

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 61-70

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 61

Before getting off work, Thomas deliberately checked Olivia's thermos. "Not bad. You finished everything."

"Huh." She rolled her eyes. "You think I was scared to drink it?"

"Exactly!" He nodded. "Don't all children hate bitter medicine and would make a fuss not to take them?"

"Are you calling me, your boss, a child, Thomas? I might just not pay you this month!" She pretended to be mad.

Then, they burst out laughing and headed to the basement parking lot together, where Thomas drove Olivia home. When they arrived at the entrance to her house, she gave him an intrigued look and asked, "Thomas, do you have a feeling that Molly likes you?"

"What?" He was shocked. Molly and I have only known each other for a few days. How can she already have feelings for me? That's insane. Back then, I spent a month pursuing Felice, and she only agreed to be my girlfriend after I helped her with something.

"Is this some kind of joke?"

"Of course not!" She hurriedly denied it. After careful observation, she noticed Molly's gaze was different when looking at Thomas. Her gaze was filled with affection and gentleness, something that would only appear when a woman looked at the man she adored. As a fellow woman, Olivia keenly caught that.

"I can see that she has feelings for you and would occasionally sneak a peek at you. Do you usually keep in touch with her after work?"

In the meantime, Thomas was surprised that the Most Beautiful Female Entrepreneur in Irieson would have such a gossipy side.

"No way. We don't usually keep in touch after work."

He was not lying because the first time he and Molly contacted each other privately was because she wanted to treat him to a meal as thanks. The

second time they met was when he could not find a dance partner, so he asked her to save the show, but that was it. If those two encounters could make a woman fall for him, would that not be an exaggeration of his charm?

Yet, Olivia shook her head because she was sure of Molly's feelings for him. But his reaction seems genuine. I guess he's clueless after all!

Moreover, he had no intention of dating again because his eight-year relationship with Felice had mentally exhausted him. His only wish was to take good care of Chloe and his father.

Love? Forget it. That was a luxury that he could live without.

"Thank you for the ride!" Afterward, Olivia exited the car and waved goodbye to him before returning to her apartment.

Thomas looked at the time and noticed it was already 8.30PM. At first, he planned on going home to change his clothes, but there was no time for that, so he could only head to his appointment.

At Twilight Bar, the brightly lit place was filled with hormonal people madly swaying their bodies to the loud music. This was where the city's white-collar citizens vent their emotions and the perfect place for the rich to find partners for one-night stands.

Twilight Bar was famous in Irieson. Though it was in a huge three-story building, only the first floor was open to the public, and only a few ever had the chance to head onto the second and third floors.

Thomas found a place to park his car and entered the building at precisely 9.00PM.

"Hey, handsome. What a drink?" When he arrived at the bar, he was immediately approached by a sexy woman in a mini-red dress. Once the woman parted her lips to speak, he was hit by a spellbinding aura.

"Excuse me, but I'm here for someone." He only glanced at the woman and forced himself to endure his displeasure.

"Pfft. Suit yourself." The woman rolled her eyes and left. She thought he was handsome, which was why she hit on him, but she did not expect he would be such a boring person.

“Mr. Clifford, you came!” Lester approached Thomas and urged, “Come on. I’ll lead you to the third floor. The boss has been waiting for a while.”

Nodding, Thomas followed Lester and headed straight toward the third floor. However, they were met with charming snickers just as they arrived on the second floor before they were surrounded by pretty women in mini dresses.

“Oh, my. Where did you get such a handsome man, Mr. Lush?”

“You’re leading him somewhere yourself. Seems like this cutie is an important man!”

“Obviously. He looks quite buffed, so he must be awesome in bed. How about a test drive?” Then, the group of hot girls started to surround him.

Lester hurriedly rejected them. “Shoo. Away with you. This man is the boss’ honored guest!”

Glancing at the group of enthusiastic women, Thomas deduced that behind their frivolous language were merely inexperienced women. It seemed like not all who worked at the bar did so for pleasure. Some resorted to it due to life circumstances, just like Chloe and this group of girls.

After they arrived at an office on the third floor, Lester knocked gently on the door. “Mr. Clifford, the boss is inside.”

Thomas pushed the door open and entered. Deep inside the room was an office desk, while a couch was placed in the middle of the room with a coffee table in front of it. Also, the entire room was permeated with a faint, pleasing lavender scent.

Sitting on the couch was a young woman in a light blue bodycon dress accentuating her shapely figure. Never would he thought the owner of Twilight Bar would be a woman, a gorgeous one at that! Even though the young woman’s head was bowed, he knew she had to be gorgeous because her seductive figure alone was enough to evoke the desire in countless men to conquer her.

At that moment, the woman looked up and met Thomas’ eyes. When their eyes met, he was dazed by her stunning beauty. Of all the women he had met, perhaps only Olivia could be compared to her looks.

"You must be Mr. Clifford, right?" The woman waved her hand to gesture for Lester to leave them alone. Then, she casually placed the accounting book she was flipping through to the side. "Please, have a seat."

Thomas was not shy and sat on the other end of the couch.

"I heard you've previously had an upsetting experience at our bar, so as the owner, I solemnly apologize for that and hope you can put it behind you." The pretty boss poured him a cup of tea and apologized sincerely.

He held a cigarette between his lips and asked, "That's all in the past, and I didn't take what happened to heart. May I know why you invited me here today?"

What he said surprised the woman because she was used to men trying their best to prolong their conversation. However, Thomas was different as he was straightforward and avoided a single

unnecessary word.

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Before meeting Thomas, Zoe Ginger had thought about what she would say to him and how she would deal with him. The only thing she failed to foresee was his openness.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Zoe Ginger, the boss of Twilight Bar."

"Zoe? That's a great name!" He politely praised.

"You're flattering me."

She was polite to him for a great reason. When she received news about Thomas beating up Harvey at the bar, she had specially ordered someone to keep an eye on the matter. She thought Thomas would have to suffer an unfavorable consequence after offending Harvey.

To her surprise, Harvey suddenly quieted down, and upon further investigating, she discovered Thomas had even taught Harvey's father, Joe, a lesson! Even more shockingly, the people who helped him were the young masters from the Morton and Peralta Families!

The man before her was best buddies with those two young masters, and with support from those two, Thomas could be said to rule Irieson. No wonder he had the guts to offend the Pattons! Besides an apology, she invited him here today because she needed his help!

Zoe took out a check from her pocket and placed it before Thomas. “Mr. Clifford, I invited you here because I want you to help me get revenge on someone. Here’s 750 thousand. Take it as a thank-you gift for helping me out.” Once she was done, she stared fixedly at him.

His brows tightened at that request. After everything, she wants me to get revenge for her?

“Mr. Clifford, I know it’s impolite of me to ask for your help right after we’ve just met...”

She knew that being friends with those two young masters meant Thomas would not take her offer seriously, but she never intended to soften him up with the money. She only wanted to show him her sincerity.

Meanwhile, Thomas remained in confusion. Zoe would not be able to sustain such a huge business without connections, so why did she turn to him when she could easily ask those big shots she was familiar with for help?

Feeling her heart racing, she became conflicted at his lack of response. It would already be impolite enough to ask that from someone close, let alone one she just met. Then, she gritted her teeth and pleaded, “Mr. Clifford, as long as you help me get my revenge, I will wholly submit to you. I... I’m still a virgin, so if you can help me...”

Plop!

After she spoke, she knelt before Thomas. She was not a frivolous woman, but she had no choice because only people like Sean Morton and William Peralta could do whatever they wanted in Irieson. Moreover, she was just a mere bar owner, so how could she compete with people like them?

Twilight Bar was her painstaking effort for many years, which she gradually brought up by establishing a good reputation. Thanks to the public assumption that she had backing and connections, it helped Twilight Bar to get to where it was today. More importantly, she would not be in her current situation in the first place if she had strong connections.

Zoe's actions startled Thomas. I don't even know you, but you gave me a big check right after we met. Then, you say you will wholly submit to me? Is this even necessary?

"Give me a reason to help you."

He did not reject her immediately because Lester was kind to Chloe when she worked there. Also, this meeting was made possible because Zoe pleaded with Lester, who asked Chloe for help. Therefore, he saw no harm in listening to what Zoe had to say.

When she heard that, her eyes instantly filled with hope as she quickly retrieved a picture from her desk and gave it to him. Subsequently, he saw a crowd having a meal together in the photograph.

"This group of b\*stards killed my brother and wanted to purchase my bar. I refused to sell, so they kept coming here to cause trouble. My brother was in the military. There was a year when he came home on vacation and saw them causing trouble at my bar. My brother was so angry that he fought with them and injured one of them. That guy only suffered superficial injuries and seemed fine, but that guy mysteriously died the next day! My brother was implicated in that matter, causing him to get fired from the military and sentenced to three years in jail. After that..."

At that point, tears ran down her cheeks as she continued, "After that, my brother got released from jail and got killed!"

"Oh, no!" Thomas sighed.

Zoe and Chloe had similar experiences, and he was also a former soldier, so it was upsetting to hear someone with the same occupation dying so unjustly. However, that could not become the deciding factor on whether he agreed to help Zoe. Injustice lay in every corner of the world, so how could he stick his nose in all of them?

After recalling that devastating incident, Zoe was crying her eyes out. Those men had become more insistent day after day, and she was only left with three days. By then, they would forcefully take over her bar, and she would become a plaything for the group's leader. At that point, she would rather give herself to Thomas than live such a horrible life. Perhaps this man, who knew Sean and William, could help her get her revenge!

“What’s your brother’s name?” Thomas put out his cigarette, asking casually.

“Dominic Ginger.”

“What? Come again?” His eyes widened in disbelief.

His tone stunned her. Why is he suddenly so worked up? And his eyes... seemed murderous.

“Answer the question!” he yelled out of anxiousness upon receiving her lack of response.

“Dominic Ginger...” She looked at him with terrified eyes.

That answer resembled a blow to his head before he froze. How could it be Dominic Ginger? That’s impossible! Maybe it’s just someone with the same name. Droycore is so densely populated, so that has to be the case...

“Do you have a picture? Show it to me!”

“Okay...” Without caring why Thomas would suddenly ask for a picture of her brother, Zoe rummaged through her desk to find one.

When Thomas just began his military career, there was a fellow soldier named Dominic Ginger. That man was forthright, humorous, and a bundle of joy during their dreadful days there. Not long after that, Thomas was transferred to a secret military base because of his excellent abilities and made a pact with Dominic, who was also from Irieson, that they would have a drink together once they retired.

Thomas begged that the person was not his buddy, but things did not go as he wished when he saw the picture. It’s him, Dominic. My comrade, my buddy!

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Thomas was dumbfounded and fell back onto the couch while staring at the picture; his eyes were void of any soul, and his face showed inexplicable sadness. During his eight years in the military, he had made only a few good friends. Today, Zachary was dead, and so was Dominic!

“Mr. Clifford, a-are you alright?” Zoe called out to him gently, confused by his reaction. Shouldn’t I be the upset one talking about my dead brother? Why is he like this?

When he heard her voice, he gave her a deep stare while his heart trembled. “Follow me!” He then rose to his feet and grabbed her hand, ready to leave the building.

She felt her heart thumping rapidly. Her instincts told her to shake her hand out of his grasp, but the warmth in her hand gave her a sense of security and even aroused a desire to lean into his embrace. It was that conflict that stopped her from breaking free. Then, she blushed because she realized he seemed to be pulling on her hand with great force...

When the two arrived on the first floor, they were shocked at the scene. The supposedly lively first floor was now entirely dark. The ear-deafening music and wiggling bodies had disappeared, leaving only a few lonely neon lights flashing.

What’s going on?

“Zoe Ginger, have you made a decision?” A frivolous voice appeared from the darkness. Then, the glaring lights in the room suddenly turned on.

The two narrowed their eyes and looked over to see a burly man in a black suit standing in the middle of the room while a young man with branded sportswear sat on the couch, smoking. When Zoe saw who it was, she subconsciously tightened her grip on Thomas’ hand, looking nervous.

Thomas glanced at the smoking young man. If he had guessed correctly, that guy had to be someone from the group she previously mentioned, and judging by the looks of it, this guy came alone today.

“Zoe, you’d better think carefully because you only have three more days. Once that’s over, your bar is ours! By then, you won’t get a penny and will have to become our plaything! Although Tigre previously mentioned he wants you to be his lover... Pfft.”

Lover? To hell with him. How can I let him have such a pretty woman for himself? Once that day comes, you must satisfy all of our desires. Then, we’ll give you to our subordinates once we’re done! Rather than regret your decision later, you’d better agree to my suggestion and submit yourself to me.



I'll give you all the money and status you want, which is much better than satisfying a bunch of men! Seeing that I'm in a good mood today, I will give you one last chance. If you still don't accept my offer, I'll resort to more forceful methods. I will ensure you learn how manly I am and how it is to be satisfied!

That man's words caused Zoe to shiver uncontrollably. She had heard rumors about Tigre Shawn. According to the tales, he and his buddies had once tortured a woman who disobeyed him to death!

Will I end up like that too? No way! Who would avenge Dominic if I died? I can't die! And Tigre, how bold of him to want me as his lover. That will never happen! I watched the video they took when killing Dominic, and Tigre is the most ruthless among them. He pulled out all ten of Dominic's fingernails! I would rather die than become that man's lover and give him my bar!

Sensing her rage, Thomas gently patted her on the shoulder, indicating that she should calm down. Yet, his actions attracted the man's attention. "Hey, brat. Who the f\*ck are you?"

How dare you hold my girl's hand! I'm going to chop it off and feed it to the dogs!

Thomas did not reply to him. Instead, he pulled Zoe to the couch and sat her down. "Does he have anything to do with Dominic's death?"

"Everything!" She angrily explained, "They're a group of eight. They killed Dominic together and even recorded everything! I watched the video and saw him hacking away Dominic's legs with an ax. Till this day, they still hold onto his corpse!"

She was gnashing her teeth so hard that they almost shattered. Killing someone was easy for them, but they did not give Dominic a quick ending and decided to torture him to his demise. They were simply inhumane! Back then, she even fainted while watching the video, and when she said they still had Dominic's corpse, it was only his head because those beasts had dismembered it!

They were a bunch of monsters. The couple who owned the hotel opposite Twilight Bar were also brutally killed because they did not pay the protection fee in time, while the group's subordinates defiled their only daughter. When

the daughter finally escaped, she became mentally unstable and chose to end her life. Those b\*stards were animals in human clothing!

Whoosh!

Zoe's words ignited Thomas' fury as he sprang up from the couch. However, the young man was too focused on her that he did not even notice Thomas. He shamelessly demanded, "Zoe, remember how you feel now because I want you to keep up that face. I love it when you look like that. Hahaha!"

The man's eyes were filled with lust as he wanted nothing more than to rush over and conquer her.

"You... You..." She was so angered by those lustful words that she could not speak properly. While pointing at his nose, she wanted nothing else but to end him right there.

"Haha! That's right! That's the face I like. Ravishing, attractive, very good!"

I've been with countless women, so you should thank god I've taken a fancy to you! If it weren't for your good looks, I wouldn't be here today to take away your virginity instead of those seven b\*stards! I have

to have the upper hand, don't I?

"Are those fifteen men your underlings?" Thomas walked to the bar and opened a bottle of red wine.

"Hey, you. You haven't answered my question. Who the hell are you? Do you think I won't kill you if you defy me? F\*ck you!"

How dare a random man touch my woman's hand when I have not enjoyed that luxury! You're dead!

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Thomas picked up the red wine bottle and drank its content in one go. After that, he seemed dissatisfied and opened another bottle before downing everything. He burped from drinking so much but was not red or drunk, unlike any ordinary individual would.

That action shocked everyone at the scene, wondering how someone could down bottles of wine like that. Even if it were beer, ingesting so quickly would

make one tipsy, but the man before them was not the slightest bit drunk. How high could his tolerance be?

When Thomas arrived in the middle of the room, he replied, "I'll tell you who I am. Zoe Ginger's brother, Dominic, was my best friend. My name is Thomas Clifford, and once I send you to hell, do tell Hades that I killed you!"

The young man reflexively shivered because Thomas' gaze was too horrifying, one that did not belong to a human. Instead, it was filled with hostility, and he felt like prey under his monstrous gaze. It only took one stare into Thomas' eyes for that young man to feel like he was freezing inside an ice cooler.

"Get him! What the hell? How dare you try to intimidate me! I'm going to rip you to pieces!" That young man could not stand Thomas' gaze any longer and gestured for his underlings to kill him!

Like magic, the fifteen burly men instantly took out their weapons and charged at Thomas. Zoe was terrified and widened her eyes, seeming to have seen his ending after facing those men.

While Thomas spoke earlier, she listened to every word he said but became confused. When did her brother become best friends with Thomas? At the sight of his expression, she could not help but believe what he said. After all, everyone in the room could sense Thomas' fury.

We're done for! However, what happened next shattered her ideology. To her surprise, Thomas shifted like lightning and grabbed one of the men's hands.

Crack!

"Ahh—" that man screamed in pain as his wrist was snapped.

Following that, Thomas took away the man's machete, but the other fourteen had already arrived next to him while wielding their machetes. To them, killing was a walk in the park, so their gazes were abnormally calm. They were professional hitmen, and the young man beside them was equally evil. Since their boss had ordered them to kill the target, what else could they do but comply?

"How obnoxious!" The young man scoffed coldly. No matter who you are, I will still rip you to pieces.

Before those fourteen men could swing their machetes, he saw Thomas' body suddenly shiver and disappear!

Huh? What's this? Where is he? How could he disappear like that? Is this some sort of magic trick? Those were questions going through everyone's mind.

Just as everyone was bewildered, Thomas' voice suddenly appeared. "Are you looking for me?"

Shunk! Shunk! Shunk!

While those hitmen turned around to look, they could only see a cold glint flash before them. Meanwhile, Thomas had increased his speed and was moving like lightning, piercing through the group of men!

Five seconds later, his figure appeared at the other end of the room while the hitmen stood where they were with their machetes raised in the air, remaining in their pre-strike movement. Under careful observation, one would notice their eyes were filled with different levels of shock, and some had even lost the light in their eyes.

"What the hell! Are you all paralyzed? Why are you standing there? Get him!" the young man roared, baffled at how everyone was frozen.

The best had yet to come. The following scene shocked him to the core as the fifteen hitmen dropped to the ground simultaneously, their bodies separated from their waists.

"Hiss!" The man took a sharp breath because he saw Thomas dashing at him from the other end while all his underlings were dead on the floor.

"Ahh!" Zoe fell to the ground as her knees weakened, baffled at such a gory scene.

This was not Earth anymore but hell! It had only been about ten seconds since Thomas began attacking, but all fifteen burly men were dead! How could someone have such a horrifying ability?

When he arrived at the bar, he grabbed the red wine bottle he had emptied earlier and held the man by his hair. Then, with a pang, he threw the bottle to the ground and gathered the pieces, calmly ordering, "Here. Eat them!"

How dare you kill my buddy! After so many years, I had only made a few good friends, but you guys are something. You killed one of my friends for a bar! And even tortured him to death! Fine. Don't you enjoy tormenting people? I'll give you a taste of your medicine. You're the first in line, and I will let every one of you see what real hell on Earth is!

"No... Please..." The young man was stunned, as he thought Thomas was not a human but the devil!

Naturally, Thomas had no patience to waste, so he viciously grabbed the man's jaw and dislocated it with a loud crack. Devastated, the helpless man could no longer make any noise besides muffled groans. After that, Thomas stuffed the glass down the man's throat, but since they were too large, he slammed his hand onto the young man's cheek.

Crack!

His force instantly pulverized the glass bottle! "Have at it!" Once that was done, he gave the man a hard kick, sending him over thirty feet away. The young man was long dead, and the glass shards in his mouth created a bloody scene.

Though what Thomas did was cruel, the man he killed was a sc\*mbag, so there was no need to show him mercy! A scum like him tortured Dominic to death for a bar and wanted to defile Zoe, and he also mercilessly killed the couple from the hotel opposite Twilight Bar because they paid their protection fees two days late. What was crueller was that they even raped the couple's only daughter until she lost her sanity!

That man had done many inhumane things without a guilty conscience. Today was merely retaliation for all the things he had done.

Coldly glancing at the corpse-filled room, Thomas made his way to the couch and sat down. "Where is Dominic's body?"

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William patted Sean on the shoulder. "Find someone to clean up these corpses first."

Sean snapped out of it and immediately instructed someone to clear the bodies.

When Thomas drove back to the rental house, Chloe had already fallen into a deep sleep. Yet, he did not dare to rest and instead headed to the kitchen to start brewing medicine.

Just as he finished brewing the medicine, he received a text message—it was from Olivia.

‘Remember to come to my house at 8.00PM. Don’t be late.’

At that moment, Olivia was lying on her bed with butterflies in her stomach and bouncing around nonstop.

Thomas was the first man she invited apart from her family.

He smiled and casually replied, “I won’t be late.”

Time passed quickly. Before he knew it, Olivia’s birthday was here. Since he had promised to celebrate her birthday, he would go.

It was already past 1.30AM when he poured the brewed medicine into a thermos. So, it shouldn’t be too cold when he gave it to Olivia in the morning.

Dominic’s death couldn’t be in vain, so Thomas couldn’t let Minacia Oito Irieson kill his brother even though the forces behind them were complicated!

Will, Sean, and the others have family ties thus, their concerns are understandable, but I don’t have any! So, I have to handle the remaining matters on my own. None of the remaining seven people

should live! As for the forces behind them, I don’t mind if they come looking for revenge. They can take my life as long as they are strong enough! I’m just afraid they aren’t strong enough!

The next morning, Thomas brought Olivia along with the medicine prepared for her to the company. He watched her drink before bidding her farewell and left.

He headed straight to a mansion on the western outskirts of Irieson.

This mansion was called Westsea Manor and it belonged to Bernard. He was the seventh-ranked member of the Minacia Oito Irieson.

Everyone addressed Bernard as Bern. Despite being the youngest, he was just as ruthless as his seven elder brothers since he had always enjoyed fighting and being brave. It was said that when he was twelve years old, he stabbed a classmate to death for the position of class leader. The scar on his face was a result of that incident.

The information provided by Sean and William yesterday was detailed as it even included the daily routine of Bern.

Thomas didn't rush to get in. Instead, he parked his car not far from Westsea Manor. He opened the car window and smoked a cigarette while observing the surroundings.

Security guards were patrolling inside the Westsea Manor and they were equipped with electric batons. At the entrance, there was a security guard booth where new guards would come to rotate shifts every two hours.

He checked the time and it was 10.00AM. During the past hour, Bern didn't return, which meant that he probably stayed here overnight and must be inside.

Thomas got off the car and swaggered toward the entrance but was stopped by two security guards.

"What the hell are you doing here? Get lost. This is not a place where you can throw a fit!"

"If you don't want to die, back off. Do you know where this is?"

Snap! Snap!

Thomas didn't waste time talking with the two guards. After they finished speaking, he swiftly grabbed their necks and broke them!

He glanced at the iron gate, grabbed the railing on top with one hand, exerted force with his legs, and effortlessly leaped over the 5-meter-high iron gate as if it were a small slope.

No one associated with Dominic's death would be spared. Whoever killed my brother will not survive! The first one to die today will be Bern. I have already decided his fate!

He didn't deliberately lighten his footsteps. The sound of his landing immediately attracted a group of security guards.

A bunch of them, at least twenty security guards, rushed out and stared at Thomas with hostility.

The leader of the security guards coldly asked, "Who the hell are you?"

This iron gate was made of reinforced steel, and the surrounding walls were thickened with special techniques. It would probably take a while if someone wanted to blow it up with explosives.

Not only was it strong, but it was damn tall. The lowest point in the entire mansion was the iron gate, which stood at a towering 5 meters. How could a normal person just jump over it? It was impossible!

Bernard was the one who ordered them to do all of these. The Minacia Oito Irieson were notorious for their wicked deeds because they not only offended ordinary people but also prominent families in Irieson.

He was petrified, especially after he had done so many outrageous things, and was worried that someone would come to seek revenge at his residence.

He had spent a staggering 30 million on the security measures of Westsea Manor alone! The security guards in the courtyard were all veterans. Moreover, four experts provided him with 24-hour personal protection.

Thomas glanced at the head of the bodyguards, said nothing, and charged forward.

There was no need to talk with these henchmen of the evildoers!

Within three minutes, over twenty security guards were lying on the ground, lifeless. The entire courtyard had turned into bloodshed.

He stepped on the blood-soaked ground and walked steadily toward the villa in the middle of the estate. Then, he glanced up and noticed two high-definition cameras pointed directly at him in front of the villa's entrance.

His body was covered in bloodstains, even with blood at the corners of his mouth. He stuck out his tongue and licked the blood on his lips, giving a sinister smile toward the cameras.



Thomas knew well that he couldn't hold back against the security guards just now. If he didn't kill them, it would be him who ended up dead once they recovered.

He lit a cigarette, took a deep drag, and strode into the villa.

"Oh! It looks like we have someone fearless enough to break in! Damn!"

As soon as he entered the villa, a contemptuous mocking voice rang.

Three men appeared before him. They were different from the previous security guards as their cold and bloodthirsty eyes revealed that they were dangerous.

The leader had thick calluses on his palms, which indicated that he specialized in palm techniques, while the other two had powerful and sturdy legs that illustrated their expertise in leg techniques.

It seemed that Bernard valued his life as he had hired such skilled individuals.

"Attack!" The leader waved his hand, and the other two men charged at Thomas.

One of the men aimed a flying kick at his cheek.

Thomas didn't dodge. Instead, he threw a punch at the man's kicking leg.

Bang!

Crack!

The man felt an excruciating pain in his leg. Although he intended to retract his leg, it was already too late as he fell to the ground with a miserable scream.

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"I-It's with the guy called Tigre." Zoe awoke from her daze and trembled uncontrollably. The scene before her was too horrifying.

Thomas nodded and took out his phone to call Sean. No one was better than Sean and William when it came to investigating people, and Thomas was eager to know who Dominic's killers were.

In the meantime, Sean was reading a book when he received Thomas' call. When he heard what happened to Dominic, he was instantly enraged and cursed into the phone. "Thomas, wait right there. I'll be there in a minute." Then, he quickly changed his clothes and ran out of his villa, not forgetting to inform William on his way.

Although they were not acquainted with Dominic, Thomas' best friend, they considered him their buddy regardless. Therefore, they had to avenge their friend, who had been mercilessly tortured to death!

Thomas sat on the couch, smoking and quietly awaiting Sean and William's arrival. As for Zoe, she did not dare to make a sound and sat there with an ashen face. She would occasionally sneak a glance at the man, wondering, How could this Thomas guy be so cruel? He killed sixteen people in a split second. Sixteen lives are gone just like that!

Half an hour later, Sean and William arrived at Twilight Bar, but the gory scene did not shock them at the least. Since they grew up in prestigious families, they had seen more ruthless scenes than this one.

"Johnson Kutcher!" William immediately recognized the man in the sportswear. He was a member of the Minacia Oito Irieson and was a known sc\*mbag in the country.

"You guys recognize this man?" asked Thomas.

"We do. He's one of the notorious Minacia Oito Irieson members, Johnson Kutcher," Sean replied while approaching the bar to make three cocktails before proffering them to William and Thomas.

"Minacia Oito Irieson? What kind of organization is that?"

"To put it simply, it's an organization made up of eight ruffians, and this guy ranks seventh among them."

Nodding, Thomas requested, "Get me the information on the other seven, especially the one called Tigre. He has Dominic's corpse."

"Uh..."

"Thomas..."

The duo looked at each other, obviously stumped by what Thomas had asked of them. Then, they gave him a hesitant look.

Thomas finished his cocktail. "You don't have to hide anything from me. Just speak your mind."

"The Minacia Oito Irieson is a force to reckon with, and their internal forces are complicatedly intertwined. If we act rashly, we might bring trouble onto ourselves and cause a huge commotion that would spiral out of control."

Sean and William seemed worried. It was not because they did not want to help, but this matter was enormous. They would have to kill all eight of them to eradicate the organization. Otherwise, there would be endless trouble.

Hearing that, Thomas set his glass on the table before putting a cigarette between his lips, to which Sean quickly lit it. While staring at Johnson's corpse, Thomas felt no fear or compassion, only endless fury.

"Thomas, we will deal with Minacia Oito Irieson, but it must be done in the long run, and we must make comprehensive arrangements. Frankly, even our two families might not be able to compete with the

hidden forces behind all eight of them," William explained solemnly.

"He's right, Thomas. We have to devise a full plan for this," Sean concurred with William.

Thomas looked at his two friends and took a drag of his cigarette. "Just give me all the information on Minacia Oito Irieson. I'd love to see how capable they are!"

At that, Sean and William gazed at each other and knew Thomas was serious. Not daring to dissuade him anymore, the two went aside to make phone calls.

Zoe, sitting on the side, watched them quietly because she could not intervene in their conversation. Sean and William were people she only knew from the 'lore,' ones she could never get in touch with based on her identity and status. Moreover, it was only thanks to Thomas that she could meet them.

At the thought of him, she felt like she needed to thank Lester because if he had not been kind to Chloe, perhaps Thomas would not have agreed to help her. Now that things had escalated to this point, she remained clueless as to

why Thomas would go all out to help her, forgetting that he called Dominic his best friend.

Not long after that, Thomas received the information on Minacia Oito Irieson. Then, he sat on the couch and began carefully reading through them. The other three sat quietly on the side, afraid they would distract him.

After two hours, Thomas finally finished perusing the information and understood why Sean and William were wary of those eight sc\*mbags. They were indeed resourceful and had hidden forces protecting them. It was no wonder why they could act so arrogantly.

Rising to his feet, he informed the others, "Alright. You two stay out of this matter and leave it to me." He did not want to put his friends in a difficult spot because they were not in the same situation. While

he was alone and had no commitments, those two represented their families. "I'd need your help to protect her and this bar. She's Dominic's sister, and I don't want her to suffer any more grievances. I believe it's not a difficult task for the two of you," he added.

"Don't worry, Thomas. No one can lay their hands on Twilight Bar as long as we're still alive and breathing!" Sean and Thomas swore while patting their chests. Though eradicating the Minacia Oito Irieson might be difficult for them, protecting a bar was breezy, and they believed no one in Irieson would dare to go against them.

After getting their promise, Thomas finally felt assured. He put out his cigarette and left the bar. The duo watched his departing figure as their faces slowly darkened. They could already tell a heavy storm was on its way...

I'm Someone Else Chapter 67

An ordinary person could not withstand the force behind Thomas' punch. Even for a man who was experienced in countless battles, he wouldn't be able to sustain this punch!

Being the King of Gunmen wasn't just about mastery of firearms and shooting; Thomas' close combat skills were equally terrifying!

This punch directly shattered the bones on the man's kicking leg the moment their bodies made contact.

Bang!

The same thing happened to the other man. Neither of them could withstand even a single move from Thomas and were knocked down by his punch.

One move was enough to defeat them!

Thomas demonstrated this phrase to the extreme. It didn't matter how fancy their leg techniques were or how tricky their attacking angles were—it was all insignificant under the overwhelming power of absolute strength.

Without hesitation, he stepped forward and kicked the heads of the two men. Instantly, they stopped breathing.

“What the...!” The leader was shocked. Where did such a terrifying person come from? His two comrades, right in front of him, were as fragile as three-year-old children. With just one punch from this person, they all ended up lying on the ground!

Before the man could come to his senses, he felt a powerful grip on his throat, preventing him from breathing.

Crash!

Thomas pressed the man against the wall and coldly said, “Just as you said, I entered here because I'm not afraid of death. But with your mediocre skills, you are far from killing me!”

Crack!

He directly snapped his neck.

“Not bad, not bad!”

“Quite interesting.”

“Hmm, these skills are good enough. It piques my interest to fight.”

The four of them exclaimed sincerely. It should be noted that ever since they took on this protection task, they had never taken action. Ordinary people couldn't even enter the estate, and anyone slightly more formidable would be taken care of within the courtyard. However, this young man had made his way to the interior of the villa and effortlessly killed the three villa guards. It

seemed like the four of them could stretch their muscles and move around today.

Thomas had long sensed someone approaching from behind, so he wasn't surprised when he heard the sound behind him.

He slowly turned around and looked at the four people in front of him.

All four of them had appeared in the dossier. It clearly stated that they were experts in the bodyguard industry.

He smiled lightly, hoping they could provide him with some surprises, unlike the previous bunch who were no more than empty vessels.

One of the four men, dressed in a dark green suit casually asked, "Are you guys ready to take care of this kid?"

Their casual attitude seemed as if their target wasn't Thomas but rather a chicken or a duck.

"Boss, let me handle him." A bald bodyguard stepped forward, flexing his wrist joints.

"Haha, I bet 7 thousand 5 hundred that this kid will lose!"

"You're going too far, Tristan. Are you unsure of Fordan's abilities by betting so low? I bet 14 thousand!"

"Boss, how much are you betting?" The other two bodyguards looked at the man in the dark green suit. They finally had a chance to take action and couldn't let it go to waste.

"I bet 30 thousand. I bet this kid won't be able to take Fordan's move!" the man in the dark blue suit said with a smile, clearly not taking Thomas seriously.

"Fordan, did you hear that? It's up to you next!"

"Don't worry! Him? One move is enough to twist his head off!" Fordan waved his hand confidently at his three brothers.

He had originally planned to toy with Thomas like a cat playing with a mouse, but since his three brothers had spoken, he could only kill him with a thunderous approach, taking him down in one move!

Thomas looked at the four of them bet without saying a word. He couldn't tolerate it any longer. They were about to die, and they were still betting? There would be plenty of time for them to gamble in hell!

He stepped forward swiftly and threw a powerful and domineering punch straight toward Fordan's face.

Bang!

His vision blurred for a moment, and then he felt an excruciating pain in his face. His whole body was sent flying and crashed heavily onto the ground, ending him right there and then.

Thomas shook his hand and stared at the remaining three people with a playful expression. How dare they boast about killing me in one move with this level of strength? They're simply delusional!

Bodyguards? How were these few people worthy of being called bodyguards? What qualifications did they have to be called bodyguards? Trash like them? Whom could they protect?

True bodyguards in the city were unequaled. Only then could they give peace of mind to their employers. The people before him were nothing more than formulaically trained individuals, unworthy of being called bodyguards!

"F\*ck you! Go to hell!"

The remaining three people quickly reacted after witnessing their brother's death. They all rushed toward Thomas without discussing who should go and kill him first.

Their attacks were imminent, but Thomas swiftly retreated to the side of the wall, evading them. He planted one foot on the wall, using the momentum to launch himself into the air. With a powerful whip kick, he swept toward the faces of the three individuals.

His movements were lightning-fast, flowing smoothly. He defeated them in one breath.

The three individuals didn't even have time to figure out what was happening. All they knew was that their punches missed, and the next second, they were struck by Thomas' whip kick!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

This scene was exceptionally horrifying. Their heads couldn't withstand the tremendous impact force, rotating 180 degrees. They didn't even have a chance to scream before they all fell to the ground, dead.

The four of them were truly arrogant! If they had exceptional abilities, it would be somewhat understandable for them to be arrogant. But the fact was that in Thomas' eyes, not even one of them qualified as a competent bodyguard. Yet they dared to show off in front of him, which only hastened their deaths.

One move? You guys want to twist off my head in one move? Bullsh\*t! I can knock out all four of you with just one move! You're so arrogant! Why don't you continue to be arrogant?

Thomas disdainfully sneered, "You guys talk a big game, but in reality, you're nothing more than a bunch of show-offs!"

According to the information, these four individuals were Bernard's last reliance. He knew after this was time for today's protagonist to take the stage.

He lifted his foot and headed straight for the second floor.

"Darling, don't run away. I can't hold back anymore. Come!"

"Oh, dear! Honey, please be patient. I'm not ready yet."

"Well, you better hurry up. You said you were just changing, but it's been so long. If you don't come out soon, I won't be happy!"

"Honey, you're so heartless. Who am I doing this for?"

I'm Someone Else Chapter 68

Thomas came to the second floor and heard a conversation from a bedroom. If he was right, the man inside was Bernard Xenon. The sources are right. Like Johnson, this guy likes to fool around with women. Thomas barged into the room.



“Who the f\*ck are you? Who let you in?” Bernard was sitting on the bed, staring at Thomas with widened eyes. He told his men to never let anyone into the room unless he explicitly ordered it. And this guy barged right in unannounced. What am I, chopped liver?

Thomas had no interest in talking to a dead man, and he quickly covered Bernard’s mouth.

It was then Bernard realized this man was not his underling. None of his lackeys would ever attack him, or he would have them killed. So, who is this guy? And how did he get in? I spent more than forty million on this manor’s defenses, and he got past everything?

His questions were left unanswered, and sadly, he would never get the answers. Thomas was holding the top of his head with one hand and his chin with his other, then Thomas twisted his head. There was a loud crack.

Thomas took out his dagger and cut off Bernard’s head, then he wrapped it up with the blanket.

The bathroom was shielded by a layer of translucent glass. From where Thomas stood, he could see the silhouette of a woman standing inside. He would like to kill her, but then he dashed the idea. She’s just his lover, and she didn’t see my face. I can let her go.

Aside from the woman in the bathroom, everyone in Westsea Manor was dead. Westsea Manor? More like Deadsea Manor. Thomas returned to his house and placed the ‘trophy’ on the table, then he took a cold shower and changed into clean clothes. I can’t go back to work looking like hell, or everyone’s going to have a heart attack.

Two down, six to go. Minacia Oito Irieson will fall by my hands. Thomas had destroyed two of the menaces in two days.

“Thomas!” Molly huddled closer and called out to Thomas softly when he came back to work.

“What is it?”

“I think the president’s sick,” muttered Molly. “She’s lying on the couch, probably down with a fever. Her face is red, and she won’t stop perspiring. I told her to go to a hospital, but she said she’s fine.”

Thomas went to the president's office and saw Olivia lying on the couch with her eyes closed. She was sound asleep, and her bangs were drenched in sweat, though that only made her look more alluring.

Thomas frowned and approached the couch, then he wiped her sweat off with a tissue. He then took his coat off and draped it over her so she wouldn't catch a cold. He knew more than anyone that Olivia wasn't sick; his drug had kicked in, and anyone who had taken that drug would feel drowsy, though they would be fine after a nap.

Molly was a little jealous. He's so nice to her. I want him to be nice to me too. Wait a minute, what am I thinking? Of course, he's nice to her. I mean, it's Olivia. She's the prettiest woman in Irieson, and her family's ten times stronger than mine.

She shook her head and went back to her desk to work.

He walked to the window and lit up a cigarette. "Just you watch, Dominic. I won't rest until those who have hurt you are dead. I'll cut their worthless heads off. Now, there's only six of them left."

There was a fire burning in Thomas' eyes, and he stared up at the overcast sky, his face contorted with rage. I don't have to worry about Zoe. Sean and William can keep her safe. Minacia Oito might be

powerful, but not even they would go head-to-head against the Mortons and the Peralta Family. Those families are powerful.

Olivia woke up at five. "What's that smell?" She sniffed the air and caught the whiff of a cigarette. It smelled nice. She opened her eyes and saw a men's coat over her, and on the other end of the couch was Thomas keeping watch over her. Olivia's face turned red. So, this coat is his, huh? Oh my God, what's happening to me? I used to be an insomniac, but somehow, I keep wanting to sleep lately. I can't believe I fell asleep at work today. What's happening to me? I don't think anything's wrong with me. My body feels light, and my mind feels refreshed. All the pain I felt is gone. Maybe I've been working too much.

"You're awake." Thomas smiled.

"Yep." Olivia nodded and tried to sit up.

Since Thomas might get in the way, he stood up and looked at her.

However, all the sleeping had sapped Olivia of her strength. She could barely muster any power, and before she could sit up, she gasped. Worried, Thomas held her shoulder while she wrapped her arms around his hips instinctively, but she fell back down again. Caught by surprise, Thomas fell down onto the couch as well.

A hint of warmth came from Olivia's lips. This little... accident caused them to kiss, and silence fell upon them.

The kiss was unexpected, and nobody moved or talked for a moment. One was on the couch, while the other was bent over. Olivia was still holding Thomas in her arms. If anyone else had seen this, they would have thought Olivia was the one wanting a kiss. He has nice eyes. It was Olivia's first time seeing Thomas' eyes at point-blank range. His eyes were brown, but they felt like an abyss—deep,

dark, and brooding. That wasn't the look a young man should have. Only those who had seen the darkness of this world could have that kind of gaze.

I'm Someone Else Chapter 69

Just how much has he gone through to have a gaze like that?

A man with a story was undeniably attractive, especially for a woman like Olivia who was young and inexperienced when it came to love.

After a while, Olivia finally came back to her senses and pushed Thomas away. Their passionate kiss finally came to an end.

I kissed him! How mortifying! That was my first kiss! How did I lose it just like that?

Alas, Olivia had no idea that she had already given Thomas her first kiss a long time ago during the night they first met.

Thank goodness no one else came into the office. Otherwise, who knows what they would say about me?

Olivia walked over to the desk. She looked a little flustered as she gathered her things. Her gorgeous face was as red as the apple that tempted Snow White. One couldn't help but feel the urge to take a bite.

Thomas was feeling a little awkward too. Why did I let Olivia pull me down? Not only that, but we even kissed. What...

"L-Let's go. I'm getting off work earlier today," Olivia mumbled with her bag in hand before she brushed past Thomas and fled the office.

Thomas sighed and put on his jacket before following Olivia out.

It's good that we're leaving earlier. Once I drop her off, I still have time to prepare a birthday present for her.

He didn't forget that it was Olivia's birthday today.

Olivia didn't head back to her own apartment. She had Thomas drop her off at Pearson Residence, the Pearsons' family home.

Birthdays were an important occasion. It stood to reason that she would spend the day with her family. She also invited a few of her friends to celebrate with her and she couldn't quite possibly fit her family and her friends into her tiny apartment.

Neither one of them spoke throughout the drive. Olivia kept her eyes fixed on the view outside the window.

Thomas had no choice but to play some music to ease the awkward tension between them.

After dropping Olivia off, Thomas went back to his rented accommodation and searched his belongings until he found a jade the size of his thumb. It came into his possession by chance when he was carrying out a mission in Southern Africa.

Clang, clang!

Thomas fixed the jade on the floor with one hand as he carved with the blade in his other hand.

"Phew!" He let out an exhale and took the carved jade to the kitchen. Then, he turned the stove on and heated up the blade.

Once the blade was fiery red, he turned off the stove and continued carving the jade.

Thud, thud!

Half an hour later, Thomas' forehead was covered in sweat. He looked at the jade which was now in the shape of a rose.

Now that he was done, he wiped off his sweat, put on his jacket, pocketed the jade, and left the house.

Meanwhile, Chloe was at the hospital. She came out of her father's ward with an insulated flask in hand as she wanted to get some hot water and help her father wash up a bit.

However, she had only taken a few steps when she started feeling light-headed. Her eyes fluttered shut and she slumped to the ground.

"Oh, my! Someone fainted!"

"Quick! Call the doctor!"

By the time Chloe woke up again, she was lying in a hospital bed. A middle-aged doctor was looking at her sympathetically. He handed a report to her without saying anything.

Chloe shook her head and took a look at the report before breaking into a bitter smile.

"There's still a few months. Make the most of your time," the doctor said before leaving.

She's a lovely young woman in the prime of her life! What a cruel twist of fate!

"Cancer! Stage 4 cancer!"

Chloe's feelings were so complicated that even she couldn't figure out what she was feeling.

Was it fear? Anxiety? Perhaps relief? Life had been far too draining for her, especially since her brother joined the service. Far too many things happened to the family after his departure and her weak shoulders were burdened with way more than she could handle. She was exhausted. She was well and truly exhausted.

Thomas didn't know about Chloe's condition.

It was still early so he wasn't in a rush as he drove down the road.

Screech!

A Mercedes-Benz shot out at the intersection and came to a grinding halt in front of Thomas' car.

"What the hell?!"

Thomas cursed and quickly slammed on the brakes.

He would've run into the car if he hadn't reacted just in the nick of time!

Thomas cranked open the window to see what was up with that Mercedes-Benz. Could it be that infamous destroyer of cars? The one that makes everyone quake in their boots?

However, the driver of the Mercedes-Benz didn't seem to be interested in talking to Thomas. The car turned around and shot off.

Thomas shook his head and said nothing. He was about to drive off when his brows furrowed tightly.

"Something's not right!"

Boom!

Thomas' car exploded with a loud bang. The fragmented scraps of his car flew far and wide as the car burst into flames.

The force of the explosion destroyed the windshield of the car behind the BMW, but thankfully, no one was injured.

"What on earth? Are they shooting a movie? Why did the car explode all of a sudden?"

"Movie, my foot! My windshield shattered! It's a real explosion!"

"The driver slammed on the brakes just now."

"Slamming on the brakes wouldn't be enough to make the car explode."

The drivers on the road as well as the pedestrians by the side were fervently discussing the situation as they stared at the flames.

With an explosion like this, it was impossible for the person inside the car to still be alive. There was no point in trying to mount a rescue attempt. Some of them called the police as it was better to leave such matters to the authorities.

“Hey! I’m back, Olivia! Happy birthday!” Ophelie had a large cake in hand as she skipped over to Olivia.

“What took you so long?” Olivia questioned jokingly. “Dad said you went out for at least two hours. Any longer and we would be out searching for you instead of celebrating my birthday!”

“Ugh. Let’s not talk about it. One of the roads was blocked. Apparently, a car exploded there so the police closed off the road. I had to take the long way to come back.”

As soon as Ophelie finished speaking, Olivia’s friends quickly whipped their phones out. “Come and see, Olivia! Someone took a video of the explosion!”

“How did the car explode?” Olivia was startled by the explosion in the video.

“Who knows?”

The car seemed familiar to Olivia so she took a closer look, but alas, the car was so mangled that she couldn’t glean much information, so she didn’t think much of it.

She had no clue that it was her own car and Thomas had been inside it during the explosion. If she did, she would be scared witless by now.

“Let’s hurry up and start, Olivia. I’m starving!”

“Just wait a little longer. There’s one more person who isn’t here yet

I’m Someone Else Chapter 70

Olivia glanced at the main entrance as she spoke.

Thomas should be here by now. Why isn’t he here yet? He couldn’t have forgotten. I reminded him about it.

“There’s someone who isn’t here yet?” Ophelie was startled. Who is it? Dad and Grandpa are here, as well as me, her little sister. As for her friends... I know her well enough to know that the only friends she’s close to are here already too. Who else is she waiting for?

“Who is it, Olivia?” Ophelie quizzed.

Olivia blushed. “A-A friend...”

Ophelie walked over to the dining table and asked Norman, “Dad, does Olivia have a boyfriend?”

“A boyfriend?” Norman looked at Olivia who was looking around at the entrance and shook his head. “That’s impossible. If she did, she would’ve told me about it. Don’t make such wild guesses.”

“Hah! Kids don’t tell their parents everything these days!” Ophelie retorted with a pout.

Norman frowned. Thanks to Ophelie’s question, he suddenly recalled Olivia’s strange behavior the past few days. She rarely smiled and laughed in the past, but she had been doing that so much more lately.

It was hard for others to notice since Olivia stayed by herself, but Norman saw her often at the company.

“Who do you think Olivia’s waiting for then? All of her friends and family are here. We’re the ones who’ve been celebrating her birthday with her every year.”

Norman shook his head. “I don’t know. She didn’t tell me. Relax. We’ll find out once the person arrives.”

He was also curious to know who his daughter was waiting for.

Nevertheless, as time passed, the person Olivia was waiting for was still a no-show and she couldn’t make everyone wait.

She had no choice but to start dinner.

However, she was listless the whole time. She no longer felt happy about her birthday celebration.



How could Thomas break his promise? Really now! All my effort has gone to waste! I purposely made sure I looked my best. I even wore my new dress! You're the first man I ever invited over for my birthday! Didn't you promise to come? How could you be a no-show? How annoying!

Later that night, Olivia didn't head back to her apartment. She slept at Pearson Residence instead.

Despite the comfortable bed, she kept tossing and turning without being able to fall asleep. She kept trying to figure out why Thomas failed to turn up.

She had no idea that the person on her mind was currently lying on a hospital bed covered in wounds.

Quincy Hofstead, the director of Irieson's Prescott Hospital, was personally tending to Thomas' injuries. It was a rare honor that few could enjoy.

Quincy was one of the most eminent figures among the medical professionals of Irieson. Not only was he an accomplished expert himself, but even the students he taught went on to become remarkable talents in their own right. All of the prominent families in Irieson tried to maintain a good relationship with him. After all, the wealthy were even more afraid of dying compared to the average person.

Thomas sensed danger just a second before the explosion. It was an instinct honed by years of battlefield experience. He swiftly jumped out of the car and used the momentum from the jump to throw

himself as far away as possible. If he hadn't done so, he would be nothing more than a corpse right now.

Even so, half his body was covered in glass shards.

"You'll need to bear with the pain," Quincy said to Thomas.

"It's fine. Just go ahead and do what you must," Thomas calmly replied.

He was in a terrible state right now. There was not a single square of his skin that was unscathed. Blood was leaking out in several places and even his face had a few scratches and bruises, though not as many.

Quincy had gotten quite a fright when he saw Thomas. He immediately rushed over to attend to Thomas' wounds himself.

"Ouch!" Thomas' forehead was covered in sweat. Alas, he was a human with perfectly functional pain receptors.

He was busy trying to figure out who wanted him dead.

The Minacia Oito of Irieson? Out of the eight of them, two have died at my hands. But... it doesn't add up. I destroyed the security footage when I left Westsea Manor. That woman, the only one who survived, never saw me, and the other six wouldn't know that I did it.

After thinking this through, Thomas figured that it could only be the work of the Hind Family. They would definitely know that the hitman they sent after me the last time is dead. I guess they don't plan on stopping until I'm dead!

"Done!" Quincy wiped his sweaty brow and let out a heavy exhale.

Thomas got out of bed. Quincy came over with a bottle of disinfectant, but he simply stared at Thomas as he was a little afraid to apply it.

It's going to hurt a lot when I apply the disinfectant. What's with Thomas anyway? Why didn't he let me give him something for the pain? Does he like being in pain?

Thomas had his reasons for skipping the painkillers. As a top sniper, he needed to have excellent reflexes, and drugs like anesthetics ran the risk of leaving a lingering effect on his nervous system. He didn't want to take the risk.

He had refused to use painkillers or anesthetics for injuries far worse than what he sustained today, including surgeries too.

"Go ahead!" Thomas lit up a cigarette and puffed away.

It was just a bit of pain. That wasn't enough to scare him.

Quincy nodded and sprayed the disinfectant all over Thomas' wounds.

Thomas shuddered for a moment, but he soon regained his composure.

As Quincy bandaged the wounds, he shook his head and exclaimed, "My, my! What a tough guy you are!"

While Quincy was spraying the disinfectant, Thomas' blood started running down too. The sight was enough for Quincy to imagine the pain, so he was in awe of the fact that Thomas was able to bear it.

Thomas' clothes were in no state to be worn, so he followed Quincy back to the latter's office. Quincy gave Thomas one of his own suits.

Thomas sat on the couch and quietly smoked his cigarette.

It was already past midnight. He missed Olivia's birthday entirely. I couldn't give her the present I made for her. I guess I'll have to wait until tomorrow.

"Who's vicious enough to do something like this, Thomas? Who wants your life?" Quincy asked curiously. He had seen the videos of the car explosion online.

Thomas flicked his cigarette as he spat out, "The Hind Family!"

"What? The... Hind Family?" Quincy was thunderstruck. "Blake Hind's family?"

Thomas nodded.

"Why do you have bad blood with them? They're not people you should mess with!" Quincy lamented bitterly. The Hind Family was an established family in Irieson that had been around for many years now. They had both the means and the connections