

Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 4

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Thomas eyed Nate icily. He remained in his spot as he grabbed one of Nate's wrists with ease. His eyes narrowed. "Was it this hand? The one you used to touch my sister?"

To Nate, Thomas sounded like a demon who called out to him from behind the gates of hell. Every word struck fear into his soul.

The men that Nate brought with him cowered weakly as they stared at Thomas as if he were the devil incarnate. They couldn't even make a sound.

Crack!

The very next second, the sound of cracking bones rang out—Thomas had broken Nate's arm. His blood gushed out as the bone jutted out through the skin.

Clang!

The dagger fell to the ground, and the sound struck fear in everyone's hearts.

Thomas ignored Nate, who was writhing on the ground and screaming in agony, and he continued walking forward.

"Let's forget about it, Thomas!" Chloe was a little terrified as well. She knew the status Nate had in Irieson. He was one of the more vicious ones too. He had to be to run such a large loan shark syndicate in town. Anyone who pissed him off would probably not live to tell the tale.

"We can't forget about it! I don't care who he hurts, but I won't let him hurt you!"

Thomas' eyes were as cold as ice. Even the room seemed to grow a lot colder with his presence.

Right now, Thomas seemed to be under some kind of spell. He couldn't think of anything else except to give this Nate fellow a taste of his own medicine!

Thomas didn't have anyone he was close to anymore!

Once upon a time, the only person that kept him going was his ex-girlfriend, Felice, but now, even she had betrayed him.

The only person in this entire world that he could consider family now was Chloe!

Chloe was Zachary's little sister, which meant that she was his little sister too!

Anyone who hurts her must pay! If not with their life, then with their blood!

Even the humiliation that he suffered at Walt and Felice's hands didn't enrage Thomas as much as he was now. It was one thing to disrespect him, but he wasn't about to let anyone disrespect his sister!

Those who wanted to would have to take it up with his fists first!

"I'm scared, Thomas."

It was these words of Chloe's that made Thomas regain some clarity. At the same time, he stopped what he was about to do.

Nate's eyes flickered back and forth. He immediately sensed just how important Chloe was to Thomas, so he quickly changed tack. "I'm sorry, Chloe! I was wrong! Please ask your brother to have mercy on me! So long as your brother lets me off the hook, you can take all the time you want to pay me back! Take all the time you need! I won't come and hound you ever again! How's that?"

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes! I swear! We can forget about the debt entirely, as long as you have mercy on me today!"

Nate was on the verge of tears. He did love his money, but he loved his life even more.

"Thomas..."

Thomas exhaled heavily. "So, you owe him money?"

"Yeah!" Chloe nodded.

"How much?"

"I borrowed 40 thousand from their company for my father's surgery. It was so expensive that even the money my brother sent us wasn't enough to cover the medical fees. I had no choice but to take out a loan from a private lender, but who would've known that the debt would've increased to 50 thousand when barely a month has passed?"

Thomas eyed Nate. "Is that true?"

"Hey, man... Who cares about the money? It's not important! Don't bother paying it back! Just let me go."

Thomas opened up his bag to reveal a pile of cash that caught everyone's attention.

He took three thousand out of the pile and pocketed it before tossing the bag over to Nate. "You guys have no one but yourselves to blame for the injuries you've suffered today! We're not the

type to take advantage of others, so we'll pay the money that we're owed! There's 50 thousand in there, no more, no less. Go ahead and count it!"

Thomas' expression was a little unnatural because the 50 thousand was the death gratuity for Zachary!

The remaining three thousand was the savings he managed to build up from being frugal with his money over the last five years.

Using the 50 thousand was his last resort. He didn't want to touch that money, but he didn't go through the proper channels to leave his military base, so he didn't have any other funds or a veteran's pension at his disposal.

Nate gave Thomas a look as his mouth twitched.

"You want me to count the money? You broke one of my arms! How am I supposed to count the money? With my feet?"

That was what he wanted to say out loud. Naturally, he didn't. Life was good, and he wanted to carry on living.

"I don't need to count it! Not at all! You must be joking, sir!" Nate barked at his bunch of slack-eyed men. "What the f*ck are you guys waiting for? Hurry up and help me out of here!"

"Huh? Oh! Yes! Right away!"

Nate's men got up hastily before scampering off with Nate and the bag of money.

From the looks of it, they were afraid that if they were too slow, Thomas might change his mind.

Once the men were gone, Chloe turned to Thomas and said respectfully, "Thank you, Thomas!"

Thomas shook his head. Truth be told, he didn't think that Chloe should be thanking him for anything. All he did was use the compensation for Zachary's death to pay off his sister's loans. That was it.

However, Chloe wasn't about to let Thomas off just like that.

"Thomas!"

"Hm?"

"Is my brother... doing alright?"

Her words cut Thomas like a knife. It stabbed him right in the heart.

He tried to change the subject. "You said your father had surgery. How did it go? Is he okay now?"

He had previously heard that women had an uncannily accurate sixth sense. He didn't believe it back then, but he did now.

Chloe's smile faded. "Thomas, why are you changing the subject? Did something happen to my brother?"

Her expressive eyes became teary again. It looked like she was about to flood the room with her tears.

"Of course not! Your brother's fine," Thomas quickly refuted.

"Really?"

"Absolutely! Of course, it's real."

"Then, why hasn't he called me this month like he was supposed to?"

"That's because... he's on a mission in Africa right now. You know how bad reception can be in some places over there."

Thomas had no other option but to lie through his teeth. He didn't want the young woman in front of him to drown in sorrow.

"Oh! Hahaha! That's great!"

When it came down to it, Chloe was still a young and innocent girl. She was all smiles again once she heard what he said.

It wasn't the same as her previous polite smile. It was a genuine smile that came from the heart.

"By the way, Thomas, are you on a break right now? Is that why you're here in Irieson? When you return to the military base, please don't tell my brother about what's been going on with the family, okay?"

Thomas froze. He forgot to respond to her.

"Please, Thomas? Don't tell my brother about how we're doing. I don't want him to worry about us. If he asks, just say that everything's fine!"

Thomas nodded absent-mindedly. "Alright!"

"Yay! You're the best, Thomas! You won't lie to me, right?"

“Of course. I wouldn’t lie to you of all people.”

“Show me a smile, then.”

Thomas forced himself to flash her a faint smile.

He could tell that his smile was more of a grimace right now.

I’m Someone Else Chapter 5

Chloe made a trip to the nearest grocery shop and came back with some meat and vegetables. She prepared a delicious meal for Thomas right in the house she was renting.

“The food’s ready, Thomas. Give it a taste and see if you like my cooking.”

Thomas nodded. He was starving after everything that happened today.

Chloe was a pretty good cook. The food she made was excellent, and Thomas dug in heartily, but as he ate, he began to realize that she was only filling up his plate while she stuck with a few bites of mashed potatoes.

“Why aren’t you eating more, Chloe?”

“Oh! I’m on a diet, Thomas. You don’t need to worry about me. Have some more.”

“A diet?”

Thomas found it strange. It was the first time he had heard of someone going on a diet by eating mashed potatoes.

After the meal, he saw Chloe taking out several food containers and storing the leftovers in them. It was then that he realized what was going on. She wasn’t on a diet at all. The food was too precious to her. She wanted to bring it to her sickly father instead.

Thomas felt his heart twisting up.

He watched as Chloe walked off into the kitchen before closing his eyes. Those frail, slender shoulders of hers bore the weight of a burden far too heavy for her. A person her age shouldn’t be shouldering such heavy responsibilities.

He heaved out a heavy sigh.

He then opened his eyes. He took a deep breath and glanced around the room. It was small. All it could fit was a bed. The thing that caught his attention the most was the little slivers of blue skies that peeked through the ceiling.

He was overwhelmed with bitterness and regret, and he couldn't help but clench his fists. Was this the home of a hero?

There was nothing but four walls.

How could this be the home of a hero who served his country valiantly?

Zachary Hahn was a soldier! He served eight years in the army and gave up his life for the country!

When faced with the choice of choosing between his country and his family, he chose the former and willingly joined the army!

He was a hero—a bona fide hero.

He died an honorable death!

He did right by his brothers in arms, by his nation, and by the country's citizens!

The only person he didn't do right by was his little sister. They had been each other's strength ever since they were children.

Thomas would never forget the look in Zachary's eyes as he made his dying request. "Thomas, take care... of my little sister for me!"

A tried-and-true soldier would shed blood, not tears, but on the day when Zachary died, Thomas wept. He cried his heart out!

A hero.

The word hero weighed heavily on Thomas. Those who sacrificed themselves were heroes, and he, who survived, was filled with regret.

He balled his fists. His eyes were filled with determination. He decided that from now on, he was going to treat Zachary's sister as his own and not let anyone hurt her or humiliate her. He was going to change the Hahns' living situation! He wanted to ensure that they lacked for nothing!

Huff!

Thomas took a few deep breaths to calm down. After glancing around the room again, he decided to rent a new place for Chloe.

He left the house with his mind made up, but he couldn't help but feel a sense of helplessness as he felt about his pockets. Even the best of men were bested by money at times.

He squatted down by the street gloomily and started smoking a cigarette as he tried to come up with an idea.

“Hahaha! You’re a genius, Walt! Look at you pretending to be a poor, disabled man. True enough, that chick was so soft-hearted and sympathetic that she ended up drinking the drugged alcohol!”

“Of course! This goes to show that every cloud has a silver lining. Take a look at this chick. See how gorgeous she is? We’re in for a treat tonight!”

“You’re awesome, Walt!”

Thomas glanced in the direction where the voices were coming from. He spotted four men who looked like thugs, and they were dragging an unconscious young woman along with them.

The man in the lead had a peculiar get-up. Both of his wrists were wrapped up in thick layers of white bandage that was particularly noticeable in the darkness of night. The bandages kept his hands in place, and from a distance, he looked like a kangaroo!

“Huh? Why does he look so familiar?”

After taking a closer look, Thomas realized that the man was Walt Fisher, the guy whose wrists he had broken just earlier today!

One of the thugs had a sly grin on his face. “Guys, this chick is the bomb! Look at those breasts! And those long legs of hers. Tsk, tsk, I can’t hold it in much longer.”

Another one piped up, “That’s right. I feel like I’m burning up inside. Hey, let’s not wait until we get to the motel. It’s dark out now anyway, and there’s no one around. Let’s have some fun right now!”

“Yes! I’m with you! Let’s let off some steam first and carry on later when we get to the motel!”

Walt frowned. “Guys, that’s a good idea, but look at me. I can’t join in on the fun now!”

“Relax, Walt! You’re the one who got this chick for us. We’ll help you later and make sure you get your share of the pleasure!”

Walt chuckled. “Thanks, man!”

Thus, the bunch of thugs who were drunk on their lust began to tear the woman’s clothes off.

The woman wasn’t totally unconscious just yet. She did her best to struggle.

“Heh. Stop struggling, you little hussy. We’re going to take turns having fun with you tonight. You’ll have a great time, I promise!”

The woman's cries for help were muffled.

"Hahaha. See that? This chick is still trying to call for help. Well, I'm telling you right now. No one can save you now, not even if Zeus came down himself!"

"What if your father came?"

"Huh?"

The four men were startled. They immediately whipped their heads around.

What greeted them was the sight of Thomas in all his furious glory. His eyes were blazing with fire that seemed to be spilling out of him.

By listening to their exchange, he figured out what was happening. Thus, he knew that the four of them in front of him right now weren't fit to be called humans. They were monsters!

Heartless, savage monsters!

"Thomas Clifford?" Walt instinctively took a step back. It couldn't be helped. Today's events were still fresh in his mind, and he was traumatized by Thomas now.

However, he soon had a thought. Hang on. I'm not alone right now. I have three of my buddies with me! Why am I afraid of that punk, Thomas? Now's the chance for me to get my revenge!

"It really is you, Thomas, you b*stard! Didn't expect to see you so soon again. This time, I'm going to make you pay!"

