

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 8

Chloe was lying on the ground, but she said defiantly, "You and I are different. I have dignity, but I can't say the same for you guys."

She knew Harvey had been wooing her for a month, and he was really rich, but it didn't matter. As someone who cared about love, she would never date a playboy like Harvey. No rule states that I must say yes just because the suitor is rich.

These girls can sleep with him if they want, but I won't. Chloe wasn't stupid. She knew what genuine love was like, and Harvey showed nothing of the sort. He just wanted to sleep with her. This guy is a pickup artist. Every time she saw him, all she felt was pure disgust.

Harvey came over at midnight, and every time he did, he specifically asked for her service. She was reluctant, but it was her job, so she had no choice. Every time she went to serve him, he would start getting handsy. Fortunately, the bar was packed with people, so he stopped just in case someone made an event out of it. Chloe never expected him to wait for her the whole night just to assault her. He stayed until all the other patrons were gone before he called her over.

"She's talking about dignity?"

"She can't even afford her next meal, and she's talking about dignity? Are you kidding me?"

A sneer crept across Harvey's lips. "Dignity? You're just being stupid. You won't sleep with me? Fine, I'll do you one way or the other. To hell with your dignity!"

"Let it slide, Harvey. You don't have to waste your time on a girl like her."

The man who came was Twilight Bar's general manager—Lester Lush. He was an upright guy who sympathized with Chloe and would help her whenever he could.

"F\*ck off, Lester!" Harvey yelled. "You think you're a big shot just because you manage this bar? I'm a paying customer, and one of the biggest around. I spend almost three hundred grand a year at your bar. Even if we tell that lady boss of yours about this, she still won't take your side."

Lester understood that, of course. Harvey was not someone he could trifle with. He spared Cbloe a look of sympathy and apologized silently. Sorry. I can't save you this time. He shook his head and left the place.

Harvey let out a laugh. "So, are you taking your clothes off yourself, or should I do it for you?"

"Take them off, b\*tch! You can't expect someone like Harvey to help you with that."

"Get going, you b\*tch!"

The bar girls chimed in, but Chloe kept struggling.

Suddenly, a bottle of beer flew through the air and smashed into Harvey's head, and blood flowed down his face.

"Which of you b\*stards did this?" Harvey howled and stood up to look for the attacker.

In the meantime, Chloe managed to struggle free and moved to the side.

All the staff members gaped at the scene. Someone attacked Harvey? And broke his head with a beer bottle? Do they want to get themselves killed?

"I did it." Thomas slowly made his entrance with his hands in his pockets.

Everyone in the bar turned their attention to the newcomer.

"Thomas!" Chloe trotted over and hugged him tightly. She could finally let go of the despair she felt and cry all she wanted.

"It's alright. I'm here," he assured her. That b\*stard tried to attack Chloe? He'll pay for this.

"Damn it!" Harvey cursed. He picked up a bottle and charged straight at Thomas. He didn't care why Chloe was holding him; all he wanted to do was

avenge himself. He hit my head with a bottle? I'm going to make him pay, or I'm not Harvey Patton!

Harvey was sent flying back faster than he could run. He skidded across the floor like a human-sized racecar before falling back with a thud.

Thomas' kick was too fast to be seen. If it weren't for the shoe mark on Harvey's chest, everyone would have thought he backed off himself.

But that wasn't the end. Thomas slowly approached Harvey. "I see you like to step on people," he said coldly.

"You f\*cking \*sshole. Just you wait. I'll—"

Harvey tried to get up, but before he could finish, Thomas raised his foot and stepped on his back.

A howl of agony escaped his lips as he lay down on the ground.

"Don't do this, Thomas. He's Joe Patton's son," Chloe said.

"Yeah. Joe's my dad and remember this, you loser. You're not getting away with what you did."

Joe Patton was a famous real estate developer in Irieson who gained his fortune by tearing down people's homes by force. His success was built on the blood and sweat of the people.

Someone tried to fight against Joe, but he was a powerful man. He was friends with the local gangs, and the police force was his ally as well. The mere mention of his name struck Irieson's people's hearts with fear.

Harvey was Joe's only son.

A smirk curled Thomas' lips. "So what if he is your father? I'm not Joe. I have no reason to spoil you. You tried to hurt my sister, and I'll make you pay, even if your father is the ruler of this country."

"What do you want?"

"You like to step on people's backs, don't you? Well, I think I should take that privilege away from you."

Thomas broke both of Harvey's legs, much to everyone's shock. They stopped breathing for a moment.

Who is he? What the hell did he just do? He's not scared of Joe?

"Let's go." Thomas wrapped his arm around Chloe's shoulder and left the bar, while everyone saw him off in fear.

The moment they came out, someone shouted, "A minute, please." Lester was coming after them.

Thomas frowned. "Who are you?"

"I'm Lester, the manager of this bar."

Thomas' frown deepened. You're the manager, and yet you didn't help Chloe when she was almost assaulted? And now you show up after I helped her out?

Thomas' anger was noticed by Lester, and he quickly waved his hands. "I come in peace."