

I'm Someone Else

I'm Someone Else Chapter 391-Olivia gazed at Thomas with eyes brimming with affection, recognizing him as a remarkable man worthy of her love. However, deep down, she knew he was broke, having exhausted every penny she had provided him. The sudden appearance of this magnificent villa left her perplexed, leading her to believe that someone else had bestowed this extravagant gift upon him. This revelation showcased the man's immense strength, as it was inconceivable for such a lavish present to be bestowed upon a coward. The correlation between genuine power and social standing would forever remain unbreakable in a dog-eat-dog world.

The car pulled to a stop within the villa grounds. John had been waiting for them for a long time. When he saw them exiting the car, he promptly hurried over with a bright smile. "What do you think of this place, Thomas? Do you like it?"

This was the most luxurious villa owned by the Mortons. He was hesitant to live there, taking only a few strolls through the finished villa. Moreover, he had contemplated residing in the estate in the distant future after disengaging from the family's affairs. However, he willingly relinquished that dream, recognizing that Thomas was in greater need of the villa.

After hearing this, Thomas respectfully replied to him, "I am. Thank you so much." "You're too kind. There is no need for thanks between us," John replied graciously with a wave of his hand dismissively. "I'll be leaving the cook and servants for you. They'll take care of you." "There's no need." Thomas immediately shook his head and rejected the offer.

There would only be a few of them living in the villa, so they could just handle the cleaning and the cooking themselves. He was not accustomed to being attended to by others and preferred to take care of such tasks himself.

John chuckled in response, saying, "Very well. As you wish." "Please wait for me here, Old Mr. Morton and Sean. I need to pick up Chloe and Mr. Hahn. Drinks are on me when I come back," Thomas said.

"Okay. It is your housewarming party. We should be drinking with you anyway.

Haha! Let's get drunk tonight!" John guffawed.

After that, Thomas hopped into Sean's Cherokee and drove off.

From inside the villa, Ophelie gazed out at John and Sean standing on the sprawling grounds, her curiosity piqued. She turned to Olivia and inquired, "Do you realize the immense power Thomas possesses? I mean, just look at this!

The Mortons entrusted him with this entire estate!" As the Pearsons' second daughter, Ophelie keenly recognized the influential figures within the Morton Family. She remembered John and Sean as individuals Terrence would not dare to offend without substantial cause. Yet, astonishingly, they had bestowed upon Thomas this expansive estate, which revealed their earnest attempt to curry favor with him.

Olivia shook her head in response. "I can't say for certain either. In my perception, it appears there is nothing beyond his capabilities." Ophelie clicked her tongue in frustration and pouted. "You're not entirely correct.

Shall I remind you of when I opened your bedroom door and found him sleeping on the floor all night? How can you claim there's nothing he's incapable of? If he truly possesses such abilities, he should have seized the opportunity last night to solidify his connection with you." Olivia's face turned bright red as she glared at Ophelie. "Brat, what do you know?" "What don't I know?" Ophelie held her head up high with a face full of defiance.

"Tell me the truth, Olivia. Is it because he can't do it or because you're too aloof and cold when it comes to that? How can this be? How can no happy endings happen when a man and a woman are left alone in a room? If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would never have believed it!" Then, she continued, determined to make her point, "Wait, no! Isn't he a great doctor? If he can't get it up, he could definitely cure himself. I knew it! You're simply being too indifferent.

It's actually a condition, Olivia, and it needs to be cured!" Olivia's face instantly went dark when she heard that. "Brat, if you keep shooting your mouth off, I'll give you a beating." "Aah! The most beautiful female entrepreneur in Irieson is about to go on a murder spree! Help!" Ophelie shrieked.

The gleeful shrieks of the sisters fooling around filled the air of the usually silent villa with cheerful joy.

Within the villa, a man dressed impeccably in a formal suit approached John and spoke with the utmost respect, "Everything is ready, Old Mr. Morton." "How about the security?" "Don't worry. The security will definitely pass the test. Our men will be standing guard 24/7." "Not bad." John nodded happily. After all, the people living in this villa would be key members of the Clifford Family. Security was not something they could be lax on. Thomas might have said he did not need any servants, but the security guards had to stay.

Staring at the grand "Serenity Clouds Villa" sign hanging at the gate, he felt a surge of emotion. This place would bear witness to the start of Thomas' glory.

This would be where Thomas would begin his ascension to the life of a ruler.

“From now on, all of you will be working for Thomas. I am no longer your employer. He is the man you will be loyal to,” John declared to the man.

“Understood,” the man responded with a firm tone. He comprehended that this implied that the Mortons would no longer employ his team and himself. They were now embarking on a new chapter, serving a fresh family—the Clifford Family.

Meanwhile, Thomas returned to the rental unit and chuckled bitterly when he saw the piles of organized bags Chloe had packed. He couldn’t help but marvel at her frugality, surpassing his own. Everything had been neatly packed, from blankets to the tiniest kitchen bowls, suggesting her desire to bring every possible item with them.

“There’s no need to bring so many things. They have everything there.” The villa boasted lavish decorations that exuded opulence in every corner. Not only was it grand enough to rival three typical mansions in size, but it was also abundantly stocked with all the daily necessities one could imagine. As a result, items such as blankets and cooking utensils were rendered unnecessary, given that the villa already provided for their every need.

“Huh? Leave these behind? It would be a shame.” Chloe’s eyes lingered on the items she had packed.

After multiple attempts, Thomas finally wrangled her, and she reluctantly agreed to leave those items behind. He didn’t mind parting with the clothes either, as the quality was subpar, and he was more than willing to buy her new ones.

However, she refused to throw them away. Adam even stepped forward to lecture him for ages about how he could not live in decadence just because he was rich. Ultimately, Thomas had no choice but to move everything left into the car before driving them to Serenity Clouds Villa.

On the way, Chloe held on tight to her mother’s urn, terrified that something might happen to it. The sight deeply tugged at Thomas’ heartstrings, realizing that the urn theft had traumatized her.

Soon, the trio arrived at the villa. Her eyes went wide. “It’s huge.” On the other hand, Adam stood in awe, his mouth agape in disbelief. The sheer size of the villa surpassed even the expansive park where he typically took his leisurely walks.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 392-Thomas glanced at Adam and Chloe. “From now on, this will be our home.” One of the guards patrolling nearby happened to pass by them on his route.

“Miss Chloe,” he greeted respectfully.

John had made it explicitly clear to the guards that she was the goddaughter of the head of the Clifford Family, so she was actually the lady of the family.

Nevertheless, she was taken aback by the greeting. As a woman who had grown up in poverty, she was not used to being called "miss" in that respectful manner.

After hearing this, Adam and Chloe nodded. It was clear to them that Thomas' suggestions were paramount, and they were more than willing to comply and prioritize his decisions.

After seeking a beautiful spot, Thomas buried the urn in the ground.

Once that was done, her voice filled with sincerity, and she said, "Thank you, Thomas." He waved his hands dismissively and said, "It's nothing. This is my duty." "If Zechery knew about this, he would be thrilled." Thomas' heart tightened with anguish upon hearing those words. He realized he couldn't prolong this any further. He needed to find the right opportunity to reveal the truth to the Hehns about Zechery's sacrifice. That way, he could also bury Zechery here.

Meanwhile, Chloe's gaze rested upon Thomas, her brow furrowing in confusion.

She sensed an unspoken sadness etched deep within his being, intensifying as she mentioned Zechery's name. It struck her as odd, raising questions in her mind. Why does he appear conflicted and uncomfortable whenever Zechery is mentioned? Could it be that Zechery has encountered some misfortune? At this thought, she asked, "Thomas, did something happen to my brother?" "Huh? No. Why would you think that, you silly girl?" He was stunned by how perceptive she was to have noticed the briefest flash of a lost look in his eyes.

Initially, he intended to reveal the truth to her, but the words faltered and couldn't find their way out. He decided to delay sharing the information until the current pressing matters weighing on his mind were resolved.

Afterward, Thomas returned to the village while the Hehns gathered the necessary items to prepare for Mrs. Hehn's new resting place.

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When Thomes returned to the ville, he shook his head to chase away the demons plaguing his mind. "Let's go, Old Mr. Morton. It's time to drink." "Okay!" John had the servants prepare a feast for them while waiting for Thomes to return with the Hehns.

"Where's Seen?" Thomes looked around, but Seen was nowhere to be found.

When he drove off, Seen was still around. Seen even said he would be drinking with them and getting drunk.

"Oh, he had to leave because he has some work to do. Let's forget about him and get started," John replied.

Thomes nodded and did not think much of it.

Unbeknownst to him, Seen had rushed toward Felice's family home, accompanied by William and their respective entoureges. The two men harbored lingering resentment toward Beatrice, Felice's mother, for her role in tarnishing Thomes' reputation. They believed it was essential to address this issue while they still had the opportunity to do so and take appropriate measures to settle the score.

Felice's parents lived in a luxurious unit in a relatively high-end suburb. With three bedrooms and two living rooms, a unit in the city's heart would have cost them around one million. It was evident just how much money Felice had squeezed out of Leslie and Welt.

"Kick the door open!" William barked out, pointing at the Lotts' front door.

There is no need to be polite when dealing with a nest of cowardly rats.

"Yes, sir!" Without hesitation, two hitmen stepped forward and aggressively kicked the door.

Beng! Beng! Beng!

Soon, the door was kicked wide open.

At that moment, Philip, Beatrice, and Dreco happened to be at home. The loud banging at their door scared them out of their wits.

As the hitmen forcefully entered the unit, Philip swiftly sprang to his feet, his instincts kicking in. He confronted the intruders with anger and defiance, pointing accusingly at them. "Who are you? This is breaking and entering!" "Zoch is so very blessed to have Thomas as a friend," Adam remarked as they probed.

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Bam!

On the other hand, Sam was a man with an explosive temper. Without saying a word, he slapped Philip across the face, sending him crashing to the ground.

Who are you? What are you doing to teach this family a life lesson.

"What gave you the right to hit respectable members of society?" Baatrica and Draco hurried over and glared at the group of men.

"Respectable members of society? I'm sorry, but do you think that describes this family?" William spat out coldly. His eyes were full of scorn as he stared at the ungrateful trio.

This family appears to be unremarkable. Nonetheless, parents who could raise a loser like Falica could never be contributing members of society. As the old adage goes, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Baatrica and Draco were so frightened by the intruders' arrogance that they hurriedly dragged Philip away from the group while staring warily at them.

"Bring him in!" William ordered with a wave of his hand.

Two hitmen immediately dragged a beaten-up man into the room before casually tossing him to the ground before Philip and his family.

"Aah!" Baatrica had been confused upon seeing the man's face. Who is this man? Why does he look so familiar? After looking closer, she realized he was the private investigator she hired long ago to falsify evidence to frame Thomas as the murderer.

Her body started trembling uncontrollably. It was no wonder that the private investigator did not contact her the other time. It was all because he had been captured. Did that mean her scheme to slander Thomas was exposed?

Draco reacted similarly since he knew about the plot to falsify evidence and frame Thomas.

"You should be familiar with this man on the ground, right?" Saan said. "He is a very famous private investigator in Iriason. You were so into slandering Thomas that you even hired him to falsify evidence. Tsk, tsk. His labor cost is 15,000, right? Is your family that rich? Well, I don't need to remind you of anything else. You must surely recall it all now."

I'm Someone Else Chapter 393-"Don't waste your breath on trash like them!" William barked out. Then, he strutted over to Beatrice and Philip before slapping them across the face.

Smack! Smack!

"Are you sure you're not beasts? For eight whole years, Thomas gave you every government subsidy he received so that you could survive. Look at how you repaid his kindness." While saying this, he shoved a finger close to Beatrice's nose. "When you suffered from heart issues, whose money did you use to pay for your heart bypass surgery? That tiny sum you earned through your useless restaurant couldn't even pay for your daily expenses. You could not have survived if he hadn't given you his money!"

"There's also your daughter. She actually had the guts to cheat on him! Thomas did not want to fight with you over this, and we didn't want to bother you, but Felice's death had nothing to do with him! Still, you would dare hire someone to falsify evidence and frame him just because of a little guess. Your entire family is made of ungrateful and stupid fools!" The more William spoke, the more agitated he was. He eventually raised his leg and kicked them to the ground. Even killing them would not satisfy the rage that was building up inside of him.

"Aah!" Following a series of wretched screams of agony from the three victims, the beating concluded with all of them bruised and bleeding. Since William did not want them to die, they were only injured and bleeding. If not, they would have met their end.

Meanwhile, Philip's eyes reflected a sense of desolation and despair. He had been oblivious to the scheme orchestrated to frame Thomas, but the look on Beatrice's face confirmed the truthfulness of William and Sean's claims. It was unfathomable for him to comprehend why his wife would commit such an inhumane act. Thomas had been their family's savior, and Philip couldn't help but question why she would inflict such harm upon him. He wondered if it was because of a mere argument in the mall.

He knew that Felice was sucking up to a rich man. Even more distressing was his realization that he was the last to learn about her behavior. Beatrice and Draco, as opposed to discouraging Felice, had actively encouraged her and stated that it was all about the money and the ability to live in luxury. It finally dawned on him that it was no surprise that she could give them substantial sums of money on occasion and that she had even purchased their home with her own money.

Philip stared at the ceiling while fists and feet rained down on him while he lay on the ground. This was the first time he had lost his senses and felt despair over his family.

“Are you playing dead?” The look in his eyes made Sean kick him a few more times. He would not have bothered doing anything to them if the Lott Family had gone after someone else.

However, they were forbidden from targeting Thomas, as he was their savior.

No human would have done that!

Unbeknownst to William and Sean, Felice’s death was intrinsically tied to Thomas, even if he had not killed her himself.

Afterward, Sean gestured to his men. “Take them away!” The men promptly marched over and dragged the Lotts out of the room. Evil begets evil. It was only a matter of time before karma bit back.

Today was the day this shameless family got what they deserved!

Sean had planned to send them to prison but changed his mind. It was a mistake for people as shameless as they were to live a healthy, uninjured life.

He had now decided to break all their limbs and cut off their tongues. Then, he would abandon them in an isolated area. It was up to them if they could survive after that.

They adored money, right? Their punishment would then be to have nothing.

They would not even have the right to live a healthy life.

Did they not adore slandering others? Very well. They would then not even have the ability to speak.

William wholeheartedly agreed with the suggestion. It sounded so very validating to his angry mind.

“Sean, I don’t think Philip joined in on hurting Thomas, though.” Sean shook his head. “Who cares? If we’re going to do this, let’s make it clean.

Abandon him in the outskirts as well. It would be up to fate whether or not he could survive this. It’s not our fault, anyway. The entire family is just shameless!” After a pause, William said, “Don’t you think it’s a little cruel?” “Who cares?” Sean shouted. “Did they ever wonder if they were cruel to Thomas while spending his money? Did they ever wonder if they were being cruel to him when they were okay with Felice cheating on him? Did they ever wonder if they were being cruel when they framed him? You cannot think of people like them as humans!” William nodded and kept quiet.

As for the private investigator, they would instantly kill him before burying him in a place where no one would ever find him.

Once everything was done, they returned to their respective homes. A unanimous decision was made to keep the incident a secret, believing that it was best for Thomas not to be informed or he might be upset. However, perhaps they were being overly cautious in their approach. Unbeknownst to them, Thomas had already grown deeply disappointed in the family, so he no longer harbored much concern for their well-being.

You reap what you sow; it was just karma, justice.

Beatrice and Draco did not deserve any sympathy. They deserved it. However, Philip's punishment was rather cruel.

While Thomas continued engaging in cheerful conversation with John at the villa, Olivia had already returned to the office. Thomas had not personally driven her there, but the villa's security guards had escorted her to Keyshire Property.

Adam was taking a stroll around the villa while grinning widely. He had only seen a place like this on television before. Who could have imagined he would live in a place like this one day? The view was excellent, and the place was huge. It seemed like he did not need to head to the park anymore since the villa was big enough for his walks.

Meanwhile, Chloe was busy unpacking on the second floor of the villa. After picking out a room for Thomas, she stocked it with some of his daily essentials.

Meanwhile, Ophelie was clinging to her side, constantly chattering away as she followed Chloe.

At first, Ophelie held herself back a little while talking to Chloe. However, after a few minutes of conversation, she grew to like the kind and beautiful Chloe.

Additionally, being of the same age, they found common ground and shared interests, fostering a growing fondness for one another.

Nevertheless, Thomas stayed in the villa for the entire day. He and John were martial arts practitioners, so they drank liquor like water. The two continued toasting each other until the evening when John left.

Without his knowledge, news that he had killed the Twin Demons had sent shockwaves through the world.

The attack on Green Lake Manor attracted the attention of many international forces. Those forces were now sending more powerful fighters to Irieson, especially since the shot Thomas sent flying in the Acketts Estate. They aimed to confirm if the King of Marksmen was hiding in Irieson.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 394-Everyone was shocked to hear that Thomas had killed the Twin Demons.

As soon as the news was spread, various forces worldwide sent their men to check out where the killing occurred. The speed at which these individuals were dispatched was comparable to that of a world champion in the 100-meter dash.

Unlike the fighters of Droycore, the men sent were not martial artists. However, they were very familiar with guns.

After thoroughly examining the scene, they concluded that the Twin Demons were killed by a great marksman. They were sure the hidden marksman had been forced into making a move as there were no other options. Moreover, they reasoned that the marksman had seized the chance provided by the chaos to kill the Demons in one shot.

However, the ability to hide among the shadows of the night was part of being a top-tier sniper, right?

Previously, the notion that the King of Marksmen was hiding in Irieson had been mere speculation. However, with the series of shootings in the city, they had become increasingly convinced of his presence.

Soon after, they promptly reported back to their head offices, too afraid to dilly dally. The orders they received in return were the same — search for the King of Marksmen! No matter what, he had to be found.

These forces detested Thomas. One might say their hatred for him was carved into their bones, filling them with the urge to drain his blood and cut him into pieces.

In the years the King of Marksmen had worked for Droycore, he had killed many of their men. Back then, he had a powerful organization backing him up. That was why they were too afraid to anger him. However, now that he had silently resigned due to a failed mission, it was their time for vengeance.

Karma had no deadline.

At 7.00PM, Thomas drove from Serenity Clouds Villa to Olivia's office. On the way there, his phone started ringing.

"Great news, Thomas!" Rochka said over the phone. It was clear from his voice that he was highly excited.

Thomas was confused. What could excite him that much? "What news, Mr.

Nett?" "Miles Auction House has received an application to auction off an Essence Fruit. It'll be arriving tomorrow at noon," Rochka replied.

"Essence Fruit?" Thomas frowned. It was the first time he had ever heard of it.

"What does it do?" "Y-You don't know?" Rochka was shocked. How could he not know of the fruit when he is a martial artist? No way! When he perceived that Thomas wasn't joking when he said those words, he patiently explained, "It's a mystical fruit that all martial artists yearn to get their hands on. No one knows where it comes from, and it doesn't exist on the market. It's so popular because eating it would increase your internal energy." Screech!

Thomas' grip tightened on the steering wheel as he abruptly slammed the brakes, bringing the vehicle to a screeching halt. The idea of increasing his internal energy, which would ultimately make him stronger, struck a chord within him. His greatest desire was to become stronger, especially considering the challenges he was currently facing, including the formidable Crimson Moon.

Even without the presence of the Flynns and the Wilkersons, the battles were taking a toll on him. He would have died to the Twin Demons without his miraculous sniping skills. Taking a deep breath to compose himself, he attempted to rein in the overwhelming excitement coursing through his veins.

"How much can it increase?" "It's hard to say, but eating it means you can increase your power level by at least two tiers. Some even say you can increase by four or five tiers!" "Really?" Thomas' eyes lit up with a sharp glint. Four or five tiers meant he could jump from the Peak of Profound Tier One to Profound Tier Six just by eating that fruit?

"Of course! Why would I lie to you? That's why I said it's great news, but—" Rochka hesitated.

"What is it?" "I've repeatedly requested the seller to sell it to me instead of auctioning it off, but he refused. After all, he can only earn the full value of the fruit if he auctioned it off. That's why you must join the auction if you want the fruit. It's going to be noon tomorrow at Miles Auction House. As for who the seller is, I can't tell you. I still operate an auction house. If I break the rule for you, no one will come to us again." "I understand." Thomas would never force anyone into a tough spot. Anyway, he was not interested in knowing who the seller was. All he needed to do was to win tomorrow's auction for the fruit. "How much do you think it would fetch?" This was his most significant concern. He did not have any money on him right now. The money he spent on buying the Century Lotus came from Olivia. He could not embarrass himself any further by asking her for more money.

If a man constantly asked a woman for money, he would be called a leech.

“He doesn’t want money. He wants to be cured! He’s seeking treatment from all the great families in Irieson. Anyone who could cure the patient would gain the fruit.” There was a sense of heaviness in Rochka’s voice. After all, he did not know that Thomas was also a skilled doctor. His research only told him that Thomas used to know Quincy, the most outstanding doctor in Droycore. He thought that Thomas could get his hands on the Essence Fruit if he asked Quincy for help, but when Rochka asked Quincy about the case, Quincy said he could not treat the patient.

However, he knew it would not stop Thomas from getting what he wanted. Even if Quincy could do nothing, Thomas could ask the Travis Family for help. The Travis Family would surely agree to help with how close they were.

Meanwhile, a grin of sheer delight spread across Thomas’ face. It felt as if the universe itself was aligning in his favor. After enduring years of hardships and trials, this remarkable opportunity was presented to him. The Essence Fruit appeared to be a gift tailor-made for him. His confidence soared as he firmly believed in his exceptional skills as a doctor. He held the unwavering belief that there was no illness in the world that he couldn’t cure. “I’ll be at the auction tomorrow.” “You can ask the Travis Family for help. If they say yes—” Before Rochka could finish speaking, Thomas interrupted him, saying, “It’s fine.

I can do it myself.” “Huh? Are you that confident?” “Of course!” Thomas chuckled before saying in a confident and boastful tone.

“Mr. Nett, please keep the fruit safe for me because it’s already mine.” After saying these words, he hung up.

On the other end of the call, Rochka stared at his phone in bewilderment, a mixture of confusion and curiosity flickering in his eyes. Thomas’ statement about being able to cure the patient without the Travis Family’s assistance left Rochka with questions. Is he also a doctor? Even if he is a doctor, he is exceptionally overconfident. If word spread about the Essence Fruit’s existence, ancient monsters from all corners of the world would undoubtedly flock to obtain it. The competition would be fierce

I’m Someone Else Chapter 395-After all, the item being auctioned off was the Essence Fruit. That was the fruit that every martial artist dreamed of!

Meanwhile, Thomas collected himself and started the car again to pick up Olivia as she clocked out of Keyshire Property. He stopped before the building’s entrance and called her, informing her he would be waiting instead of heading up to her.

Several minutes later, he observed Molly leaving the building. He did not exit the vehicle to greet her, instead continuing to smoke in the car.

Ten more minutes later, Olivia opened the passenger side door and entered the car.

“Let’s go shopping, Thomas. I’ve been wanting to go for a few days now.” Her eyes shimmered with eager expectation as she looked at him. She had wanted to go shopping when they dined at the Romantic Restaurant days ago.

However, they did not do so, as Melissa’s interruption ruined the mood.

Thomas knew that once he obtained the Essence Fruit, he would focus on harnessing its energy to augment his strength. He recognized that increasing his power was crucial for his own protection and the safety of those around him.

Additionally, establishing the Clifford Family would demand considerable time and attention, leaving him with little room for leisure activities like shopping with her. Hence, he agreed, “Okay.” “Yay!” Olivia cheered before surprising him with a quick kiss on his cheek. “Let’s go!” Thomas felt his cheeks flush a deep shade of red in response to Olivia’s unexpected display of affection. Despite their growing bond, he still found himself adjusting to such open displays of intimacy.

Then, he followed her directions and drove the car to a large shopping mall.

“This is the place. I haven’t been here before,” she said.

Hand in hand, they walked into the mall.

Shopping was only an excuse for Olivia to get Thomas to spend time with her.

Her actual goal was to ask if he wanted to be her boyfriend. It had been a few days since her confession, but he was being so dense that he had not reacted to it at all. It seemed like she would have to initiate the conversation.

She would drag him into every shop they passed by as they walked through the mall. While she did not buy anything for herself, they soon ended up with a big pile of clothes she bought for him. He tried to reject the clothes at first since he had clothes of his own and he had yet to find a chance to wear the clothes she had previously bought him. However, she was rather stubborn today. “Just swap out your closet once in a while. You are my man. Dressing you up is a way to uphold my image.” Eventually, Thomas had no choice but to keep quiet and follow Olivia with multiple bags hanging from his arms. It was not tiring for him to carry the bags, but the problem was that he only had two hands. If she continued shopping this way, he would run out of room to hold the bags.

It seemed like she also realized the same since she soon said, “Let’s stop here today. I’m starving. Let’s get some food.” They then headed into a fast-food restaurant and sat at a table with fried chicken and soda. He was not interested in fast food. When he was on missions overseas, he would frequently have to eat junk food. However, almost

everyone in Droycore enjoyed the food, especially the younger people. The place was packed to the brim. It had taken quite a lot of effort to find a free table. He did not really understand it. Why would so many people like something so disgusting?

"I asked you to come shopping with me today because I had a question for you," Olivia said, looking up at him while holding a piece of fried chicken. "It has to wait until it's just the two of us, or I'll be too embarrassed." Thomas was surprised by that. He knew that if it was a question that Olivia would feel embarrassed to ask when other people could hear her, it was a question about emotions and love. He suddenly had a bad feeling as he scanned her up and down.

"I've already confessed my love to you, Thomas. Well? What do you think? Do you like me?" Pfft! Ark!

Thomas had just sipped his soda when Olivia asked that, so he nearly choked and had to spit it all out. He just knew the question she had in mind would not be good. He thought everything would be fine and she would move on if he ignored her. Still, he did not expect her to initiate the conversation.

Due to how loud he was coughing, everyone in the restaurant turned to stare at them.

"Are you okay, Thomas?" She hurriedly grabbed some paper napkins and wiped his mouth with a tender look on her face. He was an adult man. Why was he so careless? She would be distraught if he actually choked.

Then, he ducked his head down and glumly sipped at his drink, unwilling to look her in the eyes. He found it impossible to answer her question.

Meanwhile, Olivia waited for five whole minutes. When she saw that Thomas had no intention of answering her, she panicked and snapped out, "Well? What is on your mind, Thomas? Tell me!" "I—" He was the only one who knew he had fallen in love with her, but he could not say it. He had thought about this before. He only had ten more years to live.

If he dated her, what would happen to them in ten years? He would die, leaving her to drown in sorrow for the rest of her life. That would mean making her waste the prime of her life, right?

As she held her breath and stared unblinkingly at him, she fervently pleaded, "Please say you love me, Thomas." Thomas' silence caused Olivia's heart to race with anxiety. She had bravely taken the initiative to confess her love and express her feelings, hoping for his reciprocated response. The lack of words from him left her feeling unsettled and uncertain.

"I don't like you!" he lied. In a complicated and heartfelt realization, he found himself at a crossroads. As much as he wanted to admit his love for her, he was burdened by knowing the potential consequences that awaited them.

"You don't like me?" There was no way to hold back her tears now as fat drops of tears streamed down her cheeks. Despite everything, this is a one-sided love.

Why is he so nice to me if he dislikes me? Why does he stay by my side if he doesn't like me?

As distress and betrayal consumed her, Olivia became overwhelmed with anguish. She sprawled out on the table and succumbed to deep, heart wrenching sobs that reverberated through the air.

Her distressed crying made Thomas' heart clench in pain. Silly girl, it's not that I don't like you. I don't dare to like you! That was what he wanted to say.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 396-Despite how much Thomas' heart ached for Olivia, he was not good with words.

As he watched her cry, his mouth opened and closed, attempting to find the right words to console her.

Initially bustling with activity, the restaurant fell into an uneasy hush as her loud sobbing captured everyone's attention. All eyes turned toward him, their gazes filled with judgment and disapproval. The surrounding crowd, observing his seemingly passive response, questioned his lack of action in comforting his visibly distressed girlfriend.

"Dude, you need to comfort her. Look at how sad she is," someone said.

"Yeah! A good man will never leave his woman crying."

"That's right!" Thomas took a deep breath and said, "Don't cry, Olivia. You were fine just now."

Why did you cry so suddenly?" He was playing dumb.

She lifted her head and glared at him through her tears. "Why can't I cry? I gave you my first kiss. You saw everything that you should not have seen. How can you tell me you don't like me now? Isn't that playboy behavior? How can you forbid me from crying after doing all that?" Her wails grew louder as she was inevitably reminded of what had just happened.

"Huh?" As the crowd's gaze shifted toward Thomas, a different sentiment began to

emanate from their eyes. The initial curiosity and concern transformed into unmistakable disapproval. The realization that he had taken Olivia's first kiss and seen her in a vulnerable state, coupled with his apparent avoidance of taking responsibility for his actions, painted a picture of a selfish and callous individual in their eyes. The crowd's expressions were now tinged with scorn, mirroring their collective judgment of his behavior.

Their glares intensified once they saw Olivia's face. Jealousy now tinged their eyes, a green hue sparkling with envy. How dare he anger such a beautiful girlfriend! Is he mad? Even if he would not spoil her rotten, he should at least dote on and cherish her.

As Thomas caught sight of the intense stares fixed upon him, panic gripped his heart, momentarily unsettling his composure. Her distressing cries briefly swayed him, causing him to consider dating her. For a fleeting moment, he acknowledged a genuine fondness for her. However, that thought quickly dissipated as he regained his rationality. He realized that being in a relationship with her solely out of guilt or obligation was not an expression of true love. In addition, he understood that pursuing such a path would ultimately hurt her in the long run, and he couldn't bear to do that.

His emotions toward her were love and a solid sense of gratitude. She was Olivia Pearson, the person who helped him when he most needed help. She was the woman who brought color and light back into his world when he had sunk into dejection after Felice's betrayal. What man could resist a woman like her? Even so, he knew that he could not be with her.

"Are you even a man? How can you just watch her cry?" someone shouted.

"You've gone too far!" "Yeah! Comfort her! You have a tongue. Use it." The crowd could no longer watch in silence, and they soon shouted at him.

"Are you a scum like she said? Are you not going to take responsibility?" "Darn! Does he think he'll break a world record for the greatest cheater ever?"

Scoundrel!" Thomas sighed in response. He was not a person who was good at comforting others. If he were, he would have done so already. Why would he have done nothing? Anyway, one look at her face, and he knew that anything he said right now would be useless unless it was a declaration that he had changed his mind, that he liked her and would date her.

Then, he grabbed her wrist and their bags, then dragged them out of the restaurant. "Let's talk outside." He might find himself shamed to death if they stayed here any longer. While he typically disregarded people's opinions, he understood the impact of being openly berated in public. His own internal struggle, compounded with the external judgment he faced, left him with an overwhelming sense of distress. How he wished he could shout out to the skies, wondering what on earth he had done to make them angry.

The duo swiftly left the restaurant and the cursing crowd behind and headed back to the Maserati.

After lighting a cigarette and taking a deep puff, Thomas started the car and drove back to Serenity Clouds Villa.

“Well? Say something!” Olivia demanded. She angrily glared at him. The passing of over ten minutes in silence only fueled her irritation, intensifying her desire for answers and clarity.

His initial intention had not been to engage in a meaningful conversation. His decision to go outside was merely a pretext to leave the restaurant with her. At this instant, he wanted to retreat to the sanctuary of the villa and seek solace in the confines of his room. Thus, he shook his head and kept silent.

However, Olivia continued to cry as she asked, “You were lying when you said you didn’t like me, weren’t you? Why else would you be so nice to me? I can sense that you like me too. You risked your life and charged into the Hinds Residence just for me. You made enemies of the Pearsons, specifically Terrence, and Norman, just for me. You even gave me Keyshire Property. You killed your way through Capitalis just to rescue me!” Thomas’ mouth twitched, and he was about to speak when she interrupted him.

“Don’t tell me you’re nice to me only because I’m your friend or nonsense.

You’re way nicer to me than you should be to a friend. Even an idiot could see that!” “I’m sorry!” Thomas said. His cheeks were red, and his mood was very low. After a few moments of silence, those two words were the only words he could muster.

“Ha!” There was a blank look in her eyes. “In the end, you still don’t like me.” He hardened his heart and nodded. “Yes.” It was better to rip off the band-aid now. It would not be suitable for her to continue to love him. Why not seize this chance to kill off anything she felt for him?

She rolled down the window and looked at the scenery speeding past, letting the cold breeze dry her tears.

Soon, the car pulled to a stop inside the estate.

“Thomas!” “Huh?” He was about to carry the items out of the car when Olivia interrupted him.

“Have you never loved me before?” She sounded much calmer now.

“Not once.” Thomas’ heart ached with the desire to console Olivia and reveal his true feelings. The longing to envelop her in his arms and share the depth of his emotions surged within him.

Bang!

Olivia got out of the car, slamming the door behind her.

Thomas shook his head and followed her into the villa with the bags in his arms.

“You’re back. Have you eaten yet?” Chloe asked in greeting.

Overwhelmed by her emotions, Olivia’s cry escaped her lips before covering her mouth and darting up the stairs to her room, ignoring Chloe.

“What happened, Thomas?” Chloe asked him.

Do they have a fight? Why else would she be crying?

I’m Someone Else Chapter 397-“It’s nothing!” While saying this, Thomas shook his head dejectedly and trudged back to his bedroom. With a heavy heart, he listlessly let go of the stuff in his hand onto the floor, reached for the glass of water on the bedside table, and swiftly emptied its contents in one desperate gulp.

Aligned with his discerning nature and keen sense of priority, he settled comfortably on the bed, crossed his legs, and began to cultivate. The significance of enhancing his strength to protect those he cherished resonated deeply within him. Hence, the weight of this responsibility fueled his focus and intensified his commitment.

Meanwhile, Chloe stood in the hallway on the first floor, her mind reeling with disbelief. Her eyebrows slightly furrowed, prompting her to mutter softly, “How

can it possibly be nothing?” Even though she hadn’t been in a relationship before, she could tell that Thomas and Olivia had engaged in an argument. Since Olivia was her love rival, she should have felt a surge of satisfaction or triumph. Contrary to her expectations, a disquieting lack of happiness overcame her, and instead, a deep concern engulfed her thoughts, casting a cloud of anxiety over her mind. “Ugh! I should check on Olivia.” On the other hand, after greeting Olivia and knocking on the door, Ophelie entered her sister’s room. As she walked in, her attention was drawn to Olivia lying face down on the bed with her head covered by the blanket and sobbing uncontrollably. “What happened, Olivia? Say something! Did you quarrel with Thomas?” Despite her sister’s persistent probing, Olivia remained silent and continued to cry and lament her situation.

Meanwhile, at precisely midnight, four uninvited guests arrived at Villa No. 66 of Northpine Villa. They were the Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War hired by Abel at a substantial price.

During their flight to Irieson, the four meticulously scrutinized Thomas' profile.

No matter how they looked at it, Thomas appeared to be an unremarkable young man. Despite acknowledging his modest abilities, they found no reason to fear him. After all, when the four men combined their powers, they were confident in their ability to overpower and eliminate Thomas!

In their minds, Thomas was a defenseless fish on a cutting board, seemingly awaiting their ruthless slaughter. However, a perplexing thought nagged at them. Why don't the Flynns deal with Thomas personally if he is as ordinary as he appears? Why did they have to go to all the trouble and expense of hiring us to kill Thomas? Could the Flynns be aware of our recent financial struggles, which prompted them to engage in this peculiar act of apparent charity?

Since the Flynns had provided the Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War with Thomas' address, they arrived at Northpine Villa. Confidently, they burst through the door without hesitation, expecting to confront their target head-on, but their arrogance was replaced by astonishment. They saw the villa's furniture was meticulously wrapped in plastic to prevent dust accumulation. Hence, the four men stood dumbfounded, realizing their target was absent, and showed no intention of returning anytime soon!

Soon after, the four men reluctantly searched the villa again but couldn't find a single soul, not even a ghostly figure!

"Boss, there's no one here! What's going on? Do you think that brat knew about our whereabouts in advance?" When the group leader heard this, he entered a state of deep contemplation.

We'd never disclose our location; if there is a leak, it's only because the Flynns leaked it first. Also, their intel could be wrong, or this might not even be Thomas' current residence! Regardless of the likelihood, this is the Flynns' problem!

"Call the Flynns and convey to them that if it is indeed their fault that we were unable to eliminate the target, we cannot be held accountable! Also, let them know that the deposit will not be refunded!" In the meantime, Abel was equally astounded upon receiving the news. Two days ago, my men witnessed Thomas leaving Northpine Villa. So, how did he manage to vacate the villa before the Four Ghost-Faced War Demigods arrived?

He then ordered his men to look into Thomas' whereabouts, but after an exhaustive search, their efforts proved fruitless. With no other viable options, Abel reluctantly disclosed the address of Keyshire Property to the four men and instructed them to wait for Thomas there. He was resolute in his decision, unwilling to let his money go to waste.

Such was the peculiar dynamic with the Flynns. If it were any other employer, the Four Ghost-Faced Demigods of War would have abandoned the mission long ago. However, given the Flynns' considerable power and influence, they were compelled to tread cautiously and avoid provoking them. Reluctantly, the four men positioned themselves near Keyshire Property, meticulously planning their next move. Their strategy was clear— they would barge in and take his life upon Thomas' arrival in the morning!

"Hah! Hah!" At 5.00AM, Thomas was already practicing military boxing in the manor. The intense encounter with the Twin Demons had placed tremendous strain on him, highlighting the inadequacy of his close combat skills compared to his opponent.

Despite the old man imparting numerous martial arts techniques, mastering them within a limited timeframe proved challenging. At least until he obtained the Essence Fruit, he found himself devoid of the time to thoroughly study and refine those techniques. Dedicated to his practice, he persisted with his boxing practice until 7.00AM before finally making his way back to the villa.

In the meantime, Chloe had diligently prepared breakfast, and Adam, Olivia, and Ophelie had taken their places at the dining table, eagerly awaiting Thomas' return.

"Thomas, come and have breakfast." Chloe hurriedly greeted the man as he walked in.

After hearing this, he shook his head and declined, saying, "You guys go ahead and have breakfast. Don't wait for me." With that, he proceeded upstairs, determined to take a refreshing shower to cleanse himself from the sweat accumulated during his intense training.

Of course, it wasn't that he wasn't hungry. In fact, his stomach had been audibly rumbling for some time now, craving sustenance after his exertions. However, the prospect of sharing breakfast with Olivia made him uneasy, prompting him to decide that avoiding her for the time being was the better course of action.

On the other hand, as Olivia watched Thomas' figure leave her sight, a pang of profound sadness and disappointment washed over her, causing her to bow her head in contemplation.

In the meantime, Adam's gaze shifted from her to the direction Thomas had left, sensing a palpable shift in the atmosphere. With his seasoned experience, he could tell something was amiss when he noticed her reddened eyes earlier that morning. However, considering that no one had broached the subject, he felt it was not his place to inquire further.

"Never mind. Let's eat," Chloe declared, and with her words, everyone eagerly began digging in.

Deprived of a restful night's sleep, she was informed of the unfolding events due to Ophelie's relentless questioning of Olivia. The moment the mischievous girl unraveled the truth, she swiftly sought out Chloe to resolve the conflict between her sister and Thomas. In Ophelie's mind, Chloe had known him the longest, so she must have possessed the most profound understanding of his nature.

After discovering this, Chloe was torn inside. On the one hand, she couldn't help but feel reluctant about Olivia and him getting together, but on the other hand, she genuinely liked Olivia due to her beauty and kind-hearted nature. Despite this, she felt profound empathy and sincerely desired to spare Olivia any distress.

"Miss Pearson, I'm not trying to criticize you, but you're being too impatient." She pondered for a moment and finally spoke up. "Thomas is not like other men. If you want to win his heart, you must take it slowly. The more you push him, the less likely he will meet your expectations." When Adam heard this, he finally understood what had happened. After all the commotion, it turns out that Thomas has rejected Olivia. Then, he also chimed in, saying, "She's right. You're a beauty. As long as you have some patience, Thomas won't be able to escape from the palm of your hand." "Really?" Olivia raised her head and looked at the father-daughter duo before her. The genuine encouragement in their words reignited the flame of hope in her heart.

"Of course, Olivia. I can tell that myself, so why can't you?"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 398-Meanwhile, Ophelie's large eyes darted around. "Olivia, I have a shortcut to expedite things for you. You don't have to wait that long." "What is it?" Ophelie's words sparked the curiosity of everyone present. All eyes were fixed on her, their expressions filled with intrigue and bewilderment as they eagerly awaited the brilliant idea from this mischievous girl. "Hehe!" Then, she leaned close to her sister's ear and whispered a few words.

Olivia's face instantly turned crimson as she fervently shook her head. "No way!

That's impossible!" Her suggestion is excessively suggestive, and I can feel my cheeks burning with embarrassment at this very moment.

However, Chloe's eyes widened in astonishment as she became extremely curious about the idea Ophelie had come up with that made Olivia so shy.

In the meantime, Adam, being an experienced person, shook his head helplessly after a brief contemplation and decided to leave on his own. As an old man, he thought it would be best not to interfere in the discussions of the young ladies. He recognized that his presence might make it uncomfortable for them to talk about such topics freely.

When Ophelie realized Olivia had rejected her suggestion, she pursed her lips in disdain. "If you're unwilling to take risks, you won't gain anything. I'm confident that Thomas is just like any other ordinary man. If you follow my advice, he will unquestionably fall into the palm of your hand! Seize the initiative, be bold, and only then can you captivate his complete attention!" "Really?" Olivia bit her lip tightly. In truth, she was already wavering in her heart.

Although she had never worn such clothes before, she would try it if it meant capturing the man's attention.

On the other hand, Thomas sat on the bed after his shower and spoke with Rochka on the phone.

Rochka informed him that members from two other influential families in Irieson were also vying for the Essence Fruit. These families should not be underestimated since their strength was not inferior to the Morton and Peralta Families. However, they typically maintained a low profile, and unless someone was familiar with their backgrounds, they wouldn't recognize the descendants of these families for their prominent lineages.

"Thomas, if you can, please come earlier. Today, many people from prestigious backgrounds will be at Miles Auction House. If you arrive early, I can introduce you to them." "Sure!" Thomas readily agreed. Since he was about to establish the Clifford Family, he realized the importance of knowing more people and expanding his network. Following that, he headed downstairs and informed Olivia, "I have some matters to attend to later, so I won't be able to drive you. Ask the guards to take you to work." "Okay!" There was disappointment in her eyes as she nodded. She couldn't help but notice that since last night's incident, he had been actively or inadvertently avoiding her. Then, she said, "Take a seat and have breakfast with us. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day." After hearing this, Thomas observed Olivia's hopeful expression. He then glanced at the tempting and abundant breakfast spread on the table, causing his mouth to water. His stomach growled, and the prospect of heading to Miles Auction House without having a meal didn't sound ideal. Additionally, he anticipated that once the busy day commenced, he might not get another chance to eat for a while. With these considerations in mind, he made a firm decision, taking a seat and enthusiastically tucking into the delectable food before him.

"Chloe, I have something interesting to show you. Come with me!" As a sister-in arms, Ophelie felt a natural desire to create opportunities for her sister. Without waiting for Chloe to reply, she firmly grasped her arm and led her upstairs.

Contrarily, Chloe was aware of Ophelie's intentions. Before leaving the dining table, she glanced meaningfully at Thomas. Through the conversation between the Pearson sisters, Chloe could sense Olivia's apparent interest in seducing him, which naturally caused her concern. As a woman, she couldn't help but feel a tinge of jealousy towards

Olivia's attractiveness. She pondered the possibility of Olivia making a full-fledged attempt, unsure if he could resist her advances.

Please resist her seduction, Thomas! Chloe mused in her heart.

Shortly after, the once bustling hall became empty, leaving only Olivia and Thomas behind. There was a silence between them as they silently consumed their meals, keeping their heads down without uttering a word.

She couldn't resist stealing a glance at the man who was sitting right across from her. Suddenly, she felt a burst of frustration in her heart. Thomas Clifford, you idiot! No matter what happened, you made me cry last night! Shouldn't you take the initiative to apologize to me as a man? I was the one who took the initiative to confess. Do I have to apologize first, you blockhead?!

Despite the thoughts swirling in her mind, he seemed unperturbed. He wholeheartedly savored his meal, with one hand holding a piece of toast and the other balancing a plate. Moreover, he was famished and had significant matters to tend to later. The notion of facing those tasks on an empty stomach seemed inconceivable to him.

Meanwhile, Ophelie stood at the corner of the second floor, her fury simmering.

"Chloe, just look at Thomas. Has he been starving himself all day? Can't he find it in himself to take the initiative and say a single word?" she exclaimed in frustration.

Chloe chuckled in response and explained, "He has always been like that." When Olivia observed that Thomas had finished his meal and was now using a napkin to wipe his lips, she knew she had to seize the moment and take the initiative. She realized that if she didn't, she might not have a chance to spend time alone with him that day. Despite feeling aggrieved deep down, she began, "Thomas, I want to apologize for what happened last night." "Huh?" He was slightly taken aback as he raised his head to look at her. He couldn't understand why she would apologize when he believed he was at fault. Feeling flustered, he quickly averted his eyes, avoiding direct eye contact with her.

"You're not wrong. It's me who should apologize," he admitted.

At first, Olivia had reservations about following Ophelie's advice. However, she swiftly decided after witnessing Thomas' complete disregard for her. I will do as my sister has suggested! Since he is ignoring me, I will demonstrate to him how charismatic I am! Then, she stood up and left the dining table before him as it was almost time for her to get ready and go to work.

On the other hand, Thomas also left for Miles Auction House after washing the dishes.

Meanwhile, a fleet of luxury cars had already gathered at the entrance of Miles Auction House. As far as the eye could see, world-class luxury cars were parked everywhere,

while Thomas' limited-edition Maserati could only be considered average at best. It was evident that many distinguished families had gathered here today, and the competition for the Essence Fruit was intense like never before.

Rochka, dressed in a sophisticated Gucci suit, stood at the entrance of Miles Auction House, greeting the guests entering and leaving the hall. He immediately spotted Thomas, who had just stepped out of his car. In a hurry, he walked up to him and grabbed his hand. "You finally made it! Come, let me take you inside!" That scene left the onlookers at the entrance of Miles Auction House dumbfounded.

"Who is that young man with white hair?" "I don't know! I've never seen him around before." "He must hold an extraordinary identity to have Mr. Nett personally welcoming him!"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 399-As the auction was yet to commence, Rochka guided Thomas into the VIP lounge of Miles Auction House. Inside, a handful of distinguished figures from Irieson occupied scattered seats. Rochka then respectfully acknowledged each individual with a nod and a greeting before settling down beside Thomas, engaging him in light-hearted conversation.

Suddenly, eyes darted across the lounge, interlocking in silent acknowledgment as surprise flickered on their faces. They couldn't help but question the reason behind the gathering of these prominent figures in this very space. Yet, their intrigue deepened when Rochka, instead of engaging with the renowned figures, merely acknowledged them with a nod, opting to sit beside a young man adorned with striking white hair.

What is the identity of this young man who has captured Rochka's attention?

Despite Thomas being a 25-year-old man with a head full of white hair, the seasoned individuals in the VIP lounge could instinctively sense his youthfulness. They were astounded by the fact that someone seemingly unremarkable was receiving more prestigious treatment than their own. Despite their astonishment, none dared to take the initiative to approach and inquire.

Buzz! Buzz!

Two minutes after Thomas took a seat, his phone vibrated.

At this moment, John Morton, Samuel Peralta, Raymond Elliott, and Quincy Hofstead had individually reached out to Thomas, each sharing the exact purpose of notifying him about the forthcoming auction of the coveted Essence Fruit. Initially, on the previous day, they had promptly called him upon learning of the auction. Unfortunately, Thomas had unintentionally silenced his phone to maintain an uninterrupted state during his cultivation, causing him to miss several incoming calls.

Shortly after, Raymond entered the VIP lounge with his granddaughter, Rose.

“Thomas, y-your hair!” she exclaimed, her voice filled with shock. She couldn’t fathom what had transpired. What on earth has happened? Wasn’t Thomas perfectly fine before? Since when did he turn into an old man with white hair?

After hearing this, Thomas simply smiled in response. He had grown accustomed to the astonishment that inevitably followed the sight of his unique hair, and he saw no need to offer any explanation. Instead, he warmly greeted Raymond and sat down.

As Rochka observed that most guests had arrived, he took the initiative to introduce Thomas to the prominent figures in the room. Turning his attention to a distinguished individual, he proclaimed, “Thomas, allow me to present to you someone truly remarkable. This is Shane Lewis, the entertainment tycoon of Irieson.” “Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Lewis!” Thomas took the initiative to shake hands with Shane.

Before Rochka could continue, a burly old man beside Shane took the initiative and introduced himself. “Nice to meet you, Thomas. I’m Chris Zeller,” he said, extending his hand as he spoke.

Nevertheless, Thomas didn’t give it much thought and simply shook his hand.

Eh? However, in the instant their palms touched, he sensed something peculiar.

A surge of immense internal energy transmitted from Chris’ hand, indicating his strength. He was secretly shocked and realized he couldn’t afford to be careless. With swift reflexes, he promptly adjusted the internal energy within his own body to resist the force exerted by Chris. Shane and Chris are unquestionably from the two low-profile families mentioned by Rochka earlier!

“Mr. Clifford, you are truly remarkable!” Chris exclaimed sincerely. He had exerted only half of his strength, but he hadn’t expected Thomas to handle it with such ease. This unexpected display of resilience piqued Chris’ interest even more, deepening his intrigue in Thomas.

“You flatter me, Mr. Zeller.” The two soon released their hands and grew curious of each other.

Then, Rochka introduced another old man to Thomas. This old man was dressed casually, making him look slightly out of place compared to the other well-dressed individuals in the VIP lounge.

“Mr. Elio, may I ask if you’re not from Irieson, judging from your accent?” Thomas inquired, appreciating the old man’s relaxed manner and wanting to converse with him.

“Haha!” Kim Elio chuckled heartily. “I came from Capitalis. Young man, don’t you think you’ve dressed too casually? It might not be the most appropriate attire for this setting.” Like Kim, Thomas opted for casual attire, not because he didn’t value the occasion but simply because he wasn’t accustomed to wearing suits. He found comfort in casual clothing and believed it suited him better. Interestingly, he and Kim stood out from the crowd as the only two individuals at the auction who had chosen not to attend in formal attire.

Thomas shook his head. “I don’t like wearing suits. I prefer sticking back to casual wear.” “Oh?” Kim’s eyes brightened. He discovered that the young man in front of him was somewhat different. With a brief exchange, the two established a friendly relationship.

Soon, Shane and Chris joined the conversation, and the four of them chatted away.

Meanwhile, Rochka led everyone out of Miles Auction House since the venue was simply a gathering place and not where they would determine the new owner of the Essence Fruit.

Then, the three of them, Rochka, Thomas, and Rose, got into the same car.

Throughout the journey, her gaze remained fixed on Thomas, her curiosity piqued by his white hair. As she observed him closely, she found his distinctive hair quite appealing. She felt it added an intriguing touch of mature masculinity to his appearance, causing her heart to flutter.

When the long convoy reached the outskirts, the driver distributed blindfolds to everyone. Thomas willingly complied, understanding that each household had its own rules and customs, and as a guest, it was essential to follow the host’s lead.

On the contrary, Rose was somewhat displeased. She had accompanied the group primarily to be in Thomas’ company, and now with the blindfold, openly admiring him would be difficult. However, she swiftly devised a plan. “I’m scared, Thomas!” she exclaimed, leaning into his arms and seizing the opportunity to wrap her arms around his.

Nonetheless, he remained silent, understanding that it was reasonable for a young lady to feel scared, given that they were blindfolded and taken to an unfamiliar place. Unbeknownst to him, she was not an ordinary lady but the daughter of the influential Elliott Family, having been exposed to the world and its ways. Little did he know that she was deliberately taking advantage of him!

Screech!

The convoy of over 20 cars came to a stop. Then, a guide led everyone forward while they kept their blindfolds on.

“You may take off your blindfolds now, everyone.” After approximately thirty minutes of walking, a sense of unfamiliarity enveloped the group as they were unsure of their current location. A distinct sound caught their attention, prompting everyone to remove their blindfolds and discover they had arrived at a remodeled underground garage. They saw a staircase nearby that would lead them to a villa upstairs.

At this instant, a beautiful woman with a cold demeanor spoke to Rochka. “Mr.

Nett, please proceed according to the agreed-upon rules.” With that, she turned and ascended the staircase, elegantly departing without even glancing at Thomas and the rest.

After that, everyone made their way up the stairs one by one. In contrast, Thomas was aware that they would be performing medical consultations, so he chose to sit and patiently await his turn with a calm demeanor and no sense of urgency.

As the hours rolled by, attendees continued their ascent up the stairs, only to descend again later. Without exception, those who returned wore expressions of frustration.

Meanwhile, only four people in the spacious garage had not yet ascended the stairs. Among them were Thomas, Kim, Chris, and Shane. They exchanged glances before Chris stood up and suggested, “I’ll go and take a look!”

I’m Someone Else Chapter 400“-Damn it! I have never heard of such a bizarre illness in my whole life!” Raymond shook his head and sighed. He had already gone to check it out, but the result was simply helpless.

Meanwhile, Thomas keenly observed the reactions of Raymond and others who had performed the medical consultation. Each one returned with a distinct expression of disappointment and frustration etched upon their faces. It occurred to him that the other party was willing to offer the rare Essence Fruit as compensation because the disease they were dealing with proved exceptionally challenging to treat!

Twenty minutes later, Chris returned with a solemn expression on his face. His facial expression left no room for doubt—he had failed in his endeavor.

A chuckle escaped Kim’s lips as he said, “It seems quite challenging. Let me give it a try.” Despite his optimistic approach, his eventual outcome mirrored Chris’ as both returned empty-handed.

“What’s happening inside?” Thomas grew curious. What kind of illness is it that can possibly make so many skilled individuals powerless?

"The room upstairs is a remodeled ice cellar. Even the bed on which the person lies is crafted from ice blocks. I would estimate that the temperature inside the room reaches around -40 degrees Fahrenheit," Chris explained.

Then, Kim continued on Chris' behalf, "What's truly baffling is that despite the person's extraordinarily high body temperature, there are no visible issues with their skin or organs. It defies logic. If an average individual possessed such a high body temperature, they would have succumbed to it by now. Yet, this young man remains in an unconscious state." "An unusually high body temperature?" Thomas questioned.

"Yes. Look at my fingers!" Chris extended two fingers and showed them to him.

"Are those... blisters from the burn?" Thomas was shocked. He got a blister from a mere contact! Could that person still be considered human? As he narrowed his eyes, he carefully contemplated the amalgamation of the extremely high body temperature, the unconscious state, and the absence of other typical symptoms. Although suspicion brewed within him, he hesitated to fully embrace his hypothesis, uncertain if his intuition would prove accurate.

Afterward, everyone turned to stare at him, as he was the only one who hadn't yet entered the room.

"Thomas, how confident are you?" Rochka asked with a serious expression. It was understandable that he was nervous about the outcome. He is our last hope; if he fails, the Essence Fruit will be out of reach for anyone.

However, Thomas shook his head and replied, "I have to meet that person to find out." Straightening his clothes with resolve, he ascended the stairs without a hint of hesitation.

As others had described, a chilling sensation enveloped anyone who entered the room. The floor, tables, chairs, and benches were all crafted from ice, creating an otherworldly ambiance akin to stepping into a realm of snow. The ice bed within the bedroom stood out prominently, drawing anyone's attention. On closer examination, a faint white mist emanated from its surface. It was a result of the young man's elevated body temperature, causing the ice to evaporate before it could even melt.

Inside the bedroom, three individuals were present. Alongside the unconscious young man on the sickbed stood the familiar icy beauty he had encountered earlier. Also, standing beside her was an elderly man clad in a martial arts uniform. The old man possessed white hair, yet his countenance exuded a youthful vigor, accompanied by a hint of an otherworldly aura.

"Hmm!" As Thomas entered the room, the old man and the icy beauty sighed deeply.

Their expressions revealed a mixture of disappointment and skepticism. To them, Thomas appeared too young and inexperienced. With all the renowned experts failing to find a solution, their expectations for a young person like him were considerably low.

Nevertheless, Thomas paid no attention to the two of them and walked straight to the side of the ice bed, wanting to observe the young man.

Whoosh!

A wave of invisible heat seemed to radiate from the young man, washing over Thomas and causing him to instinctively take a step back, feeling its intensity upon his face.

“You may leave now!” While observing his reaction, the icy beauty promptly commanded him to leave. Clearly, if he cannot withstand the heat emanating from my brother, he cannot provide the required treatment. This young man appears to have arrived to participate in the commotion without any real expertise or solution.

“Leave?” Thomas glanced at her. “If I leave, he won’t be saved.” “It’s not that I look down on you, but you’re incapable of approaching my brother.

How can you treat him? Don’t waste everyone’s time. Please leave.” Then, he shook his head, raised his hand, and forcefully mobilized the internal energy in his elixir field. He extended two fingers and placed them on the young man’s wrist.

“Huh?” When the icy beauty and the elderly man saw this, they were slightly stunned.

“Peak of Profound Tier One!” They recognized Thomas’ strength as there were hardly any experts at the Profound level in the city, so they wondered if this young man was from a hidden sect. This is impossible, though, as he appears to be in his twenties.

Even if he were a disciple of a hidden sect, he couldn’t have attained the Profound level at such a young age. It just doesn’t make sense! After that, the elderly man and the icy beauty exchanged meaningful glances, their eyes reflecting a rekindled flame of hope. At that moment, they allowed themselves to entertain the possibility that this extraordinary young man could bring about an unexpected and delightful surprise.

“You—” At some point, the icy beauty walked over to Thomas’ side. Her brows furrowed as she stared intently at him.

“Do you know me?” Thomas asked, having just examined the young man’s pulse, his expression confused as he looked at the icy beauty. Logically speaking, given her striking appearance, he would surely remember if he had encountered her. Yet, try as he might, he couldn’t recall ever crossing paths with her.

“Thomas Clifford!” The icy beauty finally remembered. She used to attend Irieson First High in the same year as him. A memory resurfaced, reminding her of an incident where

she had been accidentally struck by his basketball while passing by the basketball court in their school days.

She had initially wanted to seek revenge, but after inquiring around, she found out that the person who had hit her with the ball was the top scorer on the SAT(s), but he had resolutely rejected the admission offer from Irieson's University of Technology. Instead, he enlisted in the military.

Harry Yves inquired, "Do you know him, Jenna?" Jenna Yves nodded in response. "Back when I attended Irieson First High, he was the one who hit me with a basketball!" After hearing the conversation between the two, Thomas' memory instantly clicked into place. "Jenna Yves!" he exclaimed, finally recognizing her.

Undoubtedly, she was the indisputable school belle of Irieson First High. During their school days, many male students held her in high admiration. While Felice was also considered attractive, she simply couldn't hold a candle to Jenna's captivating presence.

"Do you remember me now? You haven't apologized to me for that day. You just picked up the ball and ran away." "Um—" Thomas scratched his head awkwardly, not knowing what to say.

"Did you finish your military service?" "Yeah." "I remember you dated that girl called Felice Lott, didn't you? How are you two?"

"Are you two married now?" Jenna suddenly became gossipy.

Nonetheless, he was unwilling to delve into the topic of Felice or hear her name, so he swiftly redirected the conversation. "Let's stay focused on the matter at hand. I've heard rumors about the Essence Fruit's ability to enhance the internal strength of martial artists. Is there any truth to that?" After hearing this, Jenna and her grandfather, Harry, exchanged glances and nodded.

"Your family has more than one Essence Fruit, don't you?" As the two heard Thomas' statement, their expressions changed. They questioned what he meant by that. Thomas hadn't even cured the illness yet, and here he was, seemingly attempting to negotiate or raise the price. Their suspicions arose, questioning why he would inquire about the quantity of Essence Fruits they possessed.