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I'm Someone Else Chapter 321

Leah started tearing up. If they didn't know better, they'd have thought John and the other guys were ganging up on a poor old dame like her.

The lad beside Kyrie spat and cursed silently, "Disgusting." Please, stop with the damsel in distress act. Everyone in this city knows the kind of b*tch you are. You can drop the act now. No one's falling for it.

He was Colby Travis—the lad with no idea about the story of this case. All he knew was that his grandfather was tasked to take away that girl named Olivia. The descendant of Kyrie's old friend asked him to do it, and Colby tagged along.

John, Samuel, and Theodore didn't even bother hiding their disgust. My God, when they said you have to throw your shame away in order to survive, they must've had this b*tch in mind. This h*g has no shame at all. They say some women can act perfectly, and Leah's an impeccable actress. We should tell Oscar to give her an award. Best b*tch, maybe?

Leah had no shame at all. Despite everyone's looks of contempt, she still carried on with her damsel in distress act, staring at Kyrie so much he waved her down. "I don't care who's right or wrong in this case. Everyone here's a public figure. If you're going to fight over one girl, heads will roll. Battles are chaotic. A melee will end up killing more people than you can imagine. I don't think you'd want to see that happen. Why don't you let me take the lady away for now? We'll set up a ring at my place in three days. You guys will pick the fighters for the competition. Best two out of three. The winner takes the girl, deal?"

"Hm?"

Everyone was shocked. They couldn't believe Kyrie was trying to step in. No matter how they cut it, he was not involved in this matter at all. There was no need for him to interfere.

Noticing everyone's confusion, Kyrie smiled. "Don't take this the wrong way. I just don't want a bloody battle. That's why I'm mediating. Let's take this slow. If you're amenable to this agreement, then how about you let me take the wheels, alright?"

Kyrie was the head of the Travis Family and the Saint Healer of Capitalis. Hence, no one would go against his request.

As expected, Samuel and John nodded. "We're amenable."

They were not stupid. Kyrie's idea might sound fair on paper, but it was biased toward John and Samuel. Olivia was still in the Flynns' hands as they spoke. The two of them might be decent fighters, but they were in the Flynns' main base of operations. If they were to fight, they might not come out unscathed.

In that case, they should go with Kyrie's idea and prepare for the fight, picking the best fighters they had. They had confidence in winning two matches out of three. At least it was a better chance than winning this melee.

Reuben and Leah exchanged a look. They, too, noticed the details of this plan and how it was skewed toward the enemy. They were confused, and they wondered why Kyrie would do this. There was no way the Saint Healer of Capitalis would come all the way here just to deal with a family matter. There must be something more to it. Something they were not privy to.

Impatient, Colby asked, "Oi, is it a yes or no? Come on already, you two."

Reuben and Leah shivered, and they quickly nodded. "We're amenable."

No matter how confused or upset they were, they would never talk back to Kyrie. Not to mention he was just suggesting another way to deal with the matter instead of asking him to hand over Olivia right away. It would be rude if they disagreed with it.

"Good." Kyrie nodded and smiled at Reuben silently.

Reuben heaved a sigh. Of course, he knew what Kyrie was trying to say. Quickly, he asked his men to take Olivia to Kyrie.

Samuel and John looked at Olivia, and they felt a weight getting taken off their backs. This was probably the best outcome, given the situation. Olivia could only be safe if she was taken to the Travis Residence. If she remained here, God knew what the Flynns would do to her.

Kyrie stood up and said goodbye, and then he took Olivia away. Samuel waved his hand and told Quincy's allies, "We're going too."

Reuben's eyes were red with fury, and he gritted his teeth, hissing, "I won't forget this, you gits. Someday you'll pay for this." The marriage was going swimmingly, but because of these two, the bride was taken away. Of course, he was furious. He would skin them alive if he could.

John harrumphed. He could see that Reuben was angry, but he didn't care. Nonchalantly, he said, "Yeah, don't ever forget it. You want revenge? Then come at us. If you want, you can take the fight to Irieson too. But if you come to our turf, you might never come out alive."

Everyone left. Reuben was on the brink of exploding with fury, and Leah had a dark look on her face.

"I don't get it, Dad. Quincy, Samuel, and John are close to Thomas, so I can understand why they'd help him, but Kyrie? What's he got to do with this? Even if everyone dies here, he still will have no reason to step in."

Gunnar was exasperated. He was going to bed Olivia while she was still around. He'd always wanted to do that, but then a bunch of people showed up and took her away. Great, now how am I supposed to sleep with her?

"How the f*ck should I know?" Reuben felt humiliated too. His family was well-known in town, and it had been that way for generations. But just because of one nameless lad, a whole army came after him. To make things worse, not only did he fail to teach them a lesson, his would-be daughter-in-law was taken away too. If the public knew, they would be laughing at them.

Reuben waved his hand impatiently and went upstairs. This is humiliating.

Scared by his father's snappish retort, Gunnar shut up, and he heaved a sigh of relief after his father was gone. He clenched his fists tightly, jealousy flaring in his eyes. "Why, Thomas? You're just a puny retired special force unit. How'd you get so many bigshots helping you out? What makes you think you can take anything away from me?" He was green with envy.

In fact, Gunnar had looked into Thomas' background. Thomas was still his romantic rival, so he would look into everything he could about Thomas. Thomas was just a loser born to a regular family, or at least that was how it was at first, but now he had to re-evaluate this man.

Quincy alone was serious. Even though he'd been under the radar for many years, his connections were still strong, and he was still a force to be

reckoned with, at least in this nation. Not to mention John and Samuel were aiding Thomas as well. To be honest, Gunnar didn't think he would have the kind of power or status needed to enlist these men's help.

So how did Thomas do it? How'd the loser manage something I can't? "You're mine, Olivia. You're never escaping me."

John and the others finally realized what was wrong after they left the manor. Wait. Why'd Kyrie step in? He has nothing to do with this case.

No matter how much they tried, they still couldn't figure out the answer, so they gave up. Forget it. Judging from the situation, he's probably on our side. His grandson, especially. Guy was hostile to Leah back in the villa. They might not be related to the Travises, but they wouldn't cross someone who also hated Leah.

On the other hand, Olivia was taken back to the Travis Residence. Kyrie asked Gwen Holden—Colby's wife—to take care of her. Gwen was just a few years older than Olivia, and she was a woman, making her the perfect fit to take care of Olivia.

Kyrie told his grandson, "Tell our men to look into Thomas' case. Find out what his background is."

Thomas' appearance piqued the man's interest. The reason he showed up all of a sudden was because the descendant of an old friend gave him a call. They told him about their request, and in a single phone call, they mentioned Thomas five times. Kyrie knew that the person only asked him to help out because of Thomas.

"Yes, Grandpa." Colby went to do his job.

The night went by. By the next morning, Colby came back with a file about Thomas. "Here you go, Grandpa. Everything about Thomas."

Kyrie nodded and took the file to peruse. Half an hour later, Kyrie put the file down, falling into his thoughts. This young man is more than meets the eye. "He's friends with Quincy? And the Mortons, Peralta Family, and Elliotts are close to him too? And my old friend's descendant seems to be heavily invested in him as well. Who is he?"

“Calm down, Grandpa. Something more surprising is coming,” said Colby softly.

“What do you mean?” Kyrie’s interest was piqued. His network alone is impressive enough. Does he have something more impressive?

“You must know of the Six Greatest Families of Irieson, right. My men have looked into it, and they found out that Thomas was the one who killed the de facto leader, family head, and martial arts expert of the Pearson Family. The Pearson Family is now in dire straits, powerless and weakened. The Hind Family is in even worse conditions. All their core family members are dead, and their businesses are taken over. Thomas was also the one who did this.”

Colby took a deep breath. He, too, was shocked when he first heard the news, and his interest and curiosity were piqued. He’s great. Stomped the six families all by himself and took out two of them. This

is incredible.

“And he was the one who killed the infamous Minacia Oito, but he did a clean job and left barely any trace behind. The Hinds, Yams, and Xalmars have been looking into it for a while, but they still can’t find any evidence that he did it.” And we’d have been fooled as well if not for our family’s might.

Thomas’ appearance piqued the man’s interest. The reason he showed up all of a sudden was because the descendant of an old friend gave him a call. They told him about their request, and in a single phone call, they mentioned Thomas five times. Kyrie knew that the person only asked him to help out because of Thomas.

“Job well done.” Kyrie had nothing but praise to give. He, too, had heard of the infamous Minacia Oito. It was surprising that Thomas was the one who killed them, but still, that was a menace taken care of. “Are you sure he did it alone? Quincy and the others didn’t help?”

Confidently, Colby said, “Yes. He did it alone. Someone else might’ve helped, but he did most of the job.”

A beautiful voice said to them, “Honey, Kyrie, the lady has woken up.” She was none other than Gwen, the one caring for Olivia.

Kyrie and Colby nodded, after which they followed Gwen to the room where Olivia was in.

Olivia turned and looked at them cautiously, fear flaring in her eyes. “Who are you? What is this place?” She remembered being together with her grandfather. So, who are these people? And where’s Grandpa?

Kyrie smiled. “Worry not, Miss Pearson. We mean you no harm. We’re in Capitalis. I am Kyrie Travis, and this is my grandson and his wife, Colby and Gwen.”

“I’m in Capitalis?” Olivia’s eyes went wide. Irieson was a slightly remote city a few hundred miles away from Capitalis. A flight alone would take three hours. Did I get abducted by aliens? How else did I get to Capitalis after a little nap? And I didn’t even notice it.

Kyrie wasn’t surprised by that reaction. Olivia was only taken to Capitalis after Harrison drugged her. Of course she was surprised. With nothing to hide, Kyrie told her everything, but he simplified things.

Once he was done, a heart-wrenching cry broke the air.

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Olivia couldn’t believe her doting grandfather would drug her and send her to the Flynns while she was unconscious. Why would he do something like this to me? What he did was akin to shoving her into a pit of hellfire. Shouldn’t he know what Gunnar wants to do to me?

When she woke up, she realized that her clothes had been changed. They weren’t the same set she wore when she came out. So that b*stard must’ve touched me. No. Only Thomas gets to touch me. What should I do now? How should I face Thomas? Am I worthy of him now?

Sadness welled within her as her thoughts started overwhelming her mind, and her cries got louder.

“Um...” Kyrie was at a loss. Why’d she cry all of a sudden? This is a safe place. She has nothing to worry about. No one in this nation is foolish enough to intrude my house. He tried his best to calm her down, “Why are you crying, girl? It’s safe here, I promise.”

Olivia's cries didn't stop because of that. She shook her head and stood up, trying to make her way to the entrance.

"Where are you going?"

"Home." She was talking about Northpine Villa, refusing to stay in Capitalis any longer. I've kept myself pure for more than twenty years, and instead of giving my first time to the man I love, some b*stard took it away. That fact broke her heart, and she had nothing but a distaste for this city.

She was a very traditional woman, and she cared a lot about her first time. All she wanted to do was just go home and cry her heart out.

Kyrie couldn't let her leave. His friend's descendant made it clear that he could only hand Olivia over if Thomas was the one taking her. Everyone else was not allowed to take her away.

That competition was nothing but a ruse. He would never let the Flynn's win. And even if John's side won, he would not hand over Olivia. She was with them now, and no one could force him to hand her over if he refused to.

If he let her go right now, she might be taken back to the Flynn Residence. He would be breaking his promise if that happened. "You can't leave right now, young lady. Stay at our place for a while. Someone will pick you up soon. Don't worry. He's the one you wish to see the most."

Kyrie gave Gwen a look, and then he dragged Colby out of the room.

Gwen pushed Olivia down on the bed. "Sit, Olivia." She pulled some tissues out and wiped Olivia's tears away.

Outside the room, Kyrie told Colby, "Tell the Mortons and Peralta Family they don't have to do anything for the competition. Our family will fight for them."

"Yes, Grandpa."

With the Traveses arranging the competition, even the Flynn's strongest champion would fall.

Gwen was starting to have a headache. She had tried her best to calm Olivia down, but the lady wouldn't stop crying. Kyrie had told her about Olivia's eventful trip. As a woman, she pitied Olivia, but there was no need to cry so

much. It's been an hour, and she's still not stopping. At this rate, she's going to fall.

She couldn't understand what Olivia was feeling. Her mother died when she was young. Her father and her father's father showed no love to her. She was nothing but a tool to them. Only her mother's father was nice to her, but now he was the one who tossed her into the abyss of despair, and she couldn't take it. Why? Why's my family so cruel to me? I thought the Pearsons alone were bad enough, so why'd you do this, Grandpa Harrison?

She hated Harrison's guts, like how she despised Terrence. More importantly, she had lost her virginity. It was the most precious thing to her.

If he let her go right now, she might be taken back to the Flynn Residence. He would be breaking his promise if that happened. "You can't leave right now, young lady. Stay at our place for a while. Someone will pick you up soon. Don't worry. He's the one you wish to see the most."

"What would you like to eat, Olivia? I cook well, and I can whip something up for you. Want to have a taste of my cooking?" Gwen was trying her best to distract Olivia. It felt like she was cajoling a child.

Olivia shook her head. Adamantly, she said, "No. Let me go. I want to leave." Thomas said he would come back in a few days. Only at his side was she safe, and Thomas should be here soon. Gwen had pinned her down on the bed firmly, or she'd have escaped otherwise.

Gwen tried to come up with another idea, seeing that food failed to entice her. "Why don't I take you to my walk-in closet? I have a ton of pretty clothes I haven't worn. You can take anything you want. It's a gift from me, alright? Your clothes were dirty, so I changed them out for you, and you need some new clothes."

Women loved to shop. Since they couldn't let Olivia out just yet, she could give her a few sets of her clothes. Everyone loved to look and feel pretty.

To Gwen's surprise, her offer elicited a charged response, and she was at a loss.

"What did you say?" Olivia asked sharply. "You were the one who changed my clothes?"

“Yeah. Why?”

The confirmation returned some color to Olivia’s ashen face, and she calmed down, her tears stopping. The only proof that she had cried was the tear tracks on her face. “Was I wearing a pair of light blue

jeans and a black suit?”

“Yeah. The servants have washed them up, and they’re outside under the sun.”

And Olivia suddenly broke into laughter, much to Gwen’s horror. Oh, no. Did she go cuckoo? I mean, no other explanation fits her condition.

Olivia stopped struggling and crying. She stared at the ceiling, smiling dumbly. My innocence is still intact. I didn’t betray you, Thomas.

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“Pfft! Haha!” Gwen froze for a moment when she first saw the way that Olivia reacted. Soon enough, Gwen managed to figure out what was going on in Olivia’s mind. They were both women, after all, and Gwen knew just what Olivia was thinking about. “Hey, young lady. You don’t think Gunnar, that nasty man, was the one who changed your clothes for you, right? Hah! Do you think Gunnar would do that with you?” Gwen couldn’t stop herself from bursting out with laughter.

This silly girl is too naive! She’d feel a difference if she turned from a girl into a woman, right? How could she assume that she had been violated just because her clothes had been changed? Gwen thought.

“Oh, you... You’re making a fool out of me!” Olivia felt her cheeks turning red after she heard what Gwen said.

Olivia was a natural beauty, and she looked even prettier with a bashful look on her face. Even Gwen couldn’t help but take a liking to the girl. Gwen sat down by the edge of the bed before she reached for Olivia’s smooth and slim hand. They started to talk about Olivia’s history, and they ended up chatting for nearly four hours!

“Oh! You shouldn’t be too sad, Olivia. Those relatives of yours might not be nice people, but you’re still a reputable girl!” Gwen felt extremely sorry for

Olivia after hearing all that she had to go through. She's such a precious young lady. Why do the heavens have to treat her so harshly?

"Hmm?" Olivia was confused. "What makes you say that, Gwen? Reputation? What reputation do I have?"

"I bet you don't know this, Olivia. Ever since you were brought over to the Flynn Family in Capitalis, they've been a whole mess! The genius doctor of Droycore, Quincy, has shown up once more. His students and friends are all heading over to the Flynnns in an attempt to get them to let you go.

Furthermore, the Morton and Peralta Families of Irieson have also sent their people over to Capitalis. They're all causing havoc over at the Flynnns' place!"

Gwen's husband and her grandfather had told her about these people, and she knew how influential and powerful these people were. Just one of these names would be enough to shake up the whole of Capitalis, let alone a group of them. It was stunning to see how they were all joining forces just to save Olivia.

Olivia was too stunned to speak for a moment. Ever since she woke up, this was her first time being told about all the people who were rushing around for the sake of her safety. Is Mr. Hofstead showing himself again? The Hofstead and Pearson Families might have a close relationship, but I didn't expect him to make such a risky move. Olivia had heard some stories about Quincy's past, so she understood how dangerous it was for Quincy to show himself in the public's eye.

On top of that, I'm not related to the Mortons or the Peralta Family in any way. They aren't doing this for me—they're only doing this for the sake of Thomas! "Well, that's where you're wrong, Gwen. They're only doing this for my man." A sweet smile spread across Olivia's face after she finished her sentence. Every woman would love for their man to be a bold, reputable, and respectable hero! Naturally, Olivia was pleased to know how capable and well-liked Thomas was.

Gwen took a long look at Olivia after that. She was puzzled. Her man? Who is her man? How could he be so influential and powerful? Although Gwen was curious, she didn't question Olivia directly. After all, they had only known each other for a few hours, and they weren't too close to one another. Gwen figured it wouldn't be polite to ask someone about their private matters. Both of them continued to chit- chat with one another on the bed after that.

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Meanwhile, in the Acketts Estate in Irieson, both Sean and William wore grim looks on their faces. Dark clouds were hanging above Acketts Estate, and the rumbling of thunder filled their ears as flashes of lightning zapped out of the clouds every now and then. It looked like it was about to pour anytime soon. Sean and William wouldn't be as worried if this was just a regular bout of rain—they were concerned because the dark clouds seemed to be hanging only above Acketts Estate. In contrast, the sun was high up in the sky just a few yards away from them!

"This is a huge move, Sean. Do you think all of this is because of Thomas?" William was the first to speak. The clouds were obviously circling the villa, and lightning struck the top of the building several times. Sean nodded. "I think you might be right. This seems like something of Thomas' doing. What sort of witchery is this?" After all, how could a regular man control the weather? This sounded like something that would only happen in a fairytale.

"Well, if the weather is acting up because of Thomas, then I can't imagine how much scarier things will get once Thomas gets out of there!" William uttered. Meanwhile, Thomas didn't have a clue about what was going on. He was in the villa itself, and his eyes were shut tight with his jaw clenched firmly. He was going through unbearable pain.

He was at the most crucial stage in the process of toning up his body. Once he made it past this stage, the toning process would be 90 percent complete, and the only thing left to do would be to stabilize himself. Slosh! Thomas leaped out of the bath with his eyes still closed, and his limbs moved around swiftly at an inhumane speed.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Every move he made produced an explosive sound. Thomas had already absorbed all of the ingredients in the bath, and all he had to do then was to unleash, train, and master the techniques so that he could turn the recipe into his own powers!

Ding! Ding! Ding! After moving his limbs around for a while, Thomas could clearly hear the sound of his attacks. They were producing the sounds of metal! At that moment, every joint in his body twisted and turned in odd ways. This was one of the side effects that came with toning his body. The bones in his body couldn't handle the strength of the medication, so practically half of his bones had shattered in the process!

Finally, the medication had been transformed into his own powers. Thomas gritted his teeth as he staggered back into the bath. The leftover recipe in the water was enough to help him recover from his injuries. Swoosh! Thomas' eyes shot open, and his gaze was as sharp as an eagle's! "My body now feels like an elite soldier's!" This was a clear indication that the process of toning his body had been a successful one!

A threatening and powerful aura radiated from Thomas' body. He was like an all-knowing god who had the whole world within his control. Anyone who saw him then would feel the urge to bow down to him. Crack! Crack! The broken bones in his body were healing at a speed that could be seen by the naked eye. He would probably need one more day for the whole toning process to be completed. Yet, Thomas wasn't pleased at all. After all, once the process was completed, Thomas would also be stuck with the after-effects that came from the process.

Thomas shook his head as he tried his best not to consider such things. Three days. After tomorrow, I'll have three days, which will be more than enough for me to do everything I want. The six nuisances will be dead meat by then!

Later that night, John and Samuel rushed over to Acketts Estate. They had gotten news from the Travises, and they learned that they wouldn't have to worry about the rest of the match. They were rather puzzled and exasperated at how supportive the Travises acted around them, but at the same time, they were glad to have such a powerful, supportive force. As such, they didn't bother questioning much more.

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As long as the Travis Family were on their side, the Flynns and Wilkersons would be no match for them even if they joined forces. They were sure that they were going to win this match! The initial plan had been for them to bring Olivia back to Irieson after the match was over, but Samuel and John ended up rushing over late at night after they received some bad news.

For some reason, the six elderlies found out that Leah had secretly snuck Olivia out. The six of them were reputable and influential individuals, so they naturally couldn't overlook this matter now that they had been shamed and fooled. The Morton and Peralta Families received this piece of news from one of the spies they had planted in the Six Greatest Families of Irieson, so they were certain that their intel was right!

According to their insider information, the six elderlies lost their cool after hearing about this matter. They had already sent out their top soldiers and were about to hunt Thomas down! Both Samuel and John rushed over immediately after hearing about this. Leah from the Wilkerson Family was the one who had snuck Olivia out, and Olivia had been sent to the Flynn Family in Capitalis.

If the six of you are all that great, why don't you guys pick a fight with the Flynn and Wilkerson Families instead? Why are you guys coming for Thomas? Aren't you guys pointing guns in the wrong direction? You guys are too afraid to start a fight with those two families, so you guys end up unleashing all of your anger on Thomas instead. Isn't that a little too shameless of you guys?

"Is everything going fine?" Samuel was the first to speak. "Don't worry, Grandpa. Everything's going according to plan," William replied. "That's great. You and Sean should head home to get some rest. We'll take things from here," Samuel offered.

"That's not right. Didn't you guys head over to Capitalis earlier? Why have you guys returned?" William asked.

"Oh, we have some matters to handle." Neither Samuel nor John had any plans of telling William and Sean about the fact that the six elderlies were launching an attack on Thomas. The older generations were more than aware of what their grandsons were like, and knowing William and Sean, they would never leave the place if they found out about what was going on.

William and Sean exchanged glances with one another, and they both noticed a hint of confusion in the other person's eyes. "Both of you are probably tired from all the traveling. You guys should head home to get some rest, Grandpa. We'll handle things from here," Sean offered.

"We're ordering you guys to head home. Why do you guys have so much to say? Hurry off, now!" John widened his eyes as he barked at the two young men. Both of them were the only hope for their families, so they had to be safe at all costs. "Fine!" William and Sean didn't have a choice but to drive off. They weren't the only two people to be chased out of Acketts Estate, for even the guards that kept watch around the area were told to leave.

If the six elderlies were to send their people over, they wouldn't just send any regular soldiers. The estate's guards would be sent to their deaths if they

hung around, and they wouldn't be able to contribute to the fight in any way. Samuel and John figured that it was best for them to leave. About half an hour later, the martial arts experts from the Morton and Peralta Families showed up. Along with them came Quincy, Raymond, and some support from the Elliot Family.

These people were the most powerful individuals who could provide some reinforcement to Thomas. Despite so, they were practically nothing in comparison to the power that the six elderlies possessed, so the situation seemed rather dire for them. All of them were dead silent after they arrived at Acketts Estate, for they all knew that this was a life-and-death situation they were dealing with! However, they all had looks of determination in their gazes, and there wasn't a hint of fear in their eyes despite the strong opponents that they would be fighting against. Thomas was probably the only individual in the whole of Irieson who mattered enough for these four families to step in and protect him with their lives!

"How much longer is Thomas going to take?" asked one of the martial arts experts from the Elliot Family.

"Based on the timeline that Thomas provided me, he'll need another day's time," Samuel replied respectfully. The person from the Elliot Family shook his head exasperatedly. Up until then, they had no idea who the six elderlies were going to send over to attack them. Will the six of them show up personally? If that's the case, then all of Thomas' hard work will go to waste. What a shame!

Screech! Screech! The sound of screeching car tires made everyone turn their heads in one direction. They saw about 20 Buick cars speeding over and pulling up at the front porch of the estate. Soon enough, about 30 men got out of the car. The leader of the pack was a face that was familiar to John and the rest of the Mortons. He was none other than the loyal servant of the six elderlies, Cordan Adams!

Cordan was an extremely powerful and threatening presence. The ability and strength that he possessed had long surpassed the martial arts experts of the other three families. They hadn't expected the six elderlies to send Cordan over. It seems like they are hell-bent on killing Thomas! Cordan stepped into the estate with a haughty look on his face. "It's been a while, my old friends! What's this? Are you guys still trying to protect the brat in that house?"

The three martial arts experts wore vigilant looks on their faces as they stared at Cordan. They were all panicking on the inside—although Cordan was just

one of the servants for the six elderlies, he had received all of the skills and knowledge from the six of them. Talent was a crucial factor that determined the power of an individual, but if there were anything more important than talent, it would be the master that the individual trained under.

Cordan wasn't as old as the three martial arts experts, and his skills used to be no different from John and the rest of them. However, with the guidance of his powerful masters, Cordan saw a drastic

improvement in his skills. The martial arts expert from the Morton Family took a step forward as he waved an arm at Cordan. "Stop talking. Let's fight!"

Cordan let out a scoff at this. "If we're talking about seniority, you guys are pretty much from the same generation as my masters. Since you guys managed to keep yourselves alive for so long, I guess I can spare your lives. Get lost. I don't want to see you guys here." Cordan had heard all about what Thomas had done in the past. He's like a brat who has barely hit puberty. How could he threaten to attack and kill all of us? He's delusional! I'd like to see where he gets all his confidence from. How could he be so cocky and reckless?

"Get lost? You're the one who needs to get lost!" Although the three martial arts experts knew they were no match for Cordan, they refused to take a step back. The Mortons and Peralta Family had all been on the receiving end of Thomas' generosity, so they couldn't bear the idea of ditching Thomas at a time like this! Their lives mattered, but loyalty and friendship mattered more than anything else!

The Elliott Family didn't intend to be a part of this at first, but since they had chosen to side with Thomas, they figured they were all in the same boat. The forces of the six elderlies would probably still hunt the Elliots down even if they left the estate there and then.

A look of fury flashed across Cordan's gaze. "Well, if you guys insist on dying, then... You can't blame me for this!" Upon finishing his sentence, Cordan lifted his fists and began to launch an attack on the three individuals. He used his full energy in all his punches, and he showed no mercy to his opponents! However, all three of the martial arts experts were senior figures who had a lot of experience with fights. They weren't going to stand around and do nothing! The three of them combined forces and launched a defense against Cordan's fists.

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Bang! A loud, thundering sound filled the air, and all three of the martial arts experts took a step back simultaneously. Cordan, on the other hand, didn't budge from the spot he was standing in. The power difference was clear just with the one exchange they had. The martial arts experts hadn't expected Cordan to be so powerful even when faced against all three of them! They had underestimated the capabilities of the six elderlies. If their servant has such impressive abilities, how much more powerful are they?

On the other side of the estate, another fight had just begun! John, Samuel, Quincy, and Timothy were all surrounded by a team of eight men, and they were forced to fight against them. Cordan let out a scoff at the sight of this. "Do you guys think you can ever surpass us? Well, you'll have to sacrifice your lives to find out!" Cordan stomped his foot on the ground, and his body instantly shot over to the three martial arts experts as if he were an arrow sent flying from his bow.

Swoosh! Another speedy and powerful punch was delivered in the direction of the three martial arts experts. The three of them were smarter this time—they knew that their strength was no match for Cordan, so they figured a direct attack wouldn't be of any purpose. Instead, the three of them chose to dodge away from Cordan's brutal attack.

Cordan curled his lips into an icy smirk. I can crush these three martial experts with my strength, and I can also keep up with their speed. In the blink of an eye, the four of them had already exchanged a few fists and kicks.

Bang! The martial arts expert from the Elliott Family didn't manage to dodge an attack in time, and Cordan sent him a powerful push against his shoulder. Right after that, the martial arts expert could feel his body suspended in the air for a moment. Cordan's push had sent him flying in the air, and he landed on the ground about six yards away from the spot he had originally been at. Bang! Bang! Cordan sent two effortless kicks in the direction of the martial arts experts from the Morton and Peralta

Families. The two of them fell onto the ground around the same time, and they could taste blood in their mouths.

"You guys should know where you stand! How dare you guys pick a fight with me when your skills are so limited? What a joke!" Cordan strolled over to the three men before he raised his fists of steel in the air. He was about to kill the

three fearless martial arts experts. “Say your goodbyes!” Cordan hissed. Regardless of what the others said, these three individuals were people of the same seniority as the six elderlies. If Cordan could kill them all with one punch, he would get to brag about it once he returned home!

“Guys!” From a distance away, Quincy and the rest of them witnessed the fall of the martial arts experts. Everyone was shocked at the sight of this, and they desperately wanted to go over and offer help. However, things weren’t that simple. Even though the eight men circling them weren’t as powerful as them in individual combat, they were still outnumbered. No matter how hard they tried, they would still need some time before they could get rid of the eight men! They had no choice but to simply watch as the three martial arts experts suffered.

“Ah!” The three of them had nowhere to run to or hide; all they could do was hold their fists up and try their best to defend themselves from all of Cordan’s merciless attacks. They gave it their all! They decided that they would at least try to leave Cordan with a few severe injuries, even if their lives had to be sacrificed in the end.

Boom! Cordan’s last punch was simply too powerful. The loud crash came from the sound of the three martial arts experts’ bodies slamming onto the ground! The estate was a dusty and dirty mess at that point. The three martial arts experts were famous for their abilities, but in their fight for survival, they had no choice other than to absorb the force of Cordan’s attacks. At that point, the three of them were in a horrible state. All of them appeared pale as blood trickled down their mouths and noses. Cordan’s punch had directly impacted their organs, and they were all suffering from internal injuries.

As a result, the three of them couldn’t gain much access to their internal energy. They were no longer martial arts experts at this point, and they were practically no different from typical old men. Meanwhile, Cordan nodded with a rather surprised look on his face. “That’s not too bad. You guys do have some skills. However, I’d advise you guys to think twice next time—you guys might have survived this attack, but you might not be as lucky the next time!”

“You can beat us up or torture us however you want, but you’ll have to step over our dead bodies before you get to enter the house!” The martial arts experts refused to allow Cordan into the house, even if it meant that they would have to sacrifice their lives to keep him out. They were prepared to do that if necessary! Death is a part of life. If we live as noblemen, we’ll die being remembered as one.

“Fine. I’ll fulfill your last wishes, then!” Cordan lifted both his arms up, and a strong, deathly aura seemed to radiate from within him. The dark energy loomed over the three martial arts experts! They knew then that they had come to a stage of life they were unlikely to surpass. Such is life! It’s all fate! We can’t even access our internal energy now. How are we going to defend ourselves from Cordan’s deathly punch? The three of them shut their eyes tight as they waited to be united with death.

Bang! Roar! At that very moment, the doors to the house were flung open. Everyone turned around to see a ball of white light, which was followed by the sound of a beast’s cry. The white light charged directly toward Cordan, and with a loud swoosh, Cordan was swept off his feet and thrown onto the ground. His face was one of pure shock when he looked up and stared at the young man before his eyes.

Cordan was shocked earlier, and his first instinct had been to dodge the force coming toward him. However, the other person was simply too quick, and Cordan had no choice other than to send a fist in the direction of the other party. To Cordan’s utter disbelief, the other party was strong enough to counter his punch and attack him instead!

After a moment of dazedness, Cordan felt a sharp pain spreading through his arm, and he was shocked by the sight of his arm when he looked down! Both his hands were covered in blood as if someone had just sliced his skin off. He could practically see his flesh! I remember exchanging punches with that young man earlier, though. How did he do this to my hands? This doesn’t make any sense!

Thomas didn’t allow Cordan much time to contemplate the matter. He wanted to get moving while Cordan was at his weakest! With a single, swift motion, Thomas zoomed over to Cordan before he swung his hand down in a chopping motion, attacking Cordan on his neck. Cordan let out a fierce growl as he raised his arms up to block Thomas’ attack. I don’t believe in this nonsense! My power has always been my pride. How could I lose to this young man who looks like he’s still going through puberty? This is impossible!

Snap! The sound of bones breaking filled the air as Cordan felt his body being lifted off the ground. His entire being flew backward as he spat out a mouthful of blood. Soon, his shoulders dropped in despair as he gazed at Thomas with a look of pure terror.

He could've excused himself for not being prepared when Thomas first attacked him. However, after Thomas' second attack, Cordan couldn't deny it any longer—he was genuinely terrified of Thomas! Thomas' arms didn't even seem like they were made of flesh and bone anymore. Instead, it felt like he was dressed in armor made of the toughest material. The overwhelming strength Thomas had was enough to crush Cordan's arm!

"You achieved it! You managed to tone up your body!" Any haughtiness that Cordan possessed earlier had completely disappeared by then. All that was left within him was a deep sense of fear! He was terrified of Thomas!

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For martial artists like Cordan, it was a lifelong dream for one to be able to tone up their bodies successfully. After achieving certain levels in martial arts, one would develop internal energy in their elixir fields, and that was how people like Cordan or the six elderlies managed to become so powerful. However, upon developing such abilities, their bodies would come to a point where they could no longer contain more internal energy. This would leave them stagnant in terms of abilities, and toning up their body would be the highest level that they could achieve.

Rumors claimed that one could contain an infinite amount of internal energy once they managed to tone up their body successfully. By then, their human bodies would no longer become a limitation to the power they can contain.

However, despite it sounding like a simple process, toning up one's body was extremely tough. The instructions and guidelines on how to achieve this had been lost among older generations. Even the six elderlies from the Six Greatest Families of Irieson never managed to tone up their bodies! Thomas was an exception, of course. He didn't contain any internal energy, and even if he did, he had no idea how to use it. His strength was completely derived from the inhumane conditions that the old man had put him through since he was a child. Thomas only managed to tone up his body with the forbidden materials that he had obtained to do so.

Cordan never expected Thomas to be able to achieve this! The regular person didn't even have the guidelines to be able to achieve this, and even if those instructions were somewhere out there, they were probably owned by all the hidden martial artists who were no longer out in the public eye. Could Thomas' master be some powerful figure who's hiding from the public? If

that's the case, then I'm in trouble. I won't be able to get away with this even if I kill Thomas. The six elderlies won't be able to get away with this either!

"You know too much!" Thomas wasn't in the mood to have a chat with Cordan. Instead, he took a few steps closer to Cordan before swinging his arm into the air. Swoosh!

Thomas sent his arm directly toward Cordan's head! However, Cordan lived up to his title as one of the strongest descendants of the six elderlies—he instantly took a few steps back just in time to avoid Thomas' attack.

Then, Cordan stomped both his feet on the ground. Boom!

A cloud of thick smoke enveloped all of them, including Thomas. Everyone's first instinct was to shut their eyes, but the next time Thomas opened his eyes, Cordan was already nowhere to be seen! "Ah!" Thomas had already predicted for such a thing to happen. He knew that it would be hard for him to attack and kill someone as experienced and skilled as Cordan if he didn't manage to do so after catching Cordan off guard the first time. It was no surprise to Thomas that Cordan had already planned a way to escape.

"Attack!" Quincy was the first to snap out of his daze, and he let out a loud cry before he started to go for the eight men surrounding them. John, Samuel, and Raymond did the same. Bang! Bang! Bang!

These men were no match for Quincy and the rest. On top of that, their leader had gotten injured and fled, so they lost all motivation to prolong the fight. It wasn't long until Quincy and the rest of them defeated the last of the eight men.

After the commotion, Acketts Estate returned to its peaceful state. The only indication of the mess that happened earlier were the dead bodies on the floor and the injuries they had sustained during the fight.

"Thomas!" Quincy cried out as Thomas walked over to them. Quincy wanted to congratulate Thomas for finally succeeding in his process!

Pfft! However, the next scene was one that no one had expected! All of a sudden, Thomas spat out a mouthful of blood as his stance started to wobble a little. Then, he collapsed and fell onto the ground.

“Thomas!” Everyone panicked the moment they saw this. They rushed over and tried to help him up.

“It’s alright. I’m fine!” Thomas uttered to everyone around him.

Sure, he had survived the toning process and successfully came out of it, but he was using his strength in a forced manner! The energy within him wasn’t stable yet, so after using all of that strength earlier, he was feeling the adverse reactions of the powerful medication. It was torturous to be in that state.

“Are you... injured?” Raymond couldn’t contain his curiosity.

Everyone exchanged glances with one another as no one knew what was going on. Based on the fight that they had witnessed between Thomas and Cordan earlier, it seemed like Thomas had the upper hand the whole time. How did Thomas end up injured, then?

Quincy seemed to realize something at that moment, and his face immediately turned grim. He ignored Thomas’ protests as he sat down beside the man before feeling for his pulse.

“You—” Quincy’s eyes were so wide that his eyeballs looked like they were about to pop out. After years of being a doctor, he had never felt a pulse that was so irregular and abnormal!

However, before Quincy could say anything, Thomas shot him a glare and shut him up. Then, Thomas took a deep breath before he sat upright on the ground. “Did anything happen to the father and daughter of the Hahn Family?” he asked.

“Don’t worry. They’re all fine,” Quincy uttered before he turned to look at the three martial arts experts. “Thank you for your hard work, guys. You guys should head home and get some rest.” John nodded in agreement as he pulled his phone out to make a call, ordering his men to send the martial arts experts back to their respective houses.

“Is Olivia okay?” Thomas asked.

Everyone hung their heads low and remained silent after hearing his question. Samuel, in particular, felt the urge to dig a hole and bury himself in it just then. Before Thomas went on his retreat to tone himself up, Thomas had specifically appointed him to take good care of Olivia, and he had given

Thomas his word. Well, look at what happened! Olivia got kidnapped and is in Capitalis now!

Thomas felt his heart sink when he saw everyone's responses. "Say something. Tell me what happened."

"I'm sorry, Thomas. It's all my fault. I didn't take good care of Olivia..." Samuel explained the whole situation to Thomas.

Thomas sat on the ground with his fists curled and his eyes burning with rage. "Harrison, Leyton, and Gunnar, huh! How dare you guys do this? Just you guys wait!" A fiery aura surrounded Thomas' figure as he spoke.

The three martial arts experts who hadn't left took a step backward when they saw the anger within Thomas. "This young man is terrifying!" they whispered among themselves.

When Thomas spoke, they could all feel a bone-chilling sensation throughout their body. They could all tell how much Thomas wanted to kill those people. Soon enough, three cars arrived and took the martial arts experts away. Thomas said his goodbyes to Samuel and John before he got into Quincy's car and left the estate.

"Why did you do this, Quincy? I told you I'd handle it." After this incident, Thomas no longer referred to Quincy as Dr. Hofstead. Quincy had proven himself with the actions he took, and Thomas was then certain that Quincy was a true friend he could trust!

Quincy shook his head with a bitter smile. "Couldn't you tell what was going on, Thomas? Those people never had any intention of letting me go. Even if I stayed in hiding, they'd still find ways to attack my family."

Thomas felt a pang of guilt upon hearing the doctor's words. After all, Quincy's family had gone missing because of him. This time, Quincy only chose to reveal himself to the public for the sake of helping Thomas through tough times.

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Quincy comforted Thomas, patting him on the shoulder as he read the young man's mind. "Alright, don't be so hard on yourself. Come on, give me a

cigarette,” he said, extending a hand out to Thomas, seemingly not wanting to dwell too much on the topic.

At that, Thomas pulled out two Marlboro cigarettes from his pocket, put one in Quincy’s mouth, and lit it for him before taking a drag with the other one himself.

“You failed your retreat, haven’t you, Thomas?” Quincy took a puff of his cigarette and asked.

He was almost certain of this fact, for Thomas’ pulse was in complete disarray. Even if he was injured, he wouldn’t be in this state. The only explanation was that he had failed in his retreat.

Thomas nodded, admitting it directly. Now that it was just the two of them, there was no need for him to hide anything.

“Is the consequence severe?” An ominous feeling that the consequences of the failed seclusion would be severe lingered within Quincy from the moment he noticed the young man’s abnormal pulse.

“My meridians are damaged, and my energy is in disorder. In other words, my strength will be greatly diminished. I might even become no different from a defenseless woman,” Thomas explained plainly as if he were narrating a passer-by’s misfortune.

Gasp! Quincy took a sharp breath in response. His expression, too, turned beyond grim, for he knew the result was too cruel for Thomas. Wouldn’t this mean that a generation’s peerless genius had officially fallen?!

Unbeknownst to Quincy, it was fortunate that Thomas hadn’t succeeded, for the cost of a successful body toning was far more painful than failing.

Even if Thomas successfully toned up his body, he could only maintain peak strength for three days. After that, he would become an invalid due to the side effects of the body toning; he’d be immobile, having to live the rest of his life in bed.

There was a reason the crazy elder deemed body toning a forbidden technique, for its side effects were too great for anyone to endure.

In fact, one couldn't use their strength before the body toning was completely successful, or one's meridians would immediately rupture, resulting in death! But at that time, Thomas had no other choice. He couldn't simply watch the three martial arts experts sacrifice their lives to protect him, could he?

Moreover, if he continued to say idle, it wouldn't just be the three martial arts experts who'd die. It was likely that Quincy, John, Samuel, and Raymond would also meet their demise! Meanwhile, he wouldn't be able to escape either. After Cordan killed the people outside the villa, he would definitely rush in and kill Thomas.

Since he would have to take action sooner or later, why not act sooner?! That way, everyone would live. What was there to hesitate?!

Initially, Thomas felt a surge of backlash force rushing toward him the moment he used his power. However, at the critical moment, his Blood of the Blazing Sun came into play once more. All the blood in his body seemingly burned, forcibly suppressing the backlash force. That was how he was able to severely injure Cordan in the end.

Regarding the Blood of the Blazing Sun within his body, Thomas was rather confused as well. He didn't even know if this bloodline was innate. Even until now, he suspected the Blood of the Blazing Sun in his body was cultivated through the crazy old man making him consume strange and rare medicinal herbs and soaking himself in medicinal jars from a young age.

In actuality, Thomas felt rather helpless now. Not only had he failed to tone up his body, but he also suffered from the backlash of the medicine. If the six old monsters really came knocking on his door, he could only fight them to the death. Even at his peak, he was no match for the six of them, let alone when his strength had greatly diminished. However, in order to protect Olivia, he could only choose to fight to the death. Even if he died in the battle, he would fulfill the promise he made to Olivia. Even if I die, I will die in front of you!

"Take me to the rental house, please. I'd like to check on Chloe."

"Alright." Quincy said nothing more and sent Thomas to the apartment complex and only ordered his chauffeur to leave after watching the young man enter the building.

"Thomas!" Chloe threw herself into Thomas' arms, unable to contain her excitement the moment she saw him.

A strange feeling had been lingering within Chloe lately. She couldn't shake off the feeling that Thomas was behaving strangely, and the more she pondered about it, the more she believed the words Thomas said to her some time ago were his last words. The foreboding feeling grew even more intense, especially when she couldn't reach him on the phone. As such, how could she not be excited now that she finally saw Thomas?!

"I'm sorry for the days when I wasn't around, Chloe. You've been through a lot," Thomas said dotingly while ruffling Chloe's head.

The young woman knew Thomas was referring to the assassination attempts a couple of days ago. At that, she quickly shook her head and said, "Don't worry about it, Thomas. Look at me. I'm fine, aren't I? I'm okay as long as I find you okay and well in front of me."

Thomas shook his head and smiled bitterly. They said a woman's sixth sense was particularly accurate. He didn't believe it before, but now, he had to, even if he didn't want to.

At the same time, he was grateful for John and the others' aid, or there would've been nothing left but the Hahns' ashes by the time he came out of the retreat.

Right now, Adam had gone out for a walk, leaving only Chloe alone at home.

While Thomas walked into the living room and paid his respects to Chloe's mother, the young woman stood beside him, watching. She parted her lips a few times but just couldn't bring herself to speak up.

She wanted to ask if Thomas had offended some big shot. Otherwise, why would those assassins target her?!

"I won't leave tonight. Is there anything to eat at home?" Thomas turned his head to Chloe.

After all, Olivia was currently in Capitalis. He'd be alone even if he returned to Northpine Villa, so he might as well stay and accompany Chloe.

He had already asked Quincy and given him the prescription so that Quincy could use his connections to get Olivia the medicine she needed. No matter what, clearing the toxins from her body was the most important thing.

“We have food. What would you like to eat? I’ll make it for you!”

“I should do it.”

“No, you rest. I’ll take care of it.”

Chloe was exceptionally happy after hearing that Thomas wouldn’t be leaving for the night and scuttled into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Meanwhile, Thomas sat on the couch, his brows furrowed. He’d be heading to Capitalis the following day. He’d like to see for himself just how capable this Genius of Capitalis was.

Despite suffering from the backlash of the medicine and no longer being at his peak, he remained fearless. To him, the self-proclaimed genius was nothing more than a jester. What was there to fear?

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After having dinner, Adam returned to his bedroom early to rest, leaving only Thomas and Chloe sitting in the living room as they watched TV.

Suddenly, Thomas remembered that he had turned his phone off to avoid outside distractions when he went into retreat to tone up his body. It was time to turn it back on, so he quickly powered it on.

Shortly after, his phone started ringing. Thomas checked it and found that it was an unknown number with the area code belonging to Capitalis.

“Hello?” Thomas answered the call.

“Thomas!” Olivia’s voice came from the other end of the line. “You finally turned on your phone!”

The young woman had been attempting to reach Thomas using Gwen’s phone repeatedly since waking up. However, it kept showing that he was unreachable.

“Are you doing alright, Olivia?”

“I’m okay. The Travises have been taking good care of me. They even made me the medicine according to the prescription you asked Mr. Hofstead’s friend to deliver the other day.” Olivia’s voice became teary as she continued, “Are

you done dealing with your business, Thomas? Gunnar Flynn, that b*stard, brought me to Capitalis. If you don't have anything important, can you come and pick me up? I'm really scared."

Thomas' heart ached upon hearing her sob as if it had been pricked by a needle.

"Alright, don't cry anymore. Stay there and don't go anywhere. I'll come and pick you up tomorrow."

"Alright, I'll be waiting. Don't forget," Olivia said, urging him with a pitiful voice.

She felt extremely helpless right then. Thomas was the only person she could trust in this massive world, and only by his side could she feel some sense of security.

"Don't worry, I won't forget!"

Thomas' expression turned malicious after ending the call.

Capitalis! Gunnar Flynn! Leah Wilkerson! He grumbled inwardly, keeping track of the debts.

"Are you heading out again, Thomas?" Chloe, who was beside him, caught bits of the conversation and guessed that Thomas was making a trip to Capitalis.

"Yeah."

"Oh!" Chloe's originally happy face immediately turned gloomy, and that ominous feeling returned even more intensely. She couldn't ignore the notion that something significant was about to happen.

In the wee hours of the morning, Thomas woke up and quickly freshened up. He made his way to the living room quietly, put on his shoes, and prepared to leave.

He had already arranged with John and Samuel the night before to catch the earliest flight to Capitalis, and half an hour ago, John texted him, letting him know that he and Samuel were waiting for him at the entrance of the apartment complex.

Snap! The lights of the living room suddenly turned on, and Thomas turned around in confusion to find Chloe standing there in silence, looking at him worriedly.

“Rest well, Chloe. I’m going out for some business. I’ll come back soon.”

Thomas was puzzled. He thought he had been stealthy enough; how was he still able to wake the young woman up?

Little did he know Chloe spent the whole night awake, keeping her ears perked to the sounds outside.

Without saying anything, Chloe took a few steps forward and embraced Thomas, holding him tightly. “Will you come back after leaving this time, Thomas?”

“Silly girl, of course I’ll come back. Why would you ask that?” said Thomas, stumped by the inexplicable question.

Chloe, still in Thomas’ embrace, shook her head as tears began to fall. “I don’t know. I keep having this feeling that something bad will happen. It’s like once you leave, you’ll never come back, just like my brother who left many years ago and never returned...”

Thomas’ lips twitched, and memories of the most unpleasant past returned to his head. Unconsciously, his eyes reddened.

“You’ve let your imagination run wild, you silly girl. I’m off. I’ll be back before you know it.”

“Will you really come back?”

“Of course. This is my home!” said Thomas with a smile as he placed his hands on Chloe’s shoulders and pushed her to where he could see her.

“Thomas, do you think my brother will come back too?”

Huff! Thomas let out a long sigh, not saying anything, and turned to leave.

He wanted to tell her that Zachary would also come back, but he couldn’t bring himself to lie when he saw Chloe’s doe-like eyes, let alone tell her the truth. In the end, he chose to run away.

Meanwhile, Chloe fell into deep thought as she looked at Thomas' retreating figure.

Inside the Travis Family's estate in Capitalis, a platform had been set up. It was the agreed-upon day for the match, and the Travis Family had everything prepared, waiting for everyone to arrive.

Of course, that also included the chosen representative to battle against the Flynn Family. However, the Travis Family only selected one person for the battle, believing one fighter was enough to take down three of the Flynn Family's men.

The Travises were that self-assured!

At exactly 9.00AM, the Flynns and Wilkersons arrived, and Colby informed his grandfather of it in the living room. "Grandfather, I've taken a look. It seems that they've brought some skilled individuals."

"Skilled individuals?" Kyrie sneered disdainfully. "More like a bunch of trash. Well, anybody who comes is a guest of ours. Go and receive them."

With that, the elder went upstairs, retreating to his bedroom. He was repulsed by Leah, having the urge to puke every time he saw the old witch.

He had met many shameless people in his lifetime, but never had he seen anyone as shameless as Leah.

Though frustrated and unwilling to interact with the Flynns and Wilkersons, Colby turned to receive them.

Gwen had told him extensively about the two families' shameless acts, and he thought they had lost more than just their dignity as prestigious families. They were complete disgraces! His grandfather didn't want to intervene, and his father wasn't home, so he had to step forward no matter what. He couldn't let others say the Travises lacked basic hospitality, could he?

That said, Colby didn't invite the Flynns and Wilkersons into the mansion but instead led them to the spectator seats by the ring before leaving.

"Wait, Mr. Travis!" Leah called out to Colby, who responded, "Yes, Madam Wilkerson?"

“Can I see my Olivia? She’s my granddaughter, after all. I miss her quite badly, having not seen her for a few days.”

Colby nearly threw up his breakfast after hearing Leah’s words.

“Yeah, Mr. Travis. I want to see my fiancée as well,” Gunnar added. He had been so preoccupied with Olivia’s bombshell of a body the past couple of days that it was all he could think of whenever he had time.

“Your fiancée?” Colby questioned, pointing at Gunnar. “It’s still up in the air whether you can take her away. How are you so sure that she’s your fiancée?!”

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“I... You...” Gunnar was rendered at a loss for words.

“And you, Madam Wilkerson. You’ll see Olivia when it’s time. What do you think you’re doing now, ordering us? Or are you accusing us of tearing your family apart?”

“No, Mr. Travis, you’ve misunderstood!” Leah hurriedly waved her hands, denying it. After all, she couldn’t afford to offend Colby.

Hmph! Colby snorted disdainfully in response and left.

Meanwhile, Leah and Gunnar glared daggers at the retreating figure.

You f*cking b*stard! So what if you’re stronger than us?! Look at that smug face! So be it that you intervened in our conflict with Hofstead and the others before taking Olivia away, but how dare you also speak condescendingly to us?!

The two of them cursed the Travises, believing the family was bullying them. However, they had forgotten the fact that they behaved even more outrageously while facing Olivia and Thomas, who seemed weaker than them. Now, the way the Travises were treating them was merely karma biting back at them.

Gunnar sat down grimly. Being the Genius of Capitalis, he was showered with countless favors since he was little. When had he ever been confronted like this before?! However, his father had yet to arrive. He was just the vanguard

of his family, bringing some of his family's fighters to explore the situation. Without his father to back him up, he dared not make a fuss.

They were in the territory of the Travis Family of Capitalis. Who was to say the Travises wouldn't bury him here if he pissed them off?!

Soon after, Theodore arrived with Quincy's students and friends. However, unlike the Flynns and Wilkersons, they didn't bring any fighters with them.

After all, the Travises had said they'd be responsible for picking out the participants for the battle. Theodore and the others were naturally at ease. With the Travises personally arranging the participants, the Flynn and Wilkersons would have nothing on them.

"Hofstead's dogs have arrived," Gunnar whispered, and Leah glanced icily toward the newcomers. Seeing that they appeared relaxed as if they didn't care about the upcoming battle, she couldn't help but sneer. "Nothing but a bunch of arrogant fools. Let them laugh for now. They'll be crying soon enough!"

After all, she had told the fighters from her family to go all out and kill their opponents in the battle arena later.

Another hour passed, and both sides had almost assembled their team members. Reuben had also arrived and was glaring at Theodore and his group with Gunnar.

Theodore and his group, on the other hand, completely ignored the Flynns' threatening gazes, chatting and scrolling through their phones happily.

"Wait, where are the two old Morton and Peralta geezers?" Leah pointed out immediately after realizing the two were absent.

"I don't know." Reuben shook his head. "The way I see it, they're probably scared, realizing they would face severe consequences if they offend us. Hahaha!"

Indeed, the Flynns and Wilkersons weren't weak, and to win this battle, they each readied three fighters. With their forces combined, they were confident that their opponents would have no way of fighting back, regardless of who was sent into the arena.

Meanwhile, on the second-floor balcony of Travis Residence, Olivia clenched her fists, her face flushed and brows furrowed as she gazed at the battle arena inside the estate.

“Don’t worry, Olivia. They can’t win!” Gwen comforted her.

Olivia shook her head in response. “I’m pissed, Gwen. I’m a human being with autonomy! It should be my freedom and right to decide whom I want to marry. Why should they gamble with me like an object? Isn’t this plain ridiculous?!”

Sigh! Gwen sighed helplessly. Of course, she knew how disrespectful this was to Olivia, but what could they do? This society was inherently a survival of the fittest. If one lacked strength and power, one could only be at the mercy of others. Being treated as an object was considered relatively good, for it meant that the person was still worth something. In this world, many were even unqualified to be deemed as objects.

Just then, Colby walked over. “Miss Pearson, our men will escort you back to Irieson after the battle is over.”

Olivia’s eyes twinkled upon hearing the good news, expressing her excitement. But very quickly, she regained her composure. “I’m truly grateful for you and your family, Colby, but I managed to contact my man last night. He said he’ll be picking me up today. I’ll be absolutely safe with him around. I shall not trouble your family further.”

Olivia and Gwen’s relationship developed rapidly over the past few days. Olivia was grateful to Gwen, and the latter genuinely liked the unadulterated Olivia. Thus, they had already considered each other as true sisters, not just in formality but in the true sense.

“Your man?” Colby and Gwen exchanged glances in response, and a name appeared in both of their heads—Thomas Clifford.

A man who single-handedly turned the whole of Irieson upside down, even annihilating two of the Six Greatest Families of Irieson with thunderous methods!

Colby parted his lips, eager to confirm with Olivia if her man was indeed the legendary Thomas Clifford. However, he couldn’t bring himself to say them even when the words reached his lips.

With that, he left the balcony. The battle was about to begin, and he still had arrangements to make. Besides, as a grown man, it wasn't appropriate for him to pry into a girl's private matters.

Gwen, on the other hand, had no such reservations. With a mischievous grin, she asked Olivia, "Olivia, when you mentioned your man just now, you were referring to Thomas Clifford, right?"

Olivia's cheeks turned rosy from bashfulness. She said nothing, implicitly confirming it.

At that, a look of surprise flashed in Gwen's eyes, and she scrutinized Olivia again. If she wasn't mistaken, Olivia should still be chaste. However, weren't Olivia and Thomas in a romantic relationship? Thomas had such great abilities that he could easily withstand the Six Greatest Families of Irieson. What was there to worry about? With beauty like Olivia's, what normal man could resist her?!

"Come on, Olivia, tell me your story with Thomas!" Gwen was in gossip mode at this point.

"Oh, but there's nothing to talk about." Olivia lowered her head, looking as if she wanted to bury it in the ground like an ostrich.

"Come on, aren't we sisters?" Gwen pretended to be upset. "I'm going to be upset if you won't even tell me something like this. Am I even your sister?"