

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 331-340

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 331

Gwen had heard various rumors and stories about Thomas during this time. Naturally, she was curious about the man.

"Come on, tell me! I'll really be mad if you don't!"

"A-Alright." Olivia compromised, recounting every detail of their story bashfully from the moment she met Thomas.

The thrilling and heart-warming tale left Gwen in awe. "You two together, it's truly enviable!"

"Mm!" Olivia nodded bashfully. "Even if I die tomorrow, I'd be content if I can really date Thomas. An amazing man like him is surely in high demand."

"Indeed." Gwen took an envious gander at Olivia. "It's truly rare for a woman to meet a man willing to protect her with his life."

Though Colby treated her well, and they had a deep bond as a couple, Gwen thought her relationship with Colby lacked the passion and excitement Olivia and Thomas shared.

"However, Olivia, you shouldn't underestimate yourself. You're so beautiful and sensible. Thomas is lucky to have a girlfriend like you!"

Gwen's compliment wasn't mere flattery. Through their interactions lately, she had gained a general understanding of Olivia. When it came to business and management, Olivia was a true powerhouse—decisive, quick-witted, and assertive. However, when it came to matters of the heart, she lacked even the most basic experience and knowledge. Thomas was her first love, and given her devoted nature, it seemed she would love him alone in this lifetime.

"If you've already decided that Thomas is the one, why haven't you confessed your feelings?" Gwen asked, expressing her curiosity.

Hints of bitterness immediately laced Olivia. "I-I'm scared. Thomas has a special charm that girls are drawn to. I can clearly feel that my secretary also harbors feelings of admiration for him. Also, Thomas has a foster sister. Maybe I'm just being overly sensitive, but I always feel something off in the

way his foster sister looks at him. I'm really stressed. Most importantly, what if he doesn't reciprocate my feelings? What should I do then?"

Gwen chuckled lightly in response. "Oh, you silly girl. You shouldn't feel stressed. If anything, it's the other girls who have a crush on Thomas that should be stressed. They can't compare to you!"

With Olivia's beauty and intelligence, she stood among the best, not to mention in the small city of Irieson. Few could match her. Thomas wasn't a fool either, and it was obvious who was more outstanding.

"You have to give it your all, Olivia. A man as wonderful as him is hard to come by. You can't let him slip away easily. I'm still waiting to toast at your wedding!"

"I..." Olivia didn't know what to say. Being teased by Gwen like this, she felt a mix of shyness and joy, with hints of happiness.

Is what Gwen said true? Will Thomas definitely accept my confession? Ah, just thinking about it makes me feel so happy!

As if performing a magic trick, Gwen pulled out a telescope and handed it to Olivia. "Here, Olivia. Use this to help you spectate. Who knows? Maybe your man has arrived."

Meanwhile, the first match was about to begin.

The first representative from the Flynn Family stepped forward. He was a martial arts expert in their family, similar in age to Reuben's father, but his strength should not be underestimated.

On the other side, the representative from the Travis Family wore a mask. He had both hands behind his back, standing upright in the arena.

It was Kyrie's idea to keep their family's fighter low-key. Wearing a mask would prevent the Flynn's and Wilkersons from recognizing him and spreading gossip.

"Pfft! Nothing but a mysterious clown pretending to be someone!" Reuben snorted disdainfully. He was confident in the skills of their martial arts expert, and he estimated that their opponent wouldn't even be able to handle a single move from their martial arts expert!

Those two old geezers, John and Samuel, are scared so out of their wits that they don't even dare show up anymore. I really don't know what courage Quincy's dogs have to send someone to challenge us!

Reuben and Leah exchanged a seemingly carefree smile. They appeared like two transcendental beings who had attained enlightenment.

With their arrogant expressions, it was as if they had 'winner' written on their faces. They could already imagine the scene of the masked man being defeated and begging for mercy at the hands of their formidable representative.

If Thomas were to see their expressions, he would definitely applaud them. Those two were really pretending to be aloof and extraordinary!

Bonk! The deafening sound of a gong echoed, signaling the official start of the match.

Feliciano Flynn, the martial arts expert of the Flynn Family, moved like lightning. The distance of eighty yards seemed like just a step away in his eyes, and in the blink of an eye, he was already close to the masked man.

Without any hesitation, he raised his fists and viciously smashed the sides of the masked man's face with a thunderous bam!

The move was meant to kill, as personally instructed by Reuben. Defeating the opponent wasn't the goal; the goal was to eliminate them directly. Aren't you people cocky?! Don't you people dare come to our place and tell us what to do?! Very well, you shall pay a painful price!

Meanwhile, Kyrie and Colby watched the scene unfold plainly. In their eyes, Feliciano was nothing more than an overestimating waste.

Bam!

Just as Kyrie and Colby predicted, Feliciano moved fast, but he returned even faster. After a thunderous bam, he flew backward, gliding through the air for about a dozen feet before landing on the arena.

One move! What a devastating defeat!

“What the...” The Flynns and Wilkersons were stunned, never expecting their highly-anticipated fighter to be defeated like this.

How did it turn out like this? Didn't our fighter attack that vile, masked man?! How did he end up flying instead?!

The speed at which the masked man struck was simply too fast. The spectators below couldn't even see how he made his move.

Cough! Feliciano felt a tumultuous upheaval in his body, and he coughed out a mouthful of blood. That last blow had caused severe internal injuries, which would take at least a year or more to recover from.

“Hehe!” Theodore and the others couldn't help laughing when they saw how grim Reuben and Leah looked. Feeling smug, eh? Are you entertained now? Do you people really think there isn't anyone within Capitalis who can teach you people a lesson?!

They were well aware that the Travises' fighter had shown mercy, or the last strike would've been enough to take Feliciano's life!

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Reuben felt his cheeks burning with shame. Just several minutes ago, he claimed that the pretentious man across from him couldn't even take one strike from Feliciano, but reality gave him a slap in the face.

It turned out that it was Feliciano who couldn't take one move from the other party, not the other way around. His prediction was wrong, so he had practically embarrassed himself.

He was a man who had gone through the vicissitudes of life, after all. After recovering from his shock, he quickly told some people to take Feliciano away.

Feliciano was unwilling to accept defeat, though he didn't have a choice. Besides the spectators, he, who was the one involved in the fight, also couldn't clearly see how the person made a move. After being severely injured, he didn't dare to stay there any longer. As such, he had to go back and recuperate as quickly as possible. Otherwise, he would be left with serious health concerns.

After listening to Feliciano's request, Reuben agreed to it and ordered a subordinate to send the man back to the Flynn Residence.

There would be a total of three rounds, and the party with two wins would be victorious. After every round, there would be a ten-minute break. While the fight halted, Reuben and Leah whispered among themselves. They had to be the winner in the next fight. If they were defeated again, the political marriage between the two families would be ruined. Correspondingly, their alliance would cease to exist as well.

During the break, Theodore called to tell Quincy the results. "We've won the first round, Mr. Hofstead! You have no idea how livid the old witch Leah looks now. Hahaha!"

Quincy let out a sigh of relief upon learning the good news. "You guys have done a great job. With the Travises' help, Reuben and Leah won't have the guts to cause a scene. Have Thomas and the rest

arrived?"

"Not yet. I suppose they're on their way. As you know, the traffic in Capitalis can be a nightmare."

Quincy nodded. "You have a point. Keep an eye on everything. If anything happens, give me a call right away."

"Yes, Mr. Hofstead."

After the ten-minute break, Reuben and Leah decided to get help from Enrico, a martial arts expert from the Wilkerson Family.

When an elderly man in purple clothes made an appearance, all the spectators gasped, for he was significantly more powerful than Feliciano. The Wilkersons had a total of seven martial arts experts, and the one on the platform ranked fifth. He had made a name for himself in Capitalis long ago.

Colby clicked his tongue and remarked, "It seems that Leah is flustered, Grandpa."

Kyrie nodded, though he wasn't surprised. After all, if Leah lost the second round, her plan would go down the drain. Therefore, it was only natural that she decided to use the help of such a powerful person. She was like standing

on the edge of a cliff. If she took a step backward, she would fall into the chasm. As such, she had no choice but to bite the bullet and carry on.

“It’s no big deal. Tell our contender to KO him with only one move just like what he had done earlier,” Kyrie ordered impassively.

Over the years, the Flynns and the Wilkersons had been throwing their weights around in Capitalis. Hence, Kyrie decided to take this opportunity to teach them a lesson and let them know that there were always more powerful people out there.

“Yes, Grandpa.” Colby sent a signal to the masked man on the platform, who nodded in response.

Meanwhile, Olivia, who was watching everything from the balcony, was frustrated. “Why didn’t Gunnar go on stage? It would’ve been wonderful if he were the one collapsing to the floor and spitting blood.”

“Well, lucky for him that he didn’t go on stage. Otherwise, he wouldn’t even have a chance to spit blood.”

“What do you mean? Is Gunnar so powerful?” Olivia turned her head and looked at the woman with her alluring eyes.

Gwen shook her head and spoke in a voice filled with disdain. “You’re getting me wrong, Olivia. I’m saying that if Gunnar were on the platform earlier, he would’ve passed away instantly. It is unlikely that he would have been injured and spit blood. Like, come on! Everyone in Capitalis knows that he’s a weakling. The Flynns have used a lot of precious herbs to produce a good-for-nothing like him, and he has even self-proclaimed to be the most powerful cultivator in Capitalis. That’s the funniest joke I’ve ever heard. If not for the Flynns’ support, he would’ve been a nobody. How does he have the nerve to act haughtily all the time? I feel disgusted just by looking at him.”

Olivia was relieved upon hearing the woman’s words. “That’s great. My man will be here at any moment. Given his temperament, he’ll definitely teach Gunnar a lesson. If Gunnar is powerful, I’m worried my man won’t be a match for him.”

“Although Gunnar isn’t a genius, it’s not like anyone can defeat him.”

A confident Olivia waved her hand. "It's fine. My man is formidable. As long as Gunnar isn't a peerless cultivator, my man will be able to defeat him." She paused for a moment before correcting herself, "No, no, no. Even if Gunnar is a peerless cultivator, my man will still be able to destroy him. Thomas is the best of the best!"

"Is your man really so incredible?"

"That's for sure! Back then, my man gave the owner of Keyshire Property a call and made him pass me the business. Don't you think he's wonderful?"

"Keyshire Property? Are you talking about the leader in the real estate market of Irieson?"

There were only a small number of giants in the business of real estate in the entire Droycore. For example, the real estate market in Capitalis was an oligopoly. However, Keyshire Property was a dominant company that had monopolized the real estate market in Irieson. The other real estate companies could only pick up the crumbs that Keyshire Property had left behind. Certainly, Gwen had heard of such a famous company.

"Yes, it's that Keyshire Property. Rafael had even sent me the agreement personally." Olivia appeared proud because her man was a capable person.

Gwen was astounded deep within, for Rafael was the one who founded the company. She had heard a thing or two about Rafael's background. It was inconceivable that the man would easily give up his company. She couldn't help but wonder who Thomas truly was.

Meanwhile, Reuben and Leah sported solemn expressions, no longer looking as calm and collected as before. They looked nervously at the platform, for there wouldn't be a third round if they lost the current one.

When the gong was struck, the second round started. This time, the masked man stopped being passive. Instead, he decided to make a move first.

The moment the drum was struck, he charged toward Enrico and lifted his leg before kicking his opponent out of the platform.

Everyone fell into an eerie silence, and they could even hear their own heartbeats.

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Earlier on, Feliciano getting destroyed with only one move could be blamed on his carelessness, but how did one explain Enrico's defeat this time? He was significantly more powerful than Feliciano, but he still couldn't take one move from the other party. It went to show that the masked man was terrifyingly formidable.

"Damn it!" Reuben cursed furiously. The outcome he had dreaded to see eventually happened nonetheless.

Similarly, the corners of Leah's lips twitched, and she sported a grim expression.

However, there was nothing they could do apart from fuming deep within. The party that attained two wins out of three rounds would be the winner. That was the rule they had set. Now that Leah and Reuben were defeated, it meant that Olivia would no longer be used as the bargaining chip for the two families to gain their vested interests.

If they were in any other place, Reuben would've flared up and snatched Olivia away. Rules weren't so important when one was powerful enough to break them. Nevertheless, he couldn't do such a thing in the Travis Residence. Regardless of how reckless he was, he didn't dare to cause a scene here.

People were terrified of the Flynns not because they were powerful but because they had a hidden sect's support. Such a background made them very influential. Rarely any families in Capitalis had such support.

The crux of the problem was that the Traveses had a hidden sect behind them as well, and theirs was even more powerful than the one behind the Flynns.

Kyrie rose to his feet and announced unenthusiastically, "Alright, everyone. The result is right before our eyes. You may go home now, Reuben and Leah."

"Dad, I want Olivia! I—"

Before Gunnar could finish his words, Reuben lifted his hand and gave his son a hard slap in the face. Stop embarrassing me! We're the losers, and there's no point saying such things now. Do you want me to snatch Olivia



away? Even your grandfather doesn't have the guts to do such a thing, let alone me. Stop trying to throw me under the bus!

Gunnar was dumbfounded following the slap. He was rooted to the spot, looking puzzled.

Am I separated from Olivia just like this? She's the one I can never forget about!

Despite his grievances, he had no choice but to accept his fate. Since even his father didn't have a solution, he naturally didn't dare to make a fuss.

Theodore and the others approached the Flynns and the Wilkersons with only one purpose, which was to mock them. Aren't you all very powerful and haughty? Go on throwing your weights around now!

"I've always heard that the Flynns are extraordinarily powerful. They indeed live up to their name!"

"That's right. Besides the Flynns, the Wilkersons are also impressively formidable. I'm blown away!"

"That's such an eye-opener. Thank you for letting the two powerful cultivators go on stage. We enjoyed the show very much. Haha!"

"By the way, what was the move the two martial arts experts used earlier on? Flying Backward and Falling to Bottom? Hahaha!"

Theodore said to Reuben with a smile, "Mr. Reuben, weren't you adamant when you were in the Flynn Residence back then? Why are you so puny now? That's not right. You don't even look like yourself now. You have to toughen up!"

Faced with their mockery, Reuben and Leah gritted their teeth as their faces flushed with anger.

If they were not in the Travis Residence, they would've made a move and taught these awful people a lesson. However, since they were in the Travis Residence, Reuben could only threaten them by saying, "Just you wait! I'll never let you off!"

Theodore shrugged and said, "Bring it on! It's not like I'm afraid of you."

Well, you're not the only one with a hidden sect's support. We have one behind our family too!

While standing beside Reuben, Leah growled suddenly, "How dare you show up, Thomas!"

All of them turned around and saw Thomas coming over. He was followed by John and Samuel.

Kyrie, who was seated, squinted and studied the young man. The descendant of his deceased friend valued Thomas very much, so he would like to know what made the young man stand out from the rest.

Theodore quickly approached them and greeted them. "Mr. Clifford, Old Mr. Morton, and Old Mr. Peralta, you're finally here!"

Then, he told them about how the Flynns and the Wilkersons were defeated. Upon hearing his tale, the three of them weren't surprised one bit, for it was the outcome they had expected. Since the Traveses had sent their own contender to participate in the fight, it was only natural that the two families were defeated. After all, they were less powerful than the Traveses.

With rage burning behind his gaze, Reuben asked Leah, "Is that Thomas?"

"Yes, that's him. I thought he was dead. I didn't expect that he's still alive!"

Leah was astounded that Thomas was still alive and kicking. It's said that the six old monsters have decided to kill Thomas. Why is he still alive? Is he powerful enough to escape unscathed from the six old monsters? That's impossible!

"Thomas!" A voice that sounded as pleasant as a spring breeze was heard. Following that, Olivia, who was clad in a long white dress, came into everyone's sight.

Despite her bloodshot eyes, she was still very elegant. Moreover, she had an alluring face and a curvy figure. Everyone had an illusion that she was a fairy who had just descended into the mortal world, not a human girl living in this world.

They watched as Olivia crashed into Thomas' arms, and her tears slid down her face uncontrollably. "I've been waiting for you! I thought you'd decided to dump me!"

Thomas wrapped his arms around the woman and patted her back while placating her, saying, "I'll never dump you. Don't you remember that I've promised to protect you forever?"

He subconsciously looked around and noticed the hostile gazes. He was bashful, so he felt waves of embarrassment coursing through him. "Psst! Olivia, let's do the reuniting thing later. Everyone's looking!"

"No! I'll only feel safe in your arms!" Olivia shook her head and refused his request. She had been suffering from insomnia and hadn't had the appetite to eat much for the past few days because she missed the man badly. Now that he was right before her eyes, she made sure to stay in his arms for as long as she could.

Thomas felt helpless, but it wasn't like he could push Olivia away, as that'd only embarrass her. Left with no choice, he could only stay put and ignore the onlookers. He wouldn't lose an ounce of flesh just because they kept looking at him, anyway.

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Just then, Gunnar emerged from the crowd and bellowed, "Let go of my fiancée, b\*stard!"

Everyone at the scene knows that her grandma had promised to let me marry her, but now, my fiancée is in another man's arms. No man in the world can put up with this.

Upon hearing that, Olivia jumped out of Thomas' embrace and pointed at Gunnar's nose, growling, "Stop being so shameless, will you? I don't even know you, so how can you claim that I'm your fiancée?"

"How can you talk to your fiancé like this, Olivia?" Leah promptly stepped forward and spoke to the woman like a senior. "I've personally chosen Gunnar to be your husband. What's wrong? Are you going to turn me down?"

"Oh, my gosh! It's that old witch again!"

“Will she stop being pretentious for a second?” John and Samuel couldn’t help but verbally express their feelings upon hearing Leah’s words.

They were already used to Leah’s shamelessness, but it was different now. Regardless of how unashamed she was, Thomas was around, after all. If she never stopped being brash, Thomas would definitely teach her a lesson.

She’s practically asking for death!

“Look at the man beside you, Olivia. Not only is he incapable and poor, but he’s also an orphan. Now look at you. You’re the Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur in Irieson, so how can you marry such a man? On the other hand, Gunnar is different. He’s a perfect match for you. While you’re the most beautiful woman in Irieson, he’s the Genius of Capitalis. You two are like a match made in heaven. Listen to me and stay away from that poor man. He doesn’t even have the right to be your servant!”

Leah acted like a kind-hearted lady and jabbered on while sporting a sincere expression. Anyone who didn’t know the truth would assume that she was doing everything in her granddaughter’s best interest. However, it was far from the case in truth.

When Kyrie and Colby saw how righteous she was pretending to be, they felt nauseous. Even Gwen, who was going near the platform, felt her stomach churning. Had she not tried to hold it in, she would’ve puked out her breakfast.

Just like what John and Samuel had expected, Thomas erupted like a volcano and bellowed, “Get lost!”

Leah subconsciously stepped backward, for she felt a sense of murderous intent in the man’s growl. She couldn’t help but shudder. Thomas’ eyes had turned bloodshot in rage as he inched closer to the older woman. Despite his unhurried pace, every step he took pounded in everyone’s heart.

Presently, the man no longer looked like a human. He appeared to be a fuming deity who was authoritative and domineering, making everyone have the urge to worship him.

Kyrie’s eyes brightened when he saw that. “He’s so overbearing! This young man is definitely more complicated than he looks!”

Suddenly, Colby said, “Grandpa, I find this man strange for some reason.”

“What do you mean?”

“I can’t feel any fluctuations of internal energy coming from him. It’s as if he’s an ordinary person. However, there’s no way he’s a commoner since he has managed to destroy two of the Six Greatest Families.”

Kyrie nodded in agreement. “You have a point. Actually, I can’t feel any fluctuations of internal energy from him either.”

“What?! That’s pretty... horrifying.” Colby was flabbergasted. Usually, such a situation would only happen for two reasons. First, Thomas was indeed an ordinary person who knew nothing about martial arts. Or, he wasn’t adept at martial arts, so he hadn’t been able to produce internal energy. Nonetheless, it was unlikely to be the case. Just like what Colby had said, there was no way Thomas was an ordinary person since he had wiped out the Pearsons and the Hinds.

As such, only the second reason was plausible. Thomas might be significantly more powerful than Kyrie, which was why the older man couldn’t detect any fluctuations of internal energy from him. However, how did Thomas become so powerful when he was only so young?

Unbeknownst to the two of them, even though Thomas was indeed formidable, it wasn’t because he had ample internal energy. Instead, it was because his physique was so robust that it had reached the limit of the human body.

Gwen secretly gave Thomas a look of approval. They were in the Travis Residence, so no one had the guts to cause a scene. Regardless of how arrogant Reuben was, he didn’t dare to flare up when Theodore and the others humiliated him a while ago. However, Thomas had the audacity to blow his top. No ordinary person could have such courage.

“Leah, I’ve been giving in to you because you’re old, but you keep crossing the line and have become even more shameless. What’s the matter with you? Do you think since the Wilkersons are based in Capitalis, I’ll be afraid of you? Do you know I can make life a living hell for the Wilkersons and destroy all of you?” Thomas wasn’t bragging. Even though he wasn’t at the peak of his power, he had other tricks up his sleeve. He was adept at dropping poison and assassination, so he didn’t think the Wilkersons could spare themselves from any harm.

Moreover, before he joined the military service, the crazy old man had taught him many secret techniques to increase his power in a short time. It would only take him five minutes to make himself in

tip-top condition again. He could even tone up his body in an instant. If Leah crossed the line again, he wouldn't mind playing some games with them.

He believed that if he flew into a rage, the Wilkersons wouldn't be able to fend him off.

"Stop shooting off your mouth, Thomas. I feel like beating you up whenever I see you boasting shamelessly."

Gunnar couldn't take it anymore. Who does he think he is? He's just an orphan, so what makes him think he can threaten to destroy the Wilkersons? How did he even have the nerve to say that? Even my father doesn't have the guts to say such a thing. Even though the Wilkersons have indeed become weaker in recent years, they're still very formidable. An airhead like him doesn't have a right to humiliate the Wilkersons.

"Do you want to beat me up?" Thomas turned around and looked at Gunnar with disdain.

Following that, he approached the man and pointed at his own chest, saying, "I'll give you a chance. Come on and strike here. I guarantee that I won't counterattack. You'd better exert more force and kill me with one move."

Gunnar was astounded, not knowing what trick was up Thomas' sleeves.

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Thomas smiled and said assertively, "Didn't you say you wanted to beat me up? I'm giving you the chance, so hurry up and punch me now. What's wrong? Are you worried I'll counterattack?"

Then, he placed his hands behind his back. "How about this? There's nothing to worry about. Make a move now."

The more nonchalant Thomas looked, the more diffident Gunnar felt. He was puzzled as to why Thomas wanted to get punched all of a sudden. Besides him, everyone at the scene held their breaths and watched the two of them. No one knew what Thomas was up to.

Gunnar was touted to be the Genius of Capitalis, though it was a bit of exaggeration. It was thanks to the Flynns' support that he managed to become fairly powerful. As such, no one should underestimate his power.

Samuel and John were shocked by Thomas' actions. They prayed that Gunnar had better not make a move. Regardless of how powerful Thomas was, he had placed his hands behind his back to let Gunnar punch him. If Gunnar decided to attack, Thomas might not be able to dodge it.

If Thomas was struck, he would be badly injured. It was an outcome John and Samuel didn't want to see.

Gunnar squinted and stared fixedly at Thomas, hoping to see through the man.

Unfortunately, Thomas was an inscrutable man.

"Make a move right now! Don't you want to punch me?" Thomas yelled all of a sudden. His voice sounded like a clap of thunder, which aroused everyone's fear.

Gunnar was so shocked that his legs turned to jelly, and he fell to his bottom with a plop the next instant. He looked at Thomas in a dazed state. Presently, the man exuded a domineering vibe. He was

terrified because even his father and Feliciano didn't have such a horrifying aura.

Is Thomas even more powerful than my father and Feliciano? That's impossible! Thomas and I are around the same age. Even a genius like me hasn't reached that level of power, so it's unlikely that Thomas has achieved it.

"Pfft." Thomas was heard sneering the next moment. "The Genius of Capitalis? I've given you a chance, but you've failed to seize it. A coward like you had better stay away from Olivia. She's way out of your league."

Upon hearing that, everyone broke into a commotion. It was inconceivable that the Genius of Capitalis and the future patriarch of the Flynns fell to his bottom in shock after getting scared by an unknown young man.

Certainly, Theodore and the others wouldn't miss the chance to mock him.

“No doubt he’s the Genius of Capitalis. He does live up to his name.”

“That’s right. Gunnar has mastered the best move of the Flynns.”

“What do you mean?”

“Didn’t you see he fell backward and landed on his bottom? Didn’t Feliciano and Enrico show us how it was done on the platform earlier? However, they only used the move when in a fight, though they hadn’t mastered it. Now look at Mr. Gunnar. He used the move before he even got into a fight. How incredible is that?”

“Haha!”

“Mr. Gunnar!”

The subordinates of the Flynns finally came to their senses. Two of them went over and helped Gunnar up.

A myriad of expressions came over Reuben’s face as he was both resentful and furious.

On the one hand, he was resentful of Thomas for humiliating his son in public. On the other hand, he was furious at his son for being weak as the young man got scared by Thomas and even fell to his bottom. There was no doubt it was embarrassing for the Flynns.

Their mockery was like a sharp knife that repeatedly jabbed into Gunnar’s fragile heart.

He had always been touted as the Genius of Capitalis since a young age, and with a powerful family like the Flynns behind him, he had never been humiliated.

He furiously swung his hands and pushed the two subordinates away. With bloodshot eyes, he pointed at Thomas and growled, “Let’s get into a death match, b\*stard! Do you have the guts to take part in it?”

Gunnar was resentful of Thomas. It was to the point where he would drink the man’s blood and eat his flesh.

He didn’t expect the deplorable man to humiliate him in front of everyone, so he would never put up with that. Making it his ultimate mission to eliminate



Thomas, he wanted a duel that'd show the world the consequences of humiliating him.

Olivia, you're my fiancée, so how could you snuggle up to another man? Just you wait! After I kill that b\*stard, I'll teach a shameless woman like you a lesson!

His fury had gotten the better of him. As such, he decided to get into a death match with Thomas without considering how powerful the other party was.

All of them exchanged glances with a look of shock on their faces.

One had to know that a death match wasn't just any match. Before the two parties went on stage, they had to sign an agreement. After they got onto the platform, they had to do their best to destroy the other party. Surrendering wasn't an option. The only way to end the death match was when one of them was killed.

Theodore glanced at Thomas without feeling worried. Since Quincy valued him very much, there was no way Thomas was an ordinary person. Theodore despised Gunnar because the latter only became powerful after consuming lots of precious herbs. Anyone could become as great as Gunnar as long as they had the money.

Besides him, John and Samuel were at ease as well. Thomas had easily defeated Cordan before, so it wouldn't be hard for him to destroy Gunnar.

Olivia was also calm and collected. First of all, she had faith in her man's capabilities. Secondly, she had heard from Gwen that Gunnar wasn't a force to be reckoned with.

"Grandpa?" Colby looked inquisitively at his grandfather.

Kyrie replied with a smile, "Since Gunnar is asking for death, no one can stop him. Just let them go on that platform and fight."

"Yes." Colby rose to his feet and stood in the middle of everyone. Then, he glanced at Gunnar and asked, "Are you sure you want a death match?"

"Yes." Gunnar nodded. Thomas was no different from dead meat to him now.

Then, Colby turned around and bowed slightly before asking gently, “What do you say, Mr. Clifford?”

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Gasp! Everyone sucked in their breath.

They weren’t making mountains out of molehills; it was too apparent that Colby’s attitude had drastically changed from before.

His voice was cold when he spoke to Gunnar, and he wasn’t the least bit respectful of the latter. However, he had a different attitude when it came to Thomas. He surprisingly had a respectful tone in his voice, and more importantly, he even lowered his head slightly as a sign of respect.

Everyone knew who Colby was. He was the eldest son of Kyrie Travis’ eldest son, the future head of the Travis Family. He was in a highly esteemed position, and even Reuben Flynn never enjoyed such treatment from Colby, much less Thomas!

Crack! Crack!

Gunnar’s teeth almost broke from too much gnashing. What right did Thomas have to be treated in such an honored way when he couldn’t get the same treatment? He wished that Thomas would agree to the death duel so that he could torture Thomas as much as he liked in the arena.

Thomas nodded. “I choose to fight him!”

Thomas was suffering from the side effects of toning up his body, so he not only didn’t regain his prime condition, but he was also a little weaker than usual. Even so, Gunnar was so weak that he meant nothing to Thomas.

“Haha! Thomas, quit yapping nonsense, and let’s sign the consent form!” Gunnar guffawed happily. How foolish can Thomas be? He actually agreed to it! He’s just courting death!

Even if Gunnar stayed silent, Colby would get the document prepared anyway. Colby called over a servant of the Travis Family, then ordered them to prepare the consent form. From a distance away,

Kyrie glanced at Gunnar, then at Thomas. He couldn't help but shake his head. Even before the duel commenced, its ending was already set in stone.

Gunnar wasn't thinking straight from all the rage and jealousy, but Thomas was the exact opposite: he looked relaxed and calm. Putting the two side by side, it wasn't difficult to figure out who had the upper hand.

"Grandpa..." Gwen was hesitant, not understanding what was on Kyrie's mind. How can he agree to let Thomas and Gunnar duke it out? No matter how it goes, Thomas will be the one to suffer defeat!

Even if Thomas won against Gunnar, he couldn't possibly kill the latter. After all, the Flynns were one of the greatest families in Capitalis. Even though the Traverses weren't afraid of him, it didn't mean that Thomas wasn't. If Thomas overdid it and seriously injured Gunnar, the Flynns wouldn't let him off the hook, much less if he killed Gunnar.

Kyrie looked at his granddaughter-in-law, seemingly seeing through her thoughts. He smiled as he said, "Don't worry. Gunnar was the one who proposed the duel to the death. If he has a death wish, no one can stop him. If the Flynns dare to make a fuss about it, I'll personally deal with them."

When Gwen heard Kyrie's words, she finally relaxed. She earnestly felt that Olivia was a decent girl, and in recent days, their friendship developed rapidly. She didn't want her bestie's man to get into trouble or danger.

Soon, Colby came back with a consent form. He passed it to Gunnar first, and after Gunnar had signed his name, Colby passed it to Thomas. Seeing that the two had signed the consent form, Colby spoke up. "You are given 10 minutes to prepare. After 10 minutes, the duel officially begins!"

Only 5 minutes had elapsed when Gunnar couldn't hold it in anymore. He stomped on the ground with his feet, launching himself in the air. He even did a flip mid-air as if brandishing his skills, then landed in the arena.

Right after that, he beckoned at Thomas, seemingly challenging the latter.

"Good! Gunnar's skills improved again!" Below the stage, Reuben felt assured about how the duel would play out. He had studied the young man called Thomas, and since Thomas was about the same age as his son, Thomas' capabilities wouldn't surpass his darling son's. After all, his son was taught by prestigious masters from a young age, and with so much material support, he

managed to come this far. But what about Thomas? What did Thomas have? How could he possibly be a match for Gunnar?

Leah had shared the same thoughts. She looked coldly at Thomas, thinking, You're so arrogant, aren't you? You don't even consider the Genius of Capitalis your opponent, right? Good, now let's see how you can keep up the arrogance after getting beaten up by the Genius of Capitalis!

Thomas smiled, then walked toward the arena.

"Thomas!" Olivia suddenly called out to him.

"Hm?" Thomas paused in his tracks, then turned around to look at Olivia.

Olivia mustered up her courage and hugged Thomas, whispering, "Be careful. I'll be waiting for your return."

"Don't worry." Thomas smiled.

"Grr! Thomas, get up here and go to hell!" Gunnar was furious when he saw the scene. After all, the beautiful woman in Thomas' arms was his fiancée.

Thomas walked into the arena, then met Gunnar's gaze. "Since you're both ready, you may start now!" Colby announced the early commencement of the death duel.

Gunnar didn't say anything as he dashed right toward Thomas. He summoned strength from his elixir field as he raised his fist, the wind whirling around him as he aimed right at Thomas' head.

Thomas shifted his feet a little, dodging the attack with great ease. "Hm? You're quite amusing for some small fry." Gunnar pummeled with all his might, attacking Thomas like wild currents. From the beginning, he was determined to kill Thomas, so he naturally wouldn't pull any punches.

On the contrary, Thomas kept dodging Gunnar's attacks, and he never retaliated.

"Look, Madam Wilkerson, Thomas isn't that amazing after all. He's only capable enough to dodge Gunnar's attacks, and he doesn't even have the energy to fight back!" Reuben gleefully showed off his son to Leah.

A flattering smile colored Leah's face. "But of course. Gunnar is the pride of the Flynn Family, after all. He's the bona fide Genius of Capitalis, so it's a piece of cake for him to teach some nobody a lesson."

"Haha!" Reuben laughed, feeling quite satisfied with Leah's respectful flattery.

In the arena, Gunnar raised a foot and delivered a heavy kick at Thomas' waist from the side. This time, he had used up all his energy. Thomas chose not to dodge this attack. He jumped on the spot, then sent out a kick as well, clashing his leg with Gunnar's.

Bang!

Gunnar took a step backward while Thomas landed where he was, looking calmly at Gunnar.

Below the stage, Olivia clenched her fists tightly, her eyes filled with worry as she looked at Thomas.

Before Olivia knew it, Leah approached her silently and said, "Olivia, keep your eyes peeled and see for yourself. There's a world of difference between Thomas and Gunnar! After this, you'll realize that I made the best choice for your sake."

Leah was extremely confident right now. The situation in the arena was clear enough. It would only be a matter of time before Thomas suffered defeat!

Olivia couldn't be bothered to argue with the old h\*g. She glared at Leah, then continued watching Thomas' performance in the arena.

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Olivia's heart clenched every time Gunnar attacked Thomas. She felt so anxious that she even found it difficult to breathe. Even Olivia, who was a complete outsider when it came to martial arts and combat, could see that things weren't going so great for her man.

It was true that Thomas was suffering from the side effects of the medicine, and his physical condition was a far cry from how it used to be. His capabilities were also getting worse by the day, and it truly was a little challenging for him to fight Gunnar. But it was only a little challenging.

Bang!

Just then, a scene came into play, causing Olivia to almost lose her mind.

With a clean and direct punch, Gunnar hit Thomas' chest. Thomas looked like he couldn't dodge it in time, so he didn't manage to avoid the entirety of the attack. The punch landed squarely on the left side of Thomas' chest.

"Thomas!"

At that instant, Olivia's tears burst out of her eyes. She tried to dash into the arena, but Leah held her back from the side. Olivia must not go in there. What if she gets caught in the crossfire and gets injured?

Leah didn't mind if a nobody like Thomas died, but Olivia must be kept safe at all costs! "All right!" Reuben shouted, clapping his thigh. He seemed quite excited. Gunnar was a chip off the old block, after all. How could his son be an average Joe? It was a piece of cake for Gunnar to take care of some trash!

"Great job!"

"You're amazing!"

The people belonging to the Flynn Family cheered as well.

"You're just some trash, so know your place! How dare you try to fight me? Go to hell!"

Seeing that a hit had landed on Thomas, Gunnar put a gleeful smile on his face. A sharp look emanated from his eyes. He maniacally summoned strength from his elixir field. In an instant, immense power surged into his right fist. He would kill Thomas with this single punch!

"Hm?"

However, Gunnar noticed something eerie. The immense power on his fist didn't feel like it was colliding with a human body. Instead, he felt like he was hitting a piece of sponge. When the strength of his fist rammed into Thomas' body, it disappeared without a trace.

He couldn't help but look up at Thomas' expression. Thomas seemed calm as always, and he didn't look like he was in excruciating pain, the sort of reaction Gunnar expected. What's going on? Is Thomas inhuman or something?

Swish! Thomas shook his body and sent out a lightning-fast punch with his right hand at the same time.

Boom!

After the loud noise, Gunnar felt as if his entire vision was convulsing. He failed to realize that it wasn't his vision shaking, but he was flying in the air instead.

Right after that, he fell to the ground, sensing a piercing pain spreading from his chest.

"Urk!" Gunnar opened his mouth and spurted out mouthfuls of fresh blood.

Thomas' punch was too powerful! It not only contained Thomas' strength, but it also included the energy of Gunnar's punch. With the foreign energy stacking onto Thomas' original power and then both

getting used on Gunnar's body, how could Gunnar endure this at all?

"Borrowing Energy to Fight!"

Kyrie, who had been calm all this while, couldn't sit still any longer. He immediately got to his feet, shock filling his gaze.

Borrowing Energy to Fight was an ultimate skill. It was also a skill that had been lost to time almost a hundred years ago, but Thomas had mastered it! How is this possible?

"Grandpa, are you all right?"

Colby, who was beside Kyrie, was also startled by Kyrie's reaction. For as long as he could remember, his grandfather had remained calm no matter what happened, so what had happened to him? Why did he have such a strong reaction?

Kyrie shook his head. "It's nothing. When the duel is over, I have to have a proper talk with Thomas. There is more to him than meets the eye!" He took a deep breath, then sat back in his chair as he silently witnessed the events unfolding in the arena.

When he thought about it, it made sense. His late friend was an esteemed person, and he kept saying that Thomas was his comrade. Any common person wouldn't have caught his attention.

The skill Thomas used, Borrowing Energy to Fight, was the ultimate skill he used when he fought the Hind Family and the Xalmar Family. When energy collided with his body, it not only was incapable of hurting him, but it would also become part of Thomas' energy.

"What the hell is going on?"

The Flynns and the Wilkersons gaped in shock as they looked in disbelief at the scene in the arena. They saw Gunnar hitting Thomas' body, but why was Thomas completely fine? Even if he was lucky enough not to be affected by the punch, how could he possibly send Gunnar flying with just a punch?

Is this some sort of witchcraft?

Borrowing Energy to Fight was a book Thomas received from the crazed old man before he was enlisted. Thomas remembered clearly that the old man had given him lots of books, and Borrowing Energy to Fight was one of them. The old man said that Thomas would have quite a lot of free time after enlisting, so he should spend that time learning all sorts of things.

When Thomas heard that, he couldn't help but feel exasperated. Learn all sorts of things? Is this old man kidding? If I want to learn, I'll attend college instead of getting enlisted.

Even now, Thomas didn't understand why the man tried so hard to stop him from going to college and forced him to enlist instead.

Still, he reaped some rewards. In those eight years, whenever he had free time, he would study the books the old man gave him. Borrowing Energy to Fight might seem like an easy task, but it wasn't at all. One had to be in sync with their body and completely in control of their power to learn it. Despite Thomas' astounding talent, he had to feel around and practice for eight years before he achieved some success like he did today.

Thomas looked coldly at Gunnar, who was lying on the ground with blood trickling out of his mouth. He shook his head in disdain. How could Gunnar call himself a genius like this? He was probably a genius at losing, if anything.



Gunnar had completely lost, and he had suffered utter defeat!

Thomas had no intention of letting this potential threat live. He ambled up to Gunnar, then raised his fist. Gunnar seemed to be in excruciating pain as he gasped for breath. Thomas didn't mind being kind for a change; he would release Gunnar from his suffering.

"Thomas you mutt! How dare you touch my son?!" With a roar, Reuben dashed toward the arena. He couldn't be bothered about rules anymore; his top priority was to save his precious son.

He saw everything. His son was lying on the ground, close to death's door, so how could he have the energy to avoid Thomas' iron punches? If Thomas threw another few punches at him, he would be dead!

Gunnar was Reuben's pride and the future head of the Flynn Family!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Sadly, Reuben had just run up to the edge of the arena when Theodore, Samuel, and John made their move, forcing him to stay back.

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"Reuben, oh, Reuben, you're the head of the Flynn Family, yet this is how you do things? Don't you know about the rules of a duel to the death? What are you trying to do?" John questioned.

"That's right," Samuel added. "Only now do you have the urge to go in there and protect your son. However, when your son hit Thomas just now, I didn't see you telling your son to stop. How shameless!"

"If you can't accept the consequences of losing, then don't get involved in the first place! Your son was the one who suggested a duel to the death with Mr. Clifford. Your son isn't dead yet, so the duel isn't over. If you don't want anything to happen to your son, you should've stopped the duel from happening in the first place. Now that they've signed the consent form, what right do you have to boss around?"

Theodore spoke, feeling disgruntled. He realized this was how the Flynn Family of Capitalis operated. Shame on them!

“Get out of my way!”

Reuben glared at them. How dare these three stink bugs block his path? If he had the chance in the future, he would make them pay!

Out of the corner of his eye, Reuben saw Thomas giving him a challenging smile. Thomas’ fist was still hanging in the air, and he was about to bring it down at any moment.

The crazed Reuben tried to get into the arena, but John and the others refused to budge. They started engaging him in a battle at the edge of the arena, just right below the stage.

The three didn’t employ any particular moves, and neither were they risking their lives to fight Reuben. They simply wanted to hold him back.

If he wanted to interrupt Thomas, he would have to go through them first!

The trio was quite strong, and with their strength in numbers, Reuben couldn’t easily get past them quickly.

Leah looked at the four fighting men, then at Gunnar, who was still coughing up blood in the arena. Suddenly, a thought occurred to her. Now that everyone’s attention was drawn to Reuben, it was the opportune time for her to get into the arena and rescue Gunnar.

At that thought, Leah made haste as she discreetly jumped into the arena.

“Get out!”

Colby had been watching the old witch all along. As soon as Leah got into the arena, Colby ran swiftly after her. With a forceful punch, he threw his fist at Leah’s face.

In her panic, Leah reached up to block the attack, but her power was a far cry from Colby’s.

Bang!

Leah was sent flying from Colby’s punch, and blood trickled from her mouth. Colby’s punch just now had given her an internal injury, and Leah didn’t dare move anymore as she gazed reluctantly at Thomas, who was ready to strike.

“Leah, who permitted you to do as you wish in front of the Travis Family? If you dare cause any trouble again, I guarantee you won’t make it out of this place alive!”

They were the ones who suggested a duel to the death, but now that Gunnar was losing, they were trying to take their words back. Who did they think they were?

Leah coughed. “Colby, look closer. The man lying on the floor is the Genius of Capitalis and the future head of the Flynn Family. If he dies in the arena today, can your family shoulder the responsibility?”

“Are you threatening me?” Colby put his hands behind his back as he looked coldly at Leah, then continued, “I’ll make this clear today. All of you silently agreed to let Gunnar enter the duel to the death, and Gunnar himself signed the consent form. If he dies because of his incapability, then so be it! If anyone dares to find fault with the Travises, I hope they do their best.”

With that, Colby instantly released immense power from his body. So what if they were the Wilkerson Family? Even in their prime as the greatest family in Capitalis, the Travises never once feared them, much less now!

“Know your place. You Wilkersons only survived a threat with the help of the Flynns, and now, you’re trying to cause trouble with the Travises just to help the Flynns. If you anger the Travises, I’ll give the Wilkersons more trouble to worry about!”

Colby was not to be messed with. He was the most outstanding person among the younger generations of the Travis Family, and he was already the future head of the family. Moreover, Kyrie favored him, so his words mostly represented the will of the entire Travis Family.

“You—”

Halfway through her speech, Leah couldn’t bring herself to call Colby a madman. What could she do? He had the resources to back it up, after all.

Colby stood at the edge of the arena, his sharp gaze sweeping across the crowd in front of him. Even though he never said a word, his intentions were clear. If anyone wanted to interrupt the duel, they would have to go through him first.

“Thomas! You arrogant prick! You’d better think twice! If you dare kill my son, you’ll make yourself an enemy of the Flynn Family of Capitalis! You’ll forever be on the run from us until the day you die!”

When Reuben saw Thomas crouching down, he hastily threatened the latter.

Thomas froze for a moment, then turned to look at Reuben and nodded calmly. “Oh, okay.”

Bang!

His fist landed cruelly on Gunnar’s face, and blood splattered everywhere.

Gunnar’s handsome face was now completely unrecognizable.

“Ugh...” Gunnar even let out a strained moan.

“Thomas! I’ll kill you!”

Reuben was heartbroken. He almost lost his wits when he saw the horrible state his son was in. He swung his iron fists in a frenzy, trying to break through the circle John and the others made around him.

Thomas smiled. “Yes, I’m arrogant and I want to be an enemy of the Flynn. Come get me!”

Initially, Thomas wanted to end Gunnar’s life with a punch and conclude the duel as soon as possible. However, when he heard Reuben’s threats, he changed his mind.

He withheld his strength on purpose, hence refraining from killing Gunnar with one punch. A cruel idea popped up in his mind. Since Reuben was threatening him, he’d throw a few more punches so that Reuben could watch his son getting brutally tortured to death!

Threats never worked on Thomas, for he was used to it already.

“Reuben, let me tell you this. In this entire world, there is no one I’m afraid to kill. Your son is no exception.”

Bang!

He threw another punch. This time, Gunnar didn't even have the strength to moan. He lay on the ground like a dead fish, wholly at Thomas' mercy.

"Hah, the Genius of Capitalis, my foot! He's nothing but a shameless piece of trash! If you provoke me, there's no saving you even if you're the son of the emperor!"

With that, Thomas held his fist high. He had enough of playing around, and he would send Gunnar to hell right now.

"No!"

Reuben's heart-wrenching cry sounded from below the stage. Obviously, he could tell that his son would be gone from the land of the living with another punch.

Bang!

A mysterious shadow suddenly appeared behind Thomas. Before Thomas could land his punch, the shadow sent him flying with one.

The shadow didn't stop there. It quickly chased after Thomas as he soared through the air, then delivered another punch.

"Stop!"

Kyrie howled as he instantly dashed into the arena. He grabbed Thomas with one arm and clashed fists with the shadow using his other.

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Boom!

After the dull noise sounded, Kyrie and the shadow took three steps backward.

The shadow was none other than Gunnar's grandfather, Abel Flynn. In terms of both status and power, he was on par with Kyrie.

"Abel, you stubborn old man! Don't you feel ashamed for sneaking an attack on a young man?" Kyrie was furious. Thomas was the man his deceased friend had entrusted to him, but now, Thomas was gravely injured because of Abel's punch. If he realized this any later, Thomas would be dead meat by

now. If that happened, what would he say to his deceased friend in the afterlife?

“Ugh!”

A mouthful of fresh blood spurted out of Thomas’ mouth. In an instant, he was covered in blood. His face and clothes were bloody, which was a stark contrast to his deathly pale face. Meanwhile, his eyes were filled with hatred as he glared at Abel.

He was so focused on torturing and killing Gunnar that he hadn’t noticed someone creeping up behind him. Even if he had noticed Abel, it wouldn’t have changed anything. Abel was so strong that he sent Thomas flying at a distance equivalent to several streets. It would be a piece of cake for Abel to injure Thomas.

When Thomas heard Kyrie’s words, he sneered. Just as expected, he was a member of the Flynn Family. Nonetheless, it made sense. Save for the Flynns, no one else could’ve done something as shameless as attacking someone from behind.

Even though Thomas was suffering from the side effects of toning up his body, it wasn’t entirely a bad thing. His body had turned extremely resilient. If not, that single punch from Abel would’ve killed him.

“Thomas!”

Olivia couldn’t contain her emotions anymore and she dashed into the arena like a gust of wind. She then grabbed Thomas’ arm, her tears streaming down her face like raindrops.

Abel ignored Kyrie as he produced a pill from his pocket, then tossed it into his grandson’s mouth.

“Ack!”

The mysterious pill Abel fed his grandson seemed to have revived the man. In a few seconds, Gunnar managed to recover himself.

“Grandpa, Grandpa... Avenge me! Kill Thomas for me!”

Gunnar felt extremely lucky. He initially thought that he would die by Thomas' hand today, but at the most crucial moment, his grandfather descended from above and rescued him. Since things had turned out like this, he wouldn't let Thomas off the hook just like that! Thomas had to die!

"Don't talk. Adjust your breaths," Abel said, then raised his head and looked at Thomas suspiciously.

He had used 70 percent of his skill in that punch just now, but surprisingly, it didn't kill the young man. What was going on?

Kyrie passed Thomas to his grandson, then rolled up his sleeves as he said, "Abel, quit pretending like you're mute. You know the rules of the Travis Family. Without our permission, no one can fight on our family grounds. You not only fought, but you also shamelessly attacked Thomas from behind. What do you mean by this? Are you trying to declare war on our family?"

Abel glanced at Kyrie in disdain. Declare war? Who was Kyrie trying to intimidate? How could families in a position like the Flynns and the Travises start a war just like that? If they truly started a war, the entire Droycore would be thrown into chaos!

"Stop strutting around, Kyrie! I was forced to do it, but so what? Do you think I'd just sit by and watch as my grandson dies on your family grounds? If the descendants of your family took Gunnar's place today, would you just let them die? Moreover, this is your territory, so why didn't you let Reuben save my grandson? Are you doing it on purpose?"

When Kyrie heard Abel's words, he laughed in anger. Abel had truly widened his horizons today. He not only sneaked an attack but was now trying to blame things on other people! He was supposed to be a well-known, prominent figure, but all that effort amounted to nothing!

Kyrie extended a finger and pointed at Abel. "Firstly, it was your grandson who suggested the duel to the death. If I'm not mistaken, he's 25 this year, right? He's no longer a little child, so he has to take responsibility for his actions. He isn't strong enough, so if he dies, he only has himself to blame. Secondly, these circumstances will never befall the descendants of the Travis Family, for we don't have useless descendants like yours!"

"Nonsense!"

When Abel heard Kyrie boldly calling his grandson useless, he couldn't hold it in anymore and said with all abandon, "Okay, so I saved my grandson and attacked Thomas from behind. So what?"

Rules like the duel to the death and being forbidden to fight on the Traveses' grounds without their permission were just nonsense. So what if they were rules? Weren't they set by humans in the first place?

"Are you seriously asking me that question? Alright, then, I'll tell you what's going to happen!"

Kyrie took two steps forward, releasing his roaring aura without refraining. Everyone present only felt an unusual sense of pressure as if a mountain was weighing on them.

Kyrie's terrifying might was as clear as day!

When Kyrie thought about it, he realized that he hadn't fought in two decades, but Abel had gone too far today. He didn't mind teaching this old b\*stard a lesson.

Seeing that Kyrie had gotten serious, Abel frowned deeply. In terms of power, Kyrie was on par with him, but in terms of family status, the Traveses were securely ahead of the Flynns. After all, the hidden forces behind the Traveses were much stronger than the ones behind the Flynns. If Abel were to engage in a full-blown fight with Kyrie, it would spell trouble for him.

Was Kyrie out of his mind? Was he seriously going to fight Abel for the sake of a youngling?

Who exactly was Thomas, then? It was true that Thomas could defeat Gunnar despite his young age, which was proof of his capabilities, but it wasn't a good enough reason for Kyrie to get so worked up for his sake.

"Mr. Travis, allow me!"

Before Kyrie could act, Thomas spoke up behind him.

Thomas was the one who injured Gunnar, and he was also the one Abel had attacked from behind. No matter how he looked at it, the events that happened today concerned him, and the Traveses weren't involved at all. There was no reason for the Traveses to interfere.



“Thomas!” Olivia tightened her grip on Thomas’ arm. He was already gravely injured, so how could he fight anymore? Didn’t he know how worried she was for him?

Thomas forced a smile on his face as he reached out and touched Olivia’s beautiful face. “Don’t cry. You look better when you smile. Don’t worry, I’m fine. I’ll rest for a few days after this. I’m made of iron, after all.”

Olivia gazed at Thomas affectionately, staying silent. If it were possible, she earnestly wished that she could endure Thomas’ suffering in his place.

The Flynns and the Wilkersons walked into the arena and stood behind Abel. Abel passed Gunnar, who was in his arms, to his son, then stared warily at Kyrie.

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Only a handful of individuals within Capitalis and throughout the entire Droycore could instill fear in Abel, and Kyrie standing before him was undoubtedly one of them.

“Thomas, only take on what you are capable of, and don’t be reckless!” Kyrie persuaded earnestly.

Thomas shook his head and replied, “Mr. Travis, rest assured that I’m not being reckless. Trust me with this!” Upon hearing Thomas’ firm words, Kyrie refrained from saying more and took two steps back, his gaze fixed intently on Thomas. He had already decided that if Thomas was overpowered, he would intervene at the earliest opportunity to save him from any harm to ensure that Thomas wouldn’t suffer the slightest injury.

Seeing this, Abel sneered and thought to himself, What a young fool. If Thomas had obediently remained behind Kyrie, I’d have been powerless against him. However, since he has outwardly demanded for justice instead of relying on Kyrie, don’t blame me for being ruthless. “Young man, I must admit that defeating my grandson at such a young age makes you a rare talent. However, your ignorance and arrogance will be your downfall today. I will personally ensure it!”

Thomas sneered in response. “I can’t say for certain if I’m a rare talent, but your grandson is undoubtedly a worthless individual! The Flynn Family is filled with petty individuals who only engage in deceitful and shady dealings!”

Determination burned in Thomas' eyes. So what if the enemy was stronger? Even if he were to die in battle, he would drag this old man down to hell with him!

"Young man, in all these years, you're the first person who has openly provoked the Flynn Family, and you will also be the last! I want everyone to witness the consequences of insulting us!"

"Is that so? In that case, show me what an old man like you can do! I truly want to see it!"

Abel guffawed upon hearing Thomas' remarks. Abel was amused at Thomas' ignorance and arrogance. He wondered whether it was because he was growing old and couldn't keep up with the

current trends. Do young people nowadays find joy in boasting? He wasn't even worthy of challenging Abel!

"Abel, keep your damned mouth shut!" A voice brimming with murderous intent echoed just then, causing everyone to turn their heads. At the same time, over twenty individuals entered, all led by a man in a tailored black suit. He was in his forties, and he was accompanied by an old man with white hair and a youthful face.

"Rafael?" Abel exclaimed upon seeing the man, and the smile on his face vanished instantly.

This individual was a prominent figure in Capitalis, a heavyweight in the business world who had forged numerous commercial legends. Moreover, Rafael's background was shrouded in mystery.

Why is he here? Also, why did he insult Abel as soon as he arrived? Thomas, too, was taken aback at the sight of Rafael. They were old acquaintances, but he couldn't help wondering what he was doing here.

Rafael approached Thomas and bowed respectfully before saying, "Mr. Clifford, I apologize for being late. Allow me to handle this situation. You are severely injured, so please rest."

"What the hell?!" The members of the Flynn Family were stunned by this scene. Who was Rafael? Why was he showing such deference to Thomas?

Could it be that Thomas wasn't just an insignificant nobody without a background?

"Why are you here?" Thomas asked puzzledly.

"Mr. Clifford, don't you remember? After I left Keyshire Property, I returned to Capitalis to pursue my business affairs. I believe I mentioned this to you!" Hearing that, Thomas slapped his forehead and finally recollected that Rafael had indeed informed him before. He simply hadn't taken it seriously at the time.

Rafael swiftly signaled to the people behind him to pass him a porcelain bottle, then handed it to Thomas. "Mr. Clifford, please take this medicine first."

Without hesitation, Thomas tilted the porcelain bottle and swallowed a golden pill that came out of it. "The Rejuvenation Pill!" Thomas was surprised to see that. This was a legendary healing medicine described in ancient texts. Even Thomas was merely aware of its existence but had no knowledge of its actual preparation, so how did Rafael possess this pill?

The moment Thomas swallowed the Rejuvenation Pill, he felt as though his body was immersed in a hot spring. The medicine's nourishing power soothed his internal organs, and the comforting sensation almost led him to sigh in relief. With a few breaths, the excruciating pain from Abel's surprise attack subsided, and the previously unbearable burning sensation of his internal organs disappeared.

Even the meridians that had been damaged due to the medicine's backlash began to slowly regenerate. With a little more time, they would be fully restored. Truly, the Rejuvenation Pill was deserving of its reputation as a sacred medicine for healing! Witnessing Thomas' face gradually turning rosy, Rafael breathed a sigh of relief. "Rofoel?" Abel exclaimed upon seeing the man, and the smile on his face vanished instantly.

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Why is he here? Also, why did he insult Abel as soon as he arrived? Thomas, too, was taken aback at the sight of Rofoel. They were old acquaintances, but he couldn't help wondering what he was doing here.

Rofael approached Thomos and bowed respectfully before saying, "Mr. Clifford, I apologize for being late. Allow me to handle this situation. You are severely injured, so please rest."

"What the hell?!" The members of the Flynn Family were stunned by this scene. Who was Rofael? Why was he showing such deference to Thomos? Could it be that Thomos wasn't just an insignificant nobody without a background?

"Why are you here?" Thomos asked puzzledly.

"Mr. Clifford, don't you remember? After I left Keyshire Property, I returned to Copitolis to pursue my business affairs. I believe I mentioned this to you!" Hearing that, Thomos stopped his forehead and finally recollected that Rofael had indeed informed him before. He simply hadn't taken it seriously at the time.

Rofael swiftly signaled to the people behind him to pass him a porcelain bottle, then handed it to Thomos. "Mr. Clifford, please take this medicine first."

Without hesitation, Thomos tilted the porcelain bottle and swallowed a golden pill that came out of it. "The Rejuvenation Pill!" Thomos was surprised to see that. This was a legendary healing medicine described in ancient texts. Even Thomos was merely aware of its existence but had no knowledge of its actual preparation, so how did Rofael possess this pill?

The moment Thomos swallowed the Rejuvenation Pill, he felt as though his body was immersed in a hot spring. The medicine's nourishing power soothed his internal organs, and the comforting sensation almost led him to sigh in relief. With a few breaths, the excruciating pain from Abel's surprise attack subsided, and the previously unbearable burning sensation of his internal organs disappeared.

Even the meridians that had been damaged due to the medicine's backlash began to slowly regenerate. With a little more time, they would be fully restored. Truly, the Rejuvenation Pill was deserving of its reputation as a sacred medicine for healing! Witnessing Thomos' face gradually turning rosy, Rofael breathed a sigh of relief.

He had risked his life to rush to the Trevis Residence, but he had arrived a moment too late. If his young master were to discover that Thomos had suffered severe injuries because of his late arrival, he would be in big trouble.

Knowing his young master's temperament, he would be scolded to death after returning! Moreover, that young master happened to be the person Kyrie had mentioned earlier—he was the grandson whose grandfather shared a deep bond with Kyrie. Without that connection, it would have been impossible for Kyrie, a prominent figure, to intervene.

Thomes flexed his muscles and felt his body rejuvenating. With his physique now revitalized, his chances of victory had increased substantially. How dare this old b\*sterd pull a sneak attack on me? I won't stop until I kill you!

"Mr. Clifford, please take a moment to rest. Allow me to handle this," suggested Refeel quickly, wanting to intervene.

Thomes waved his hand dismissively and said, "The grudge between him and me can only be settled by me." He refused to rely on others. What others possessed would always remain theirs, and he would be more confident to confront his adversaries using his own strength.

So what if Abel's strength exceeded his own by a considerable margin? The techniques he had learned from the old men extended beyond merely borrowing external power, so it wouldn't be easy for Abel to kill him. Thomes was prepared to employ his secret techniques to eliminate Abel in dire circumstances. Even if it meant becoming crippled in the process, it would be a worthwhile sacrifice.

"Thomes, I never expected someone as young as you to have such powerful connections! No wonder you're so arrogant!" Abel scoffed. While he held some fear toward the forces supporting Refeel, their obligations under the Ancient Mertiell Arts Family Agreement restrained them from acting against Abel too easily. The Flynn Family, Duncen Family, and Trevis Family were all bound by that agreement.

"Not only do I have powerful connections, my fists are even more formidable! Come and face your demise, you old b\*sterd!"

"Ah!" Just then, a scream pierced through the air, causing Thomes to swiftly turn around. It was Olivie who had let out that cry. Leah had stealthily approached Olivie while everyone's attention was fixated on Thomes as she attempted to abduct Olivie.

He had risked his life to rush to the Travis Residence, but he had arrived a moment too late. If his young master were to discover that Thomas had

suffered severe injuries because of his late arrival, he would be in big trouble. Knowing his young master's temperament, he would be scolded to death after returning! Moreover, that young master happened to be the person Kyrie had mentioned earlier—he was a grandson whose grandfather shared a deep bond with Kyrie. Without that connection, it would have been impossible for Kyrie, a prominent figure, to intervene.

Thomas flexed his muscles and felt his body rejuvenating. With his physique now revitalized, his chances of victory had increased substantially. How dare this old b\*stard pull a sneak attack on me? I won't stop until I kill you!

"Mr. Clifford, please take a moment to rest. Allow me to handle this," suggested Rafael quickly, wanting to intervene.

Thomas waved his hand dismissively and said, "The grudge between him and me can only be settled by me." He refused to rely on others. What others possessed would always remain theirs, and he would be more confident to confront his adversaries using his own strength.

So what if Abel's strength exceeded his own by a considerable margin? The techniques he had learned from the old man extended beyond merely borrowing external power, so it wouldn't be easy for Abel to kill him. Thomas was prepared to employ his secret techniques to eliminate Abel in dire circumstances. Even if it meant becoming crippled in the process, it would be a worthwhile sacrifice.

"Thomas, I never expected someone as young as you to have such powerful connections! No wonder you're so arrogant!" Abel scoffed. While he held some fear toward the forces supporting Rafael, their obligations under the Ancient Martial Arts Family Agreement restrained them from acting against Abel that easily. The Flynn Family, Duncan Family, and Travis Family were all bound by that agreement.

"Not only do I have powerful connections, my fists are even more formidable! Come and face your demise, you old b\*stard!"

"Ah!" Just then, a scream pierced through the air, causing Thomas to swiftly turn around. It was Olivia who had let out that cry. Leah had stealthily approached Olivia while everyone's attention was fixated on Thomas as she attempted to abduct Olivia.