

## The Return of the Disaster-Class Hero

### CHAPTER 18: TAKE A BEATING

Lee Gun immediately knew who was the speaker. It was one of the twelve Zodiacs and a quack fortune teller. Above all else, he was Lee Gun's only friend. Lee Gun wasn't a sentimental person, but it had been a while since he had heard his friend's voice. That was why he happily turned around to greet his friend.

“!”

However, Lee Gun's expression soured at the next moment.

“If you were alive, you should've immediately looked for me! You just got back! What the hell are you doing?” Hugo was standing far from him. He had grabbed the collar of some unknown person who had worn a mask similar to Lee Gun's. This man was probably one of the Lee Gun fanboys, who were escaping the museum. “I told you not to enter a holy ground, yet you razed one to the ground!”

Lee Gun looked as sour as if he had bitten a lemon. ‘This b\*\*\*\*\*d...’

Hugo had mistaken a stranger for Lee Gun, and the scene looked a bit egregious. Hugo's hands were on the collar of an old, flustered man. He hadn't even bothered checking if he had the right guy or not; he just dragged the old man by his arm. He said, “Anyway, come here. I want to talk to— Kuh-huhk!”

Hugo was sent flying as Lee Gun kicked him in the face.

Boom!

Hugo had received a dropkick on his face out of nowhere, and he fell to the ground. The old man in his grip looked on in surprise as his mouth fell open.

“??” Hugo was confused.

“You wanna die, b\*\*\*h?” After the kick, Lee Gun dusted off his knees. “S\*\*t! I can't believe you mistook him for me.”

With a sinister look on his face, Lee Gun glared at the fallen Hugo. On the other hand, Hugo was baffled. His face was full of marks as he looked at the man who had abruptly shown up. He wanted to ask the other man who he was. However, his gaze fell at an item in the man's hand. It was a carving tool used to sculpt rock, and the item surprised Hugo.

The man in front of him threw his tool forward, and the item changed into a shape Hugo was familiar with.

A red slime had appeared out of thin air. The organism stuck to Lee Gun's head, then sloshed on top of it. This organism was Lee Gun's shape-changing item. Amongst Lee Gun's numerous items, it was one of the living ones that only followed the instructions of its master.

When he realized the truth, shock appeared on Hugo's face.

Lee Gun laughed. "You idiot. Can't you even recognize your friend's face, Oh Taeksoo?"

Hugo inwardly let out a scream. 'Lee Gun!' He looked at the person he had just grabbed. "Then this person... His face..."

With the masks and the clothes he had worn, the old man looked exactly like Lee Gun. He even had the same severely-damaged face.

The old man caught by the Archer scratched his cheek as he laughed. "Ah! I'm sorry! This is special makeup."

"?!"

He then asked Hugo for his signature. It seemed he was an extreme fan of Lee Gun and the Archer. Lee Gun clicked his tongue as if he found all this pathetic. "Stop being a nuisance to this man."

Hugo felt as if he had been hit hard on his head once again.

'What? Nuisance?' In the end, he signed the fan's shirt and sent him on his way. Then, a flustered Hugo turned to look at Lee Gun. 'What the hell happened?'

He couldn't understand what was going on. The Lee Gun in front of him was a completely different person. He was over 180 cms tall, and he had a handsome face. His smirk went well with his sharp eyes. His age was completely different than Lee Gun's, and even his magical energy felt different.

The scene was so shocking that even his patron god Saggitarius was shaken and agitated.

[Saggitarius says this is impossible!]

[Saggistarius arrogantly states that you're a different person!]

[There's no way another human in this world can be equal to him!]

[Saggitarius has ordered Archer to burn the man to reveal his identity!]

A twisted smile appeared on Lee Gun's face as he listened to the alerts. He had the most exposure to this damned god because it was Archer's god. This god was very lazy and narcissistic. Therefore, Hugo frequently had trouble meeting its demands, and so, Lee Gun sometimes helped Hugo.

This god liked the items Lee Gun made. Therefore, it gave preferential treatment to Lee Gun. That was why, this god, who was high in the hierarchy of power, should've recognized Lee Gun. There was no way it should be making this mistake.

'This is unexpected. I thought the asshats couldn't recognize me because they were idiots.' Lee Gun was amused by the fact that he had received a poor assessment from a god. 'Even the gods can't tell who I am.'

He had recovered his face and gained a youthful body. However, it seemed that wasn't all. Since the gods didn't differentiate humans by their faces, he became more certain. The change to his body was much bigger than he had expected.

"Anyway, you really got old, Taeksoo."

Hugo was baffled. 'How many years does he think has passed?'

He still couldn't get a handle on the current situation, "Are you really Gun? You sound different..."

Lee Gun laughed. "Do I sound the same now?"

Lee Gun's voice suddenly turned sharp and gravelly. It was a sound Hugo was familiar with. "At the time, my vocal cords were damaged, so I purposefully spoke in a low voice."

"...!"

Now that his vocal cords were fine thanks to his Super Regeneration, Lee Gun had no reason to speak that way.

Hugo laughed as if all of this were nonsense. It seemed he still couldn't believe that Lee Gun had returned. It was understandable. Hugo had returned to the tower in the past, and he had found that it wasn't a place where a human could survive. It was the reason for his shock. "How did you... No, it's fine. You're alive, and it's all that matters."

“Nope! I’m not fine at all.”

What?

Hugo instantly felt a chill run up his back. Sure enough, Lee Gun cracked his knuckles with a bright smile. “Do you remember what you said?”

“What... what do you mean?”

“You said you’ll find me and kill me. Good luck doing that.”

“?!” Hugo finally remembered the voicemail he had left behind. “Ah! That...”

Lee Gun affably laughed as he approached Hugo. “I’m fine about the fact that I had to live in the tower. However, I found something odd when I came out. My house was sold, and my baby was trapped behind the display case of a museum. It was done to make money. I also have no idea where my other babies are.”

“It... it isn’t like that, Gun.”

“I told you to take care of my will if something happened to me. I especially wanted you to take good care of my babies. That’s why I bought you a lot of meat. So why did the content of my will change without my knowledge? Isn’t that odd?”

Hugo let out cold sweat. He instinctively started to walk backward. Still, he had words to say. “No. That’s... I never expected them to change the will... That’s why...”

“Hey.”

“!”

Lee Gun’s affable voice turned savage. “Shut up. You need a beating too.”

\* \* \*

Ba-gahk!

A terrifying sound came out of the holy ground of the Sheep. The disciples of the sheep, who had been chasing after the intruder, became surprised. They murmured amongst themselves.

“What’s that sound?”

“Is it the sound of magical energy clashing?”

“What? Magical energy? How would that cause such a sound?”

“Over there!”

The disciples rushed toward the source of the sound.

Hugo was being beaten up by Lee Gun, and he couldn't even scream. When Hugo had seen him with his eyes, he hadn't believed it to be true. However... 'He really is Lee Gun.'

Hugo felt like dying as he clutched his stomach. He had never expected to experience this when he found out Lee Gun had returned. Tears almost came out of his eyes. His god's protection skill mitigated the damage somewhat, but if he had been a monster, he would be dead by now.

It happened at that moment.

“I found the thief!”

“Over here!”

“He's the person who stole the Saint's treasures!”

Hugo became confused when the disciples of the Sheep rushed toward them. 'Saint's treasure?' “Are they talking about your item? What do they mean?”

Lee Gun cackled as he pointed toward something. “I think they are looking for that.”

Hugo felt his heart drop when he unintentionally turned his head. Lee Gun pointed toward the park, at a pile of treasures. The most eye-catching item was the golden crate containing holy items.

'That's one of the Sheep Saint's best holy items!' In the end, Hugo screamed, “Why did you take that! Why take the SS rank holy item!”

“What? They stole a lot from me! This isn't much!”

“Hey!”

It seemed Lee Gun hadn't been satisfied with razing the holy ground! The disciples of the Sheep chose this moment to attack.

Boom! Boom!

The ground shook as the guardian beast appeared. At a glance, it looked like a large dragon. It was a Chinese dragon symbolizing wealth; it was called Pixiu.

Pixiu was said to be the youngest son of the Dragon King, and it survived by eating money. The Dragon King had changed it into a beast and sealed the Pixiu's r\*\*\*\*m. It had to eat wealth without being able to defecate.

Since it had appeared inside this holy ground, it had to be a construct under the Golden Fleece. Its special characteristic was gluttony.

[Caution! The holy items you possess may be taken away!]

[Caution! The holy items you possess may be taken away!]

Lee Gun looked at Hugo with an annoyed expression. "Get rid of that one, Taeksoo."

Hugo, who was lying on the ground, looked up in disbelief. "You beat me up. Do you have no conscience?"

His body hurt so much that he didn't even know if he had the energy to move right now. Hearing that, Lee Gun clicked his tongue. He couldn't believe his friend was down for the count after taking a light beating. "You're supposed to be a battle-type Saint, yet you're so weak"

Hugo felt aggrieved. "You're too strong! Aren't you supposed to be a Maker?"

"Ah! Is that so?"

Lee Gun picked at his ear. Hugo sighed as he got up. He had no idea what was going on. Although Lee Gun looked fine on the outside, Hugo knew Lee Gun better than anyone else. 'The risk is too large.'

In the past, Lee Gun had used an ability that ate away at his body. He had no god, so everyone called him incomplete. Moreover, by now, his body should've aged twenty years. There was no way he could properly fight. He probably couldn't use the abilities from his prime, and he could only dodge the attacks at best.

"I'll take care.... Kuh-huhk!" Hugo, who had been about to use his magical energy, once again received a swift kick to his body. He wanted to know the reason behind the kick.

Lee Gun clicked his tongue as he explained. "Hey, if you use your magical energy with no finesse, you'll destroy this place. You're a Zodiac Saint, so you should try to minimize the damage."

Hugo felt frustrated. 'What did he just say? You're the one who destroyed this place up until now!'

Lee Gun looked disinterested as he changed the shape of the slime into a blade. It wasn't an ordinary sword, but one shaped like a small sculpture knife. This slime was a tool for a Maker, so it couldn't change into a weapon.

However, when it changed into a tool, it could show its true power. That was why it was effective against constructs and monsters. 'Well, this should be enough.'

As soon as he injected his magical energy, the holy item unexpectedly transformed.

