Thomas, don't worry. This time, the Peralta Family's secret force will be responsible for protecting Olivia. They are all trained by our own family, and although not as powerful as you, they are formidable opponents in this city."

This time, Samuel spared no expense. Those people were the elite forces of the Peralta Family, and the same went for those from the Morton Family. In order to reassure Thomas, they revealed their true strength.

"Thank you." Thomas sincerely expressed his gratitude.

The medicinal herbs and tub had already been delivered to the Acketts Estate. Thomas just needed to go there himself.

Soon, the car arrived at the outskirts of Irieson, and a magnificent luxury mansion that surpassed Green Lake Manor owned by Jake Hind appeared before Thomas' eyes. In his mind, Thomas continuously calculated the

specific steps for tomorrow's process of toning up his body. He also pondered various contingency plans because, after all, life was precious, and he didn't want to die, especially not at this critical juncture.

"This is it." Samuel pointed at the mansion in front of them. To ensure that Thomas wouldn't be disturbed by the outside world, he arranged for three teams to guard the place. Each team was made up of five people and they would be on duty around the clock.

"Thomas, we prepared everything as you requested."

As soon as Thomas got out of the car, William greeted him.

Thomas entered the villa accompanied by Samuel and William.

"William, remember to have someone deliver meals to the doorstep every day. No need to knock on the door, and don't let anyone else get close," Thomas instructed.

"Yes, inform the guards here that no one should approach the estate for five days. Anyone who violates this rule will be executed without mercy!"

William nodded. "Grandad, Thomas, you can rest assured."

Even if his grandad didn't remind him, William would never allow anyone to disturb Thomas. In his eyes, Thomas was his leader. Anyone who dared to harm Thomas would be dealt with without any hesitation.

Samuel nodded. "Go on. Take a look around, and check if there are any loopholes."

William turned and left.

After his grandson's figure disappeared from sight, Samuel embraced Thomas. "Thomas, take care! I hope to see you make the entire Irieson tremble in fear after five days!"

Thomas was momentarily stunned, but then, he quickly realized that Samuel, at his age, had seen it all. He must have discerned something from the preparations Thomas had made.

"Old Mr. Peralta, I entrust Olivia and Chloe to you."

Thomas couldn't put into words the emotions he felt at this moment—helplessness, reluctance, and a hint of excitement mixed with anxiety.

“Don't worry!”

After releasing Thomas, Samuel turned around and walked out of the villa. He shouted to the people within the estate, “Listen up! From this moment on, only the meal delivery personnel are allowed to approach this villa. Nobody else, no matter who they are, is permitted to come near! If anyone is loitering around the estate, regardless of their purpose or background, kill them all!”

“Yes, sir!”

The thunderous response demonstrated their determination!

William and Sean cleared their schedules and personally led the guards to protect Thomas during these five days.

William and Sean might not know the exact purpose of Thomas, but they could infer something from their grandads' words. This critical moment called for both of them to step forward and work together closely!

In the villa, Thomas first took a tour to familiarize himself with its layout.

All the medicinal herbs and other materials he needed had been placed in the largest bedroom at William's orders. Thomas was dumbfounded when he walked in.

The quantity of the medicinal herbs he purchased was excessive since they formed a large pile on the floor.

Thomas squatted down and unpacked the medicinal herbs one by one, then placed them into the tub that was already filled with water. He then arranged charcoal blocks underneath the tub and ignited them.

Even these charcoal blocks were specially ordered by William, with a quick temperature rise without smoke or odor. Just these blocks alone cost the Peralta Family a six-figure sum.

An hour later, the water in the tub was boiling. Thomas had already placed all the required medicinal herbs in it except for the main herb—the Century Lotus.

The Century Lotus prevented the user from succumbing to fevers, while the other medicinal herbs, such as *Rhodiola rosea*, regulated the body's temperature. The herbs of this concoction complemented each other.

Thomas tossed the Century Lotus into the tub, then undressed and immersed himself in it.

Hiss!

As soon as he entered the tub, Thomas sucked in a breath of cold air. The water was boiling, and if an ordinary person were to touch it, let alone soak in it, it would be unbearable.

However, Thomas endured it with his superhuman perseverance. He wasn't afraid of scalding himself because these medicinal herbs would be sufficient to heal his scorched skin if the process of toning up his body succeeded.

This was only the lightest consequence of the process of toning up his body. As the process continued, Thomas would face even greater challenges and torment that were more agonizing than the scorching heat.

Soon, Thomas' entire body turned fiery red. From a distance, he looked like a person engulfed in flames.

His eyes were tightly shut, so he didn't know that the Century Lotus had started emitting a dazzling white light!

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Then, the beam of white light entered Thomas' body, and his body seemed to be a colorful light strip that alternated between red and white.

In addition to the steam coming off the hot water in the tub, the room resembled a fairyland.

Thomas' sensation shifted from unbearable heat to feeling hot and cold.

Cold, like being in the icy tundra of the Arctic.

Hot, as uncomfortable as being roasted by fire!

“Urgh!” Thomas involuntarily let out a muffled groan. This sensation was almost driving him to the brink of collapse. He clenched his teeth tightly to forcibly suppress the urge to escape from the tub.

He finally understood why the old man had told him not to resort to this method unless absolutely necessary!

The suffering is simply unbearable!

Even with his mental preparation, Thomas was still tormented beyond measure!

There was no way around it. The Six Greatest Families and the six old monsters behind them were just too formidable that he couldn’t confront them head-on. Therefore, he had to resort to the forbidden technique left by the old man.

On an unknown small island in the Pacific, there stood a magnificent golden palace-like structure. Anyone who saw it would think it was the king’s palace.

In the hall of the building, a middle-aged man with blond hair and blue eyes stood with his hands behind his back. Behind him was a young man in his twenties holding a document. The young man

respectfully said to the middle-aged man, “Captain, these are the recent shooting incidents that have occurred worldwide.”

The middle-aged man closed his eyes, seemingly pondering something. The young man dared not interrupt, afraid of disturbing his captain’s thoughts.

After a while, the middle-aged man asked, “In your opinion, among all these shooting incidents, which one requires the highest marksmanship skills?”

At this, the young man furrowed his brow. He had just reported more than 30 shooting incidents to his captain! Whether they were recorded by the local police or went unnoticed, he had mentioned them all. It was not a simple task to identify the one with the highest technical skills among all these shooting incidents.

Seeing that the young man remained silent for a long time, the middle-aged man continued, “Let me ask you this: why do we spend such immense manpower and resources monitoring global shooting incidents?”

Obviously, this question was much simpler than the previous one. The young man blurted out, "Of course, it's to find the King of Marksman."

"That's right!" The middle-aged man nodded. "We haven't received any news of his appearance for half a year. According to the intelligence we received from our undercover agents in Droycore's military, the marksman should have retired!"

Realization hit the young man. "Captain, are you saying... the shooting incident in Irieson was done by the marksman?"

"If my guess is correct, it should be him! 37 people, all killed by a single shot, and each shot hitting the center of their foreheads. This clearly demands high marksmanship skills from the shooter! I believe

there are few people in this world other than the marksman who can accomplish that. Most importantly, the marksman is Droycorian! Based on common sense, if he truly retired, he would prefer to stay in his hometown!" The middle-aged man paused for a moment.

"However, Droycore has always been a mysterious country, and there may be other skilled people there as well. Moreover, the marksman himself is extraordinary. If we act recklessly, he will surely notice us."

"So, Captain, what do you suggest?"

"Continuing to monitor every inch of Irieson. Let's confirm if the marksman himself is there first!"

"Understood!" the young man replied. "I will give the orders and designate Irieson in Droycore as a priority surveillance target!"

After saying that, the young man turned and left, leaving the middle-aged man alone in the spacious hall.

"Brother, rest assured, the marksman can't escape. Even if he hides at the ends of the earth, I will find him and kill him! You will rest in peace!"

Similar scenes were playing out not only on this unknown small island but also in various locations such as the Middle East, Africa, and Northern Europe. News of the shooting incident at Green Lake Manor had reached those places.

This was also the reason why Thomas had been reluctant to use firearms easily. After being in the military for eight years, he had made numerous enemies. If he were still in the military, everything would be manageable, as no private armed forces would dare to act recklessly against him. After all, he had the powerful Droycore military behind him. However, once he retired and his whereabouts became known, it would undoubtedly attract those people to him.

Inside a presidential suite of a five-star hotel in Irieson, Leah and her grandson sat on the couch with gloomy expressions.

“What time is it?” she asked.

“Grandma, it’s already 10.30AM.”

“When will Gunnar land?”

“At 12.30PM.”

Leah sighed in relief. If Gunnar couldn’t find Olivia after landing, who knew what kind of rage the Genius of Capitalis would fly into?

That damn Quincy! Would he really come out of seclusion just for Olivia?

It was impossible. The sacrifice was going to happen soon. If he emerged, it would undoubtedly attract the attention of those hidden forces. When that happened, his own safety would be in jeopardy!

“Grandma, I think we should change our strategy!” Leyton’s eyes flickered with a hint of coldness.

“Oh? What do you suggest?” Leah became interested. She wanted to see what ideas her beloved grandson had.

“Last time, when Gunnar returned to Capitalis, I spoke to him. He is dissatisfied with Quincy but refrains from speaking out due to Quincy’s reputation. Most importantly, he’s interested in Olivia. It makes sense. As the Genius of Capitalis, he has been pursued by girls ever since he was young. It’s rare for him to encounter a beauty who doesn’t buy into his charm. He definitely wants to conquer Olivia. For a man, that’s a pleasurable thing!”

Although Leyton was a playboy, he wasn't an idiot. Otherwise, Leah wouldn't have put in the effort to raise him.

Leah was somewhat surprised. Was Gunnar really attracted to Olivia? It seemed unlikely.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Grandma, don't you trust me? It's absolutely true!"

"Haha! Good!"

Leah's anxious mood vanished. She no longer needed to fear him since Gunnar had set his sights on Olivia. The initiative had returned to her hands!

"We won't go to the airport to pick him up. Let Gunnar come to us after he lands!"

Leah made a decisive decision with a wave of her hand.

She had been extremely frustrated during this period since she had been humiliated by the Flynn Family when she sought cooperation with them.

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It would be acceptable if the Flynn Family and I were insulted by peers. However, Gunnar, a mere child from the generation of grandchildren, is truly astonishing for daring to meddle in my affairs.

It seems luck is finally on my side if Gunnar truly has feelings for Olivia. I can seize complete control and take the initiative!

"Grandma, will Gunnar be displeased if we appear too passive?" Leyton Alix asked.

Leah sneered. "He?! Displeased of us?! So what?"

"Yes, Grandma, you're right! Right now, Gunnar has to beg us since he couldn't win Olivia's heart."

A smug smile spread across Leyton's face. He envied Gunnar very much. They were peers, but why was he the center of attention? Why did he get this much attention from the girls?



I'm no less capable. In terms of skills, I'm outstanding for my age. In terms of appearance, I'm equally charming. Why don't I receive the same treatment? It's time to put him in his place!

Creak! The presidential suite door swung open, followed by a man walking in to hand over a document to Leah. "Ma'am, here are the specific details of Miss Olivia that you requested us to investigate."

Leah took the document and quickly skimmed through it. "Tell me what you've found."

"Currently, Miss Olivia is working at Keyshire Property. We've noticed an increased presence of unfamiliar individuals around the area. Although they seem capable, judging by their appearance, they show no ill intentions toward Miss Olivia; instead, they seem responsible for discreetly protecting her. Our agents hesitate to enter Keyshire Property easily because Rafael himself developed this company, and we fear provoking his displeasure."

At this, Leah furrowed her brow as things got more complicated. Initially, she had considered forcefully taking Olivia from her workplace if necessary, but now it seemed like wishful thinking.

She might disregard the bodyguards responsible for protecting Olivia, but she dared not easily offend Rafael. Rafael's status was too exceptional, and unless necessary, it was best not to provoke that prominent figure.

"Cease the investigation and recall our operatives!" Leah commanded.

"Yes, Ma'am!" The man turned and left to carry out the order.

After Leyton observed his grandmother's pale face, he couldn't help but wonder, What startled her so much upon hearing the name "Rafael"?

"Grandma, what's wrong? We don't need to recall our members as no one would dare to oppose us in Irieson, even if there are protectors around Olivia. If we withdraw now, taking her away later forcibly won't be easy," he suggested.

Leah shook her head helplessly. She understood the logic behind Leyton's words. It was just that she really couldn't afford to offend Rafael!

Leyton became even more puzzled after noticing his grandma's silence.  
"Grandma, who is this Rafael? Is he mighty?"

"Stop asking. When you are older, you'll know all these things." Leah refused to answer his question.

Sometimes, the more you know, the worse it gets and the more knowledge you possess, the more dangerous it becomes.

At Irieson International Airport, Gunnar wore black sunglasses and walked to the entrance. He felt dissatisfied after glancing at the people in front of him.

"Leah, oh, Leah, what tricks are you playing again?" Gunnar monologed.

Indeed, the only forces waiting to greet him were the Flynn Family while Leah was nowhere to be seen.

"Mr. Gunnar, should I call Leah?" a follower behind Gunnar asked softly.

Gunnar shook his head. "No, I want to see how well she can control her temper. Hmph!"

With that, he got into his Mercedes and drove off.

He had initially assumed that Leah must have had an urgent matter preventing her from making it to the airport in time; moreover, he thought she would call and apologize later. However, he rested until evening without receiving the expected apology call.

This made Gunnar quite impatient. He picked up his phone and called Leah directly.

"Hello," came Leah's lazy voice from the other end of the phone. She sounded like she had just woken up.

"Madam Wilkerson, your status is truly esteemed. I hope I didn't disturb your rest by calling you out of the blue," Gunnar said sarcastically, as he felt extremely annoyed. During my last visit to Irieson, Leah eagerly came to the airport to welcome me. But this time, I have already been in Irieson for half a day, and Leah hasn't popped a note. The difference in treatment is like night and day. What's the meaning of this? Does she look down on me?

“Haha!” Leah let out an indifferent laugh. “Gunnar, how can my esteemed status compare to yours? My dear future son-in-law, I was busy communicating with Olivia and momentarily forgot to pick you up. You must understand my good intentions!”

Upon hearing Leah’s words, Gunnar felt a wave of disgust. Future son-in-law? What a joke! I haven’t married Olivia yet, and she dares to call me that!

Leah remained unfazed when facing Gunnar’s silence as she was well-prepared for this. “Gunnar, Olivia told me that she’s willing to meet you, and there’s even a possibility of marrying you. However, Wilkerson Family is currently facing some trouble. Since your Flynn Family is our in-laws, shouldn’t you help us resolve it in advance?”

Of course, Olivia would never say such things. Leah was utterly fabricating this to deceive Gunnar. If he fell for it, that would be perfect as the Wilkerson Family’s issues would be resolved, and she wouldn’t have to live in constant fear every day; if he didn’t, it would also be beneficial to delay things for a while.

“Hmm?” Gunnar paused for a moment. He understood that Leah knew he had developed feelings for Olivia, so she took this opportunity to make such excessive demands. If I want to have Olivia, it’s possible, but the condition is to help resolve the trouble for the Wilkerson Family first!

He responded while suppressing his anger, “Let me consult my dad and see what his thoughts are on the matter.”

“Good, then I’ll be waiting for your good news. Haha!” Leah burst into laughter and hung up the phone.

Olivia, oh, Olivia, you are my excellent granddaughter who inherits all my outstanding genes. You possess exquisite beauty, and even the talented Gunnar, the top genius in Capitalis, fell in love with you. You’re making Grandma proud!

While Leah reveled in her happiness, Gunnar, on the other hand, was taking out his anger on his surroundings.

Bam!

Crack!

His phone, television, coffee table—anything within sight was smashed.

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“Grandma, will Gunnar be displeased if we appear too passive?” Leyton Alix asked.

Leah sneered. “He?! Displeased of us?! So what?”

“Yes, Grandma, you’re right! Right now, Gunnar has to beg us since he couldn’t win Olivia’s heart.”

A smug smile spread across Leyton’s face. He envied Gunnar very much. They were peers, but why was he the center of attention? Why did he get this much attention from the girls?

I’m no less capable. In terms of skills, I’m outstanding for my age. In terms of appearance, I’m equally charming. Why don’t I receive the same treatment? It’s time to put him in his place!

Creak! The presidential suite door swung open, followed by a man walking in to hand over a document to Leah. “Ma’am, here are the specific details of Miss Olivia that you requested us to investigate.”

Leah took the document and quickly skimmed through it. “Tell me what you’ve found.”

“Currently, Miss Olivia is working at Keyshire Property. We’ve noticed an increased presence of unfamiliar individuals around the area. Although they seem capable, judging by their appearance, they show no ill intentions toward Miss Olivia; instead, they seem responsible for discreetly protecting her. Our agents hesitate to enter Keyshire Property easily because Rafael himself developed this company, and we fear provoking his displeasure.”

At this, Leah furrowed her brow as things got more complicated. Initially, she had considered forcefully taking Olivia from her workplace if necessary, but now it seemed like wishful thinking.

She might disregard the bodyguards responsible for protecting Olivia, but she dared not easily offend Rafael. Rafael's status was too exceptional, and unless necessary, it was best not to provoke that prominent figure.

"Cease the investigation and recall our operatives!" Leah commanded.

"Yes, Ma'am!" The man turned and left to carry out the order.

After Leyton observed his grandmother's pale face, he couldn't help but wonder, What startled her so much upon hearing the name "Rafael"?

"Grandma, what's wrong? We don't need to recall our members as no one would dare to oppose us in Irieson, even if there are protectors around Olivia. If we withdraw now, taking her away later forcibly won't be easy," he suggested.

Leah shook her head helplessly. She understood the logic behind Leyton's words. It was just that she really couldn't afford to offend Rafael!

Leyton became even more puzzled after noticing his grandma's silence. "Grandma, who is this Rafael? Is he mighty?"

"Stop asking. When you are older, you'll know all these things." Leah refused to answer his question.

Sometimes, the more you know, the worse it gets and the more knowledge you possess, the more dangerous it becomes.

At Irieson International Airport, Gunnar wore black sunglasses and walked to the entrance. He felt dissatisfied after glancing at the people in front of him.

"Leah, oh, Leah, what tricks are you playing again?" Gunnar monologed.

Indeed, the only forces waiting to greet him were the Flynn Family while Leah was nowhere to be seen.

"Mr. Gunnar, should I call Leah?" a follower behind Gunnar asked softly.

Gunnar shook his head. “No, I want to see how well she can control her temper. Hmph!”

With that, he got into his Mercedes and drove off.

He had initially assumed that Leah must have had an urgent matter preventing her from making it to the airport in time; moreover, he thought she would call and apologize later. However, he rested until evening without receiving the expected apology call.

This made Gunnar quite impatient. He picked up his phone and called Leah directly.

“Hello,” came Leah’s lazy voice from the other end of the phone. She sounded like she had just woken up.

“Madam Wilkerson, your status is truly esteemed. I hope I didn’t disturb your rest by calling you out of the blue,” Gunnar said sarcastically, as he felt extremely annoyed. During my last visit to Irieson, Leah eagerly came to the airport to welcome me. But this time, I have already been in Irieson for half a day, and Leah hasn’t popped a note. The difference in treatment is like night and day. What’s the meaning of this? Does she look down on me?

“Haha!” Leah let out an indifferent laugh. “Gunnar, how can my esteemed status compare to yours? My dear future son-in-law, I was busy communicating with Olivia and momentarily forgot to pick you up. You must understand my good intentions!”

Upon hearing Leah’s words, Gunnar felt a wave of disgust. Future son-in-law? What a joke! I haven’t married Olivia yet, and she dares to call me that!

Leah remained unfazed when facing Gunnar’s silence as she was well-prepared for this. “Gunnar, Olivia told me that she’s willing to meet you, and there’s even a possibility of marrying you. However, Wilkerson Family is currently facing some trouble. Since your Flynn Family is our in-laws, shouldn’t you help us resolve it in advance?”

Of course, Olivia would never say such things. Leah was utterly fabricating this to deceive Gunnar. If he fell for it, that would be perfect as the Wilkerson Family’s issues would be resolved, and she wouldn’t have to live in constant fear every day; if he didn’t, it would also be beneficial to delay things for a while.

“Hmm?” Gunnar paused for a moment. He understood that Leah knew he had developed feelings for Olivia, so she took this opportunity to make such excessive demands. If I want to have Olivia, it’s possible, but the condition is to help resolve the trouble for the Wilkerson Family first!

He responded while suppressing his anger, “Let me consult my dad and see what his thoughts are on the matter.”

“Good, then I’ll be waiting for your good news. Haha!” Leah burst into laughter and hung up the phone.

Olivia, oh, Olivia, you are my excellent granddaughter who inherits all my outstanding genes. You possess exquisite beauty, and even the talented Gunnar, the top genius in Capitalis, fell in love with you. You’re making Grandma proud!

While Leah reveled in her happiness, Gunnar, on the other hand, was taking out his anger on his surroundings.

Bam!

Crack!

His phone, television, coffee table—anything within sight was smashed.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 307

“Yes, Mr. Gunnar,” the attendants replied.

“Ah! Aaaah!”

The gate of Acketts Estate was tightly closed, but terrifying screams that occasionally echoed from within could be heard even when the curtains were drawn close.

William and Sean stood at the entrance with a deep sense of unease weighing down on them. Beads of cold sweat also trickled down their foreheads.

They could hear it vividly as it was the anguished cries of Thomas.

“William, stay here and be on the lookout. I’ll venture inside to see what’s happening,” Sean declared while raising his hand as if to push open the imposing villa doors.

Thomas had been caught in a whirlwind of torment for quite some time. His agonized shouts had begun over an hour ago and gradually escalated into a crescendo of despair.

Although the villa boasted impressive soundproofing, it failed to muffle the heart-wrenching sound of Thomas’ suffering entirely. It was evident that he was enduring unimaginable pain.

Sean reached his breaking point and thus felt compelled to rush in to provide aid.

“Sean, please don’t act rashly!” William pleaded while grabbing hold of Sean’s arm. His voice was filled with patient reassurance. “We must have faith in Thomas. He’ll pull through.”

“William, don’t you hear Thomas’ cries? Can’t you sense his distress?” Sean swatted away William’s hand as his concern overrode any other considerations. He had to enter the villa and see with his own eyes, for only then he would find solace.

“Sean!” William’s frustration surged. He had heard snippets from his grandfather about Thomas’ predicament, granting him some insight into the situation. If Sean stormed in now, all of Thomas’ efforts would be in vain.

William clutched Sean’s shoulder and steered him toward the courtyard. “Even if you don’t believe me, trust Thomas! You’ll only disrupt his struggle by impulsively storming in!”

William’s words held weight. Thomas was safe now, and his life wasn’t in immediate danger. Yet, his screams were genuine as he was enduring unimaginable torture.

Thomas rose from the bathtub. His flesh had withered away, leaving only his face and intimate areas unscathed. He resembled a bloodied specter emerging from the depths of a nightmarish inferno.



His blood mixed with the medicinal bathwater turned it into a haunting shade of scarlet and created a genuinely unsettling sight that could send chills down one's spine.

Thomas' forehead throbbed with bulging veins, and his eyes were bloodshot. He knew he had to persevere because if he gave in to the pain and succumbed to unconsciousness, there was a terrifying possibility that he would never awaken again and be forever trapped in the depths of that excruciating abyss.

Sean stood motionless in the courtyard, gazing blankly toward the villa. "It's been about two hours, hasn't it?"

"To be precise, it has been two and a half hours," William responded. While he attempted to dissuade Sean, he also bore deep concern for Thomas. He had witnessed intermittent echoes of Thomas' agonized wails which chilled them to the core in these past two and a half hours.

Sean said, "William, we can't wait any longer. What if something has occurred to Thomas inside the villa? I would live in regret for the rest of my days! Perhaps, what he needs most right now is our rescue!"

As Sean stepped forward, William intercepted him again by firmly obstructing his path. "Sean, you've known Thomas for so long and you don't realize the extent of his capabilities?"

Thomas and Samuel had impressed upon them the importance of not disturbing Thomas under any circumstances. It was not difficult to fathom the dire consequences should Sean barge in now.

"William! How can you be so unsympathetic? It's our dear friend, Thomas, who endures unimaginable suffering within! If we don't go and help him now, he might succumb!" Sean's words were accompanied by tears streaming down his face.

Meanwhile, William remained steadfast. He held Sean back and refused to let him enter.

The impasse between the two of them persisted. After another half an hour, silence finally settled over the villa.

“William, I must go inside and assess the situation. What if Thomas is unconscious?” Sean implored.

William impatiently shook his head to defy Sean’s resistance. “Sean, doesn’t Thomas have enough burdens to bear? Disturbing him now would only compound his suffering!”

Upon hearing this, Sean was taken aback and his gaze fixed on William. “What are you implying? Is Thomas in trouble? What kind of trouble?”

“Um...” William realized he had misspoken. He had heard from his grandfather about the six old monsters behind the Six Greatest Families seeking trouble with Thomas. His grandfather had repeatedly warned him not to mention it to anyone, including Sean. However, he had let it slip in his moment of panic.

Sean’s brow furrowed. “William, what’s going on? You need to tell me now!”

“It’s nothing, and you’re overthinking it. I was just speaking without thinking. Oh, by the way, I need to return home and get something. Wait for me here.” William hurriedly walked out of the estate without waiting for Sean’s response.

The more Sean thought about it, the more uneasy he felt. “William, wait for me!”

However, William didn’t bother waiting for Sean. He just stepped on the gas pedal and sped back to his house. Later, he locked the door tightly and paced back and forth in the room.

William knew Sean’s temperament well since they had known each other for years. If he learned about Thomas’ current situation, he wouldn’t hesitate to find fault with the Six Greatest Families and confront them head-on. How could William manage to brush off this matter? He was certain Sean wouldn’t let this matter drop that easily.

And just as he had anticipated, a repeated thud sounded from the door. He didn’t need to guess who it was as it had to be Sean who chased after him.

“Ah, fine!” William sighed while opening the door. He immediately looped an arm around Sean’s shoulder without giving him a chance to speak. “Come on, let’s go for a drink.”

“Forget about drinks! William, you either tell me what’s going on with Thomas today, or our years of brotherhood will end. It’s up to you to decide!”

William’s eyes darted around, and suddenly, an idea struck him. Maybe he could use this incident to deflect the situation.

“Hey, it’s not a big issue. It’s just that someone is planning to accuse Thomas falsely.”

“Falsely accuse Thomas?”

“Yes!” William nodded while recounting the information he knew. “Thomas had a former girlfriend named Felice Lott. You should know about her. Well, after they had a falling out, she was murdered, and now her mother is refusing to let it go. She found an attorney and plans to sue Thomas, claiming he killed her daughter. But she doesn’t have any real evidence, so she hired a private investigator to fabricate evidence.”

Indeed, there was such an incident, but the Peralta Family promptly intervened and contained the situation to prevent it from escalating further. The other members of the Peralta Family also didn’t inform Thomas to avoid disturbing him.

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Sean looked at William with a puzzled expression. “Are you telling me the truth? Is that the trouble Thomas is facing now?”

It was understandable that he found it hard to believe. From Sean’s perspective, this situation didn’t even qualify as trouble since Sean himself could resolve it without the intervention of his family.

“You still don’t believe me? Alright, let me take you to meet someone. Once you see them, you’ll understand,” William said while firmly gripping Sean’s arm and leading him toward one of the Peralta Family’s hourly hotels. They proceeded directly to the door of a room distinct from the others.

It was evident that this room stood apart from the others. Two imposing bodyguards stood sentry at the entrance.

“Mr. William!” The bodyguards respectfully greeted William.

William nodded in acknowledgment and led Sean inside.

The scene was chaotic inside the room. A middle-aged man lay helplessly bound on the floor while his muffled cries filled the room when he spotted the duo's entrance.

William gestured for the bodyguards to remove the cloth from the man's mouth.

"P-Please, mercy on me! I was wrong! I won't do it again!" the man begged.

"Tell me, did Thomas kill Felice Lott?" William demanded.

"I... I don't know!" the man stammered in response.

"Then, why did you fabricate evidence to implicate Thomas in Felice's murder?" William pressed further.

"It was... It was at my employer's request! I was merely following orders," the man confessed without resistance. He revealed how even their private detective agency's boss had faced the consequences. As a mere team member, he realized the insignificance of his role.

William pointed toward a DV recorder within the room and turned to Sean. "Take a look for yourself."

Sean approached the device without any further questions and started watching the recorded footage. The more he watched, the more his face contorted with anger and disbelief.

The video recording revealed individuals engaged in casual conversation around a table. The male protagonist bore a striking resemblance to Thomas. However, anyone well-acquainted with Thomas could easily discern that the similarity was achieved through makeup and other deceptive means.

To Sean's dismay, the "Thomas" in the video admitted to the murder of Felice. He even declared that killing Felice wasn't enough, and he intended to eliminate Felice's parents as well!

All the doubt lingering within Sean previously had dissipated entirely. His undivided attention became fixated on the gravity of this revelation.

Once the video ended, Sean could no longer contain his fury. This is an unabashed false accusation! Accusing others unjustly is one thing, but to falsely implicate my sworn? It's an unforgivable offense!

As for Felice's parents, they are equally despicable! I am aware of Thomas' past to some extent. Hasn't Thomas been generous toward them? He has provided them with financial support for eight years for their entire household. However, their gratitude is to blame Thomas for their daughter's infidelity and subsequent demise. They are nothing short of a treacherous family!

"You damn..." Sean's words trailed off as he unleashed his fury, delivering a swift and forceful kick to the man on the floor.

"Ah! Spare me!" The man was pleading for mercy.

However, mercy was not within Sean's grasp. He continued his assault by unleashing a barrage of punches and kicks toward him.

William felt a sense of vindication while observing this scene. Indeed, this sworn brother of his had always been susceptible to his tricks since childhood. It was no exception that deception had always come effortlessly. William had successfully misled him with a mere incident.

Yes, William had initially dismissed it as a minor matter. It wasn't until later that he realized the gravity of his mistake.

"Alright, that's enough! Any more, and he'll be dead!" William intervened and rushed forward to restrain Sean from further violence.

Sean pointed at the man and exclaimed, "How dare you falsely accuse my brother, Thomas! You better wait for me because I'm going to send all of you to jail and make sure you rot there!"

"Sean, leave this to me. Our main task now is to stay by Thomas' side," William said while trying to catch his breath as they left the hourly hotel. They soon returned to Acketts Estate.

William signaled a guard and inquired, "Any movement inside the villa?"

"Mr. Clifford opened the front door slightly an hour ago to bring in some food. I don't think there's anything wrong," the guard reported.

“Phew!” Both William and Sean let out a sigh of relief. It seemed that Thomas was indeed safe.

Meanwhile, outside the office building of Keyshire Property, the employees left the office as it was the end of the workday. However, instead of leaving like they usually did, they stood still and gathered outside the building.

Because the area in front of the building had turned into a sea of roses. The intense fragrance of flowers filled the air, and the vibrant red color dazzled many.

Gunnar, dressed in a pristine white Armani suit, stood at the forefront of the crowd with a subtle smile. Behind him were several assistants and a long line of Lamborghini supercars.

“Wow! Look at that handsome man!”

“Yes! Handsome and rich. Those Lamborghinis must belong to him!”

“How romantic! I wonder who he’s here for. If he were pursuing me, I’d say yes without hesitation!”

“Come on, stop daydreaming! He’s here to confess his love to our president, Miss Pearson!”

Some admiring voices could be heard from the crowd.

“Why aren’t you all rushing to go home?” Molly emerged from the crowd, carrying her bag. The entrance of the office building had become congested, and she had used much effort before she managed to squeeze her way out.

“Molly, come and see the spectacle. This man is confessing his love to our president!”

“Yeah, and he’s rich and romantic!”

Molly followed the direction everyone was pointing, and her gaze calmly fell upon the man standing there. There was a hint of disdain in her eyes.

Her heart had already belonged to Thomas. Compared with him, she had considered all other men in the world insignificant. Therefore, she saw nothing exceptional in the man before her.

She waved her hand dismissively and beckoned the head of the security team. She instructed firmly, "Go and remove all these roses from the entrance. They're obstructing the way. Also, ensure that these onlookers disperse immediately."

The head of the security team nodded and promptly replied, "Yes, I'll take care of it right away."

Although Molly was a mere secretary, her influence within Keyshire Property was significant; it was akin to that of the company's top executives. After all, she was Olivia's trusted confidante.

"What are you guys doing?" Gunnar became displeased when he noticed the security team approaching the roses that he had meticulously arranged. He would not allow them to ruin his romantic gesture before Olivia could even witness it.

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"What am I doing? Are you blind? Can't you see?" The head of the security team wasn't afraid of him. Molly had instructed him to do as such. After all, this was Keyshire Property. How dare you throw your weight around with me? You've got a death wish!

"Stop!" Gunnar roared.

"Stop, my \*ss! I've had enough of you! How dare you come running over here to confess your feelings, huh? Hurry up, you guys! Throw all the flowers away!" The head of the security team instructed his men.

"F\*cking hell! You asked for it!" Furious, Gunnar flicked his hand and a bunch of his entourage dashed over.

Pow. Thump. Thud.

"Ouch!"

"My back!"

"My leg's killing me..."

In just ten seconds, Keyshire Property's security guards were all groaning on the ground. The head of the security team was in particularly bad shape. He

had been kicked so hard that a couple of his ribs were broken. Gunnar's entourage had seen the way the man disrespected their master, so they paid special attention to him.

Everyone froze at the sight. They were too agitated to calm down. What's going on? Why have the security guards all fallen to the ground?

"What are you doing, you hooligans?"

Molly turned pale with fury. She never would've thought that these men would be this arrogant. This was Keyshire Property, the number one company in Irieson's real estate industry! No ordinary person would dare to cause a scene here.

"Get lost!"

Gunnar's men growled at her. Get the hell out of the way if you know what's good for you! There's going to be hell to pay if you get in the way of Mr. Gunnar's business! Don't think we won't touch you just because you're a pretty woman. When Mr. Gunnar's pissed off, he won't show any mercy to anyone, not even the young and the elderly!

Molly turned even paler as she instinctively took a few steps back. She realized that she couldn't handle the situation herself, so she quickly called Olivia who was currently bored out of her mind in the office. She hadn't seen Thomas for an entire day now and didn't even have the mood to work anymore. She looked as if she had lost her soul.

Upon hearing Molly's report, Olivia's brow furrowed. "A man? Roses?"

Even after searching her memory for quite some time, she couldn't figure out who would come all the way to the company to confess his feelings to her, but she knew that it wasn't the time for her to be dwelling on this question. She hung up the phone and hurried down to the lobby.

Soon, Olivia arrived on the first floor. "Why's everyone standing around at the entrance instead of getting off work?"

Once the crowd heard Olivia's voice, they immediately stepped aside to clear a path for her. It was clear that Olivia held great authority at Keyshire Property!



“Olivia!” Gunnar spotted Olivia at once and immediately jogged over to her.

Olivia didn’t recognize the man in the white suit at all. Who’s this guy? Is he the one who came here to confess his feelings for me? But, I don’t know him! Where did he come from?

He rushed over to Olivia and bowed a little as he held out the rose in his hand. “I like you, Olivia! Marry me! I prepared all of this for you!”

At last, Olivia recognized Gunnar. Isn’t this that so-called fiancé of mine that Leah forced me to meet that day at the hotel? Why is he here again? Why won’t he just leave me alone?

Olivia’s expression turned icy as she took a step back to keep her distance from Gunnar. “I’m pretty sure I was very clear with you the other day, so why did you shamelessly come knocking on my doorstep again? Did you not understand what I said?”

She still remembered the fact that he tried to lay a hand on her when she attempted to escape. He would’ve hit me if Mr. Hofstead hadn’t gotten here in time! Naturally, she wasn’t going to be courteous with \*ssholes like him.

Gunnar was stunned, but he forced himself to smile as he held the rose out again. “There are so many people looking at us, Olivia. You—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Olivia threw the rose to the ground and snapped, “Get your stupid rose out of my face! As if I’d want it!”

Gunnar’s expression soured right away. Have you forgotten who I am? I’m the Genius of Capitalis! People fall at my feet no matter where I go! I swallowed my pride and went to the extent of confessing my feelings to you, and this is how you react?! Disrespecting me right in front of a crowd of people?! Who do you think you are?! You ungrateful woman!

So be it! You think you can be so haughty, huh? Let me see if you can still be this haughty when you’re lying naked beneath me! Since you refuse to cooperate when I’m being nice to you, I’ll just have to get

rough with you! I’m not going to wait any longer anyway. I’ll get you in bed tonight!

Gunnar glanced at his men and they immediately surrounded Olivia.

Olivia's expression changed at once. They're trying to stop me from leaving!

"I'm warning you! Don't try to mess with me!"

"Get away! Don't you dare touch Miss Pearson!" Molly stepped forward to shove Gunnar's men away from Olivia.

However, as soon as she came closer, one of the men slapped her.

How could a weak young woman withstand such a blow? Her head started spinning and she fell to the ground.

"Molly!" Olivia was quivering with rage. They've gone too far! How dare they come running to my office and hit my own secretary?

"Move! Take her away!" Gunnar barked.

The men grabbed Olivia by the arms and hauled her toward the car.

"Hey! Let go! I'm going to call the police!" Olivia was nearly in tears. She never missed Thomas more than she did right now. Who would dare to do this to her when he was around?

Gunnar sneered. "Olivia, Olivia! I wasn't going to get rough with you, but since you didn't appreciate the courtesy I showed you, don't blame me for not playing nice anymore!"

"You despicable, shameless man! I'd rather die than marry you! Who do you think you are?!"

Olivia shrieked as she struggled to get away from the men, but how could she possibly overpower them? No matter how hard she struggled, they were able to drag her out to the side of the road. She was only a few steps away from being shoved into the car.

At that most crucial moment, the screeching sound of tires coming to an abrupt halt on the asphalt rang out.

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Gunnar instinctively turned toward the noise and saw over twenty Mercedes-Benzes pulling up by the side of the road.

A group of men poured out of the cars with John Morton and Samuel Peralta in the lead!

Before Thomas decided to go ahead with the process of toning his body, he specifically instructed Samuel to protect Olivia in his stead. The Mortons and the Peralta Family placed their people in the vicinity of Keyshire Property, but as Gunnar was no ordinary man, these people couldn't act recklessly. They had to call up the two elderly men and inform them of the situation instead.

As soon as John and Samuel got the calls, they immediately rushed over. Thankfully, they made it just in time. Gunnar might have succeeded in taking Olivia away if they had taken just a few minutes longer!

The two elderly men ignored Gunnar and marched right over to Olivia. "Are you alright, Miss Pearson?"

Olivia finally caught on. She recalled what Thomas had said last night about finding someone who could protect her. He must've called up the Mortons and the Peralta Family.

"I'm alright, Old Mr. Morton and Old Mr. Peralta."

John and Samuel exhaled in relief before turning their hostile gaze to Gunnar.

"My, my. The nerve of some people! He's not satisfied with throwing his weight around in Capitalis. Instead, he has come to make a show of authority right here in Irieson! Tsk, tsk!" John remarked.

Gunnar wasn't afraid of him. "Regardless of what I do in Capitalis, Old Mr. Morton, I don't think you have the right to interfere in a little tiff between my woman and me."

Although the Flynns were based in Capitalis, they had some power and influence in Irieson too, and naturally, Gunnar knew about the Mortons and the Peralta Family who were among the most elite families in Irieson. He had seen photos of John and Samuel too.

So what if you're a powerful figure in Irieson? Do you think I'll be scared of you? I doubt you'll have the guts to go against me!

“Meanwhile, what about you, Old Mr. Morton? Look at the number of people you brought over. What’s the meaning of this? Are you declaring war against the Flynns?” Gunnar retorted haughtily.

“Haha!”

John snorted. “If it’s a war you want, so be it. You Flynns aren’t afraid of a fight, but neither are we Mortons! However, these words should be coming out of your father’s mouth. The words of a boy who’s still wet behind his ears mean nothing! Your words don’t carry any weight at all!”

“What did you say?!”

Gunnar thought that his standing in society as well as the threat of the Flynns would be enough to make John cower in fear. Who would have thought that not only was John unafraid of Gunnar, but he didn’t even seem to care about the Flynns either!

John surveyed Gunnar icily. “If I were you, I would hightail it back to Capitalis right now. Irieson may be small, but it’s still not a place where you can go around acting recklessly. Push me far enough and I might even help your parents teach you some manners!”

He wasn’t exaggerating. So what if the Flynns had Capitalis under their thumb? This was Irieson. No matter how powerful an outsider was, they couldn’t win against the locals who had the home ground. The Mortons weren’t afraid of taking the Flynns on in Irieson!

John had already made his mind up as he was making his way over here. If Gunnar did as told, he would leave things at that, but if Gunnar ignored him or went too far with Olivia, he was going to make Gunnar pay!

“Why, you!” Gunnar’s expression turned stormy as his eyes flashed murderously.

“My friend here’s right, Mr. Flynn!” Samuel spoke up as well. “You said this is just a little tiff between you and your woman, but according to my knowledge, Olivia has never given you the time of day, right? And yet, here you are calling her your woman. What’s the deal? Do all you Flynns like shooting your mouths off telling tall tales?”

With that, Samuel's tone sharpened. "Get out of here! If you ever try to touch Olivia again, I'll see to it that you won't be able to leave Irieson! What makes you think you have the right to pursue Olivia, huh? Go back home and carry on dreaming there!"

Gunnar took a few deep breaths to calm himself down. Even though he was roaring for a fight, he knew that he couldn't take the two elderly men on when he was in Irieson!

He gave John and Samuel one last vicious glare before getting in his car and speeding off.

"F\*ck! Just wait, you old geezers! I won't let you get away with this!"

How are you even related to Olivia anyway? Gunnar continued ranting to himself. You're both old men! What's the point of coming all the way over here and going against me just for her sake? How dare you humiliate me? You've got a death wish!

The more Gunnar thought about it, the angrier he got. He was utterly humiliated. Not only did Olivia mock him in front of a crowd, but John and Samuel had torn into him as well. This was all thanks to Olivia!

Didn't you tell your grandma that you'll take the time to consider me properly? Didn't you say you wanted to see my sincerity? Well, I did as you wanted! I came bearing flowers to confess my feelings and propose to you! Is this how you repay me?

Even now, Gunnar wasn't at all suspicious of the possibility that Leah was tricking him! It was truly a mystery as to how he became known as the Genius of Capitalis.

Once the parade of Lamborghinis drove off, John and Samuel spoke briefly with Olivia and left.

Olivia swiftly ran back to Molly with a look of concern. "Are you alright, Molly? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

Molly had regained her senses. Her cheek stung as if it were on fire.

She shook her head and said, "I'm fine, Miss Pearson."

She got on her feet, dusted herself off, and left.

Just as Olivia missed Thomas, so did Molly. During John's birthday celebration, Molly had been slapped too and it was Thomas who stood up for her, teaching her assailant a lesson. No one would have dared to lay a hand on me if Thomas had been around today.

Alas, Molly didn't even know where Thomas was right now. She couldn't help but feel despondent.

Fortunately, Thomas hadn't been around to witness today's events, or else, Gunnar would've most likely met his doom before the day was over.

No matter who it was, Thomas would strike down anyone who got on his bad side. In his eyes, the so- called Genius of Capitalis was nothing. He wouldn't even consider Gunnar worthy of being his opponent!

Olivia shook her head. She felt bad for Molly as the latter had been slapped while trying to protect her.

"Come and take them to the hospital!" Olivia pointed at the security guards who were still lying on the ground and instructed the crowd gathered in the lobby.

"Don't forget to throw out all the flowers! Just the sight of them disgusts me!"