

I'm Someone Else

I'm Someone Else Chapter 381-Samuel's eyes sparkled, and he nodded, saying, "Very well. Have someone select the finest mansion owned by the Peralta Family. I will personally present it to him during the family establishment ceremony!" "Understood, Grandpa. I will send out the order immediately!" William responded affirmatively and turned to leave. Even if his grandfather hadn't mentioned it, he would have taken the initiative to suggest gifting Thomas a mansion.

Just like the Peralta Family, the Mortons and the Elliotts were also fervently preparing suitable gifts for Thomas.

Olivia had no idea about the establishment of the Clifford Family. Thomas intended to inform her about it before it blew up, but seeing how busy she was, he decided to let her focus on her own matters for now and only tell her when the time was right.

Therefore, the oblivious Olivia was utterly occupied with the intense retaliation launched by Keyshire Property for the entire day.

All 27 business partners who unilaterally terminated their contracts were promptly sued by Keyshire Property, which would result in substantial penalties and compensation for all the losses incurred by Keyshire Property. Sure enough, 25 companies declared bankruptcy before the day even ended. They had tried various means including pulling strings and pleading with Olivia for leniency, only to be mercilessly rebuked by her in the end.

You were the ones who breached the contract and terminated it without even giving us notice. Now you dare to have the audacity to come and beg for forgiveness? On what grounds? What about the losses that your decisions cost Keyshire Property? Am I supposed to just forgive it all? Absolutely not!

Olivia had made up her mind long ago. She would go after every single business partner who crossed her and spare none of them; she would set an example and make every company in Irieson understand that Keyshire Property was not to be underestimated! As for the two companies that hadn't declared bankruptcy, they were also hanging by a thread, barely managing to survive. It was only a matter of time before they would crumble.

When it was 8.00PM, Olivia stretched out her limbs and stood up from her desk.

"Let's call it a day. Molly, you can go home." "Understood, Miss Pearson." Molly packed up her belongings and left the office.

She was quite unhappy as she hadn't had any free time throughout the day, nor had she had the chance to spend time alone with Thomas. I couldn't possibly ask Thomas to celebrate my birthday together in front of Miss Pearson, right?

She would never agree to it.

Thomas rose from the couch and took the initiative to grab Olivia's purse. Then, she happily linked her arm with his, and together they strolled out of the office, appearing like a deeply enamored couple.

There were still many employees working late at Keyshire Property, and they couldn't help but cast envious glances at the well-matched pair.

In the Flynns' villa in Irieson, Jax sat with a gloomy expression. His gaze never left the thick documents laid out on the coffee table as he slowly balled his fists.

Beside him, Danny wore an equally somber expression, causing the entire atmosphere inside the villa to feel suffocating.

They had never imagined that Olivia would still possess the energy to retaliate against the business partners they had recruited. Her powerful yet decisive methods left them utterly dumbfounded.

Even at this moment, a continuous stream of bad news poured in. Jax's phone kept ringing, bringing more complaints and requests for aid from their recruited business partners.

"Damn it! If I had a solution, would I simply stand by and watch all of you suffer?" Jax angrily shouted before switching off his phone.

"Ah!" Danny sighed, finally realizing that he had severely underestimated Thomas and Olivia. Unfortunately, it was far too late now.

Strictly speaking, their business war hadn't even lasted 24 hours, yet the retaliatory strikes from the other side kept coming and overwhelming them.

Danny felt helpless, but Jax felt even more so. If Rafael were still the president of Keyshire Property, such a swift response wouldn't be surprising. Nonetheless, the president was Olivia—a woman whom they had never taken seriously prior to this. How could she possess such formidable strength?

He had just boasted at the dinner table a few days ago and bragged to the key figures in his industry that Keyshire Property was like a piece of meat on his cutting board, and he could slice it as he pleased. A deep sense of shame washed over him as he reflected upon the actions that had landed him in such hot water.

If his family were to find out about the mess he had caused, what would they say about him? Jax, the imposing businessman, had been rendered utterly defenseless against a woman in the business world. How could he ever face his family again after this?

Danny raised his wine glass, gesturing for his companion to join him in drowning their sorrows with alcohol.

Gulp! Gulp! Gulp!

They clinked their glasses and quickly consumed the alcohol, seeking solace for their wounded hearts. From their perspective, Olivia, a traditional woman, was likely preoccupied with self-preservation in the face of a crisis. How could she possibly retaliate? How could she possibly come out on top?

“No, we have to focus. We need to strategize and find a way to get out of this.

We need to determine our next steps. If we allow Keyshire Property to dampen our spirits, we'll be in significant trouble!” Danny expressed his indignation.

“Indeed, this is certainly a good topic of discussion.” They had invested a substantial sum to recruit those business partners, and those funds were obtained from their own families. The instant their family caught wind of the considerable expenditure they had tossed into this endeavor to make Keyshire Property lose its credibility and had no results to show for it, both of them would face terrible consequences.

Thus, they deliberated on several strategies throughout the night but failed to find a satisfactory solution. As a result, all they could do was wait and observe for the time being.

At 7.30AM, an urgent knocking on the door caught their attention. When they opened it, they found Danny's assistant standing there with a frantic look on his face.

“What's the matter? What's the rush?” Danny furrowed his brow as he inquired.

For some inexplicable reason, he could already taste the rotten stench of defeat in the air.

“Mr. Wilkerson, those two business partners we recruited who hadn't yet closed down have also gone bankrupt.” Danny nodded. Although it disheartened him, he tried to conceal his distress since he had already anticipated such an outcome.

“Furthermore, the Wilkersons' two enterprises in Irieson have gone bankrupt as well!” “What?!” Danny became shocked. “What did you say? Repeat that!” He suspected he might be hallucinating.

“The Wilkersons’ enterprises in Irieson have gone bankrupt!” Thump! Thump! Thump! Danny staggered backward in disbelief.

Everything appeared fine just the day before. How could they have suddenly gone bankrupt overnight? Even if it was an expected retaliation from Keyshire Property, it couldn’t have occurred so swiftly, could it? How would he explain this to his family? Not only had he failed to take any action against the opposing party, but his family’s only two enterprises in Irieson had also gone bankrupt. He had lost not only his pawns but also his queen in this epic chess match.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 382-Jax felt his heart tremble as he anticipated the imminent disaster that would befall the Flynn Family’s businesses in Irieson. This was the first time a strong urge to retreat was ignited within him.

Just who is Olivia? Even if Rafael, the renowned Business Emperor, personally intervened, could he achieve such rapid and merciless outcomes?

He hastily walked away and quickly grabbed his phone to dial his assistant’s number. “I need to know, how are our businesses in Irieson? Has Keyshire Property retaliated against us?” Jax’s assistant’s voice came through on the other end of the line. “Rest assured, Mr. Flynn. Our businesses in Irieson are operating normally. We’ve maintained a

low profile and are only working behind the scenes, so even if Keyshire Property intends to take revenge, they won’t be able to target us.” Jax let out a sigh of relief upon hearing these reassuring words. “That’s good.

Oh, thank God!” Danny was leading the operation against Keyshire Property. Even if Olivia were to investigate just who the ringleaders of this entire fiasco were, she would likely only trace it back to Danny. This meant that the Flynn Family’s businesses in Irieson would remain secure.

If all their Irieson enterprises were to go bankrupt, Jax could imagine that his fraying nerves would actually snap right then and there. It wasn’t just simply a matter of embarrassing himself; he wouldn’t be able to bear the blame from his family if it happened. Unfortunately for him, Olivia had already uncovered Jax’s involvement and identified him as one of the masterminds behind the scenes.

In the world of Irieson’s real estate industry, Keyshire Property stood as the reigning force, nearly monopolizing the market. So, it was truly a piece of cake if they wanted to uncover just who was targeting them.

Ultimately, one could say that Jax and Danny had underestimated the power of Keyshire Property, as well as the formidable presence of Olivia, the most beautiful female entrepreneur in Irieson.

Jax placed a firm hand on Danny's shoulder, attempting to comfort him by saying, "Alright, let's accept the situation. There's no point in dwelling upon this now. Gather yourself and prepare for the next round of competition." Danny felt utterly lost, his gaze empty as he turned to Jax. "What should we do now?" The consecutive blows had rendered him incapable of thinking, leaving him with no choice but to rely on Jax for guidance.

"There's not much we can do. We need to avoid direct confrontation with Keyshire Property and establish a firm foothold in Irieson before considering our next steps." Jax shook his head in resignation.

A true businessman had to remain calm and composed in times of crisis. This particular trait was an essential quality for a professional manager, and in this regard, he was far superior to Danny.

Olivia didn't utilize the business cards given to her by Thomas, nor did she seek assistance from the Morton Family. Besides, she had more than enough resources to retaliate against Jax and Danny, who were still in the early stages of their development, with the considerable might of the Keyshire Property at her disposal.

Inside the meeting room at Keyshire Property, Olivia and six other vice presidents sat with troubled expressions on their faces.

After a rather extensive discussion, they deliberated whether they should push forward and retaliate against the Flynn Family's enterprises in Irieson. Three vice presidents belonged to the hardline faction, firmly believing that anyone who dared to provoke Keyshire Property had to pay the price in blood, regardless of their identity. On the other hand, the remaining three were part of the conservative faction, cautioning against provoking the Flynn Family further due to their formidable reputation. When they considered the family's higher standing compared to the Wilkersons, they advised Olivia to temporarily suspend any retaliatory actions for the time being.

"Oh, well!" Olivia found herself unable to make a decision. Both the conservative and hardline factions presented valid points. As a result, she opted to pause the meeting and requested the six individuals to wait in the conference room.

Meanwhile, she took the documents and returned to her office to seek guidance from her partner.

Olivia held a deep resentment towards the Flynns and the Wilkersons. If they had simply tried to deceive her and lure her away, she might have been able to let it go. But

now, after she had returned on her own accord, they continued to pester her relentlessly, even targeting her beloved Keyshire Property. It was truly unacceptable.

In her heart, her true desire was revenge—a potent retaliation that would expel both families from Irieson! Nevertheless, she couldn't act recklessly. While she could handle business conflicts, it would be her partner's responsibility if violence was introduced into these waters.

Thomas gazed at the documents handed to him by Olivia and sighed wearily before commenting, "The Flynns and Wilkersons simply won't give it up, huh!" Since they had audaciously approached and encroached upon Keyshire Property, it would be unjust to those who had traveled from the capital if they weren't made to pay a price.

"Thomas, what do you think I should do?" Olivia swiftly inquired upon seeing Thomas place the documents down.

Thomas smiled. "As guests from afar, it is only fitting for us, as hosts, to respond accordingly. Since they are the ones who initiated the conflict, there's no need to hesitate. Strike back forcefully and let them taste the bitterness of their actions!" He genuinely thought that there was no reason to hesitate. The conflicts between him and the two families had long become irreconcilable. Since they showed no inclination to make his life easier, he certainly wouldn't grant them any leniency!

"Excellent!" Olivia smiled joyfully after receiving her partner's support and turned to head back to the conference room with her head high. She would meticulously arrange everything to bring the Flynn Family's enterprises in Irieson to ruin!

Meanwhile, Thomas left Keyshire Property. He needed to visit Pinewood High School of Irieson to check on Veronica.

Half an hour later, the Maserati halted at the entrance of the high school, where Sean and William had been waiting patiently.

"Thomas!" The two of them approached him and greeted him warmly.

The trio then proceeded directly to the classrooms, while William provided an introduction. "Veronica has settled into her new job. I spoke with the principal and was told that she applied for a position as a language teacher. At this time, she should be teaching the year 10 Class 2 students." Thomas nodded and soon located Class 2 and peered through the window by the back door, casting his gaze upon the platform.

There, he witnessed Veronica holding a chalk in one hand and a textbook in the other, delivering the lesson with enthusiasm.

He couldn't help but think that she truly enjoyed her current profession.

Now that he had physical confirmation that she was doing just fine, he could feel the knot in his heart relax.

“Let’s go.” Thomas gestured, leading his two companions out of Pinewood High School of Irieson.

“Thomas, I know of a decent barber shop nearby. Shall we check it out?” Sean cautiously suggested.

Thomas’ distinctive white hair was undeniably striking. William and Sean couldn’t help but feel a twinge of sympathy every single time they laid their eyes on it.

“Why visit a barbershop?” His mind remained occupied with thoughts of Veronica, so he couldn’t keep up with their thoughts.

“Thomas, let’s dye your hair,” Sean proposed.

“There’s no need for that.” He shook his head. Besides, even if he did dye it, the color would fade over time. There was truly no point in going that far for something so trivial.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 383-“Fine!” Sean and William exchanged a resigned glance. They were well aware of Thomas’ stubbornness and knew that their efforts to convince him would all be in vain since he had already made up his mind not to dye his hair.

So, the three of them went their separate ways when they arrived at the entrance of Pinewood High School of Irieson. Sean and William headed home while Thomas drove back to Keyshire Property.

As Thomas maneuvered his car into a parking spot at the entrance. The area was teeming with activity, swarming with a substantial gathering of seventy to eighty individuals, all exuding youthful energy and a sense of untainted innocence. It was clear that they were students, who were yet to embark on their journey into the wider world.

“Where did all these students come from?” Thomas muttered to himself as he stepped out of the car.

“Thomas!” Ophelie had already spotted his vehicle and was hiding behind the Maserati. The moment Thomas stepped out of the car, she darted over and playfully tapped his shoulder, hoping to startle him.

Of course, Thomas wasn’t one to be startled by such antics from a young girl.

He simply turned to face her. “Ophelie?” “Thomas... Your hair...” Her eyes widened at the sight before her. Could it be that he intentionally dyed his hair white? He was only in

his twenties, and even if he had a few strands of white hair, it couldn't possibly be this obvious.

"Did you intentionally dye your hair white?" Thomas nodded. "Yes." He saw no need to explain himself to Ophelie. Besides, there truly was no need for an explanation; he still held an unfavorable impression of Ophelie to this day for the memory of her slapping him and drenching him in red wine remained vivid in his mind.

It had to be said that Thomas truly was rather petty—a fact he acknowledged himself.

"Why are you here?" "I missed you and my sister, so I came to see you. Why? Aren't you happy to see me? Or perhaps you don't want me to disturb your alone time with my sister?" Ophelie looked at Thomas mischievously.

Thomas smiled. "Let's go inside." "Excuse me, could you make some space, please? Thank you." "Would you mind making way?" "May I pass, please!" The entrance teemed with an overwhelming crowd, causing Thomas to hesitate and refrain from forcefully muscling his way through. Instead, he took measured steps and gradually advanced toward the office building.

Alas, as he was halfway to his destination, he found himself trapped, unable to move further amidst the sea of people.

Thomas' presence proved beneficial as he cleared the way, enabling Ophelie, with her small stature, to navigate through the crowd. If she was alone, she would have had no chance of making any progress through this rowdy crowd.

"Don't push so hard! Can't you see there are people ahead?" "Yeah, quit crowding! Damn it!" Thomas' brow furrowed slightly, but he chose not to react. They were merely a group of unruly students, and he saw no reason to stoop down to their level.

Therefore, he merely disregarded their remarks and persisted in his attempt to move ahead.

"What the hell! Can't you understand simple words?" A short and sturdy male student ahead of Thomas grew annoyed. He turned around, raised his hand, and forcefully shoved Thomas' chest. How dare you squeeze me? Do you think I'm some weak-willed little b*tch?

However, the student soon discovered something weird. Although he had definitely exerted all his strength in that action, Thomas remained utterly unmoved!

How could this be? I am a weightlifting specialist! Not to mention the white haired, frail-looking person in front of me, even a strong man would have been knocked off balance by such a push!

Before the student could make sense of the situation, a sharp cracking sound pierced the air, followed by searing pain shooting up his wrist.

“Ah!” The short and sturdy male student let out a scream of agony. Thomas had mercilessly twisted his wrist!

As Thomas had already been irked by the students’ insults and complaints, he grew even more displeased with this particular student who not only insulted him but also assaulted him as well.

Even the most composed individuals had their limits, let alone someone like Thomas, whose temper was already rather short. Not only did you block my path to the company, but you also dared to insult me and lay hands on me when I asked you to make way. It seems that you will never grasp your place in the food chain if I don’t teach you a lesson here and now!

Instantly, everyone’s attention was drawn to the short and sturdy male student’s agonized screams.

Thomas spoke coldly to the student. “This is the consequence of your foul language!” Once he said that, he immediately disregarded the rude student and continued ahead.

Interestingly enough, now that the others had the short and sturdy male student’s predicament serving as an example, Thomas’ path forward became considerably smoother. At the very least, the vulgar and offensive language no longer reverberated in his ears.

“You despicable old man, how dare you lay a hand on me! Watch as I teach you a lesson!” Just as Thomas took a few steps, the short and sturdy man regained his composure and swung his fist toward the back of Thomas’ head.

It had to be noted that Thomas was the King of Marksmen, a notorious figure who struck fear into the hearts of countless criminal organizations. He had defeated the top experts from the Six Greatest Families of Irieson with his unparalleled strength, all of whom were at the pinnacle of the Profound Tier One. Hence, if a mere student could successfully land a hit on him, there would be no reason for him to stay in the game anymore. He might as well make an announcement proclaiming that he would be retiring henceforth.

Smack!

It was as if Thomas had eyes on the back of his head. He swiftly turned around, his hand rising with precision to seize hold of the man’s wrist.

“Let go of me! Damn it!” The short and sturdy man tried to free himself but failed. It was frankly all he could do to grip onto his reckless bravery as he snarled his displeasure.

All those present were his fellow classmates, all fourth-year students at Irieson's University of Technology. They had gathered here today for a school-organized event to meet their legendary senior—Thomas Clifford!

News about this legendary figure had spread throughout the university. He was practically a hero in the eyes of all the students and teachers at the university.

In a time when countless graduates were struggling to secure employment, it was thanks to him that the graduating students of Irieson's University of Technology had the opportunity to intern at prestigious companies like Keyshire Property.

The short and sturdy male student was fully aware of this. This was his senior's territory, and everyone around him was his fellow students. So, he refused to allow himself to be bullied by the white-haired b*stard standing before him!

Bang! Thomas didn't bother uttering a word as he raised his foot and delivered a powerful kick to the stomach of the student!

He had already warned this brat time and time again, yet the student dared to display such arrogance. If Thomas didn't teach him a lesson, he wouldn't be able to calm the fury boiling within him!

"Holy sh*t!" "Ah!" Amidst the crowd, a cry of astonishment rang out as the male student propelled backward, knocking down three or four other students before coming to a stop.

Thomas truly angered the masses with such an action.

"Why did you resort to violence?" "Are you bullying students? Has the law lost its power? Has justice been forsaken?" "We can't let him off the hook!" Several individuals helped the male student to his feet. He held his stomach, wincing in pain. It was fortunate that Thomas had shown some mercy, considering that he was just a student. Otherwise, the force of that kick could have been fatal!

Four or five male students stood before Thomas, their tone cold as they growled, "Old man, it's not right for you to bully our classmates, you know? Do you believe that we can leave you bedridden and immobile?" Ophelie rolled her eyes upon hearing such ridiculous claims. Are these guys blind? How dare they refer to my brother-in-law as an 'old man'? Even if his white hair indeed made him appear older, it isn't a justification for calling him an old man!

I'm Someone Else Chapter 384-Ophelie couldn't take it anymore and mocked, "Hey, dude. If your eyes aren't working, why don't you donate them to people who need them? Old man? What made you think he's an old man? Even if his brows were white,

he'd still be younger than you." "Hmm?" The five men were stunned. It was only then did they notice Ophelie standing beside Thomas.

"Little girl, you're quite clever with your words. Do you want to be beaten up like that old man?" "By you guys?" She snickered. "All of you are just all talk and no action!"

Everyone glared at her furiously and wondered what gave her the guts to be so daring as she was only just slightly prettier than an ordinary girl.

"Let's go." Thomas didn't want to waste his time with that bunch of university students anymore and motioned for Ophelie to follow him into the office building.

"Go where? You're not going anywhere until you give us an explanation!" The five university students stood before Thomas and blocked his path. They wouldn't let him go especially after he had whacked their friend.

"Scram!" The thin ice that was Thomas' patience had well and truly evaporated as he suddenly released his aura.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The five male students had never experienced this and stumbled backward. At that moment, Thomas was no longer a human in their eyes. To them, he was like a beast that would take their lives at any moment.

Thomas coldly swept his gaze across them before leading Ophelie into the Keyshire Property office.

"What do I have you for? Don't you see the people blocking the door? Why aren't you taking action? Get them off the property now!" Thomas shouted at a security guard before stomping away.

Cold sweat immediately covered the forehead of that security guard. Things were bad if Thomas ever got angry. Every employee of Keyshire Property knew to not cross him as it was practically an unspoken rule to avoid angering the man.

Thus, the security guard immediately started to drive the students away since Thomas had given the orders himself.

"Mr. Clifford, you're back just in time! These presents are for you." Thomas entered his office to see it filled to the brim with flower baskets and pennants while Molly was busy arranging them.

"What are these?" He was rendered speechless. Where did all these come from? I can't even walk in my own office.

Molly laughed as she explained to him that the presents were sent over by the students from Irieson's University of Technology waiting below. They specifically said that it was for Thomas. The university was doing this to get on Thomas' good side. The students also mentioned that they wanted to meet Thomas to express their gratitude. Molly initially had no intention of accepting these presents, but the students were earnest and very enthusiastic. If she refused, there was no way she could resume her work. So, she had no choice but to accept the gifts.

Thomas was stunned. So, the people at the entrance are students from Irieson's University of Technology? Those brats are here to see me?

"Return these to them and tell them that I will not be accepting any of these.

Also, tell them to never come by ever again!" he ordered sternly.

Senior? They have got to be pulling my leg. I was admitted during my SAT(s)

and didn't even attend a day of class at the university. I'm not their senior. What a joke!

"That's... Are you sure?" Molly was in a dilemma. This was a good opportunity Olivia tried very hard to obtain. So, it was a good sign that students of Irieson's University of Technology came to butter up to Thomas. This means that Thomas' dark history would never be brought up again. She also heard that the university had discussed awarding Thomas with an honorary bachelor's degree certificate.

"What did I say? Just do exactly as I told you to." "Alright." Molly nodded at his resolute tone. Then, she took out her phone and called the administrative department.

Finally, Thomas turned around to leave the office. He leaned against the window in the corridor as he smoked and looked at the students below coldly.

He didn't have a good impression of those students. To be more specific, he didn't like Irieson's University of Technology. When he was down in the dumps, they treated him as if he was a sinner and labeled him a traitor. Yet, they had the gall to get on his good side when he had become successful. Did none of them have the word 'shame' in their personal dictionaries?

If Olivia hadn't managed to obtain the collaboration with the university, would these students still come running to him to thank him and address him as their senior?

This was like the saying: in times of prosperity, friends will be plenty; in times of adversity, not one amongst twenty.

Soon after, a group of people from the administrative department arrived at Thomas' office to help Molly clear out the presents.

Ophelie leaned against the corridor's wall and scrutinized Thomas as scenes from what happened at the entrance played in her mind.

Thomas is so manly. He has such a commanding charisma. It's no wonder Olivia's so enchanted by him. Ophelie decided that Thomas would be her brother-in-law and that no one would ever replace him.

Thomas returned to his office after taking a smoke and pondered about the matter of setting up the Clifford Family. Then, he sent a message to Quincy to inform him that he was going to officially establish the Clifford Family in three days.

"Olivia, I missed you so!" Thomas turned his head to see Ophelie draping herself over Olivia, who just came back, like a koala bear.

Olivia smiled and patted Ophelie's head dotingly. "Ophelie, why don't you stay with me from now on? Don't go, please." Ever since Harrison sent her to Capitalis, she had lost all trust in the Denver Family.

It didn't matter if Harrison was Olivia's grandfather. He still pushed her into a fire under the disguise that it was for her own good. If it weren't for Thomas' influence, she would have been assaulted by Gunnar.

"Are you sure, Olivia? Won't I disturb you and Thomas if I stay?" Ophelie replied cheekily.

"Hey! Stop it!" Olivia flushed crimson at her teasing.

"Hehe!" However, Thomas wasn't listening to their conversation as he was busy writing down the things he needed and the procedures to set up the Clifford Family.

It was nighttime by the time they were all done with their work. Thomas strode out of the office trailing behind Olivia and Ophelie. As they exited the entrance of the building, the group of students from before gathered around them.

"Miss Pearson, where's our senior?" "That's right. Where is Thomas? We really want to meet him." The students were initially driven away by the security guard and stood on the opposite street. Alas, they were dissatisfied when Molly instructed employees of Keyshire Property to return their gifts. So, they grabbed onto her arm and refused to let her leave until Thomas was willing to see them.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 385-Miss Pearson, Mr. Clifford. They just won't leave no matter what I say." Molly walked over and complained pitifully. She had been held back by those students for three hours and was forced to stand under the scorching sun while her work was pushed aside.

Olivia shook her head at that. She heard about students from Irieson's University of Technology looking for Thomas when she was in a meeting and didn't think much of it. She assumed that they had left, but to her surprise, they were still making a nuisance of themselves.

"You guys should leave."

"Hey! That old man who bullied us is there!" someone in the crowd shouted.

Then, all eyes landed on Thomas.

However, Thomas stepped forward and stood before Olivia before she could speak. He questioned them coldly, "I'm giving all of you one last chance. Are you leaving or not?" These students were being utterly shameless. How could they be students of Irieson's University of Technology with such despicable behavior? They didn't have the conduct of a student from a prestigious school. Instead, they quickly assumed that Thomas was a nobody and spewed nonsense about him because they had more people on their side. Yet, they dared to pretend to be pitiful when they saw Olivia. Thomas had had enough of them.

"Old man! Why are you here? Run along now. You don't belong here!" "Exactly! Who do you think you are to make us leave?" "What can you do if we don't leave?" "Don't think that we're letting you off the hook for hitting us!" The few senior students stepped forward and glared at Thomas.

Thomas glanced at them and moved his hands like lightning. He grabbed onto the neck of the student in front of him and pulled him forward. At the same time, his other hand moved before the student could react.

Smack! A loud sound rang as a slap landed fiercely on the student's face and his face instantly swelled up as though a bee had stung him. It seems that the previous lesson wasn't enough. You dare to spew nonsense in my presence again?

Thomas turned around and ordered Olivia, "Inform the Irieson's University of Technology that we are ending all collaboration with them. The Keyshire Property won't accept any graduate student of theirs!" He never had much of an attachment to the university in the first place. He was merely admitted before his SAT(s) results were released and didn't even know where the main entrance of the university was located. After this unpleasant encounter with this bunch of students, all his good impressions about the university disappeared.

Is this the quality of students from the top academy in Droycore? If that's the case, they shouldn't even dream of working in Keyshire Property!

Thomas didn't care what the rest of the teachers and students from Irieson's University of Technology would say about him. He wasn't born in this world to please everyone.

“Huh? Sure.” Olivia nodded. This was her first time hearing Thomas speaking in such a harsh tone to her since they met. It seemed that her well-intentioned efforts had backfired and he was furious.

The students widened their eyes in shock at the scene. Who exactly is this man that even the president of Keyshire Property, Olivia, had to listen to him? Does that mean he holds a higher position than her?

Oh, my God! We even provoked him earlier on. We’ve kicked the hornet’s nest now.

“Sigh,” Molly sighed as she looked at the students. They were the prime example of, ‘what goes around, comes around’. Thomas was usually a chill guy, and it was rare for him to get so riled up. Frankly, he wasn’t even talkative enough to get into disputes with others. Yet, he was so angered by these shameless students that he had even raised his voice for once.

Serves you guys right for not watching your mouths! Now, the collaboration between the university and Keyshire Property will be terminated, and these students are responsible for it. What goes around comes around.

“What are you waiting for? Leave!” Ophelie put her hands on her hips as she glared at the students. “Who do you think you are to see my brother-in-law?” “Brother-in-law?” Those words were like a bomb that exploded in Molly’s mind.

She knew that this beautiful young lady was Olivia’s sister. So, if Thomas was her brother-in-law, does that mean that Thomas and Olivia were married?

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably at that thought. No! This can’t be!

When did Thomas marry Miss Pearson? How was I not informed about this?

Molly’s gaze shot to Olivia’s hands and scrutinized it carefully. Her beating heart slowed when she realized there wasn’t even a trace of a ring on Olivia’s hands.

Ophelie has to be bluffing! That’s definitely it. There’s still hope for me!

On the other hand, the group of students was also shocked by that revelation.

Thomas is that little girl’s brother-in-law?

Then, Ophelie pointed at Thomas, who was walking toward a Maserati, and announced proudly, “He is my brother-in-law, Thomas!” “What?” The students’ jaws fell to the ground at her words. So, all this while, that man with white hair was Thomas.

That man that they called an old man was actually Thomas. They even blocked his way in the morning and attacked him verbally.

They were doomed. These students had destroyed all the hopes of any students from Irieson's University of Technology to work in Keyshire Property. It was an undeniable fact that the company only took the initiative and extended its intent to collaborate with the university because of Thomas in the first place.

In their minds, Thomas would be a handsome young man wearing a branded suit. They never thought that he would look so plain and even have a full head of white hair.

If they knew his identity, they would never dare cross him, but what could they do now? How were they going to explain this to the school and their schoolmates?

"Olivia, let's go!" Ophelie grabbed Olivia's hand and walked toward the Maserati, leaving behind the group of students staring at each other in dismay and a distraught Molly.

During the journey, Olivia didn't dare make a sound as she could see that Thomas was fuming. She just hoped that he wouldn't take out his anger from those childish students on her.

Ophelie also sensed that the atmosphere was off as she discreetly sneaked several glances between Thomas and Olivia.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 386-Just like that, the three of them returned to Northpine Villa.

However, Thomas narrowed his eyes and furrowed his brow as soon as the car entered the area, constantly glancing at the rearview mirror.

He quickly noticed that an Audi A6 drove by just as they were about to arrive at the entrance of the villa. The driver didn't seem to care about discretion as they blatantly followed behind the Maserati.

He intentionally drove around the villa area to make sure the Audi A6 was indeed tailing them. It was just as he expected—the Audi A6 continued to follow closely behind.

Olivia and her sister were quite puzzled by his actions. They wondered why he was driving in circles even though they were already home. Nonetheless, they refrained from asking as they knew he wasn't in a good mood.

Soon, the Maserati stopped at the villa's entrance, and he said, "Head inside. I have some business to attend to." He wanted to find a secluded place to deal with the car following him. It was better not to allow the two women to witness anything horrifying.

The two sisters nodded obediently and promptly got out of the car.

He only left the premises once he was sure that the sisters had safely entered the villa before restarting the engine and driving away. His gaze remained fixed on the Audi A6 in the rearview mirror. If they didn't follow him after he left, then their intentions would be clear—they were after Olivia. If that was the case, he had no intention of leaving.

Yet, the driver of the Audi A6 stepped on the gas pedal and followed him.

Thomas smiled faintly upon seeing that. Now, he was curious about the identity of the person behind the wheel. Was he someone sent by the Flynns or the Wilkersons?

Well, it wouldn't be surprising if he was from one of these two families. After all, the information Olivia showed him clearly stated that both families had started sending people to suppress Keyshire Property in the business world. The person in the Audi was likely an assassin dispatched by either of the families, feeling desperate after failing to drag Keyshire Property down.

Olivia stood by the window in the villa's living room, watching the Maserati's taillights gradually disappear into the distance, and feeling even more regretful.

If she had known that those students would anger Thomas, she wouldn't have gotten involved in the matter at all. Now, just look at what a mess she had made. Not only did he not appreciate her efforts, but he might also be displeased with her.

"Olivia, let's cook and have dinner, okay? Cease your moping. Thomas is already gone. Are you planning to turn into a lighthouse waiting for your husband's return?" Ophelie playfully teased.

Olivia let out a sigh and decided to let the matter go. She figured she might as well apologize to Thomas when he returned.

After Thomas left the villa, he stepped hard on the gas pedal, speeding away.

The Audi A6 behind him also kept up, closely tailing the Maserati.

Half an hour later, he drove the car to an exceptionally desolate suburban area with no streetlights. The only source of light was the headlights of the two cars.

Then, he got out of the car with a cigarette in his mouth and a playful expression on his face, silently observing the Audi A6.

Bang!

The door of the Audi A6 opened, and two middle-aged men in their forties stepped out—one tall and lanky, the other short and chubby. Both exuded an immensely powerful aura, and their eyes gleamed with utter apathy. It was as though in their eyes,

Thomas was as interesting as a pebble, such eyes could easily make people shudder with fear.

Peak of the Profound Tier Two! His brows furrowed as he sensed the strength of the two men. He had believed that the strongest individual in the city only reached the Ninth Rank of the Yellow Tier. Those who achieved the Profound Tier were reclusive old monsters. So, he couldn't fathom why there were so many strong opponents crawling out of the woodwork.

"Are you Thomas?" asked the tall and lanky man coldly. "The one who destroyed the Six Greatest Families of Irieson?" He nodded in response and replied, "That's me." Since they had come searching for him, there was no doubt that they had investigated him thoroughly, so there was no point in denying it.

"Wow, you actually admitted it!" The short and chubby man sneered, looking at Thomas with disdain. He assumed that Thomas was intellectually challenged since he could have possibly gotten a way out if he hadn't admitted it. Alas, now they had no choice but to kill him since he confessed without a single shred of hesitation.

Thomas took a deep drag from his cigarette and calmly gazed at the two men in front of him. He wasn't the least bit afraid even though their strength was a whole level higher than his; it remained to be seen who would survive this battle.

"Thomas, remember our names so that you'll be able to tell our names when you meet the Grim Reaper!" the tall and thin man spoke with a menacing tone.

"We are the Outer Pavilion's Guardians of the Crimson Moon—the Twin Demons!" Outer Pavilion? Thomas was taken aback when he heard that. Initially, he thought these two were from the Flynns and the Wilkersons, but it turned out they were sent by Crimson Moon.

So, there was likely to be an Inner Pavilion if they were from the Outer Pavilion.

Logically speaking, the strength of the Inner Pavilion would be far stronger than that of the Outer Pavilion. If the Guardians of the Outer Pavilion had already achieved Peak of Profound Tier Two, then how terrifying would the individuals in Inner Pavilion be? According to the information provided by Kyrie, the Elders and Sect Masters were above the Guardians. So, how immensely powerful would they be?

"You little brat! You're going to die today for opposing the Crimson Moon!" The two men roared and charged at Thomas.

Swish! Swish!

Two swords appeared in the hands of the men, accompanied by dragon-like roars. The swords reflected a dazzling and awe-inspiring brilliance under the car lights' illumination.

Swish! Swish!

The two swords moved like nimble snakes emerging from their holes, gleaming coldly under the moon, and headed straight for Thomas' throat.

Thomas' pupils dilated in that instant, and his heart rate surged with shock.

Even though the two men were only at the Peak of Profound Tier Two, their attacks surpassed their strength level in terms of power, angles, and precision.

They were even stronger than the six old monsters who had reached the Peak of Profound Tier Three!

He didn't dare to hesitate nor underestimate them any longer. So, he pushed off the ground with force, swiftly dodging to the side. No wonder Kyrie had warned him about the Crimson Moon's power—indeed, their strength was not to be underestimated. He had anticipated that the Crimson Moon wouldn't give up easily, but he hadn't expected their retaliation to come so quickly.

"You can dodge quite skillfully!" The two men were surprised to see Thomas evade their fatal attacks. Nonetheless, they weren't fazed as they closed in and attacked relentlessly like an unending torrent of water.

Amidst the chilling light and flying sword shadows surrounding Thomas, he had evaded every single attack. Even though he was stuck on defending himself, the two men became infuriated as they couldn't even land a single glancing blow on him.

When they left their sect, they were specifically instructed to bring back Thomas' head or die trying. In all honesty, they hadn't held Thomas in high regard. After all, he was just a brat in the city; killing him would be as easy as pie.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 387-Alas, the two men still hadn't managed to harm Thomas even after hundreds of moves. This left them feeling anxious and frustrated.

The Crimson Moon stubbornly held the belief that Thomas had only destroyed the Six Greatest Families of Irieson. They didn't think he could actually kill their representative in the city, no matter how exceptional he was.

So, they assumed the Travis Family orchestrated the deaths of those six people in secret. The fact that the Travis Family was backed by a hidden sect made the Crimson Moon hesitant to confront them directly. However, they believed they could still eliminate Thomas covertly, leading them to dispatch the Twin Demons, whose strength wasn't particularly remarkable within their sect.

In the end, they underestimated Thomas, and they would be paying for their hubris. If they had sent experts from the Inner Pavilion, Thomas would undoubtedly be dead today.

“Damn it! How is this possible?” The two men were furious, and they soon lost their composure as annoyance showed on their faces. At that moment, their aura surged, and they unleashed their signature move—the Twin Demon Combo Technique!

“You should feel proud to be able to die under the power of our combined attack, b*stard!” Their coordination was flawless, and their swords, resembling venomous snakes, nearly enveloped Thomas’ entire body, leaving no angles uncovered. They attacked him relentlessly, giving him no chance to catch his breath as they pressed on.

Swish! Swish!

In the blink of an eye, several deep wounds appeared on Thomas’ body.

Crimson blood seeped through his shirt and dripped onto the ground.

Fortunately, Thomas’ reflexes were far beyond average, allowing him to avoid any fatal strikes by a very slim margin. Therefore, he only suffered superficial cuts, nothing life-threatening.

Even so, Thomas’ forehead was covered in cold sweat. He would undoubtedly be defeated today if they continued at a stalemate like this. With this thought in mind, Thomas went on the offensive, appearing almost crazed as he charged toward the two men.

“Hmm?” The two men were taken aback by his behavior. Has this guy lost his marbles? He was coming at them head-on, practically throwing himself onto their swords. Regardless, since he was willingly walking into his demise, they couldn’t be blamed for taking advantage of it and being ruthless.

Bang! Bang!

As Thomas charged toward them, two deafening gunshots rang out.

“F*ck!” The tall and thin man reacted quickly, managing to evade the shots.

Thud.

Unfortunately, the other man wasn’t as fortunate. A dark hole appeared on his forehead, and fresh blood trickled out. His eyes were lifeless as he fell to the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust.

“You scoundrel! I’ll f*cking kill you!” the surviving man shouted in anger. Using firearms in a face-to-face duel was a cardinal sin for martial artists! Yet, as he looked in the direction where Thomas was standing just moments ago, he could not see Thomas anywhere! His eyes widened in astonishment as a sudden foreboding gripped him, and he quickly scanned the area, trying to find any trace of Thomas.

Unfortunately for him, it was far from an easy task to find Thomas. As a top notch sniper, concealment was one of his greatest skills!

At that moment, Thomas stood on a tree, narrowing his eyes in absolute focus, and closely watched the man as he frantically searched the area like a headless chicken. He blended into the darkness as if he were part of the tree itself.

“Come out, you idiot! Quit playing hide and seek. Face me like a man!” the man shouted hysterically.

Thomas wasn’t foolish. He already knew that facing the man alone wouldn’t be a walk in the park, especially after suffering these injuries. Even though he had killed the man’s companion, the gap in their strength was something he couldn’t overcome at the moment.

“You think I won’t find you?” The man sneered, raising his sword and randomly slashing around.

Swish! Swish!

The sharp and fierce sword energy cut through nearby trees, causing several to fall to the ground with a thud.

Then, the man turned and struck the tree where Thomas was standing.

Nonetheless, Thomas remained composed, allowing himself to fall with the tree trunk toward the ground. Suddenly, a brilliant light flashed in Thomas’ eyes.

Now’s the time!

The man seemed to sense something was amiss and swiftly turned his head toward Thomas’ location. Unfortunately, he realized it far too late.

Bang!

The man fell to the ground, becoming another corpse joining the ranks, just his companion. His eyes were wide open in disbelief. Even in death, he couldn’t comprehend why he was the one who ended up dead despite having far superior strength to Thomas.

“Phew!” Thomas let out a sigh of relief. The martial artists from the sects were on a completely different level compared to those in the city. It seemed he should find time to thoroughly study the secret techniques the old man had left for him. Otherwise, he might not be so lucky to survive next time.

He looked down at the Desert Eagle, which was still emitting smoke in his hand.

His marksmanship saved his life at such a critical moment. After all, no one could match a marksman like him!

Thomas ambled back to the Maserati, lit a cigarette, and took a deep drag. He wasn't worried about the two corpses on the ground at all. Both of them were from the hidden sects and probably had no official records or identities in the city. Their deaths would go unnoticed, and the police wouldn't dig too deep even if they found the bodies.

He had always considered the Flynns and the Wilkersons as his biggest enemies, but today's events made him realize how laughable that notion was.

His most formidable adversary was not the two families, but the Crimson Moon, which had been lurking in the shadows all along!

“Wait a minute...” Thomas suddenly remembered something. Since the Crimson Moon had already targeted him, would they also go after Olivia? After all, Olivia was meant to be the offering from the Six Greatest Families of Irieson to the Crimson Moon!

“Sh*t!” Immediately, he stomped on the gas pedal, and the Maserati transformed into a fierce beast in the night, its engine roaring as it sped toward the city. He had one hand on the steering wheel and the other holding the phone as he dialed Olivia's number.

As he heard the sound of the phone trying to connect, he fervently prayed in his heart, Answer the phone! Please answer the phone! Olivia, please be okay!

His biggest concern now was that someone from the Crimson Moon might target Olivia after he left the villa. If that were the case, he would be utterly devastated. Every single second he spent waiting for her to answer the call felt like an eternity. Even though it was just a few seconds, he couldn't help but feel the rising panic overwhelming his sanity.

“Hello, Thomas, what's up?” Finally, the call connected, and her voice came through from the other end of the line.

“Where are you?” he asked sharply.

“I'm at home. What about you?” she replied.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 388-"You being at home is all that matters," Thomas sighed with relief upon hearing Olivia's response. He hung up the phone and rushed back to the Northpine Villa.

He needed to be by Olivia's side. What if the Crimson Moon had sent someone to target her too? What if they had, but the person hadn't arrived or made a move yet?

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Fortunately, Thomas was merely paranoid. The Crimson Moon had only dispatched the Twin Demons. Their plan was straightforward—to kill Thomas

first and then retrieve Olivia. There was no need to send another group for such a simple task.

Half an hour later, Thomas finally made it to the villa as he parked the car and walked inside.

"Hey, you're back!" Olivia and her sister were sitting at the dining table, getting ready to eat. They turned their heads upon hearing the door open. Olivia was delighted to see Thomas, as she thought he would return late at night, as he usually did.

"Come, join us for dinner." She rose to her feet and went to get utensils like a homely wife.

Thomas went upstairs directly. He was still suffering from his injuries, and his shirt had been torn by the Twin Demons' swords. Therefore, he needed to change his clothes immediately. Otherwise, she would get worried if she saw his injuries. So, he swiftly wrapped the wounds with gauze, put on a fresh set of clothes, and then called Chloe to confirm her safety. Once he knew she was fine, he went back downstairs.

Ophelie looked at Olivia with her big, teary eyes and asked pitifully, "Olivia, I'm hungry. Can't we start eating?" Olivia shook her head. "Wait a moment. Thomas will be here soon." "Pfft, Olivia, such favoritism," Ophelie grumbled.

Alas, the poor girl wasn't aware that more incidents that would make her unhappy were yet to come. From the moment Thomas sat at the dining table, she watched her sister continuously serving him, being so attentive and caring.

On the other hand, she felt like an abandoned child, having to serve herself if she wanted to eat.

She felt a strange sense of déjà vu, recalling how she had moved from the villa to her grandfather's house precisely because she couldn't bear witnessing this scene. She couldn't believe she had forgotten about it and rushed back here just to witness this lovey-dovey display again.

After dinner, Thomas took the initiative to wash the dishes in the kitchen. He thought things over while scrubbing the plates. Since the Twin Demons were waiting for him at the villa's entrance, it meant that his location had been exposed.

If the Crimson Moon were to send someone else to cause trouble for him, that person's strength would undoubtedly surpass that of the Twin Demons. He wasn't sure if he could handle it in his current state. No, he couldn't stay here anymore; he needed to find a new and secure place.

Just as he was lost in his thoughts, Olivia approached him. "Thomas, I'm sorry.

This whole thing is my fault. Please don't be angry." "Huh?" He looked at her with confusion. What happened? Why was she apologizing to him? "What's wrong?" She lowered her head and replied softly, "I shouldn't have gone to collaborate with the students from Irieson's University of Technology. If I hadn't taken matters into my own hands, those students wouldn't have made an appearance at Keyshire Property. If I hadn't done all those things, those troubling events wouldn't have happened." Thomas smiled helplessly. He was indeed a bit upset at the time, but not with Olivia. His anger was directed at those students. Olivia went to collaborate with the students to help clear his name, and he understood her good intentions.

"Olivia, you have misunderstood me. I was never angry with you. You had good intentions, and how could I ever blame you?" he reassured her.

"What?" She looked at him and asked, "Is that really what you think?" "Of course!" He nodded firmly. "Let's forget about the university. We don't need to go out of our way to please them. They're free to say whatever they want.

They're not that important to me, so I don't care how they see me." Thomas rinsed his hands after washing the last plate and dried them with a towel. He affectionately patted Olivia's head; his eyes filled with tenderness.

"Don't overthink it. Didn't I tell you before? I'll support you unconditionally regardless of what decisions you make." Then, he headed upstairs.

She watched his retreating figure and curled her lips into a dopey grin. What a great man he was! She was so fortunate to have met him in this lifetime!

The sisters were sitting on the couch, watching a boring TV program when Ophelie pouted and questioned. "So... Olivia, are you sure you're handling it?"

You've been living together with your husband for so long, and yet, you two aren't even sharing a bedroom? Really?" Olivia flushed crimson. As someone who had never even dated before, being teased like this face-to-face was embarrassing. "Stop talking nonsense, you rascal. What do you mean 'aren't sharing a bedroom'? You don't understand anything!" "Jeez. Thomas might even get 'frustrated' if you don't take your relationship with him more seriously! Are you perhaps a bit indifferent in a certain aspect? He's such a great guy, and you're living under the same roof. How do you resist his charms? No, really, tell me your secrets!" teased Ophelie.

"You little devil, stop spouting nonsense, or I'll shut that mouth of yours myself!" Olivia couldn't handle being teased by her little sister. So, she raised her hand, intending to tickle her to submission.

"Haha! Stop that! If you have the guts, you should get a bit more aggressive with your husband. Bullying a defenseless girl like me won't make you a hero!" Ophelie laughed.

"I was never trying to be a hero!" replied Olivia playfully.

The two sisters playfully wrestled on the couch, both with happy smiles on their faces.

Thomas was laying on the large bed in his bedroom. He had already made up his mind; since he already planned to establish the Clifford Family, and a respectable family needed a mansion as its headquarters, it seemed like a good idea to start searching for one right away. Hopefully, he could move in as early as tomorrow!

He took out his phone and called Quincy.

"What's up, Thomas?" "Hey, Quincy, I'm looking for an unused mansion, preferably a bigger one. Do you have any? I'll buy it from you," Thomas said. He was planning on the Hahn Family living together with him.

"There's no need for that. I'll just give you one," Quincy replied simply and hung up before Thomas could respond.

"No, I'd rather pay for it!" Thomas quickly insisted, but all he heard was a busy signal on the other end of the line.

In less than five minutes, Thomas' phone was blowing up with calls. William, Samuel, Sean, John, and Raymond, all called him with the same purpose—to gift him a luxurious mansion

I'm Someone Else Chapter 389-Moreover, they even explicitly prohibited Thomas from even bringing up money into this. The moment Thomas elaborated on his idea of

purchasing an estate using his own money, they would reprimand him without hesitation.

“Enough with the money talk. Is it possible that you look down on the Elliott Family? Either way, our family owns numerous estates, and most, if not all, are unoccupied. So, we can give you one.” “Thomas, I will see it as you not considering me your friend if you keep insisting on this matter!” William added.

“Thomas, are you planning to insult the Morton Family with money as well? For your information, our family has decided to befriend you because we value your

character. It has nothing to do with monetary value!” Thomas was rendered speechless. He had only heard of hard selling before, but it was truly his first time encountering someone forcibly giving away their estate.

Still, a sense of warmth rushed through his heart after hearing what these three gentlemen from the three families had said. It was impossible that Thomas wouldn't feel touched by the kindness the Elliott Family, the Peralta Family, and the Morton Family had shown him.

Suddenly, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of regret for mentioning to Quincy that he wanted an estate. Initially, he thought of letting Quincy contact the three families and inquire about the average price of the estates in Irieson. Afterward, he would borrow some money from Olivia to purchase one within his budget.

However, he could even save himself the hassle of borrowing money from Olivia now that the three families were keen to give him one for free.

As for Quincy, he was also powerless against these three old men as well.

Although he held a rather substantial amount of liquidity, he couldn't deny that he didn't own any estates. After all, he had been developing his business in Capitalis in his early years. Even after his return to Irieson later, considering that it was only him and his son, Quincy figured it was enough for them to live in a decent-sized villa. Thus, he had no choice but to ask the three families if they had any vacant estates. Not once did he mention Thomas' name, for he intended to purchase the estate with his own money and then give it to Thomas as a gift.

Alas, he had overlooked one particular detail—the three families knew Thomas wanted to establish the Clifford Family. So, when they heard that Quincy was looking for an estate that wasn't for him, the three families swiftly came to a realization that Quincy was asking around on behalf of Thomas. Hence, the three families offered Thomas the estates almost the very second they heard that he was interested in one. Suffice it to say, they had spent a long time picking one estate out of their many assets. Frankly, he hadn't even needed to ask to purchase one from them as they were more than willing to serve those estates to him on a silver platter.

In the end, Thomas made his choice and picked the estate the Morton Family had prepared for the occasion. Furthermore, he called John and sincerely expressed his gratitude toward him and informed the man that he would move in tomorrow. After that, he called Chloe, telling her to pack up her things and prepare for moving day. Once he did all that, he came to Olivia's bedroom and knocked on the door. Knock! Knock! Knock!

In the meantime, Ophelie and Olivia were watching a movie together on the laptop in their pajamas. When they heard the knocks, Ophelie went to open the door. As soon as she saw it was Thomas, she instinctively tugged him into the bedroom. "Greetings, Thomas. What brings you here at such an hour?" Ophelie giggled cheekily.

Then, she looked at her sister as though she sought credit for inviting Thomas into the room. Yet, Olivia merely responded with an exasperated eye roll. How annoying! What on Earth is Ophelie thinking?! Does she know how awkward I get when she pulls Thomas into my bedroom in the middle of the night?!

Thomas simply parted his lips and said, "Pack up. We are moving tomorrow." "Moving?" Olivia was puzzled. We are doing just fine here, though. So, why are we suddenly moving?

When he caught sight of her puzzled expression, he explained further, "From tomorrow onward, we will live in an estate. After all, this place isn't that spacious." "Oh my gosh, Olivia! Just do as Thomas says and pack your belongings. Why do you have to ask so many questions? Do you not feel tired?" Ophelie bulldozed over Olivia's impending questions. Immediately afterward, she dashed out of the bedroom. However, before she shut the door, she added, "I will leave you two to chat while I go pack my stuff." Thomas glanced at Ophelie in confusion. She just came here today, and I didn't see her carrying any luggage either. So, what's there for her to pack?

Bang! Click! The door shut, followed by it getting locked from the outside.

Both Thomas and Olivia looked at each other dumbfoundedly. After a while, they finally regained their senses. Ophelie isn't going to pack her stuff! Clearly, she has locked us up in this bedroom on purpose!

"Ophelie! Open this door at once, you little mischief-maker!" Olivia yelled as she tried her best to squash down any embarrassment she was feeling.

"Oh, Olivia. Stop blathering. I suggest you hurry up and get down to business already! I will not unlock this door tonight, no matter what you say! I will only open it for you tomorrow morning!" she announced, followed by the footsteps of her leaving.

"Oh!" Thomas sighed wearily. I can kick open the bedroom door, though. Then again, since it's my home, I have to think about property damage and not resort to violence,

right? Oh, forget it! Now that I'm locked in, I may as well sleep on the floor and get this over with.

"Do you have any extra bedding? I will sleep on the floor tonight," Thomas spoke first, breaking the slightly awkward atmosphere.

Olivia hung her head as she fiddled with her fingers and said in an almost inaudible voice, "You can sleep on the bed if you want to, though." He didn't hesitate to wave his hand in dismissal. "I can't do that. It's not gentlemanly of me if I let you sleep on the floor while I sleep on the bed!" "No one is going to sleep on the floor. I-I mean, we can sleep together on the bed!" "Uh..." Thomas was stressed out. In the end, he said nothing and conscientiously sat down on the floor. The floor will be my companion for tonight.

Frustration gushed through Olivia's heart when she saw his insistence on sleeping on the floor. This man is truly a blockhead! How can he not have the urge to sleep on the same bed as me? Or could it be that I am really that unattractive? The resigned Olivia could only look for an extra bedding set and toss it to Thomas, who persistently sat on the floor.

At the same time, in Capitalis, Reuben and his father, Abel, were sitting on the couch in the Flynn Residence.

Abel's frown was so deep it was as though it was etched on his face as he asked his son, "Are you sure this news is accurate?" Reuben nodded and confirmed it by saying, "Absolutely! Jax was the one who personally passed this news to me. Thomas is indeed planning to establish his own family. Moreover, Emily is in Irieson as well." What an ignorant and presumptuous young man! Does he honestly think he is so powerful enough that he wishes to establish a force of his own?! Dream on!

Compared to the news of Thomas intending to lay the foundations of the Clifford Family, Abel was far more surprised that Emily was also in Irieson. Obviously, Kyrie had sent her there. But why? What is his goal? Is he planning to use Emily to establish a good relationship with Thomas? But that's unlikely, right? Could Thomas' strength have caught his attention? After all, in terms of individual strength, even I have to admit that Thomas truly is something. Anyone with top martial arts skills can see the potential in Thomas' strength after witnessing him severely injuring Gunnar, the Genius of Capitalis, at such a young age.

"Well, well. Thomas wants to lay the foundations of the Clifford Family, eh? How interesting! Truly, it is!" Abel began to smile. It was just that his smile seemed a little sinister no matter how one looked at it. "This is such an audacious event!

As Thomas' old acquaintance, we should endeavor to give him a great gift worthy of such an occasion!" Thomas, you dare to harbor the intention of founding the Clifford Family even after you shamed our family?! There is no way I will sit back and do nothing

about it! Even if I can't stop you from founding the Clifford Family, I absolutely won't spare you from any humiliation coming your way. I will do everything in my power to screw up your special day and ruin your good mood!

"Give him a great gift?" The corner of Reuben's lips twitched after hearing his father's words.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 390-But isn't Thomas the enemy of our family? So, why would Dad want to give him a gift on his special day? Reuben couldn't understand what his father was actually getting at as he expressed his dissatisfaction, grumbling, "Dad, don't tell me you actually want to seek peace with Thomas! Have you forgotten that he was the one who had severely injured Gunnar?!" "What the hell do you know?!" Abel glared at his son and added, "I will give him a coffin on the day he holds the Clifford Family's founding ceremony!" "I see! So, that's what it is! Excellent idea, Dad!" Reuben smiled, finally apprehending what his father meant at last. There's no doubt it will spoil Thomas' good mood if he sees the coffin on his special day!

"I will have it arranged right away, then!" Reuben got up and left to instruct someone to get the things ready.

"Thomas, one year is too long for me! I'm sorry, but I fear I can't wait any longer, for I wish for your death, here and now!" A bloodthirsty gleam flashed across Abel's eyes as he spoke. He had initially planned to kill Thomas to avenge the insult he had hurled at the Flynns in the Ancient Martial Arts Family Ranking Competition, which would take place a year later. Nonetheless, the more he thought about it, the more he lost his confidence. Thomas is only 25 years old, yet he already possesses such terrifying strength. I couldn't even kill him with a single punch the other day. If I allow him to nurture his strength, he will certainly be a thorn in my side, especially after he boldly stated that he would massacre the Flynn Family a year later at the Travis Residence that day. That is precisely why I can't help but feel unprecedented pressure to eliminate him once and for all. There is no way an ordinary 25-year-old young man can possess such a regal aura. Given such circumstances, I shall act first and kill him while he has yet to grow into his power!

After a few minutes, Reuben walked in and reported with a grin on his face, "Dad, I have passed the order to Jax. He will have someone deliver the coffin to Thomas on the day he holds the ceremony. Also, the four important guests have arrived." "Well, don't just stand there! Hurry up and bring them in!" Then, Abel swiftly rose to his feet and looked in the front door's direction.

Reuben turned around and rushed out. A minute later, he entered with four men whose faces were full of scars. It was so ghastly that not even one part of these men's faces was in good condition. Their appearances were so menacing that it would make a child weep in terror if they saw their faces. Furthermore, the four of them exuded a

murderous aura. Coupled with their grisly looks, they actually sent a chill down one's spine.

"Gentlemen, I have heard a great deal about you. Please take a seat!" Abel greeted them with a professional smile.

With that, the four sat on the couch while Reuben personally poured them tea.

Then, the leader of the four asked, "Old Mr. Flynn, what is your purpose in asking us to make this trip here?" "Here. Take a look at this information." Abel took out a stack of documents that he had long prepared for this meeting and respectfully handed them to the four men.

They immediately picked up the document file and started browsing through the information. After a while, all four had puzzled expressions as they wondered about the likelihood of this matter. "Old Mr. Flynn, please tell us if we're arriving at the wrong conclusions here. You want us to kill this guy named Thomas Clifford?" Since they were well aware of the Flynn Family's strength, they firmly believed that no one in Capitalis dared to pick on the bunch of crazies. Not to mention, the Flynn Family had the hidden sect as their backer. It could be said that the Flynn Family had the power to easily strike terror in Droycore with a flick of their finger. It was precisely because of that reason that the four of them were in a state of disbelief that Abel would seek their help in killing a man.

"That's right!" Abel smiled and it was not a pretty smile. These four are highly influential in their field. They are famous for making a living by helping their clients hunt down and kill their enemies. Although they aren't on the World Assassin Ranking's list, no one dares to underestimate their strength, for they have never failed a mission since their debut.

The four of them looked at each other upon hearing his confirmation. Since Abel was the one who reached out to them, they honestly weren't interested in probing further as to why the Flynnns had decided to seek their help instead of carrying out the assassination themselves. For them, the profit was enough of a reason to take on this mission.

Thus, their leader said, "Okay, Old Mr. Flynn. We agree to take this mission, but what are your conditions?" "How many days do you need to kill the target?" Once again, the four looked at each other. "Three days is more than enough," the leader stated confidently.

Abel waved his hand as he added, "Actually, I don't mind you guys taking more time. All I demand is that you execute this task efficiently. Ensure that no one can trace this back to the Flynn Family." It didn't matter how he disdained Thomas, he still had to pay attention to Thomas' connections. Kyrie, Quincy, John, and Samuel; each of them is a bad*ss! If they ever find out that I have sent someone to assassinate Thomas, they will

definitely come straight at me in person to avenge him, even if he dies. Of course, I don't fear them. Still, it's always good to avoid unnecessary troubles.

"Don't worry, Old Mr. Flynn. We have always been efficient in our mission." "Brilliant!" Abel slapped his thigh, feeling satisfied with the answer. Then, he took out a pin-protected bank card and slid it in front of the four men. The card held 1 billion Droylers and not a penny less. Frankly, if it were any other families, they might not be able to take out such a large sum of money so easily.

As renowned assassins, the remuneration these four men charged was also astronomical. To use their service, the lowest fee one had to pay was 560 million. Still, since they were dealing with Abel, they didn't bother beating around the bush and charged him 1.6 billion. Even so, this amount was simply a drop in the ocean for the Flynn Family. The 1 billion in the card was merely a deposit and they would be receiving their full payment as long as they succeed in their task. In these four men's minds, they figured that this 1.6 billion was already in the bag.

In addition, rumor had it that these four men scarred their faces while executing their mission. Among them, the ancient martial arts skill of the weakest member was Yellow Tier Eight, whereas the strongest had reached Profound Tier One.

Hence, in Abel's opinion, the four of them were more than capable of defeating Thomas.

Moreover, they were the type who would achieve their goals by any means necessary. They would commit all manner of crimes like assassination, poisoning, and instigating car crashes just so they could get the job done. Due to their cruel approaches, they were nicknamed the Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War.

The Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War left the Flynn Residence with Abel's bank card and the stack of documents. They needed to rush to Irieson that very night in order to prepare for Thomas' assassination.

A bad feeling faintly emerged in Reuben's heart as he watched the back silhouettes of the four leaving the Flynn Residence. "Dad, are you confident that the Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War can actually kill Thomas?" Somehow, he constantly had a feeling that Thomas seemed to be shrouded in a layer of mystery, which made it difficult for one to gauge his true abilities.

Abel pursed his lips as he replied, "Of course, I am! The Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War has never failed. Now, all we have to do is wait for the good news!" One could state that Abel gambled at high stakes in order to kill Thomas. 1.6 billion Droylers was really no small amount, yet he spent it all without blinking an eye. Regardless, if the Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War failed to kill Thomas after all that... Well, Abel surely would choke with resentment.

As the moon fell and the sun rose, Sean drove his Cherokee to the Northpine Villa and waited at the gate early the next morning. Although Thomas' Maserati was a good ride, it was too small to fit in all their luggage.

After they stuffed all the belongings Olivia had packed into Sean's Cherokee, Thomas drove her and Ophelie as he followed the Cherokee and left the Northpine Villa area.

The villa, which the Morton Family had given to Thomas, was one that John had carefully picked out. It was located on the borderland of Irieson, and not only was it near a mountain and a river, but it was also exceptionally tranquil. It was a place highly suitable for martial arts practitioners to cultivate themselves.

Since the villa was built on a mountain slope, it resembled an ancient castle in the clouds when viewed from a distance in the early morning. For that reason, John named this villa Serenity Clouds Villa and explained, "Serenity Clouds Villa has to be gifted to someone with soaring ambition, and Thomas fits the bill." Rockeries, a gazebo, and an artificial lake came into sight as soon as the car drove into the estate.

"Is this where we will be living from now on? This place is simply out of this world!" Ophelie gushed, for she had never seen such a beautiful villa, even when she lived with the Pearson Family.