

Read Novel I'm Someone Else

I'm Someone Else Chapter 6

"You know this kid, Walt?"

Walt sneered. "Know him? This b*stard broke my hands!"

"What?!"

The thugs were starting to get a little worried. Walt was one of the best fighters in the gang, and yet even his hands were broken by this guy. I don't think we should fight him.

Their fear did not escape Walt's eyes. He roared sternly, "What are you scared of? It's four to one! There's no way he can win!"

Confidence welled up within the thugs again.

"Wait, so that's the bozo soldier?"

"Oh, I've heard of him. Sad guy. He was in the military for eight years, and Walt f*cked his pretty girlfriend for eight whole years." Someone guffawed.

"And he gave that b*tch money every month. Bet he had no idea Walt got most of that money. Honestly, you're my idol, Walt. You took his money and f*cked his girl. I bet it's really fun, huh?"

Walt said calmly, "He broke my hands. Break his limbs and I'll let you sleep with his ex. She's one hell of a b*tch. You'll love her."

"Can do, Walt. We'll make him grovel like a dog."

"You mess with Walt, you mess with all of us."

"Heard that, moron? Walt's not the only one who gets to sleep with your ex now; we get to f*ck her sexy *ss too!"

The mockery was relentless, but none of these thugs noticed that Thomas had clenched his fists.

They call me a moron and bring up that b*tch's betrayal? That was akin to reopening his wound and rubbing salt in it.

And this *sshole named Walt is the reason I got humiliated. He trampled my dignity and tried to rape an innocent girl. He's a waste of space.

"Hey, someone seems angry. What do you want to do, break our hands?" The thug wearing a cap approached Thomas and tried to pat his cheeks.

Thomas was dubbed 'King of Marksmen'. He was proficient in any kind of firearm, but that didn't mean he couldn't engage in close-quarter combat.

And nobodies like this thug did not get to mock Thomas. Thomas grabbed the thug's hand and bent it back to break it.

Before the thug could even let out a scream, Thomas slammed his leg into his abdomen. The thug tumbled over and fainted right away.

He answered the thug's insolent question with brutal punishment.

The remaining thugs gasped in horror. They saw what happened. Holy sh*t. He cracked his hand back by a hundred and thirty degrees just like that. What kinda monster is he?

Thomas darted straight at the thugs and sent them flying back in a single instant. Before they even hit the ground, the thugs had already fainted.

Walt started to panic. "Y-You..."

Thomas snapped coldly, "What? I thought you wanted to break my limbs? Come on, then."

Walt felt humiliation well up within him. You finished off all the fighters in one fell swoop. How the hell can I even hurt you?

Panicked, he announced, "You can't do anything to me! I'm a Fierce Tiger!" He was hoping the name of his gang could scare him off.

"So what? I don't care who the f*ck you are. Even if you're the gang lord's kid, you'll still have to pay for what you did. Oh, but I won't kill you. That's a crime."

"W-What do you want?"

“Breaking your hands obviously wasn’t enough to teach you a lesson.”

A scream of agony pierced the night sky as Thomas crushed Walt’s knees under his feet.

Thomas then held up the unconscious woman and walked away from the scene. “Wake up, miss. Where do you live? I need to take you home.”

He kept calling out to her, but the woman’s eyes remained shut.

What should I do? It’s late. I can’t just dump her by the road. If some pervert shows up, she might get hurt.

Left with no other choice, Thomas took her to a nearby motel. “Hey, do you guys have any twin-bed rooms left?”

“Sorry. Only double-bed rooms are left.”

The receptionist was giving Thomas a weird look. Almost every couple is here for sex. We’ve canceled twin-bed rooms a long time ago. These guys are here for sex too, I think. But why does this guy need a twin-bed room? A double bed isn’t enough for him?

Thomas had no time to entertain the receptionist. He paid for the room in a hurry and came to the room. As he placed the unconscious woman on the bed, he complained, “I don’t have much money to start with, and now I have to spend seventy dollars on her.”

He looked around the room, but it was stark. Aside from a big bed and a couch, there was nothing in this room.

A frown knitted his brows. “This kinda room costs seventy dollars? I call bullsh*t.” He felt sorry for his wallet.

Thomas carefully went to the other side of the bed and lay down. The moment he closed his eyes, he felt something warm slithering up his leg. It made him shiver and open his eyes in terror.

The first thing he saw was a breathtakingly beautiful face—long, slender brows; eyes filled with desire; aquiline nose; and full, petite lips.

Thomas didn't have a close look earlier, but now that there was light in the room, he realized that the woman he saved was drop-dead gorgeous. The warmth on his leg came from her legs. "What do you want?"

And then she kissed him before he could react. His eyes went wide with disbelief. She took my first kiss!

And the woman went deeper with the kiss too. Thomas could hear her ragged breathing beside his ear. "Give it to me..."