

The Return of the Disaster-Class Hero

Chapter 5 - What a crazy bastard (1)

Manchester Airport, England

Brrrrr!

Hugo furrowed his brows when his phone rang again. His phone kept crying out as if it were nagging its owner to take the call. But he didn't take the call; instead, his veins popped out on his forehead. To make things worse, his personal phone started ringing too.

'Enough. This is the sixtieth call!'

This man's best friend used to call him a charlatan fortune teller twenty years ago. He was one of the Twelve Zodiac Saints, the one who occupied the ninth seat. He was the Sagittarius' <Archer>.

Hugo Otis's blood pressure was so high right now that he felt like he needed to go to the hospital. The culprit was the barrage of calls on his phone today. At first, when his phone had started blowing up, he had thought it was an emergency, but...

'They are all reporters.'

When the reporters had suddenly asked him how he felt about Lee Gun, he had wondered if the reporters had finally gone insane. This was the hefty price of being Lee Gun's close friend. Only after he told them that he would file complaints and lawsuits did they finally quieten down. However, the silence lasted only a short while.

'It has only been an hour, you bastards.'

The reporters were even calling the number that only his acquaintances knew of. Of course, just because he kept it a secret didn't mean these bastards couldn't find it. In

fact, not too long ago, a reporter had bothered him through his personal number. Unsurprisingly, the phone rang again.

Brrrr!

An unknown number had been calling him non-stop for the past thirty minutes. Hugo was on the fence about picking up the phone, but he realized the number started with 1541. This meant it was a collect call from Korea.

‘These bastards even want me to pay for the call now?’

It seemed the reporters were trying every means available to them. Hugo looked at his phone as if he had spotted a mosquito early in the morning. The infuriating phone stopped vibrating, but another call came in right afterward.

“Jeez!” Otis blocked that number. He even powered off his phone. In the first place, he had no reason to answer a call from an unknown phone number, especially on his private phone. Moreover, he knew what the call was about, and that only dissuaded him from picking it up.

‘I never expected a conspiracy theory on Lee Gun’s survival. Ridiculous!’ He couldn’t hide his displeasure at hearing the name after so long. Even now, the phone call from his government was about the same thing.

- Are you listening to what I’m saying, Hugo?

“I’m sorry, but I’ll have to decline the request of finding our thirteenth member.”

- Hugo!

The person on the phone this time was the prime minister of Australia. As expected, the call was about Lee Gun. This pissed off Hugo.

“Do not speak the name of the dead. He was declared dead twenty years ago,” Hugo said.

- He might have been asleep...

“Why say that now?” Hugo wanted to say that it was shameless of the prime minister to be finally searching for the hero now, but he swallowed his words. In the past, when Hugo had insisted that Lee Gun might be alive, the prime minister hadn’t even

bothered to listen to him. “Wasn’t I barred from searching the tower back then because it was too dangerous?”

- No, it was—

Suddenly...

“Ahhhhh!”

Otis quickly turned his attention toward the sudden shout that came from the crowd. The shout was so loud that it surprised everyone, including the flight attendants, the ticket agents, and people waiting for their luggage. The sound had erupted from the waiting room. It was a roar one heard when one’s team scored a goal in the World Cup finals.

- Surrender! In the end, England surrenders to the monsters!

- Their faith in Sir Oliver, the S-rank disciple from Europe, was for nothing! He failed in his raid attempt!

- This is crazy! As expected, only Lee Gun can accomplish that feat!

An electronic display in the waiting room streamed the news coming out of London.

- As expected, the Red Zone was too difficult to conquer. Sir Oliver spent a year trying to recover London, but it was all for naught.

- However, I believe that the monsters coming out of London right now are those that Lee Gun had once cleared twenty-five years ago. Is that correct?

- Yes, you're correct. These monsters appeared in Korea during the 2002 World Cup between Korea and Japan. At the time, Lee Gun had cleared them by himself. That was why the European Saint attempted this mission with confidence, but...

- Forget conquering, he retreated before he could get past the entrance.

The veins on the reporters' necks bulged as they delivered the news. Of course, the news were things that happened the previous day. The screen quickly changed.

- Why do you think the raid failed this time?

- It wasn't a failure. It was just a series of misfortunes that happened to happen at once.

- The hero from Asia did it on his own twenty-five years ago, so there's no reason I can't do it either.

- As you probably know, Lee Gun was the weakest among the initially awakened beings.

The Saint from Europe was having a hard time hiding his emotions as the interview continued.

- The proof is the fact that Lee Gun was unable to do anything as the twelve Saints killed Red Eye.

Hugo had been called in to clean up the mess in England, so his eyebrows twitched. Everyone kept stating that Lee Gun's status had been elevated as a hero because of his death, but Hugo knew the truth.

'He was the strongest amongst the thirteen.' Hugo didn't think this just because he was Lee Gun's friend. He had fought alongside him, so he knew this better than anyone else. Without Lee Gun, clearing the Devil's Tower would also have been impossible. However...

'There's no way he could've survived in that place by himself.' Of course, Hugo hadn't witnessed Lee Gun's death, nor had he watched Red Eye die. At that moment, he had been outside the tower. Monsters had been converging on the tower like a pack of dogs, and he had been tasked to stop them.

The other members of the Twelve gave testimonies that Lee Gun had sacrificed himself for them. However, Hugo knew that it was bullshit. 'He hated the Twelve. He would spit out food whenever someone brought up the Twelve during a meal.'

The glutton who would toss aside a chicken leg saying that he no longer had an appetite if someone mentioned the Twelve? Moreover, he was a shameless bastard who used to steal Hugo's chicken legs.

There was no way Lee Gun would die in that fashion. Therefore, Hugo had spent over a dozen years investigating Lee Gun's death. He had even gone against all opposition and entered the tower. However, as soon as he stepped into that place, he

had come to a realization. There was no way someone could come out of that hell hole by himself. There was no one insane enough in this world to pull that off.

‘Moreover, he fell into the worst type of trap.’

Hugo Otis had given up all hope. After ten years, even his tears had dried up.

At that moment.

- Hugo! Do you know what’s happening right now? They are...

“Yes. I already know the Korean government is putting a significant amount of effort into finding him.”

- !

He got out of the airport and took a taxi. Due to the pollution in the air, the sky of England had become dark. Hugo continued, “Anyway, please don’t be stupid. Don’t try to find someone who’s already dead. This is a fake scheme hatched by someone. If anyone is trying to profit off my friend’s name, I will...”

- You got it all wrong, friend!

The prime minister sounded desperate.

- It’s said that *that* phone rang after twenty years!

Hugo Otis’s complexion instantly changed. “What?”

- I’m referring to the direct line created for Lee Gun. It’s the line that guaranteed he could contact his government even if the administration changed!

“!” Hugo immediately yelled, “Stop!”

Shocked by Hugo’s shout, the surprised taxi driver stepped on the brakes. He looked dumbfounded, but Hugo didn’t care. The Archer asked the prime minister, “Did you contact me on my personal phone around five minutes ago?”

- You unloaded on me when I called you on that number last time. Don’t you remember? That is why I never call you on that number.

'This is nuts!' Hugo was sure of it. It seemed like they had missed the call, but only Lee Gun knew the number to that phone. 'This means... The collect call...!'

Hugo yelled out in haste, "Please turn around and head toward the airport! I have to get on a plane heading to Korea right now!"

The taxi driver was baffled by his words, while the person on the phone freaked out.

- Wait a moment! What do you mean Korea? Aren't you in England to clean up the mess? You can't just leave.

"Who cares? Who cares about this island nation! They made this mess themselves! Do they think a Saint is a pushover? Hmm?" Hugo was in a hurry. When the taxi came to a stop, he quickly ran toward the airport. As he did so, he quickly turned on his personal phone.

'Is it you, Gun?' The hand holding the phone became sweaty as he switched on the phone.

"!" Hugo couldn't believe his eyes. He had received a new text.

[One voice mail has arrived. Press the call button to listen to the message.]

"...!" Hugo's hands shook as he checked the voicemail. The first word he heard...

- Oh Taeksoo!

That one word made his eyes turn large in disbelief. However, it lasted only for a moment.

- I will find you, and I will kill you.

His face froze.

- Good Luck.

In many ways, his face was full of fear.

* * *

"Oh Taeksoo, you've sure grown a lot. You got guts to ignore my call." Lee Gun, who had left the voice mail, had a bright smile on his face. The teen in front of him

shook in fear. It had started around thirty minutes ago when Lee Gun had called a number. Lee Gun had started with a smile, but his eyes had turned sharp when the recipient didn't pick up the phone even after thirty minutes. It wasn't just because his friend wasn't answering the phone.

'Why the hell would I write a will saying I'll hand over my fortune to the Twelve when I die?'

He didn't care about the others, but his friend should've known something was off with the will. This almost made him suspicious that his friend had betrayed him in greed.

Of course, that wasn't the reason he was so angry.

Why?

- There's only one person amongst the Twelve Zodiac Saints who refused Lee Gun's fortune, am I correct.

- Yes, that's right. It was Hugo Otis. He was the only person who hadn't received his share of Lee Gun's fortunes.

- He had said he wasn't worthy of receiving his friend's fortune because he was unable to save him. It was a moving story, but it only enraged Lee Gun, the subject of the story.

'That bastard should've just taken it! Is he looking down on the lands I owned in Seoul? My house should've gone up in price by a couple hundred million Won in twenty years!'

He just had to kill them to take back his fortune, which had been passed on as inheritance! Lee Gun firmed his resolve as he seethed with anger.

'I'll slaughter every Saint I find.' He used to be destitute because he always had to pay the Twelve to fix his body. Now, he no longer had a reason to be cautious around them. As soon his money returned to his bank account, he would live a different lifestyle.

'However, this will be a bit problematic.' In truth, he had already lost a vast amount of his money, so he didn't really care about losing his fortune. The problem right now

was the fact that he didn't have any place to call home, nor did he have any money for living expenses. His country had indeed provided a villa for him, but...

<People from all over the country are converging at Lee Gun's Shrine!>

His house had become a shrine where people worshiped him! Lee Gun couldn't believe what he was reading in the article. He was thankful that people deified him in death, but...

'They perform a memorial service every year? It became a holy ground where people visit?' He realized for the first time what it meant to be unbearably embarrassed. Lee Gun would have preferred the fate of the frozen American hero, who was put in a museum.

'Who the hell came up with this idea?' As soon as he saw it, he was so mortified he thought he was going to die. This was why he hated ideas that came from pencil pushers.

'Also, they'll think I'm crazy if I insist I'm Lee Gun.' He loved the fact that he had regained his youth, but the appearance gap between his previous self and his current self was too large. Of course, he did have other ways to prove his identity, but...

"Wow! The press around the world is going nuts. The tabloids are going crazy as well!"

"It's to be expected. This is Lee Gun we're talking about. This is nothing. It'll become an absolute circus if they can find a piece of his armor."

If Lee Gun thoughtlessly visited them, then it'd only be beneficial to the vicious reporters. 'They gave me such a hard time.' He was someone who had once thrown a pot of boiling ramen at the reporters. What a waste of the lobster he'd put in it.

Right now, it was better to let the press talk as much as they wanted. It would also be easier to observe which direction the wind blew.

‘Well, in my current situation, even the reporters probably wouldn’t believe my story either.’ His old records had disappeared during the invasion of the unknown civilization. So, he had called the hospital for his medical records, however...

-There have been many thieves looking for Lee Gun-nim’s data, so they were destroyed five years ago.

As if it was interesting, Lee Gun laughed. Well, there were quite a lot of issues, but it didn’t matter.

‘They’ll believe me if I drag them out by their hair.’

Lee Gun’s eyes sharpened.

This was a problem. He had to find them, yet he couldn’t contact those who knew him. Forget carfare, he was about to sleep on the streets.

‘What should I do? Should I rob a bank in a nearby country? Should I take someone’s money?’ It was a joke that wasn’t really a joke. Just as he left the store with everyone else, a voice rang inside Lee Gun's mind.

[Caution! Someone is monitoring you!]

Lee Gun flinched when he heard the voice. He furrowed his brows when he felt a familiar presence. It was faint, but he was sure of it. ‘One of the Zodiacs...’ Then he heard a sound.

“Seriously? Lee Gun. Lee Gun. They are all so noisy.”

“That’s what I’m saying. All the top news organizations around the world are only talking about him. He’s only a has-been that became deified over time.”

A young couple dressed in nice clothes walked toward the restaurant. Judging from the magical energy they emanated, anyone could tell that they weren’t normal people.

“The news that a high-rank Saint came out of our Shrine was buried because of that.”

“Lee Gun is only elevated because he worked with the Twelve Zodiac Saints. These idiots don’t know any better.”

“That’s what I’m saying. Even if he shows up, he’ll be inferior to us.”

At that moment, the couple met eyes with Lee Gun. “What the hell? Is he trying to imitate Lee Gun?” Their faces crumpled. However, that was only for a moment. For some reason, they started to snicker. They spoke out loud as if they wanted everyone to hear their voices.

“Idiots! They really think Lee Gun was amazing. I heard rumors that he was a low-rank User.”

“That’s right. I heard he died while he hid behind the Twelve in the Devil’s Tower.”

“Well, it’s to be expected. Lee Gun’s fanboys are clueless.”

As the man passed by, he purposefully exhaled cigarette smoke in Lee Gun’s face, and the smoke spread across Lee Gun’s face. Lee Gun laughed at their foolishness. “They dare act this way toward me?”