

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 37

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Thomas shook his head and glanced at his bleeding wound. "Don't worry about me. I'm fine. We need to find a place to stop the car. I have to get the bullet out."

"Get the bullet out?"

Olivia was stunned to hear that. Should they not go to the hospital then? Why did it sound like he planned on taking it out himself?

He pulled the car to a stop at a rather secluded spot and wound up the windows. The car's windows were so heavily tinted that no one standing outside would be able to see what was happening inside. He then found a paring knife and grabbed a lighter to sterilize it with.

"Do you know who they are? They were driving a Cadillac," he asked.

"A Cadillac?"

She frowned upon hearing that as her face clouded over.

"I think they are part of the same group."

"Do you know who they are?" he repeated.

"I don't. However, before they appeared, there was a time when I clocked out of work late and had to drive home by myself. They followed me throughout the entire drive and only left when I managed to call my family who then sent some men to escort me home."

That incident had happened quite a while ago, so she had only assumed it was a coincidence. She had not expected them to appear in her life again.

She did not know them at all, so why did they want to kill her?

He nodded and kept quiet. The knife was nearly sterilized. Without hesitation, he swiftly stabbed the knife into his wound.

"Aah!"

Olivia's jaw dropped in shock when she saw what he did.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy? Stop! Let's get it taken care of at the hospital!"

She was terrified beyond her wits. While she had seen people on television do that before, it was still horrifying to see it happen right before her eyes.

He ignored her cries and continued with his task. There was not a single sign of pain on his face. It was as if the shoulder the knife was digging into did not belong to him at all.

Clink!

The bullet was eventually dug out, and it fell to the floor. With unusually steady hands, he then dressed the wound with a bandage before wiping away the blood on his hands with a facial tissue.

He was more than familiar with doing this. After all, in the eight years he had spent in the military, he had taken care of his own wounds multiple times. This was nothing compared to what he had been through.

"Alright," he said. "Time to send you home."

The car soon started toward Olivia's home.

Perhaps the shock of seeing him dig out a bullet with a knife was too much for her, but all she could think about was him digging the bullet out.

He had been shot there! Was that all? Is that really... okay? Would the wound be infected? What should they do if the wound is infected because they did not go to the hospital?

"Thomas, let's go to the hospital," she worriedly suggested.

"I'm fine. Relax!" She did not have to worry. It was just an ordinary gunshot wound. While his method might have been crude, it was absolutely safe. Anyway, this was minor. He had dealt with worse injuries before, but he was still alive, wasn't he?

If one was a patient for long enough, one could learn how to cure their own illnesses. Similarly, someone who had been hurt multiple times could learn to clean and dress their own wounds.

“No way! We’re going to the hospital now!” She adamantly insisted on driving to the hospital, even if the doctors would merely smear some antiseptic on the wound.

Deep down, she was even more grateful for his presence. If not for him, she would have been dead by now. It was unlikely for her to ever find another driver who would be willing to take a bullet for her. Since he did not care about his body, she would take care of it for him!

His heart was filled with warmth. He never imagined that anyone else, especially a woman as beautiful as Olivia, would care for him that much other than Chloe.

In the end, he had no choice but to turn the car around to drive to the hospital. Once his wound was properly cleaned and dressed, they set off once more toward Olivia’s home.

“If you’re tired tomorrow, you don’t have to pick me up early,” she gently said. “You can come around ten or eleven.”

“It is fine. I’ll be there at eight,” he replied with a smile.

As he was in no hurry, he drove back home at a leisurely pace after dropping off Olivia.

Just then, two Cadillacs drove toward them. The only reason why he noticed those two cars was because the drivers were being too obnoxious. It was past ten, yet the cars still had their high beams on. It made it hard for him to even look where he was going.

“Damn it! Do they think money is everything? Do they own the roads just because they can drive luxury cars?” he grumbled as he put them out of his mind.

“Wait, no!”

A few minutes later, his attention shot back to the two Cadillacs. Were these not the cars that had driven next to them just now? The people who were trying to kill Olivia were riding in those cars, right?

Irieson was a metropolis, so it was not rare to see rich men driving around with that specific model of Cadillacs. Even so, those two cars felt extremely familiar. Moreover, he had absolute faith in his instincts.

It was time to turn around and drive straight toward Olivia's home.

The pedal was floored for nearly the entire drive back. There was no time to worry about traffic rules anymore. Let the police give him demerits and fines. Nothing was more important than Olivia's safety.

"Please do not be what I think it is!" he secretly prayed.

Olivia had chucked a bag of frozen food into her microwave the moment she was home. That was going to be her dinner.

Most people only saw the glamorous side of her life. She was the most beautiful president of Irieson, the genius who everyone knew about. However, she was just an ordinary girl. Even she had her own frustrations and troubles. No one could understand how hard her life was.

No one except for the inner circle of the Pearsons knew she was sick.

Moreover, it was a strange sickness that no one truly understood, and she had been stuck with it since birth.

Bang!

Just as she sat down at the dining table with her hot food, her front door was kicked open. Four burly men with sunglasses marched into her apartment.

"You..."

Before she could say anything significant, the leader of the group waved his hand and ordered, "Take her away!"

Her vision went black as she was knocked out and carried away.

From the moment they appeared until then, only ten seconds had passed. That showed how horrifyingly swift they could be!

The four men were the people who tried to kill her and were the people Thomas spotted on his drive home.

Thomas charged into the apartment five minutes later. He was greeted with an empty apartment with lights on and a steaming plate of food on the table.