

Read Novel I'm Someone Else

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!"