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### I'm Someone Else Chapter 311

After making all the necessary arrangements, Olivia went back to her office and packed up to leave. She didn't plan on driving. Just as Thomas had said, she was a destroyer of cars, so it was safer if she stayed away from the wheel. She took a cab back to Northpine Villa instead.

Soon after she got home, the doorbell rang.

Olivia jumped in fright. Despite her attempt at acting tough back at Keyshire Property, deep down inside, she was quite terrified. Thomas, her main source of protection, wasn't with her, and Gunnar had repeatedly tried to grab her by force, so she didn't know what she could do if he came right to her doorstep.

"Who is it?" Olivia mustered up her courage and called out fearfully.

"It's me, Olivia. Open up!" Harrison called out.

"Oh! It's you, Grandpa Harrison. I'll be right there!"

Olivia relaxed and ran to get the door.

"It's getting late, Grandpa Harrison. Why did you come over at this hour?" Olivia was confused.

Harrison chuckled and gave a random excuse. "I missed you so I decided to pay you a visit."

He hadn't been having a good time lately. Everyone knew that the Six Greatest Families wanted to bring forward the day of the sacrifice. For the past few days, he had been cracking his head trying to think of a way to help Olivia out of her crisis, but he couldn't think of anything.

Olivia poured Harrison a cup of tea. "Have some tea, Grandpa Harrison."

Harrison took a sip and looked around. "Where's Thomas?"

"Oh. He went away to deal with some things. He'll be back in a few days."

“He went away to deal with some things? He’ll only be back in a few days?” Harrison was startled. Why would he have to leave now of all times? He didn’t leave to deal with anything. He must’ve run off because he’s afraid!

It was said that the Six Greatest Families had gotten everything ready and were only waiting for the six old monsters to come forward. In fact, the Xalmars’ old monster was already at Xalmar Residence.

“I’ve been thinking, Olivia. You seem to be quite busy with work these days. Why don’t you take the next couple of days off and head to Capitalis for a short break?”

“I’m not leaving,” Olivia rejected the idea without hesitation.

Even if she were to go on holiday, she was going to wait until Thomas got back first. What would happen if Thomas comes back only to find me gone?

“I asked around, Olivia, and they say that Capitalis is very pretty during this time. You’ll regret missing the views.”

Olivia shook her head and began to eye Harrison with a look of puzzlement. What’s going on with Grandpa Harrison? Why is he trying so hard to convince me to go to Capitalis? Is he hiding something from me?

The look in Olivia’s eyes made it clear to Harrison that he couldn’t talk her into going anymore. That being said, he wasn’t going to give up on this chance so easily. Back at the hospital, Leah had said that the Wilkersons had a way of resolving Olivia’s crisis, but they would only do so if Olivia married Gunnar.

After that, Harrison secretly stayed in touch with Leah. Now that things had come to this, no matter how reluctant he was, he had to get Olivia to head to Capitalis and marry Gunnar. I have no choice. This way, at least she gets to stay alive.

That was the reason why he went to great lengths to convince Olivia to go to Capitalis. The so-called holiday was only an excuse. His real intention was to get Olivia to marry Gunnar!

Harrison heard that Gunnar was in Irieson but he hadn’t gotten in touch with the man yet. This won’t do. I’ll reach out to him later.

Harrison and Olivia chatted for a little longer before Harrison took his leave. After seeing him off, Olivia went to her room to rest for the night.

Meanwhile, Gunnar and Leah were together. He was holding a bottle and his cheeks were flushed. It was clear that he was a little drunk right now. Ever since he met up with Leah, he had been ranting about Olivia.

Leah wasn't surprised by this. After all, Olivia never said she would reconsider Gunnar. It would have been a surprise if Olivia did show Gunnar any kind of courtesy. That being said, Leah dared not make any comments. She certainly wasn't going to admit that she lied. That would only drive Gunnar mad. All she could do was smile in silence.

Gunnar wasn't a fool. He already made up his mind. Since Leah wasn't saying anything, he was going to call his father up and get his father to bring some men over to take Olivia away by force!

John Morton, Samuel Peralta. You old geezers think you're so great, huh? Let's see if you can still be so high and mighty in front of my father!

Just as the two were caught up in their own thoughts, Gunnar's phone started ringing, so he answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Hello. This is Harrison Denver."

"Harrison Denver?" Gunnar repeated. "Who's that?"

"I'm Olivia's maternal grandfather."

Upon hearing those words, the corners of Leah's mouth crept up. My, my. I never knew you were such a weakling, Harrison. Weren't you all tough with me back at the hospital? Weren't you so adamant in your stance? So, you're panicking now, huh? Making the first move to get in touch with Gunnar, huh? Hah! You fool!

Leah maintained her silence as her eyes flashed with confidence. She believed that she had everything under control. She was certain that Quincy wouldn't dare to come back out of obscurity after the events that happened in the past, and since Harrison had no other choice, he was forced to agree to

her terms. In that case, it was only a matter of time before Olivia was married off to Capitalis.

As for Thomas, he never even crossed Leah's mind. She heard from her subordinates that he had not been seen for an entire day, so she was certain that he fled out of fear! A bum will always be a bum! It was right of me to look down on him!

After hanging up, Gunnar took another swig of alcohol. "Harrison Denver says he wants to see me."

Leah nodded.

The drinking session came to an end. As Leah escorted Gunnar to the hotel entrance, he suddenly remembered Thomas. "By the way, I heard that some guy named Thomas Clifford has something going on with Olivia. I want him dead!"

Although Olivia wasn't married to Gunnar yet, he already considered her his wife, and therefore, he wasn't going to let anyone be involved with her in any way, not even in rumors!

Leah sneered and assured Gunnar, "Don't worry. Once the whole situation with the sacrifice is over, he's a goner!"

Even if the old monsters of the Six Greatest Families didn't kill Thomas, Leah wasn't going to let him off the hook! Since you like getting all violent, you arrogant punk, I'll send you to hell where you can be as violent as you want!

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Based on Leah's understanding of the Six Greatest Families, she knew that they wouldn't let Thomas off the hook so easily. It wouldn't just be Thomas either. Even those close to him wouldn't be shown any mercy!

Gunnar nodded in satisfaction and left.

He didn't care how Thomas died or who did the deed. All he cared about was that Thomas ended up dead!

As Leah watched the lights from Gunnar's car fade into the distance, she broke out into a sinister smirk.

Thomas, Thomas. I gave you a chance. I told you to stay away from Olivia, but you refused to listen and even had the gall to talk back. Well, you've done it now. You won't be able to get away now, not even if you want to!

The next morning, Chloe went out on a walk with Adam around their neighborhood, but soon after leaving the house, four burly men came up to them and stood in their way.

Chloe immediately stood in front of Adam and eyed the men warily. "Who are you? What do you want?"

On the other hand, Adam looked completely clueless. It wasn't a surprise. Chloe had encountered several assassination attempts and was experienced enough to detect the hostility of the four burly men.

Before the four men could say anything, two faces that were extremely familiar to Chloe stepped out from behind them.

It was Lilac and Fanny Dickens!

They had long since decided to take their revenge against Thomas, but after getting everything ready, Thomas was nowhere in sight! They couldn't find him no matter how hard they tried, so in the end, they came to Chloe to try and find out where Thomas was.

"It's you?" Chloe frowned. "What do you want?"

"Since we were classmates once, Chloe, tell me where Thomas is and I won't do anything to you!" Lilac lifted her chin haughtily and eyed Chloe over the tip of her nose.

She no longer had any goodwill toward Chloe. It was only out of courtesy to you that I let my younger sister and that Thomas guy go on a blind date together, but what did he do? He knocked all her teeth out, and you even defended him! Fine! Since you chose to be this heartless, I won't care about our friendship either!

I'm willing to kindly forget about your role in this whole matter, Chloe, but Thomas won't be so lucky! I won't be letting him off the hook no matter what!

How dare he hit my sister?! He's got a death wish! My father paid these four men a lot of money to help us! They're all underground boxing champions! No matter how good Thomas is at fighting, he certainly won't be their match!

Upon hearing Lilac's demand, the situation dawned on Chloe. "Why are you looking for Thomas?"

"Hah! What do you think? To get even, of course! Since he dared to hit my sister, what else would I be trying to do, other than teaching him a lesson? You don't expect me to buy him dinner, do you?" Lilac scoffed with a look of derision. This old classmate of mine seems to be getting dumber as she gets older. Why did she even bother asking such an obvious question?

"I don't know where Thomas is!" Chloe replied without hesitation. Think I'll tell you where Thomas is so that you can attack him? Not happening!

"You better think twice if you know what's good for you, Chloe!" Lilac wagged her finger at Chloe and shrieked, "I'm telling you right now. If you refuse to tell me where Thomas is, then so be it! We'll take you with us then! You and that b\*stard are as close as siblings, right? In that case, I'm sure he'll come running to us when he finds out that we've taken you!"

"Do you not have any decency at all, young lady?" Adam's voice was laced with fury. Who are you anyway? What do you think you're doing, coming here to berate my daughter, and Thomas too? What's this talk about taking my daughter away? In your dreams! This is a civilized society!

"Don't waste your breath on her, Sis! Just take her away!"

Lilac nodded. Since you refused to cooperate when I tried to be nice, don't blame me for not showing you any mercy! She signaled the four burly men with a look and they immediately came toward Chloe.

"How dare you?! This is kidnapping! It's against the law!" Adam roared and stepped in front of Chloe.

Alas, why would the men listen to him? They shoved him aside and grabbed Chloe by the arms.

"Dad! Let go of me, you hooligans!"

In a flash, two silhouettes popped up beside Chloe, and the four burly men were sent flying. Their bodies whizzed in the air before crashing down on the ground.

“Ugh!”

In the blink of an eye, all four men were heavily injured. They were laying on the ground with blood coming out of their mouths.

They looked up and stared at the two men in charge of protecting Chloe with terror-stricken gazes.

Those two men were the ones who hit them! And, most alarmingly, they didn't even notice how the two men managed to hit the four of them! How did they do it?

Lilac and Fanny were astounded too. What's going on? Why did the four men that we were so confident in all fall to the ground? Aren't they supposed to be expert fighters? Why does it feel like they lost without even putting up a fight?

“W-Who are you?”

The sisters weren't the only ones who were confused. Chloe didn't know what was going on either. She stared at the two men for quite some time but she couldn't recall who they were. They were total strangers to her.

“How are you feeling, Dad? Are you hurt?” Chloe quickly helped Adam up with a look of concern.

“I'm fine. Don't worry.” Adam shook his head.

Lilac and Fanny were flustered. No matter how dumb they were, they could tell that the two men were protecting Chloe! I was such a fool! There I was chewing her out earlier! What should I do now? How can I smooth things over?

The two men ignored Lilac and turned to Chloe. “How should we deal with these people, Miss Hahn? Do you want us to kill them?”

If Chloe gave the order, everyone would be killed in an instant! The two men had no regard for the lives of these people. After all, there were powerful people behind them!

Lilac and Fanny gasped as the terror in their eyes intensified. They were starting to regret their decision now. Why did they come looking for Chloe? Not only did they fail to get what they were after, but they were even going to meet their doom.

Chloe looked at Lilac for a while. "Forget it. Let them leave. Since we were once classmates, Lilac, I'll drop it just this once. From now on, we'll go our separate ways."

Lilac was a little disbelieving. Chloe's letting me leave just like that? I was just about to kidnap her just a few minutes ago. Why isn't she trying to take revenge?

The two men in charge of protecting Chloe weren't patient by any means. They glared at Lilac. "Why are you still standing there? Get out of our sight now!"

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"Tsk, ts. How very imperious of you. Two martial arts experts bullying a couple of weak women! You must think of yourselves as being so great!"

"Huh?"

The two men turned around and saw eight middle-aged men slowly making their way over. The duo were experienced enough to tell from one look that the eight newcomers weren't ordinary people.

"Come on. Let's see just how great you are."

As soon as those words were said, eight silhouettes shot out at the same time and rushed toward the two men.

Thump. Thud.

The two men raised their arms to fend off the eight men.

Five minutes later, the two men in charge of protecting Chloe were kneeling on the ground. Blood was trickling out of their mouths.

They were in bad shape. Their faces and bodies were littered with wounds and bruises.

“Oh, my! You’re on your knees! What happened to your high and mighty stance from earlier?”

The two men looked up without saying anything. They were breathing heavily.

Chloe was scared stiff. The fight she had just witnessed was too far beyond anything she had ever known. In her eyes, it didn’t look like a fight between ordinary people. It was a scene that would only appear in superhero movies!

The Dickens sisters were just as thunderstruck. At last, they realized just how foolish it was for them to bring those four so-called experts over to try and mess with Chloe. The two men protecting Chloe hadn’t even been fighting at full strength earlier!

Alas, they couldn’t figure out how Chloe managed to find such powerful people to protect her, and who were these eight newcomers who wanted to cause trouble for Chloe?

Fanny was the more quick-witted of the two. She nudged Lilac and muttered, “Stop staring, Sis. Let’s leave while they’re too distracted to pay any attention to us. None of them are people we can afford to offend.”

“Oh! You’re right!” Lilac quickly nodded in agreement and snuck off with her sister. She didn’t even bother to care about the four men she had brought. They were still lying on the ground and groaning in pain!

The leader of the eight men flicked his hand at the others. “Take that old fogey and that chick away!”

“Don’t you dare!”

The two men who were in charge of protecting Chloe mustered up the strength to get back on their feet and shield Chloe and Adam. “Go on! Let’s fight! Don’t even think about touching them, not when we’re still alive!”

They were under strict orders from their master to keep those that Thomas wanted to protect safe, and they weren’t going to let anyone take the Hahns away, not when they still had any breath left in them! Not only would that be humiliating for their master, but for themselves as well!

The leader of the eight men was startled. He didn’t expect to find such loyal and determined men in this day and age!

Despite knowing that they couldn't win, they were still going to fight to their deaths to protect the Hahns. Such courage alone deserved respect.

"As a fellow martial arts practitioner, I know just how hard it has been for you two to train up to your current level of expertise. If I were you, I would choose to walk away now. After all, your lives belong to no one but yourselves."

"Cut the crap! Do you think I'm afraid of death? I told you. If you want to take them away, you're going to have to do it over our dead bodies!"

The leader of the eight chuckled. They don't appreciate my gesture of goodwill. Oh, well. We'll kill them first and then we'll take those two!

"Kill them!"

The men surged forward and unleashed a furious onslaught against the two men protecting the Hahns.

The two had already been severely injured. There was no way they could withstand being ganged up like that.

Soon, both men fell to the ground. They could no longer move.

"F\*ckers. He gave you guys a chance to save your own skin, but since you refuse to accept it, you might as well die now!"

One of the men raised his foot and moved to stomp down on the throats of the two men. The moment he did so, the two men were bound to die.

Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh.

Right at that pivotal moment, three swooshing sounds were heard as three elderly men dressed in robes appeared and saved the two men.

Seconds later, Samuel, John, and Raymond arrived with a crowd of bodyguards in tow.

"My, my. The Six Greatest Families have been making such progress," Raymond scoffed derisively as he eyed the eight men.

They recognized the eight men. These were the most senior disciples of the old monsters behind the Six Greatest Families. The people of Irieson were used to calling them the Warriors Eight. Who would've thought that the Six

Greatest Families were willing to go to such lengths just to kidnap a helpless young woman and a frail old man? They even mobilized the Warriors Eight! Aren't they afraid of becoming a laughingstock if the other families of Irieson found out about this?

Samuel stood with his hands behind his back as he spat out, "How shameless and disgraceful!"

John didn't waste any time. He cupped his hands toward one of the elderly men. "I shall have to trouble you!"

The elderly man, who was the Mortons' martial arts expert, smiled faintly and waved his hand. "We're family, John. You don't need to be so courteous with me."

Raymond, John, and Samuel had been tracking every single move the Six Greatest Families made. The Six Greatest Families had gotten the word out that they wanted to move up the sacrifice, and naturally, the three men knew that the Six Greatest Families were doing this to target their friend Thomas!

Before Thomas began the process of toning up his body, he asked Samuel to help him look after Chloe. Therefore, the Peralta Family had planted their people outside the residential neighborhood to keep an eye on things. In anticipation of unexpected situations, Samuel even informed his family's

martial arts expert about this and requested that the elderly man stay with the family instead of heading out somewhere. He needed the help of the elderly man in case he couldn't handle the situation himself.

After hearing about Samuel's arrangements, John and Raymond followed suit. They invited their families' martial arts experts over too, and true enough, just as Samuel predicted, the Six Greatest Families decided to target Chloe after failing to locate Thomas!

John waved his hand. "Go and guard the Hahns. Let me see what the so-called Six Greatest Families are capable of!"

"Yes, Old Mr. Morton!"

John's bodyguards immediately surrounded the Hahns and brought them to the side to keep them safe.

For the first time, Chloe felt like her brain wasn't working properly. Who are these people? Why are they trying to protect me? The earlier fight had been terrifying enough, but these three elderly men were even more terrifying! They popped up in front of me as if they had been blown in by the wind! Do they have some kind of superpower?

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The eight thugs could only watch as the Hahns were escorted to safety. That was a perfect chance to take these two away, and they blew it. They didn't dare to be impulsive as the old men before them would destroy them before they knew it.

The Mortons and the Peralta Family might be powerful, but they usually kept to themselves. It was weird they would butt into this matter.

More importantly, why did the Elliotts join as well? They were just merchants who cared about money and never gave anything else any thought. So why did they butt in? Could they be associated with Thomas? The thugs did not know. They exchanged a look, but they said nothing. Years of working together had built up great understanding between them, and they knew there was only one thing to do.

"Run!"

These old men were far more powerful than they were. There was no way they could win in a fight against them. Their masters probably could, but not them. Not by a long shot.

The Warriors Eight turned around and tried to run, but the three martial arts experts would not let them do that. They came for a job, and they were determined to finish it.

Just a moment ago, these thugs were trying to threaten the Hahns, and now they were beaten to a pulp. They couldn't even take a single blow from their enemies, and they fell.

The Morton martial arts expert stepped ahead, his eyes glinting coldly. "Kill them."

The three old men attacked the thugs, and in just a moment, all of them died. "You handle the clean-up. Leave no evidence."

John and the others nodded. "Of course. We'll leave nothing behind."

They called their bodyguards over to deal with the bodies and clean up the battlefield. Fortunately, dawn had still not broken, and there were barely any people around. Most were still sound asleep, so barely anyone noticed the fight that happened.

Even if there were people who noticed, the Mortons, Peralta Family, and Elliotts could still clean up any trace. With their might, no one would tell anyone about what they saw anyway.

The martial arts expert working for the Elliotts looked grim. "The Warriors Eight came back. Which means the six old monsters are coming back too."

The expert from the Peralta Family nodded. "Good thing only the warriors came. If it were any one of the six, we couldn't have gotten away that easily."

"True. From what I know, the old monsters haven't been dealing with anything besides their training and skills. We used to be peers, but now they've improved by leaps and bounds, while we're still the same as we were. There's a world between us now."

The Mortons' martial arts expert had a resigned look on his face. There was no comparison at all. The path of martial arts was long and arduous. Hard work might be the determining factor in the beginning, but the deeper they went into this art, the more important talent became. Someone talented could improve by a lot in one day, while everyone else could do nothing but sigh.

Of course, the six families were as arrogant as they could be, given that they had powerful trump cards. The martial arts experts shook their heads. They had their fun, but then what? If the six old monsters came out and realized their disciples were killed, they would come after them. These experts could never win, but if they didn't fight, the monsters would go after their families. Running away was not an option.

They regretted listening to John and came to help. The air was heavy with solemnity for a moment. John and Samuel looked at ease, however. There was nothing to worry about. Before the monsters

could even show up, Thomas would be done with his training. He alone would take care of those idiots. There was nothing to be worried about.

They had no idea how Thomas was doing, but they had confidence in him for some reason. Thomas was that inspiring.

Just then, someone's phone rang. Samuel picked it up. "What is it, William?"

"Grandpa, you have to come to Acketts Estate on the double, and bring more men over." William sounded panicked. Four guys broke into the estate and were fighting with the guards. More accurately, it was a massacre. His elite guards were nothing in front of these people.

"What? What happened, William? Tell me!" Samuel roared and roared, but William said nothing. However, he could hear the sounds of a battle happening in the background. Someone had intruded the estate. William roared, "To the Acketts Estate!" He darted into his car and drove off before anyone could say anything.

"Huh?" John froze for a moment, then he realized what was going on. Did the monsters find out where Thomas is? Impossible. The fact he's in the estate is a secret. How did they find out? No, this is not the time to think about that.

He gathered everyone and followed Samuel to the estate.

The estate was covered in blood, the air filled with howls and screams of pain. Most of the guards of the Peralta Family and Mortons were down and out of commission.

Even William and Sean were down. The lads were coughing up blood, leaning against the villa's door weakly. They were badly hurt.

"Keep them safe, comrades!" The five remaining guards held their blades up, standing before their young masters resolutely and glaring at the intruders.

They were not afraid of death. What they were afraid of was that reinforcements might not arrive in time. Should they die before reinforcements came, their young masters would be in danger.

The intruders had respect in their gaze. Their enemies were true warriors. In any other time, they would have sat down with these people and had a drink or two, but they had a job to do. They must kill everyone in this estate. Everyone and everything, down to the last dog.

“Get away!” William and Sean held each other up, but they didn’t have enough strength. They started wobbling the moment they stood up, only managing to stay up by leaning against the door.

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They knew fighting was futile. These intruders were far more powerful than they were; they were in a different league. William and Sean would not leave. They were sworn brothers of Thomas, but these guards were not. They were just doing their job. There was no need for them to sacrifice themselves for their young masters. Too many had died, and they would not allow more bloodshed to happen.

“Leave. They won’t attack you. They’re after this villa,” said Sean.

The guards turned around and smiled at them. “Mr. Morton, your grandfather took me in when I was desperate and had nowhere to go. Without him, I would have died a long time ago.”

“Mr. Peralta, I’m an orphan, and your family raised me.”

“My life belongs to the Mortons. My enemy may be strong, but that doesn’t matter. I will not back down.”

“Death does not scare me. If we must die here today, then I shall be the first to go. As long as I live, I will not allow anyone to hurt you.”

“I’m proud to be a member of the Morton Family. If there’s a next life, I’d like to join the family again.”

Then, the guards charged ahead like real men, ready to die in battle. They would not live in humiliation. The six families were a menace to this city, and they would do anything to get what they wanted. Thanks to that, they created the terror that was Minacia Oito.

On the other hand, the Mortons and Peralta Family were humble and did nothing out of line. The people who worked for them had souls of courage and valor. They were vastly better people than the six families.

“We’ll make this quick.”

The intruders grabbed the guards' blades and snatched them away easily. Blood spurted into the air, and just like that, the guards' heads were lopped off.

William and Sean screamed into the high heavens, tears streaming down their faces as their hearts bled with sorrow. These men were great fighters and their most loyal companions, and yet they could only watch as they were killed like dogs.

"It's your turn now, misters."

"Still going to get in our way even if it means you'll die?"

Sean and William felt no fear, only hatred. If they could, they would've torn these intruders limb from limb.

The intruders scoffed and ignored their glares. Now, they wanted to tease them a little.

"Give up. You can't even stand up. It's not too late to move out of the way."

"Yeah. That guy's not even your family. No need to get yourselves killed for him."

Even if Sean and William were to make way, they would still die. The intruders' job was to kill everyone in this estate.

"Shut it and get this over with."

The lads would not make way for the intruders. Their sworn brother was right inside. Even their guards would lay down their lives because they had received help in the past. If they were to move away, they could never face their guards in the afterlife. They would rather die than live in humiliation.

"Kill them!" the leader ordered and charged at William. He lashed his fist out at William's face. If the hit were to connect, he would die.

William couldn't even lift a finger to stop it. All he could do was close his eyes in frustration. I'm sorry I couldn't keep my promise, Thomas. See you, Sean. Let's meet again in the afterlife.

A loud bang rumbled the air. William could feel the winds howling around him as the fist inched ever closer, but the pain never came. What? So, death

doesn't hurt? Confused, William opened his eyes. What he saw was the intruders' leader. His eyes were wide with disbelief and anguish, and a hole the size of an index finger was bored through his forehead, blood and brains trickling down his face.

The man fell with a sickening thud, stirring up a cloud of dust.

"Boss!"

"It's an ambush!"

"A gun! The b\*stard used a gun!"

"You're not the only one with guns, you b\*stard!"

The remaining intruders were indignant. Guns were a badge of shame in the eyes of martial artists, especially if a fighter were to use one in a fair battle. Even if they were to win, they would be nothing but a laughingstock to everyone.

The intruders couldn't care less. Their boss had just dropped dead, so to hell with the rules. One of the intruders whipped out his gun and pointed it at the villa. He had no idea where the marksman was hiding, but he could see that the shot was fired from within the villa.

Another gunshot pierced the air, and blood spilled. Everyone looked in the direction of the bang, and they were shocked by what they saw.

The bullet destroyed the hand of the man who whipped his gun out. The hand fell to the ground, the finger on the trigger still twitching a little. That wasn't all. What shocked everyone was the hole on the man's chest. Blood spilled down his shirt, and just like his boss, he fell with a thud, his last breath leaving his body.

With a single bullet, the marksman blew off the intruder's hand and bored a hole through his heart. The gunslinging skill was almost inhuman. The marksman would have to predict how his bullet would travel in the air and fire off that exact shot to pierce through two spots at once. It was remarkable.

The remaining intruders stopped moving. They held their breaths and looked at the villa, fearing that the next bullet would kill them next.

A loud and majestic voice announced, "Tell your masters their days are numbered." The voice sounded almost divine, as if a god was telling them he would kill their masters soon.

"Now scram."

Beads of sweat covered the remaining intruders' foreheads, and they quickly ran off.

Sean and William heaved a long sigh of relief. No longer having the strength to hold themselves up, they plopped down. They felt excited. Thomas just ordered the intruders to tell their masters about their death warrants. The day Thomas came out of training would be the day the intruders' masters died. When that moment came, they could avenge their guards' deaths.

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What's wrong? Where did your arrogance go? Oops, two of your friends are dead, huh? Bet you're happy now. Come on, laugh.

The intruders were unlucky. Body toning was split into different stages, and just when they were about to kill the lads, Thomas had just finished one round of toning and noticed what was going outside.

Thomas was plopped on the couch in the lounge, huffing and puffing. His body was covered in scabs. That was the price he had to pay to raise his power in a short time.

He would have liked to kill all four of them right away, but he couldn't, at least not at the moment. He was in a weakened state. Even holding up his gun took a lot of strength. Otherwise, he would've gone out and killed all four intruders instead of hiding in the villa.

Two minutes later, Thomas regained barely enough strength to move. He found a piece of paper, wrote down a formula on it, and tossed it out. "Sean, William, brew the medicine according to this formula and drink everything. It'll help with recovery."

"Thank you, Thomas."

Thomas went back to his room silently, preparing for the next round of body toning. He thought it was a stroke of luck just now that he managed to save

his friends. He finished his body toning in time, or his friends would've been killed too. After his friends were killed, the intruders would come after him. Thomas knew full well that he was their real target.

The sound of tires screeching to a halt pierced the air. Samuel and everyone else had arrived. When they saw the bloodbath in the villa, they inhaled sharply. Samuel and John charged right to the villa's entrance where they saw their grandsons. "Are you lads alright? Should we take you to the hospital?"

William handed the paper to Samuel. "It's alright, Grandpa. Just prepare the things listed on this paper. This is from Thomas."

"Sure thing." Samuel took the paper and told his men to buy the herbs.

John asked, "What on earth happened here?"

Sean smiled. "Don't worry, Grandpa. It's alright now, all thanks to Thomas. But the guards are..."

Sean then explained everything, and the story shocked John and the others. What? Thomas killed two of the four killers without even stepping out of the door? And one of the shots he fired blew off a killer's hand and heart? He sure has a lot of tricks up his sleeve.

Raymond's eyes were wide with shock, and he was in a stupor. If Samuel is right about Thomas gaining incredible power once his training is done, then he'd be a monster. He'd be in a different league altogether. Raymond was glad that his family was friends with Thomas, or the guy might wipe them all out someday.

Samuel summoned his bodyguards and told them to give the men who died a grand burial. Whenever he looked at the corpses, he wanted to scream. These were his family's warriors, and yet they died just like that. Of course he felt pain.

"How dare you send your men to my turf, you old monsters? Just you wait. I'll have my revenge eventually."

John patted his friend's shoulder. "Alright, calm down. Thomas did say their days are numbered."

Half of the guards who died belonged to the Morton Family, so of course John was angry. The old monsters might be powerful, but they were not invincible. John trusted Thomas. Just as Thomas promised, the old monsters' days were numbered. Thomas would fight them eventually.

If anyone else had said that to the old monsters, they would be laughed at, but not when the one who made that promise was Thomas. That was his ultimatum.

The families' martial arts experts walked around, observing the traces of the battle, and they shook their heads.

"They were good fighters, the intruders. What I don't understand is how someone like them could be killed by mere guns?"

Guns were powerful, that was for sure, but if a fighter trained their body enough, they wouldn't fear bullets. The more powerful someone was, the better their speed and reaction were. Eventually, they would be fast enough to dodge bullets.

"This is not out of the norm for him. Not the first time he's surprised us, old friend."

The martial arts expert from the Peralta Family paused for a moment, then he nodded with a smile. "True."

The martial arts expert from the Elliott Family was focused on something else. He was holding the formula Thomas gave to William and Sean, tongue-tied in awe. "My God..."

The combination of these herbs is marvelous. The Elliotts were a family of healers, and they too had precious medical books, but compared to the formula Thomas wrote, the knowledge in the books were nothing. How talented of a doctor is he?

The Peralta expert patted the Elliott expert's shoulder. "Stop gawking. Alright, one question. Who's the most skilled doctor in this nation?"

"Quincy Hofstead, obviously. Is that a trick question?"

“No, and you got it wrong,” Raymond said. “Quincy told me that the reason he’s improved so much lately is due to Thomas’ teachings. It’s just natural that Thomas could come up with a formula this good.”

“What?” The Elliott expert’s eyes were wide as saucepans. Wow, out with the old, I say.

“That formula is the least of the surprises he can give us. He can heal the complications caused by our incessant training too,” said the Morton expert. “That’s why we said this isn’t the first time he has surprised us.”

Back then during John’s birthday, Thomas already figured out that John was facing some health complications. Once the banquet was over, he asked around and found out that the complications were caused by his years of training. Thomas then wrote down a formula and asked John to brew the medicine written on the paper. John had his doubts, but he tried it out, and the results shocked him.

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John could feel the injured meridians slowly healing up. Quickly, he told the martial arts expert about the news and handed over the formula. Of course he told the Peralta Family as well. If it weren’t for Thomas’ help, the martial arts experts wouldn’t have agreed to help him battle the six families.

The Peralta expert smiled at the Elliott expert. “This is nothing. Talk to him more and you’ll realize he has a lot more to give, especially to a family of healers like yours. If he’s willing to impart his teachings, your family’s skills are going to leap into a new frontier. Quincy’s an example.”

Just then, John’s phone rang, and after he took the call, he gasped. “What? Did you just say Quincy has decided to come out of retirement?”

“Yes, that’s what the director said. The whole city’s gone mad with the news. Even Capitalis has gotten the news.”

John’s phone fell to the ground. Samuel and Raymond were slack-jawed, staring at John in disbelief. They heard the whole thing. Quincy’s coming out of retirement? Is he mad?

They knew of Quincy's past. Escaping with his skin intact was already hard enough. Coming out of retirement would mean all his efforts were for naught. He's going to put his family in jeopardy. At least consider their situation.

The men stayed in silence for a long while. They sat outside the villa, guarding Thomas themselves.

Sean and William were heavily injured. Even with Thomas' formula, they needed ample rest to heal up, which meant they would have to take up the duty of guarding Thomas. The six families might start to panic and send more killers over after their failed attempt.

The men guarded the place for almost a whole day. The next morning, the old men left for Prescott Hospital after Sean and William came back. They had to talk to Quincy about his announcement, given

their relationship.

The man walked into Quincy's office, and they coughed, choking on the stench of tobacco. Smoke had filled the air, and there was also a hint of alcohol in the air. The men exchanged a look of surprise. Quincy would never drink too much, and he was no smoker. The only time he smoked was when he was with Thomas.

But judging from the stench in the air, Quincy must've gone through a lot of tobacco and alcohol.

The three of them entered the office and carefully said, "Mr. Hofstead."

Quincy raised his head and looked at them. "You guys know what Thomas is doing? I've been calling him the whole day, but his phone is turned off." He picked up another cigarette, lit it up, and puffed some smoke.

"He's in training."

"Training?" Quincy paused for a moment, then he shook his head, smiling. "No wonder I couldn't get to him. That explains why he's not even doing anything after something that big happened."

"What happened?" The men were surprised. They had been guarding the villa the whole day, so they had no idea what might've happened outside.

"Yesterday morning, Harrison lured Olivia and handed her over to Leah. Olivia should be taken to Capitalis by now. Leah's already prepared for this, and she pulled off a switcheroo. The Flynns have announced that they will hold the marriage for Gunnar and Olivia soon."

"What?"

"Harrison tricked Olivia into meeting up with him and handed her over to Leah? Is he stupid? He should know that Olivia and Thomas are a couple. Why the hell did he let Olivia marry Gunnar? Is he trying to

anger Thomas? Does he want to die?"

Quincy poured a glass of liquor and gulped it down. He continued, "When I found out about it, Olivia was already on the plane to Capitalis. Since Harrison was the one who invited her to go to Capitalis, no one realized something was off. Even the people who were supposed to protect Olivia didn't find anything wrong at first. Damn that Leah. She made me come out of retirement, but you don't have to worry too much. My friends and students are negotiating with the Flynns as we speak. Olivia is safe for now."

The men nodded, and John asked, "Mr. Hofstead, what about your family?"

Sadness flashed in Quincy's eyes. "They're gone, right after I announced my coming out of retirement. Even after so many years, they still won't let me off the hook."

Quincy now knew one thing: his peace was just temporary. The hidden powers had been keeping an eye on him all this time. Should he try anything funny, they would attack his family. It was obvious that they were never going to let him go. Even if he didn't make this announcement, it wouldn't be too long until they went after his family. That would explain why they managed to take his family away in a flash. They were already prepared.

"Um..." Samuel and Raymond shot John with a look of reproach. You git, why did you bring that up? That's the one thing you shouldn't have talked about. So, what now? How should we comfort him?

Quincy saw through them, and he stood up, wobbling a little. "It's alright. I don't need you guys to comfort me. This is good. I have nothing to worry about now, especially when I know that Thomas is in training. I'm going to get a ticket to Capitalis and meet up with the Flynns."

“No!”

“Mr. Hofstead, you can’t go!”

Samuel and John quickly stopped him. Quincy must not go to Capitalis. The moment he showed up, the hidden forces there would attack him.

Quincy wanted to say something, but Raymond waved him down and told him what happened a day ago. “The situation in Irieson requires immediate attention as well. We need you to stay here so we can go ahead without any worries.”

“Go ahead? What are you going to do?” Quincy was a little flabbergasted.

“We’re going to Capitalis and have a little chat with the Flynns.”

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“Yeah. We’re the perfect guys for this job.”

“But before that, I’m going to see the Denvers. Damn that Harrison. Is his head full of sh\*t? I can’t believe he’d lure Olivia out and send her to Capitalis!” John cursed.

Raymond and Quincy exchanged a look of disbelief. John might be a straightforward man, but he would never curse. He would never use any profanity, but something more shocking followed.

Samuel smacked the couch and shot up. “Yeah! We’ve been fighting our butts off, and instead of helping us, he made things even worse. F\*ck him! I’m coming with you, John. If that old b\*stard ain’t going to explain himself, I’m going to whoop him until his \*ss is grass!”

John’s reminder stoked Samuel’s flame of fury, and he would take it out on Harrison before he went to Capitalis.

With their minds set on teaching Harrison a lesson, the pair left the office together.

“Um...”

“Are they going to...”

Quincy and Raymond didn't finish their sentences. They had no idea what to say. If they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, they wouldn't believe the respectable John and Samuel could be so thuggish. They didn't even look like the leaders of two families but ruffians.

Quincy and Raymond saw them off. They knew that if Harrison failed to explain himself, he would have hell to pay.

The Flynn Residence was bustling with life and packed to the brim with people, but that was not good news. The guests who came were there for Olivia. They were none other than Quincy's students and

friends. This was a force to be reckoned with, and they were furious after they were told of Quincy's announcement.

They could understand why Quincy left after he got himself in trouble, but coming out of retirement would mean pushing himself back into danger. They couldn't understand why he would do that when he finally managed to escape to Irieson. After some asking around, they found out that the Flynnns were the reason for this.

And so, these people directed their fury at the Flynn Family. They didn't even start with any formalities. Everyone told them they were here to take Olivia back, and they wanted to hear the Flynnns' terms.

Theodore was one of the people who came, and he was the only one who knew of Olivia's background.

While Capitalis was having a busy day, Quincy was pacing around his office. When he asked his friends and students for help, he told them to come back with a report as soon as possible no matter what the results were. If everything went well, the Flynnns would give in to pressure and hand Olivia over, then John and the others wouldn't have to make the trip to Capitalis.

The phone rang, and Quincy picked it up from the desk and answered it. "How did it go?"

The one who called was Theodore, Quincy's pride and joy. "Sir, the Flynnns are adamant about not giving her back. But don't worry, they've promised they won't touch her, at least not at the moment. I've had my men keeping an eye on her, making sure she won't get hurt."

Quincy heaved a long sigh of relief. As long as she's fine, everything's good. Guess the Flynns are strict and didn't let Gunnar do whatever he wanted. Otherwise, if Thomas comes back and finds out that Olivia was violated, he's going to raise hell. "Do your best. Make sure nothing happens to Olivia. Keep the pressure on."

"Of course, sir."

"Yeah."

Quincy was about to hang up, but Theodore said, "Sir."

"What is it, Theodore?"

"I'm sorry," said Theodore solemnly. He blamed himself for failing to protect Quincy's family. Quincy was in Irieson, so he could do nothing, but Theodore was in Capitalis. He thought he should've been able to do something.

Quincy wobbled for a moment, tears glistening in his eyes. Even without Theodore saying anything, he knew why his student was apologizing. "This isn't your fault, Theodore. Don't think too much about it."

Quincy hung up. This is fate, perhaps. I can blame no one but myself. I was too arrogant in my youth, and that drew the hidden forces' attention.

"How's Thomas doing, Mr. Elliott?" Quincy asked, almost nonchalant.

"Still in training. Not sure about the details, since he only told Samuel about it before he went into training, and he didn't even elaborate."

"I see." Quincy nodded. "Don't tell him about Olivia's case, or he's going to end training prematurely to save her. You know what he's like. If that happens, all his efforts would've been for nothing."

Raymond nodded. "I understand. I'll tell the guys."

Weird sounds were echoing in the estate—eerie and hair-raising sounds.

Thomas was in a big tub, his eyes closed. Those sounds were coming to him, and he could hear it. His bones were making those sounds. The body toning had entered its most crucial stage: bone tempering.

On a closer look, all the wounds on Thomas' body had formed scabs, and some of the spots that healed faster had grown new skin. Skin as smooth and supple as a baby's.

The screeching of the bones was hair-raising, but Thomas wasn't afraid. Every step of this process was done according to the old man's manual. If he could temper his bones successfully, his strength would improve by leaps and bounds. Coupling with his incredible marksmanship, he could probably face the old monsters.

Still, something else surprised him. It was a change in his body. The strand of air in his elixir field was slowly growing. It used to be nothing but a gust of wind, but now it was flowing like a little stream. What is this? Am I afflicted with something? Unable to come up with an answer, Thomas ignored it. Everything could wait until his body toning was done.

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Thomas let out a bloodcurdling scream as the pain had intensified even further. It wasn't even on the same level as the pain during the beginning of body toning. Back then, the pain only came from the flesh, but now, the pain came from right within his bones.

Sean and William were outside, looking grim. Ever since Thomas went back into the villa, he had been screaming a lot, but they were used to it by now. Even so, every time Thomas let out a scream, they would be horrified.

"Hey, he'll be alright, won't he, Sean?" This time, William was the one who couldn't stay calm.

Sean nodded. "Should be. He's a blessed person. Screamed like a wailing banshee earlier, but as you saw, he was fine."

"Yeah. I really want to ask if he's actually training or if he's cutting himself up."

"We can't hope to guess what's on his mind." Sean looked at the new guards, looking a little down. "I hope he comes out of training soon and avenges the ones who sacrificed themselves."

William patted his shoulder. "And that day is coming soon. You heard Thomas. Those guys' days are numbered. Thomas never goes back on his word."

Just then, William's phone rang. It was a call from his grandfather. Samuel and John had just disembarked and were on their way to the Flynn Residence. Samuel was worried about them, so he called.

Before they left, however, they taught Harrison a lesson. They went to visit Harrison who happily invited them into his house, unsuspecting of anything. Just when he was about to get them some tea, they attacked him.

People from families like theirs had to learn a bit of martial arts, and Harrison was included. He was a martial artist, but he had to face John and Samuel at the same time. They were the better fighters, and with them working together, Harrison couldn't even fight back. They went down on him hard.

The attack roused everyone, including the Denvers' martial arts experts, but when he realized it was John and Samuel doing the beating, he didn't join in. Compared to the Peralta Family and Mortons, the Denvers were weaker. If he were to join the battle, the Peralta Family's and Mortons' experts would come as well, and they would beat him up.

Fortunately, John and Samuel weren't really going to kill Harrison. They stopped and left after breaking eight of his ribs. Harrison had no idea why they attacked him all of a sudden, and he didn't even get to ask them since they had already left. He was frustrated.

"Everything's well, Grandpa. Sean and I will keep this place safe."

"Don't push yourself if anything happens. Call the family. I made the arrangements before I left. You can mobilize everyone in the family, including the martial arts expert."

"Understood." William nodded. That makes protecting Thomas easier.

John and Samuel arrived at the Flynn Residence a while later. The moment they got out of the car, a group of people surrounded them. These were Quincy's friends and students. Quincy had told them about John and Samuel's arrival, and he asked them to follow their orders.

Theodore was in the lead and he bowed at the men. "Mr. Peralta, Mr. Morton."

John cut to the chase. "Give me a rundown of the situation."

Theodore replied, "The Flynns are adamant. They won't let her go no matter what. They're insisting that Miss Pearson is their daughter-in-law."

"Daughter-in-law?" John sneered. You think you're a good fit for her? Worthless prick.

Samuel asked, "So, how's she doing?" That was what he was worried about most. If Gunnar laid a finger on her, Thomas would bring the whole of Capitalis down when he found out.

"She's still asleep. Probably drugged and isn't waking up. I've told the spy my family sneaked into the Flynn Residence to keep a close eye on her." Theodore gritted his teeth. "The Flynns were already wavering under pressure, but Leah suddenly showed up and gave them a confidence boost. Now, they're not budging." Damn it. If it weren't for that woman, I could've saved Miss Pearson.

"That f\*cking h\*g!" John cursed for the umpteenth time that day. He was furious; more furious than he ever was in his whole life. He knew that Olivia was drugged by Harrison, so he and Samuel did not hold back.

Samuel beckoned to them. "Come. Let us meet these scoundrels."

Samuel and John walked in the lead, while Theodore followed behind them as they made their way into the manor. Everyone waited for them. They were going in for a negotiation, not a fight. Numbers would do them no good.

The trio went into the living room and looked at the two groups of people in it. The one in the main spot was Gunnar and his father, Reuben. Sitting beside them were Leah and a few of the core members of the Wilkerson Family.

John and Samuel sat across from Leah, not even greeting anyone.

Reuben frowned. He knew these two, and he wondered why they came. Leah's heart sank. Although Reuben was ignorant of it, she knew that these two were great friends of Thomas. They must be here to take Olivia back.

He stood up and looked at the newcomers coldly. "What brings you to my abode? I don't think our families have any dealings or partnerships." There was murder in his voice. Not only did they intrude on the meeting, but they also sat down without so much as a greeting. How dare they? This isn't Irieson. This is Capitalis, not their home.

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Samuel sneered. Since Reuben didn't hold back, he saw no need to be courteous either. "Yeah, we don't have any dealings or partnerships. Never had, never will, because you're beneath us."

John snapped, "Yeah, so what if we came? To hell if you can do anything to us, so shut the f\*ck up."

"What did you say?" The insult infuriated Reuben, fury flaring in his eyes. Did you trespass into my manor just to insult me? Do you want to die?

"What? Wanna fight?" John and Samuel stood up, beckoning Reuben. "Come. Show me how powerful you actually are."

Leah stood up and glared at them. "Don't push your luck. This is Capitalis, not some backwater town you can play with as you please." I don't care if they bring Irieson down, but this is Capitalis. They don't get to talk to me like that. Who do they think they are?

"So what if it's Capitalis?" John looked at Leah. "Honestly, Leah, I can't imagine someone as shameless as you existing in this world. What did your father and mother do to make you... into this? Did your daddy poke your mommy when she was pregnant with you? Knocked your head with his stick and ruined your sense of shame?"

John was supposed to be the leader of his family, and yet he was talking like a common thug.

Samuel shot Reuben a glare. Not going to let his friend steal the show, he barked, "Yeah, who the f\*ck do you think you are? I don't remember telling you to speak. Open your mouth again and I'll snap your neck."

He then pointed at Reuben. "Alright, I'll shoot straight. We came to take Olivia away. Give her to us if you know what's good for you. If you refuse, then we'll fight for it."

"Do you really think I won't kill you, Samuel? One more insult, and I'll make sure you never leave this place alive." Reuben clenched his fists. He was a respected man. Everyone revered him, but now some Irieson outsiders were insulting him right in his home. It was a given he would not stand for it.

“Wanna fight? Fine, then let’s see if you can take both of us.” Samuel was unafraid. He rolled his sleeves up, getting ready to fight.

John shared the sentiment. Before they even came to this place, they’d made up their mind to fight their way through if the Flynns refused to let Olivia go. They didn’t care even if the Flynns were one of the most powerful families in this city. They were not scared.

Reuben took a step ahead. A lot of the Flynns’ core members heard the commotion, and they charged into the living room, getting ready for a melee.

Leah and her family stood behind Reuben, glaring at John and Samuel.

Theodore looked at them. “You’re not the only one with numbers.” He whipped out his phone and made a call. “Get in here and fight.”

A cacophony of footsteps thundered through the living room as Quincy’s friends and students came in.

A fight was imminent.

Reuben’s face twitched. Who the hell is Thomas? I can’t believe Quincy is good friends with him, and he came out of retirement just for that guy. That guy has enough supporters to topple a lot of people, and now Irieson’s top dogs are here on Thomas’ behalf too? Are they seriously going to take us down?

John asked coldly, “Last chance, Reuben. Are you going to hand her over?”

“My foot! We choose violence!”

“Very well. A battle it is.”

Right before things went out of control, someone boomed, “Halt!”

Everyone looked in the direction of the shout. A strong, elderly man and a lad came in.

“Mr. Travis!”

This man was none other than the Travis Family’s leader—Kyrie Travis.

The Travis Family was a bit like the Elliotts, but unlike them, the Elliotts lived a humble life. They spent most of their time dealing with business and medicine. The Travises, however, were different. They were a family of great healers and powerful fighters. No one in Capitalis would disrespect them.

Kyrie sat down and looked at the tense scene. “Honestly, there’s no need to fight. Are you guys going to start a bloody battle?”

“Mr. Travis, they’re the bullies here! Madam Wilkerson has decided to marry her granddaughter to my son, but these people came all the way here to take her away. I refused, and they decided to fight. I can’t believe this. This is our family matter, and it’s none of their business. You have to help me. They’re stepping out of line.”

“Bullsh\*t! She hasn’t even agreed to marry into your family. From what we know, she’s still unconscious. She doesn’t even know she’s taken here.”

“Her grandmother married her to my son. It’s her duty to follow that arrangement through, so she’s my daughter-in-law now.”

Samuel was furious. “That h\*g calls herself Olivia’s grandmother? Hey, bozo, why don’t you ask her if she’s done anything to her since she was born? That girl doesn’t even see the witch as her grandma.

All of a sudden, she comes back and claims to be her doting grandmother because she wants to buddy up with you guys. What a load of bullcrap. She has no right to decide Olivia’s life. How low can she go?”

John said, “That’s right. Hey, Leah, you have another granddaughter, don’t you? Someone you raised yourself. So why didn’t you let her marry this brat? Why’d you rope Olivia in instead? Please, do you really think we don’t know why? You’re trying to push Olivia around because her grandfather, that’s your ex by the way, in case you forgot, died early.”

“I...” Leah was red, having no idea how to rebut. John was right. She didn’t marry her other granddaughter off because she was a talented martial artist. If she were to marry her off to the Flynns, it would weaken the Wilkersons.

Leah needed to find a way out, so she turned to Kyrie. “Mr. Travis, I made the right decision marrying my granddaughter to the Flynns. Everyone knows that Gunnar is the Genius of Capitalis. She’ll live a happy life married to him. I’m

not hurting her. I did nothing wrong, but these men are trying to bully a poor old dame into submission.”