

## The Return of the Disaster-Class Hero

### Chapter 3 - You're going to pay for this, bastards! (2)

“What did you just say?”

“Are you sure about that?”

Every reporter in news agencies all over the world was shouting. Both the PD, who went through thousands of breaking news a day, and the news anchors, who were about to sit at the news desk, couldn't stop talking about it. The reason was the breaking news they had received a short while ago.

“That tower was really destroyed?”

“In fact, people found signs that someone or something exited the tower!”

The youngest production director, who had delivered the news, shouted out loud, “That's right! The whole world is going crazy right now! News agencies have sent their reporters to the tower!”

“CNN & BBC already put out headlines saying it might be Lee Gun!”

The director, who had kept a poker face up until now, dropped his pen. They had already broken some big news today. Yoon Shiwoo, someone famous as a chaebol heir and the ace of Korea's best raid team Twin Stars, had become an A-rank disciple. He wasn't an S-rank disciple, but Korea was a land abandoned by the Zodiacs. That's why the appearance of a precious high-rank disciple here made the major news channels highlight him.

Tonight's main headline was going to rehash the same topic once again, but with this new incident, the news agencies no longer had to suck up to that guy. He wasn't important anymore. No! Even if an S rank user appeared out of thin air, any news about that user would also be buried.

Why?

‘This is nuts! What do you mean it might be Lee Gun!’

Lee Gun was a legend. He was one of the participants of the <Red Eye Raid>. He was a hero who had allowed humanity to get over its worst crisis. He was one of the original thirteen awakened beings. Of course, twenty years had passed, and the number of awakened beings had grown from thirteen in the whole world to tens of thousands in every country. However...

‘They can’t hold a candle to the very first awakened beings.’

《Twelve Zodiac Saints》 They were also called the twelve Saints. They were living legends and stars, who currently possessed more power than heads of countries. No, they were rulers and dictators. And Lee Gun had stood shoulder to shoulder with them. He was the hero of Korea.

Lee Gun's gravesite was famous all around the world, and it had left a deep mark in humanity's history. That was why its destruction caused a ripple around the world in many ways. Thankfully, no monsters exited the tower.

“What if it wasn't Lee Gun? What if a terrorist did it?”

“What?”

“That tower is famous because it represents the Twelve Zodiac Saints' achievement, and right now, many forces are against the Twelve Zodiac Saints.”

“That's right. This could be a pure chance or an attempt to get their attention.”

“What did the Twelve say?”

The production director, who was checking various articles, just shrugged as he spoke.

\* \* \*

“No comment.”

Ritzy resort in China, Yang Wei, one of the Twelve Zodiac Saints, furrowed his brow.

<Lee Gun's grave exploded after twenty years.>

Yang Wei had been in Korea when this incident had happened, and at the time, he felt like a parrot. He had to keep repeating the same answer over and over again! And even then, more and more reporters sought him out. Therefore, he had decided to get out of Korea.

“Shit!”

He knew the others were facing a similar situation, but he just couldn't understand this situation. The tower's destruction was none of his business. Korea had a lot of dreadful monsters, and they could've destroyed the tower. If the news networks were to be believed, a terrorist could be the culprit. That wasn't all.

‘That region is infested with Lee Gun's admirers.’

Some young and reckless youths could've caused the tower's destruction. Anyway, the tower wasn't that important anymore. That was why he didn't pay much attention to it.

‘The problem is...’

It seemed as if the media persons had lost their minds. News agencies all over the world were crazily churning out headlines.

<Found signs of a living being exiting through the broken wall!>

<Is this the return of Lee Gun?>

<Korea's greatest hero is still alive?>

‘How can they come up with such garbage? Have they lost their minds? How could he survive in that tower for twenty years?’

Lee Gun wasn't the Count of Monte Cristo. Moreover, the Twelve Zodiac Saints knew the dangers of the tower better than anyone else.

‘The tower had tens of thousands of monsters at a minimum.’

It had been hell inside the tower. Their escape after they killed Red Eye was a miracle in itself. Moreover, they had destroyed the door on that fateful day, so the remaining monsters couldn't escape. Twenty years had passed since then.

'He probably became the monsters' food!'

There was no way Lee Gun could be alive. Yet, Yang Wei's hands shook a little. It was to be expected. Lee Gun had been the strongest amongst the thirteen awakened beings.

'If not for that particular weakness, he would have been the absolute strongest.'

The world credited them for defeating Red Eye, but in reality, Lee Gun had done it all by himself.

'If he really came back out alive, it'd be the end of us.'

Despite this thought, Yang Wei shook his head from side to side because some things in this world were impossible.

'How could he kill all the monsters with his arms cut off?'

Even they couldn't achieve such a feat. Yet, there was that sliver of a possibility.

- Hey, Yang! Are you listening to me?

The Chinese envoy, who was visiting Korea, was angry.

- If Lee Gun is alive, it will be difficult for China to tame Korea. We went through a lot of trouble to put this small country under our control, yet this happened!

Yang Wei could feel the anger through the phone.

- The <Leo> of the US has already joined hands with the Japanese Union, and they control Korea and southeast Asia. China has to work fast before the Saint of Japan can take the initiative in this matter.

In the end, Yang Wei just shook his head as if he found all of this annoying.

"Please don't worry about it. The things that happen around that tower are insignificant. I'm the great hero of China."

- What about Lee Gun?

"There is no way he's alive."

Yang Wei cut the envoy off as he laughed. He could say this because he was one of the people most familiar with Lee Gun. Why?

‘At the end of the day, Lee Gun is incomplete.’

That’s right.

Lee Gun was powerful, but he had a critical weakness.

‘The more he used his abilities, the worse his body became.’

Why?

‘Lee Gun doesn’t have a Zodiac protecting him.’

Each of the 12 heroes possessed a Zodiac that protected and strengthened them.

Originally, Lee Gun had appeared when the world was supposed to have only twelve heroes. Basically, he was a superhuman who had naturally appeared on the thirteenth seat where no Zodiac had shown up.

‘Since he didn’t serve a Zodiac, there would’ve been a rebound to his body from using his abilities.’

It was to be expected. A normal human body couldn’t withstand abilities that defied the law of physics.

‘Lee Gun was a minor superhuman. He was built a bit sturdier than a normal human, but...’

It was a deadly flaw compared to them, who received divine protection. Lee Gun’s pictures on the news proved his point.

<Breaking News! Twenty years ago, Lee Gun was assumed dead after he sacrificed his life for his comrades!>

At a glance, Lee Gun looked like a man in his fifties. The picture was from twenty years ago, but it only reinforced Yang Wei’s opinion. The burn marks were the least of Lee Gun’s problems. His face, nose, and lips were completely squashed. He looked like the victim of plastic surgery gone bad. He resembled a monster. Using

one's power without borrowing strength from the Zodiacs came with risks. Lee Gun was afflicted by diseases and side effects.

'That bastard had to consume his energy and lifespan in order to use his abilities.'

Basically, the more Lee Gun used his abilities, the more he became sick.

'It was that ugly bastard's only weakness.'

Lee Gun was strong to begin with, and he had displayed phenomenal abilities within the Devil's Tower, but in the end, he had pushed his body to the limit. Yang Wei almost felt bad since they had lost to Lee Gun. It was a pity that Lee Gun had such dexterity and innate battle sense.

But there was one truly pitiable thing.

'That poor ugly old man.'

Ah, Lee Gun was only in his twenties, so it would be wrong to call him an old man.

Compared to him, the Twelve Zodiac Saints lived in wealth and honor and held actual power.

"From the start, it was too much to compare Lee Gun to the twelve Saints.

- Then?

"Yes. There's no way he's alive. I'm willing to bet my life on it," Yang Wei replied to the envoy.

Both men smirked at this statement.

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At a fast-food restaurant near Seoul, the two men who had led Lee Gun here looked on with their mouths agape.

Slurp! Slurp!

Their gazes were fixed on a particular table. Buckwheat noodles were marinated in a sweet and sour sauce. Mayonnaise, tuna, and seaweed flakes were used to make rice

balls. An aromatic smell emanated each time a rice ball was made. Then there was the tonkatsu drenched in demi-glace sauce placed inside the kimbap. It gave a crunch to the dish. One man ate all this food. The empty dishes were being stacked next to the table, and one could almost measure one's height against that stack.

"Ah! I feel a bit better now," when Lee Gun patted his stomach and said that, the teen dropped the tonkatsu he had been eating.

"Is this for real? You ran up two million won in Kimbap Heaven?" A bug could fly into both hunters' mouths. 'He ate 120 servings by himself!'

Lee Gun grumbled as he poured water into his cup. "Since I don't have any money, I ate a moderate amount."

"How is this a moderate amount?" The older man grabbed the back of his neck in dismay. "I never expected to see someone eat two million won's worth of food at a fast-food joint!"

"What? You said you were paying. Ah! Let me get some ramen for dessert," Lee Gun said.

"Hey!" The part-time worker laughed when she heard the exchange. "Who cares? You said he saved you from the monsters. This is a small price compared to your life. Ah! Would you like some more water, Dear Customer?"

The hunter was taken aback. "Why are you so kind today? You only care about a person's looks."

"What's wrong with that? It's better than looking at an ugly ahjussi like you. So what does he do? Is he a believer? Or a disciple?" The part-time worker kept glancing at Lee Gun's face.

Lee Gun scoffed. 'She has a weird taste.' Even the news networks were hesitant to show his face, and he didn't like seeing himself either. That was why he usually kept his face covered. At this point, he had forgotten the existence of mirrors. So, he found the woman's glances interesting, but that wasn't important right now.

'I have arms.' Lee Gun was sure his arms had been severed, yet they were fine now. 'Did they get cut off in a dream?'

The conceited twelve Zodiacs couldn't pull off a miracle of this magnitude. The damned twelve Saints, who served under the Zodiacs, couldn't accomplish it either. Lee Gun immediately extended his hand to use his ability.

Woohng!

A familiar light swirled within his palm. He quickly made a fist as soon as the ball of light appeared, then he made it disappear. 'I have no problem using my ability.' This made everything even odder. Lee Gun had thought he was dead, but here he was, alive and whole.

'I thought that bastard finally predicted the future, but it seems that was not the case.' This made his fortune-teller friend look like a charlatan, and just as he was about to strangle his friend's neck...

"Jeez! Even if you're going through a growth period, this is ridiculous." The hunter grumbled as he took out his credit card.

Lee Gun could hardly believe his ears. 'Growth period?' It was understandable that they couldn't recognize him; he looked like a beggar. But how could they say he was going through his growth period? Lee Gun immediately looked at his reflection on the spoon. The sight made him flinch.

"!" He became serious. "Hey. Give me a mirror."

Lee Gun's request puzzled everyone, but the part-time worker handed him her hand mirror. When Lee Gun checked himself in the mirror, the reflection left him shocked.

'What the hell is this!' He didn't find an ugly monster within the mirror; nor did he see a middle-aged man who appeared older than he was. At most, he looked like an early twenty-year-old. If he were being conservative, he looked like a young man in his late teens. It wasn't just that.

'My face...' Yes, the face in front of him right now was his original face that he had before his body had been ruined! He had once humiliated himself in the past trying to negotiate with the Twelve Zodiac Saints in order to regain this appearance!

'It really is my old self.' Lee Gun quickly took off his gloves and lifted his shirt.



The part timer's face turned red in surprise when she saw his abs. However, Lee Gun didn't pay any attention to that. His body that had been stabbed, ruptured, and damaged to the point where breathing had been difficult was now perfectly fine

'I should have known.' The body parts that always pained him hadn't bothered him all this time! He had thought it was due to his senses still being impaired. However, that wasn't the case.

'My body regenerated.' No! It wasn't an exaggeration to say that his body had been reborn. 'What the hell happened?'

Suddenly, he heard something. Lee Gun thought he was hearing things.

[You have experienced death!]

[You have satisfied the condition!]

[Your previous stats have been transferred to your new body!]

[You can now use the Serpent Bearer's power!]