

# **I Became a Villainous Character with a Limited Lifespan**

## **- Episode 11 - 15**

### ***Episode 11***

“Have you ever been to Busan? I come down a few times a year for hotel management. Since I’ve already come all this way...”

“Y Hotel seems to be a very leisurely place.”

“Well, since the chairman is still healthy, I can just learn things here and there in my spare time.”

It was a sarcastic remark, but no matter what he said, it didn’t get through. Seung-hyun, who finally gave up on sending him back, left the hotel with Jae-young.

Like all the main characters in this novel, Jae-young was also the son of a prominent family. However, the difference from Tae-sung or Seung-hyun was that he was living a life completely unrelated to the succession structure.

Without needing to get involved in complicated political fights, he was someone who would inherit his mother’s shares in Y Hotel as they were and was set to become the CEO of Y Hotel someday.

“I never had much interest until now, but meeting a director like this seems quite fun too.”

“I told you many times, I’m not a director anymore. And if you’re not going to tell me what happened, even now...”

“That night, the bar Director Han went to was my friend’s regular bar.”

Just when he was thinking of pushing him away and running off, Jae-young finally started talking. Seung-hyun, who had been looking at Jae-young’s brazen face for a moment as he naturally opened the passenger door, thought about it and got into the car.

“Since Director Han attends all sorts of events so often, my friend also recognized the director’s face... He found it curious and contacted me. It’s common to see familiar faces, but.”

Jae-young lightly shrugged his shoulders as he looked at Seung-hyun.

“Of all people, Director Han. I felt I had to see it with my own eyes to believe it, so I went there.”

“ ... ”

He didn't ask for such a detailed explanation. Seung-hyun made a disgruntled face and turned his gaze away from Jae-young, who was holding the steering wheel.

‘At this rate, we’ll arrive before I can hear the story properly.’

“Director Han was really there. And in a heavily intoxicated state at that.”

Jae-young continued the story slowly regardless. Although it wasn't that he had no intention of stalling for time, there was not a single moment that Jae-young couldn't remember when recalling that night.

“I've never thought of myself as a forgettable person...”

“I remember that much too. Up until we left the bar together.”

But it was a story completely useless to Seung-hyun. In the end, unable to bear the boredom, Seung-hyun interrupted Jae-young's story.

“And... I remember what we did too. I think you can just briefly summarize the story in between.”

“I'm not sure if I can summarize it briefly. But I'll try.”

Jae-young spoke in a voice that sounded like he had no intention of doing so at all. After a brief pause, thinking about where to start the story, Jae-young began again.

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“I can... drink more...”

“You're already completely drunk, what are you talking about?”

“I used to drink ten bottles of soju alone without getting drunk, what nonsense are you... hiccup.”

He was relatively okay until he came out, but perhaps the intoxication hit him as soon as he stepped outside, Seung-hyun's behavior became a little aggressive. To the point where he even started shaking Jae-young's shoulders, making Jae-young wonder if he was dreaming.

'Congratulations on your marriage. Director Han.'

The first place he met Seung-hyun was at Seon-hu's wedding. Although he had a neat appearance and a relaxed smile, Jae-young could tell. That the man wanted to flip over this wedding hall right now.

Should I say it was a sense of kinship? Although it wasn't for the same reason as himself, he could immediately see that underneath the smiling face, a fire was burning that could scorch his insides black.

So he was a rather memorable person, but after learning that the reason was because he was in a competitive position with Tae-sung, who became Seon-hu's spouse, that interest quickly faded away.

'Jae-young. What do I do?'

The moment he regained interest in him was when Seon-hu called him crying. Seon-hu was not someone who easily shed tears.

No matter the situation, he would just smile stupidly saying things would work out, so Jae-young, who knew better than anyone that he wasn't someone to cry over trivial matters, immediately rushed to Seon-hu.

That was the day Seung-hyun's interference caused Tae-sung to be stranded on an island he went to for a business trip and was out of contact for days. From Seon-hu's perspective, it was understandable to be worried, but for Jae-young, who only cared about Seon-hu in his life, it was quite a cruel thing.

After learning the full story of that incident, Jae-young became a little more interested in Seung-hyun. However, this time it wasn't positive interest. It was closer to looking into him for preparation, as he never wanted to receive such a call from Seon-hu again.

Seung-hyun was originally a famous figure, so finding out about him wasn't difficult at all. The grandson of Chairman Han, who was particularly more extreme even in the chaebol society where discriminatory thinking based on

traits was prevalent. Even without digging further, it seemed obvious what kind of person he was.

A lone wolf who would likely survive in this brawl, living arduously while wearing a mask. Jae-young defined Seung-hyun that way.

Then, he unexpectedly discovered Seung-hyun in an unlikely place. But to see him like this. It was as if mocking all the information he had seen and heard about him recently.

The faded curiosity was ignited again. After receiving the wedding invitation from Seon-hu, a rare interesting variable had appeared in his life that had lost interest after losing the only person he cared about.

“I said I’m not drunk...”

Jae-young chuckled as he watched Seung-hyun, who was clearly dead drunk, lightly tapping his feet. Just a moment ago, he was emitting pheromones as if interested in him, but now he was whining about drinking more as if that never happened.

“If you won’t let me drink... I’ll drink by myself then.”

“Wait.”

However, that smile disappeared as soon as Seung-hyun turned his back on him. It seemed like a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to let him go like this. After a brief contemplation, Jae-young finally nodded.

“What? I’m going to drink more.”

“Do you realize you’re completely drunk right now? Sigh. If you really want to drink... I know a private bar. Let’s go there.”

To have a conversation with a troublemaker who was so drunk that he didn’t even realize he was drunk, it seemed this much effort was necessary. When he said he wouldn’t stop him from drinking, Seung-hyun finally nodded.

‘Well, he’s already this drunk, so even if I give him water instead of alcohol, he probably won’t notice.’

He didn't say he would give him alcohol, so it wasn't a lie. Seung-hyun got into Jae-young's car without any wariness, and before long, the two arrived at Jae-young's regular bar.

"Ugh..."

"Excuse me. Director Han?"

"Ah, I'm fine. It's okay."

It wasn't clearly visible at the bar because of the lighting, but seeing him in a bright place, his complexion had noticeably turned pale.

'As expected, I shouldn't let him drink more. If he drinks more here, forget being drunk, he looks like he might collapse.'

"Let's go inside for now."

Jae-young, who was familiarly guided to a room, sat Seung-hyun, who seemed to be in a worse condition than a little while ago, in a seat. He didn't know why he was insisting on drinking even in that state, but for now, giving him anything to drink would probably console him.

"I'll have my usual, and for this customer... I think an orange juice will do."

"What? Ah, yes. Understood."

"Ugh..."

Jae-young glanced at Seung-hyun, who didn't seem to be in a good condition at all. Is he really okay? Feeling a bit anxious, Jae-young approached Seung-hyun and checked his condition.

"Are you really okay? Maybe a hangover cure or something..."

"I'm... fine. I said this much won't faze me."

Why does he keep being stubborn when anyone can see he's not in a good state? Is it because he has a perfectionist tendency, so his behavior is more extreme when he's drunk? Jae-young recalled the information he recently found out about Seung-hyun.

Doesn't smoke or drink. He drinks when he can't avoid it, but never shows a disheveled appearance by exceeding his limit. Manages himself meticulously and has better capabilities than most dominant alphas despite being a passionate alpha.

During his school days, he was pushed aside by dominant alphas and wasn't at the very top in grades, but he was a well-known hard worker that anyone would recognize.

Although he is inferior to Executive Director Han Tae-sung in various aspects, he still occasionally threatens him by creating a force within the company that supports him and producing results.

'That was roughly the gist of it, but this is just...'

Is the Han Seung-hyun in front of his eyes really that director? Thinking that, Jae-young placed his hand on Seung-hyun's shoulder.

"Ugh..."

"...Director Han?"

And at the retching sound that was different from a little while ago, Jae-young felt a bad premonition and took a step back, but it was already too late.

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"We've arrived."

"...What?"

Seung-hyun, who had been biting his nails and listening to Jae-young's story, returned to reality in an instant. Wondering what he meant, he looked around and saw that while he was concentrating on listening to the story, the car had entered the department store parking lot.

'It felt like the important part was just starting...!'

"Can't you finish the story before we go in?"

"Ah, the brand of the shoes I threw away that day has a store here."

At Jae-young's words, Seung-hyun tightly closed his mouth and unfastened his seat belt. It seemed he had no intention of telling the story right away.

'But it's my business, so it feels iffy that I can't remember it...'

In the end, Seung-hyun reluctantly got out of the car. In order to properly find out what happened, it seemed he would have to spend time with Jae-young until this evening.

## ***Episode 12***

"Welcome."

"Welcome."

The place Jae-young took Seung-hyun to was none other than a department store owned by Y Group. As if they had been notified in advance, the employees bowed and greeted Jae-young as they entered through the VIP area entrance.

"If there's anything you're looking for, please feel free to let us know anytime."

"Those shoes, what brand were they? Let's buy and get rid of those first."

"Get rid of? Isn't that too heartless? Besides, I heard you didn't bring any clothes."

"I'll just go back up tomorrow and be done with it."

Seung-hyun answered nonchalantly. Originally, the plan was to leisurely enjoy the trip for about a week, but since today wasn't the only opportunity, it seemed fine to just return to Seoul.

"I thought you were staying for a week."

"Don't worry, I won't ask for a refund."

"As an employee, isn't it our duty to do our best to ensure the guest is satisfied with our hotel until the end?"

As if he couldn't say anything. Seung-hyun went inside without answering. In fact, he had already half given up on trying to get rid of him.

It was especially so because the story ended with him accidentally being rude to Jae-young's shoes. Seung-hyun, with a disgruntled face, followed behind Jae-young.

"It might be a bit uncomfortable since it's not a tailored suit, but the suits are over there..."

"I'm not wearing a suit."

"...?"

Jae-young tilted his head as he looked at Seung-hyun, who was still wearing a suit. This was because he came straight from work. Seung-hyun, who glanced down at his own clothes, said,

"I came down directly from the office. But there's no need to wear a suit while traveling, is there? A few comfortable clothes and some indoor clothes should be enough."

"Well... You have a point. But I've never seen Director Han in anything other than a suit. I'm not sure what kind of clothes you prefer."

Last time, they had an exciting payment party from here to there, but this time, since he was only going to stay for a week, that wasn't possible.

"If you tell me your preference, I'll sincerely guide you."

"Hmm..."

Preference. He had never thought deeply about it. Seung-hyun was lost in thought for a moment. There wasn't anything grand enough to call a preference. But if he had to choose...

"...That style?"

"Me?"

When Seung-hyun pointed at him, thinking the clothes Jae-young was wearing were quite pretty, Jae-young shamelessly pretended to be embarrassed, asking if he liked him. Seung-hyun didn't react and continued speaking with a serious face.

"I'm talking about the style, not the person."



“It is a safe style. Then please do that.”

“Yes. This way, please.”

After pretending like he would guide him personally, Jae-young suddenly entrusted the guidance to the shopper who was following alongside them. Of course. It seemed he had only familiarized himself with the location of the suit corner in advance before coming.

“Do you happen to have any preferred colors?”

“No. Just as you recommend.”

Seung-hyun followed the shopper and looked at the clothes according to her recommendations. However, unlike her who was cautious as if recommending but never forcing, Seung-hyun had one more talkative companion.

“I think this color would suit you well, Director.”

“Clothes that expose the neckline... wouldn't be bad either, but I think this would be better than that.”

He was tired of telling him to stop calling him director now. Ignoring him, who spoke even longer than the shopper, Seung-hyun picked out a few clothes according to the shopper's recommendations.

He wanted to take more time to choose, but the person next to him was too noisy, so he decided to wrap it up appropriately and go back.

“You're not planning on wearing those shoes all day long too, are you? It will be uncomfortable.”

“Ah.”

But it wasn't over just by buying clothes. Since he came out directly from work, he was still wearing dress shoes. They were a bit uncomfortable to wear all day long.

“Since you seem to have picked out all the clothes, shall we go look at shoes right away?”

“Yes. Shall I show you sneakers? If you have any preferred brands or styles...”

“I don’t. Just recommend something that goes well with the clothes I just bought.”

“Ah. Then that won’t do. The sneakers released by Z Company this season, do you have them?”

“If you tell me which product you’re looking for, I’ll check right away.”

Sneakers are all the same. While thinking that and trying to pick anything, Jae-young stopped Seung-hyun. After grabbing the shopper and explaining which shoes for a while, the shopper finally seemed to figure out the identity of those shoes and nodded.

“Ah. You’re talking about that product. I’ll check the stock right away.”

The shopper tapped on the tablet she was holding for a moment, then nodded, saying there was stock. Without even knowing what that product was, Seung-hyun was dragged to the Z Company store. A pair of sneakers was presented in front of him.

“This product has been getting a good response recently. Not only is the design well-done, but the fit is more comfortable compared to other shoes. There are often products that look pretty on the outside but have a disappointing fit, but in the case of this product...”

“Is this the only color available?”

Seung-hyun said, looking down at the white-based sneakers. Indeed, the shoes Jae-young recommended were pretty. He hadn’t tried them on, but seeing the shopper emphasizing the fit, they were probably comfortable too.

But Seung-hyun was planning to go to the beach. Of course, he could just buy new shoes, but he was a bit reluctant to wear white sneakers and walk on the beach right away.

“Ah, it comes in two colors, white and black.”

“The white would go better with the clothes you just bought though.”

When he asked if there were any other colors, Jae-young immediately chimed in, tilting his head. Should he explain this or not? After pondering for a

moment, Seung-hyun decided to tell him the reason, thinking it was nothing much anyway.

“I’m going to the beach. There’s no need to wear white shoes for that, is there?”

“Can’t you just buy beach shoes too?”

“I don’t want to increase my luggage.”

“For that kind of reason. What’s your shoe size?”

“ ... ”

What’s my shoe size now? Seung-hyun looked down at his feet for a moment.

“I guess you weren’t very interested in dressing up usually.”

“If you show me the shoes you’re wearing now, I’ll help you check.”

Fortunately, for people who grew up preciously, this wasn’t particularly unusual, so Seung-hyun was able to get through the situation without looking suspicious.

“Sit down and take off your shoes.”

“ ... ”

Seung-hyun sat on a stool placed inside the store to take off his shoes. As he slightly lifted his foot to take off the shoe, Jae-young naturally knelt on one knee in front of him and looked at his feet.

“...What are you doing?”

“I’m checking your shoe size for you.”

“Can’t you just take it off and hand it to me?”

Does he really think of people as babies? Seung-hyun, feeling absurd, just slightly opened his mouth and looked down at Jae-young without any reaction even as the shoe was being taken off.

‘Why is he really doing this...?’

The more this happens, the more curious he becomes about what happened that day. He stops the story in the middle, leaving it unfinished. Seung-hyun looked down at Jae-young's head, which was even well-done down to the crown.

"I just wanted to do it for you. Didn't you say you were sad because there were many things you hadn't tried?"

"...I did?"

"Yes."

He couldn't remember if he really said such a thing, but even if he did, it probably wasn't with this intention. Seung-hyun looked down at Jae-young with a dumbfounded face and asked,

"I don't even remember if I said such a thing just now. It would be nice if you could finish explaining what happened that day as quickly and concisely as possible."

"It's already almost dinner time. I'm feeling a bit hungry too."

It was another irrelevant remark. Jae-young, who had already changed Seung-hyun's shoes, made him stand up, telling him to walk around for a bit.

"How is it?"

"It's comfortable and nice."

"As expected, right? Then let's go with this. And the rest of the story... There's no need to rush, shall we finish it while having dinner?"

Seung-hyun glared at Jae-young for a moment, who naturally said he would pay for it as if it wasn't his own, then sighed and handed his card to the employee.

'It wasn't what I wanted, but it's true that I received help anyway...'

"There's a restaurant on the 22nd floor that our lady likes, I think it would be good to have dinner there. You need to have a full stomach to have the energy to talk too."

"Alright. Let's say I'm buying dinner."

“What?”

Jae-young, who had been following him around all day and even dragging him, made a stupid face when he said he would buy dinner. But that was only for a moment. Soon returning to his usual expression, Jae-young nodded.

“It would be rude to refuse when you’re offering to treat. Then shall we look around a bit more and have a meal? Shoes, clothes. Next is...”

“A week’s worth is enough.”

Seung-hyun stopped Jae-young, who had a more excited face than before, and completely changed into his newly bought shoes. They were comfortable shoes, as he had heard.

### ***Episode 13***

New clothes and even new shoes. He bought quite a lot of things, but Seung-hyun’s hands were light. Most of the luggage had already been moved to Jae-young’s car, and even the cardigan he impulsively bought a moment ago was held by Jae-young, not Seung-hyun.

“What food do you like?”

“Nothing in particular... There are foods I dislike, but no outstandingly favorite ones.”

“Then what foods do you dislike?”

“Well... let’s see. Nuts?”

Seung-hyun was the type to eat well without being picky about food. The only thing he avoided was nuts, but even that, he could eat if he really had to.

“I’ll have to consider that when choosing.”

“Please come this way.”

Soon, the elevator arrived on the 22nd floor, and the two were guided to the inner room. It was a room with a cool view, with one side made entirely of windows.

“Two of Course A. Oh, and please exclude nuts for one of them.”

“Understood. What drinks would you like us to prepare?”

“Could I get a recommendation for a good wine?”

“Ah, I don’t drink alcohol.”

Seung-hyun interjected while quietly watching Jae-young order. Life was limited as it was, and he had no intention of shortening it himself.

Moreover, he got involved with Jae-young by drinking too much, so who knew what would happen if he drank again.

“If you want to drink, drink alone.”

“Is it because of last time? One or two glasses should be fine.”

“Forget it. I’ve decided to abstain for life.”

“Hmm, well. That method does suit you, Director Han. Then I’ll just have a non-alcoholic drink too.”

Not knowing the circumstances, Jae-young simply thought it was a choice that fit well with Seung-hyun’s usual personality, and casually ordered his own drink. The course started with simple appetizers, and the paused conversation resumed.

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“For now, at least this...”

In the worst situation, the staff changed the room and brought Jae-young a spare pair of shoes they had on hand. Jae-young sighed as he watched Seung-hyun, whose expression had hardened, still looking for alcohol.

‘Should I film him making a fool of himself drunk? Seriously. He was going on about having a poker face, and now this.’

“Ugh... sob.”

“Excuse me? Director Han?”

Should I just film him being drunk and ditch him. As he was contemplating, the groaning sound from behind evolved into sobbing.

“Wah...”

“Excuse me. Are you okay?”

Maybe he’s not feeling well. Come to think of it, his face seemed to have gotten even paler than before. Instead of doing this, should I send him to the hospital? As he seriously pondered and grabbed his cell phone, a bony, slender hand grabbed Jae-young’s wrist.

“Where are you going? You said you’d drink with me...”

“You’re in no condition to drink alcohol right now.”

“I’m completely, hic. Fine.”

Even if you say that while shedding tears. Jae-young made a troubled face and looked at Seung-hyun, then sat down. Judging by his nonsensical words, it didn’t seem like there was a big problem.

“Drink this instead.”

Jae-young tapped the orange juice placed in front of Seung-hyun. Seung-hyun, who had been blankly staring at the glass, started drinking the juice.

“Is it tasty?”

“Yes.”

Why is he so obsessed with alcohol when he can’t even distinguish between alcohol and juice? Ah, is that addiction? Jae-young thought about meaningless things while looking at Seung-hyun.

“Because I’m not drinking alone...”

But then Seung-hyun spoke with dazed eyes. The sight of him sipping juice was quite different from the prickly impression he had seen in photos and reports.

Even when he first saw him, and the Director Han Seung-hyun he had seen while searching for information, didn’t have that kind of look. That was the case even setting aside the fact that he was simply drinking and causing trouble.

The appearance of him with his hair neatly pulled back and wearing subtly different colored suits. The face that never loses that annoying smile in any situation. It was so creepily identical in every photo that one could believe it was photoshopped, but that expression was nowhere to be seen now.

The bangs covering his forehead, the flushed cheeks from the heat. Above all, the eyes that showed no hint of malice and the water droplets stopped on his cheeks made Seung-hyun seem unfamiliar.

“Did you come to the bar because you didn’t want to drink alone?”

“That’s not it.”

“Then why did you come out?”

“...Because I wanted to.”

Seung-hyun muttered while sipping juice, as if he had never sobbed. Jae-young asked again to Seung-hyun who was mumbling as if he was about to eat the cup too.

“I didn’t hear you well.”

“I wanted to sleep with a handsome man for once.”

“Pardon?”

This time he clearly heard it, but it was a remark that made him doubt his ears even after hearing it. However, unlike Jae-young who had frozen in shock, Seung-hyun had a nonchalant face even after dropping the bomb remark.

“I wanted to talk with people like me too. A place like a gay bar... I wanted to go at least once.”

A place like a gay bar. There are often typists who believe Alphas and Omegas, and Betas and Betas should only meet each other, but few people make an issue of gender.

Jae-young tilted his head for a moment at the sight of him talking as if it were a big deal. But soon he thought that it might be such a big deal for Seung-hyun, even if others might not know, and asked again.

“Well, did you want to... try rebelling or something like that?”



“It doesn’t matter anymore anyway... I just... want to sleep with a handsome man with a nice body for once...”

It was a remark that didn’t match the sentimental face. For a moment, Jae-young’s thought circuit stopped as if a system error had occurred.

“So I came. I have nothing to do anyway.”

“Why do you have nothing to do? You’re a busy person, aren’t you? The company...”

“I won’t work. I don’t care what happens to the company. Managing Director Han Tae-sung will lead it well. It’s that kind of world.”

Seung-hyun said while tilting the half-empty glass of juice back and forth. Seung-hyun was just thinking about nothing, but Jae-young was trying to infer the reason for that action.

‘Wasn’t it said that at the recent shareholders’ meeting, Chairman Han blatantly compared Managing Director Han Tae-sung and Director Han, humiliating him.’

If you think about it that way, the behavior was understandable. Is he doing this for that reason? Jae-young, who thought Seung-hyun was a bit pitiful, unconsciously stroked Seung-hyun’s hair slightly.

“...?”

‘Oops. Was that too rude?’

At the sudden stroking of his hair, Seung-hyun raised his head with a puzzled face. The flustered Jae-young hurriedly tried to pull his hand out, but Seung-hyun grabbed that hand.

“Mmm...”

As if the cold hand felt good, Seung-hyun rubbed his face against Jae-young’s hand. Jae-young’s body trembled at the pheromones that began to leak out little by little.

“Pheromones are coming out.”

“Pheromones?”

But Seung-hyun, who was not yet familiar with pheromones, only tilted his head, not even knowing that he was emitting pheromones. Unlike Omega pheromones, there was no sweetness at all, but the sensation of it weakly pricking the skin felt just like Seung-hyun.

“I guess it’s because I feel good.”

The face pressing against the cold hand was hot, with a nonchalant expression. Alphas tend to avoid each other’s pheromones, but maybe because Seung-hyun was a rut, it wasn’t unpleasant to the point of being disliked.

“I don’t care what happens to the company. I’m just... going to do everything I want and live.”

“What do you want to do so badly?”

“Hands...”

“I heard that a lot, so besides that.”

Seung-hyun, who had put down the glass that contained the juice, rested his chin on his hand and fell into thought. Things he wanted to do. There were so many that it was a problem.

“...I want to spend money recklessly, I want to have a hotel vacation in the most expensive room.”

For now, trivial things came to mind first. Things that could be done with Han Seung-hyun’s limitless card.

“I want to laze around at home all day without doing anything or worrying about anything. I want to go on a trip without any plans. Right. The ocean, it’s been a long time since I’ve been to the ocean, to a place with a pretty ocean...”

Next, things that could be done if he had time came to mind. Nunnunnanna\*. Even on the day he went to meet that damn guy, he had to find a part-time replacement and barely made time.

(\*T/N: Not sure what this means)

“And... I wish I had a friend who is similar to me. Someone I can pour my heart out to. I want to date too. I don't really like being alone.”

And then next, things that couldn't be done with his own strength alone. But things that could be achieved if he tried.

“Also... I want to live happily like that for a long, long time.”

Lastly, something came to mind that would be difficult to achieve even with someone's help. A wish that could never come true now that he had become Han Seung-hyun.

“For a long, long time...”

Seung-hyun, who became even more depressed for no reason, lowered his head with eyes full of tears. Fortunately, Jae-young didn't find that strange. He just thought the drunk Seung-hyun was being sentimental.

“Why do you hate being alone?”

“Because being alone is lonely. Playing alone is no fun either. Also...”

“Also?”

“I don't expect understanding anyway, but still, if you're at least by my side... then it would be a little less lonely.”

Seung-hyun spoke in a creeping voice. He only drank juice here, but maybe because he ate it thinking it was alcohol, his face seemed a little redder than before.

“...Then should I stay with you?”

The reason Jae-young said such a thing was purely out of impulse. But somehow, he had a feeling he wouldn't regret it.

### ***Episode 14***

“...?”

“You said you need a friend. I can at least do that much.”

Seung-hyun was the one who made Seon-hu call him crying, but he had only given a hard time to Seon-hu's unlikable fiancé, not Seon-hu himself yet.

It wasn't a good impression, but seeing him behave like this, he had to say that it made him newly realize how young this man was.

"I can go on trips with you, hang out with you."

It was a bit early to talk about dating, but it seemed like he could at least do that much. Seung-hyun, who had been blinking at the sudden words, asked back.

"Why?"

"Pardon?"

"We just met today, didn't we? I don't even know your name yet..."

Seung-hyun tilted his head and asked. Jae-young, who remembered that he hadn't even introduced himself yet, scratched the back of his head in embarrassment.

'I heard he's famous for having a good memory. Well, I guess it's because he's in this state now.'

"I'm Ju Jae-young. My mother is the CEO of Y Hotel."

"Ju Jae-young... Ju Jae-young?"

Seung-hyun's reaction as he blinked his eyes was too ambiguous to determine whether he knew Jae-young's name or not.

"You're going to be friends with me?"

"Yes."

"If you want to be friends with me... there are a lot of things you have to do."

"Even if it's a lot."

He'll be busy working anyway. Jae-young shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. Unlike himself, who only had to show his face to his mother

occasionally and attend a few annoying events, Director Han was a very busy person.

‘At most, it’ll only be once or twice a month. What’s so difficult about that?’

When he showed a triumphant face, Seung-hyun looked up at Jae-young with dazed eyes. Who would think this person was HJ Group’s unique rutting alpha Han Seung-hyun when seeing this?

Well, rumors are always exaggerated. Thinking that, Jae-young looked down at Seung-hyun.

“If you’re going to do what I want... I wish you would do more.”

“Like what?”

The next moment, Jae-young regretted asking. He’s been talking about this the whole time, why did he ask?

“Your face... is handsome. You’re tall too. Also...”

“I’m an alpha. Director Han is also an alpha.”

“I don’t mind.”

The blatant gaze he had felt at the bar swept over Jae-young from bottom to top once again. He had taken him out because he was interested in that gaze. But now it felt a bit burdensome.

“I want to confirm if it’s big too...”

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“Wait. Wait a minute.”

“Yes.”

“Are you saying I really said those things?”

Seung-hyun dropped the fork he was holding and trembled his hands. He was crazy. Properly crazy. The things he supposedly said were all things he didn’t want to believe.

'Fortunately, it can be heard ambiguously when combined with the original Han Seung-hyun's situation.'

At least he was fortunate not to have said things like 'Actually, I'm not the original Han Seung-hyun, I just had an accident and ended up in a book'.

But that's just relatively fortunate, not truly fortunate. At the words that made his appetite disappear, Seung-hyun swallowed his saliva without even thinking about picking up the fork he had dropped on the table.

"So I came here a bit late, but to do what you asked."

"...Don't lie."

"Why would I lie about this?"

"Aren't you close with Lee Seon-hu? And Lee Seon-hu is the spouse of Managing Director Han Taeseong. Aren't you doing this because you're worried that if I harm Managing Director Han Taeseong, that harm will extend to Lee Seon-hu?"

"But Director, you followed me of your own accord."

"Don't play word games!"

When he spoke sternly, only then did the playfulness in Jae-young's face disappear a little. But Jae-young's stance didn't change.

"I'm not joking either. Well, I know you don't have a good relationship with the Managing Director, but that's between you two. You haven't stepped down from your director position now, have you?"

Why is the person who knows he stepped down from his director position annoyingly keep calling him Director? Seung-hyun spoke with eyes full of suspicion.

"Then, what about those words?"

"What words?"

"Didn't you say something about me wanting to hide this matter, and that it would become fun if others knew about it? Something like that."

Seung-hyun growled. Jae-young, who now had an embarrassed face, put down the utensils he was holding.

“...I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Then what?”

“When you woke up... weren’t you sober and not in your right mind? I thought I had to say things like that to hold onto you for now. I really had no intention of spreading rumors.”

The dejected appearance like a dog with droopy ears was a bit funny, and Seung-hyun almost let his guard down. But he soon put his guard up again and asked.

“Didn’t you keep doing that through text messages too?”

“That’s... because I was a bit disappointed.”

“What is there to be disappointed about between us?”

“That’s exactly the part that disappoints me. We spent the night together.”

Seung-hyun flinched at those words. The feeling that his tone was a bit, how can you be so heartless to someone you spent the night with, wasn’t just his imagination then?

“Th-that’s nothing. It’s probably not your first time.”

“It is my first time. Isn’t it Han Seung-hyun’s first time too?”

“...What?”

“Well, I don’t know everything, but at least it seemed like it was your first time.”

“Ju Jae-young!”

Seung-hyun’s face turned red. He had been going on and on about sex when he was drunk, but now that he was sober, he didn’t like even indirect expressions.

‘Well, Ju Jae-young has thought since he was young that he would end up with Lee Seon-hu, and lived only being interested in Lee Seon-hu...’

“It’s not a lie.”

“Yes. I understand.”

But why is he so skilled? Is it a characteristic of a main novel character? Seung-hyun pondered seriously, lost in thought.

Clearly, Ju Jae-young was a character who only showed interest in the main lead Lee Seon-hu. With that face, that body, and being a golden spoon on top of that, to the point of not having a single dating or sexual experience.

“...But why me?”

So it made even less sense. In the novel that he had definitely finished reading up to the end the day before the accident, Ju Jae-young was consistently a character who only loved Seon-hu until the end of the novel.

As if Seon-hu was the only interesting thing in the world. He was someone who maintained a strictly business-like attitude towards others.

“Why Director, you ask? Hmm. I wonder.”

At the muttered words, Seung-hyun pretended to ponder. But he didn’t seem to be really thinking about it. It was just a gesture to tease Seung-hyun.

“Actually, there’s no particularly grand reason. It’s just, I’ve always had this kind of personality since I was young.”

“...A personality that doesn’t listen well to others?”

“Haha. That’s not wrong either.”

Jae-young, who smiled slightly, picked up the utensils again. Jae-young, who had rolled the spaghetti noodles into a bite-sized portion, placed the fork near Seung-hyun’s slightly open mouth and said,

“I’m the type to only focus on one thing. Since I was young, I had a hard time getting interested in anything other than the one thing that piqued my interest. The only subject that had piqued my interest before Director Han... I think it lasted about 20 years.”



For a moment, Seung-hyun felt a chilling sensation down his spine. 20 years. That seemed to be exactly when Ju Jae-young started feeling special about Lee Seon-hu in the original story.

“...Why don't you keep being interested in what you were originally interested in?”

“It's now... become something I can't have. Actually, I knew that, but I couldn't let go because there was nothing that interested me more than that person.”

The more he heard, the more convinced he became that the 'thing he was interested in' was Lee Seon-hu. Seung-hyun shook his head as he watched Jae-young squirm without knowing his own pace.

'He'll stop after a while. He was originally an unpredictable character anyway.'

“So, I never intended to blackmail you with your preferences from the beginning. Now that I've heard you really quit the company, I became more curious about Director Han to end it with just one night.”

“I understand. I'll trust you.”

Seung-hyun let out a small sigh. He roughly understood how things turned out, and although it got majorly twisted, this novel was bound to not go as originally planned since he submitted his resignation to the company.

It bothered him that Ju Jae-young happened to be the sub-lead of the original work, but Seung-hyun didn't have the leisure to chase away the warmth that walked in on its own.

He'll probably stop after a while, so it should be fine for a while. Seung-hyun, who finished his short agony, said in a small voice,

“Not Director.”

“Pardon?”

“Don't call me Director. I quit the company, and I don't want to be called that either. Just... call me by my name.”

At Seung-hyun's words, a slight flush appeared on Jae-young's face. Seung-hyun stuffed a large portion of spaghetti, whose taste he didn't even know, into his mouth with a displeased expression.

## ***Episode 15***

After finishing the meal, Seung-hyun left the department store with Jae-young. The luggage was already loaded in the car, and Seung-hyun, who took out a cardigan from the paper bag in the now chilly evening weather, unbuttoned his clothes.

'They said Busan isn't cold. But the evening air is still chilly.'

"Alright, shall we go see the ocean now?"

Jae-young said as he opened the passenger door of the car. Did I even mention wanting to see the ocean? Seung-hyun nodded his head with a blank look on his face.

He felt like he had accumulated a lifetime's worth of embarrassing history in that one day he couldn't properly remember. Jae-young may be playful, but he wasn't someone who lied.

'I have a high alcohol tolerance, but... I usually didn't drink much in front of people because I was afraid I'd reveal that I'm gay when drunk. Maybe I drank carelessly because that risk was gone.'

Seung-hyun recalled the day he turned an adult and drank as much as he could alone to figure out his alcohol tolerance. He had puzzled over whether this was really how much he could handle without getting drunk, but felt relieved when he started feeling tipsy.

'Well, it doesn't matter anymore since I can't drink now anyway.'

Seung-hyun leaned fully back in his seat. Perhaps it was because his curiosity was satisfied and the tension was released, but he felt a bit tired.

However, he wanted to go see the ocean. At night and during the day. There was no special reason. He just wanted to because it wasn't a place he frequented. Unlike the city where buildings blocked the view everywhere, he wanted to walk absentmindedly along the vast ocean spread out before him, listening to the sound of waves and people chattering.

"Do you like the ocean?"

“Rather than liking it... I just suddenly wanted to see it. What about you, Jae-young-ssi? Do you like the ocean?”

“I periodically visit hotels for the future, so I consistently end up going to the ocean. Both Jeju and Busan have ocean views. But this might be the first time I’m intentionally going to see the ocean.”

Jae-young said while gripping the steering wheel. It was unexpected. He seemed to suit the ocean well.

“You can easily see it without having to go all the way to the beach. I don’t think I ever considered it special.”

“Is that so.”

Not special, huh. Seung-hyun himself wanted to go to the ocean because it wasn’t a place he frequented. It was probably the same for everyone. The special draws you in more than the ordinary.

“Then... is there a place you want to visit, or something like that, Jae-young-ssi?”

“Hmm... not really. If I had to pick one, I want to go to the villa in the US. It’s a nice place in many ways, but my parents tell me to stick to Korea and come running whenever they call if I have nothing else to do. So I can’t go often.”

It was a Jae-young-like answer. Seung-hyun chuckled at that response.

“If you were able to go there whenever you wanted, would you still have wanted to go to that villa?”

“Well... probably not.”

Jae-young replied after some thought. Even if he could always go, it was likely a good place, but it probably wouldn’t have come to mind like now when asked where he wanted to visit.

“There were many places I couldn’t go even if I wanted to. The ocean just came to mind first.”

“That makes sense, Director Han... no, Seung-hyun-ssi, you were busy. Is that why you quit?”

“Yes. I want to do everything I want. It’s not like I don’t have money, and my stocks and real estate under my name won’t disappear even if I quit being a director. Why suffer doing what I don’t want to do?”

Seung-hyun said, recalling the Han Seung-hyun in the novel. He had lots of money, so why did he struggle so hard for recognition and position instead of just living as he pleased? It was something Seung-hyun couldn’t understand.

“Now that I know, even if it’s late, I should live the rest of my life without regrets.”

Seung-hyun said with a shrug. Having a set end didn’t seem as bad as he thought. Even if it was a little hard to accept, it was definitely better than suddenly ending one day.

“You sound like you’re about to die. If someone heard you, they’d think you’re almost seventy rather than twenty-nine.”

Actually, there was someone younger than twenty-nine inside, but considering the days Seung-hyun had left, being a seventy-year-old man might be better. Seung-hyun thought to himself and laughed softly.

“Kek kek... Jae-young-ssi, you really have no eye for people.”

“Did you just laugh?”

“What?”

Seung-hyun, who had been snickering, looked at Jae-young at the sudden remark. Jae-young, who had stopped the car at a red light, met Seung-hyun’s gaze.

“Uh, is laughing not allowed?”

“No, that’s not it... I just think it’s the first time I’ve heard you laugh like that. I can’t look to the side while driving. If only the light had turned red a little sooner.”

“...You’re a more model driver than I thought.”

“It’s more that I’m not confident in my driving.”

“Pardon?”

Seung-hyun blinked with a dumbfounded look. He had thought Jae-young hadn't taken his eyes off the front since earlier.

"Don't tell me... you have a license but can't drive?"

"It's not that. The car I usually drive has the driver's seat on the opposite side, so I'm not used to this one."

Is that fortunate or not? Seung-hyun made a distrustful face after hearing something he would have rather not known.

"How did you get here then?"

"I took a plane this morning. This car is a spare that was left at the hotel."

"Ah."

Right, no crazy person would choose an unfamiliar car to drive for nearly five hours. He had overestimated Jae-young because he seemed a bit crazy.

The light changed and Jae-young gripped the steering wheel again. But Seung-hyun, whose distrust hadn't disappeared, didn't say anything to Jae-young and just fiddled with his cell phone.

"...Isn't that too much? I'm not that much of a novice driver."

"What's too much? Just focus on driving."

Seung-hyun harshly retorted to Jae-young's words. The car arrived at the beach not long after, and Seung-hyun set foot on the ocean he had only been looking at through the window.

"Isn't it cold?"

"It's fine. I have a cardigan too."

Seung-hyun strode across the sandy beach without hesitation. The sun had fully set, but thanks to the lights from the buildings located here and there, the ocean clearly revealed its appearance.

Swish-

The sound of the cool breeze and waves filled Seung-hyun's head. As expected, there was a difference between just looking out at it and seeing it right before his eyes.

"It's refreshing."

Seung-hyun closed his eyes for a moment as he faced the sea breeze. The wind was a little chilly, but not cold enough to be unbearable. He liked this level of cold.

"You must have felt very suffocated. Seoul is a bit like that. Lots of people, lots of annoying people."

Jae-young, who had followed Seung-hyun, spoke. He was holding a plastic bag in his hand, having bought something in the meantime.

"What's that now?"

"Oh, this."

When Seung-hyun asked about the plastic bag, Jae-young rummaged through it with a rustle and took out what was inside. A stick-like object made of steel emerged from the bag.

"What is that?"

"Everyone else seemed to be doing it."

Jae-young said, pointing to where there were many people. Following his finger, Seung-hyun saw people playing with fireworks.

"Ah. So that's what this is?"

"They said it's called a sparkler. They were selling them over there."

Jae-young pointed to a street vendor. Seung-hyun, thinking of Jae-young who had been calculating there earlier, snickered again.

"Do they take cards there too?"

"What era do you think this is? Of course they do. They said bank transfers work too."

Jae-young said, looking at Seung-hyun's face. He must have laughed like this a little while ago too. Jae-young couldn't take his eyes off Seung-hyun's mischievous smile that was just as playful as his laughter.

"Do you have a lighter?"

"Ah, they gave me one earlier. Here."

Jae-young, who had been rummaging through the plastic bag, found a cheap lighter. Seung-hyun, awkwardly flicking the lighter, lit the sparkler.

"Wow."

Seung-hyun's eyes sparkled as he watched the flames burn in a pretty shape. He had been so nonchalant about a meal that cost around 10,000 won per bite, but now he was so excited over a stick that cost a little over 1,000 won each. Jae-young found that a bit fascinating about Seung-hyun.

"Have you done this before, Jae-young-ssi?"

"No. I just found out such a thing existed."

"Try it."

A little while ago, he had acted like a seventy or eighty-year-old man, but now he was acting like a high school student who had just graduated. Was that why it felt more fun?

Seeing Seung-hyun, who handed him a sparkler, Jae-young asked,

"Then, are we friends now?"