

## **I Became a Villainous Character with a Limited Lifespan - Episode 46 - 50**

### ***Episode 46***

“That, that person... was that person from that time?”

Seon-hu, who had returned home without properly hearing the explanation of the situation, waited for Tae-sung, not knowing what to do. He was curious about who that person was to make such a scary face.

Finally learning the identity of that man, Seon-hu was surprised and at a loss, observing Tae-sung’s reaction.

“You were hanging out without even exchanging names?”

“That, well... Seung-hyun is not that rare of a name, and Han isn’t either...”

Seon-hu made an excuse in a meek voice. Actually, the first time they met, it wasn’t a situation where they could exchange names, and when he met Seung-hyun a little while ago, he didn’t really pay attention to names, happy to see him.

Only after hearing from Tae-sung who he was did he remember that the name Tae-sung sometimes mentioned was the same as the name of the man he met today.

“It’s not like you didn’t know his face.”

“I’m sure I’ve seen him before, but... his impression was very different.”

Seon-hu wasn’t the type to diligently attend HJ’s family events. Chairman Han also found Seon-hu unsatisfactory, and Tae-sung also didn’t want to take Seon-hu to such occasions, so Seung-hyun and Seon-hu weren’t familiar with each other’s faces.

However, neither Seon-hu nor Seung-hyun had forgettable faces. Having seen his face at the wedding, even Seon-hu remembered that Tae-sung’s gaze towards Seung-hyun at that time was unusual.

He wasn't a man with a face that could be easily forgotten after seeing once. Not only his outstanding appearance, but... especially his aura was like that. A smile that seemed relaxed but was also somehow cold to the core.

His neatly combed hair and flawless attire. The memory of feeling that not even a needle could go through his appearance seemed quite similar to Chairman Han.

'But... that person was not like that at all.'

Thinking about it after knowing, the facial features were definitely the same, but even thinking again, the aura was so different that it wasn't easy to match them as the same person.

It didn't seem to be simply because he had his hair down or was wearing comfortable clothes. Even in the confusing situation, he seemed to have kindness ingrained in his body, and his precarious aura that seemed like it would sway this way and that if poked made Seon-hu want to take care of him.

'He didn't seem like such a bad person...'

Even though they only exchanged brief greetings at the wedding, he had left such a scary impression due to his unique aura, but this time, rather...

"You have no sense of caution at all. You were like that from the beginning."

"I, I'm not that bad at judging people..."

"Do you think those words have credibility in this situation?"

Seon-hu took a step closer to Tae-sung, who had a worried face despite his blunt voice. As if he himself didn't have the worst first impression.

"Now that I know... I won't go out alone anymore. I'll entrust walking Leo to my parents or the housekeeper, so don't worry too much."

"Until now, he only messed with me, but... we don't know when he might reach out to you or others. I won't stop you from coming to the family home, but it's better to be careful."

"B-but..."

Tae-sung stopped stroking Seon-hu's hair at the look on his face that seemed to have something to say. He had an ominous feeling that he would hear something unpleasant.

"...He might not be as bad as we think..."

"You see people too positively, it's a big problem."

This kind of prediction never missed the mark. Tae-sung let out a small sigh and ruffled Seon-hu's hair.

Seon-hu was a good person. Even Tae-sung himself thought that from when their engagement was decided until the early days of their marriage, he was no different from a jerk to Seon-hu.

It's not like this marriage was good for Seon-hu either, but Tae-sung, who couldn't go against Chairman Han's will, expressed his dissatisfaction with the arranged marriage to Seon-hu.

Not only ignoring him, but thinking back now, there were several times he hurled verbal abuse that made him want to beat himself up, and he never became a good husband even in empty words.

However, Seon-hu not only had a sunny personality, but he was also a person with conviction. Even when hurt, he wanted to know why Tae-sung acted that way and opened his eyes to see the situation properly.

'What changes by only blaming like that? Without even knowing exactly what you're angry about, nothing changes just by being angry.'

At first, he rather disliked it, thinking what unrealistic words this young master who only grew up in a greenhouse was saying... but at some point, he couldn't ignore his words anymore.

Although he wasn't as optimistic as he first thought, Seon-hu was fundamentally a person who believed people could change. So he probably didn't give up on Tae-sung and made their relationship what it is now, but...

"Han Seung-hyun is not that kind of person. That guy... is completely twisted. When he was a bit younger... if I had known him before he became that twisted, it might be a different story."

He was a person who would do anything to get what he wanted. A person who didn't care at all about the suffering of others or the aftereffects that action would bring.

"How did you end up meeting him?"

A person who will never change. Tae-sung defined Seung-hyun that way. At Tae-sung's resolute words, Seon-hu gave up persuading him and answered.

"Last time when I came to the family home, I had nothing to do and was bored, so I went to the mart for a bit."

"You don't have to do that kind of thing..."

"But it's something I can do too. I had nothing to do and just wanted to look around since it had been a while... I met him there."

Han Seung-hyun and a mart. It was truly a creepy combination of words that didn't match at all. Why on earth did he have to meet Seon-hu going that far?

"How did he approach you? Didn't you feel anything strange?"

"It's not like that. Just... I bumped into him while getting distracted and fell..."

"It wasn't on purpose?"

"No. How could he have calculated that on purpose?"

Seon-hu shook his head and said. They bumped into each other due to both being careless. How could he have predicted that a person would suddenly pop out at the corner?

"I felt a strange familiarity with someone I was seeing for the first time. Ah, thinking about it now, it was probably because I knew his face."

Tae-sung let out a small sigh. No doubt, he probably approached and talked to him first in a friendly manner. He didn't dislike Seon-hu's personality, but if he was unlucky, it could lead to him suffering great harm.

"The habit of talking to strangers..."

"But while talking... he almost collapsed."

“What?”

Tae-sung frowned at the unexpected story. He almost collapsed? Han Seung-hyun?

“...It wasn't an act?”

“Do you distrust people too much? His complexion turned pale, and he refused when I tried to call an ambulance.”

“.....”

“Only after taking the medicine he had did he calm down. I was a bit worried so I helped him... It was so hectic that day we couldn't exchange names. And today, when I went out for a walk, Leo escaped while I was fixing his leash, so I was wandering around and happened to run into him.”

“The people who know you're coming here today...”

“They might know I came to the family home, but the decision for me to walk Leo was made right before leaving. It wasn't a situation that could be deliberately calculated.”

Tae-sung recalled Seung-hyun whom he ran into at the hospital. He seemed to say he came for a checkup, was that a lie?

“From finding the medicine right away to today too... He seemed to be in very poor health.”

Seon-hu said, recalling Seung-hyun who spoke calmly about his physical condition. Knowing it would be rude to ask for details, he couldn't talk deeply, but even with vague words, he could tell that he was unhealthy.

“One of them might not be a lie. But my thought that nothing good will come from getting close to Han Seung-hyun remains unchanged. You might not have recognized him, but there's no way Han Seung-hyun didn't recognize you.”

Seon-hu originally had no suspicion of people and wouldn't assign meaning to every passerby, so he might not remember the face of someone he saw once.

‘Besides, these days, even to me, Han Seung-hyun's aura has changed to the point of being unfamiliar...’

But Seung-hyun was different. He accurately remembered people he saw even once, and if there was even a small possibility of them being helpful to his work, he memorized not only that person but also the personal information of those around them.

Moreover, wasn't Seon-hu the spouse of Tae-sung, the person Seung-hyun hated the most?

"But... meeting was really a coincidence, and rather, I was the one who approached first. He was rather..."

"Even if by any chance it was a coincidence, nothing will change. Han Seung-hyun is someone you shouldn't get close to. I know better what kind of person he is... having seen him for nearly 20 years, so don't talk about this anymore."

Tae-sung cut off Seon-hu's words that seemed to strangely defend Seung-hyun. He felt stupid for thinking even for a moment that he might really be trying to escape from this suffocating life.

"If there's one person in the world who won't change even if the world ends, it's Han Seung-hyun. No matter how much you believe in people, not Han Seung-hyun."

Having said firmly, Tae-sung instructed Seon-hu's bodyguard to not leave Seon-hu alone for the time being. Although Seung-hyun's face seemed a bit pale, he thought it was something not worth paying attention to and finished preparing to return home.

### ***Episode 47***

Seung-hyun returned home and threw himself on the sofa, forgetting to even take off his outerwear. Who would have thought that man was Seon-hu. If he had known, even if it meant collapsing on the spot and being taken to the hospital, he wouldn't have accepted his help.

"Does it mean getting entangled with someone one way or another...?"

Seung-hyun muttered softly. Somehow, he was a person who gave comfort to a strange degree.

Is it some kind of main character buff? Seung-hyun thought of Seon-hu with a genuine sense of envy.

Appearance and personality that anyone would feel favorable towards. An atmosphere that draws people in and the kindness to give the love he received to others.

So that's what a main character is like. He had never envied someone else this much before. This time, he was really envious of Seon-hu.

A person born to be loved. He had the power to draw others in, befitting the main character of this world, and had a guaranteed happy ending.

Even when he didn't know it was Seon-hu, he envied him, but now that he knew, he felt strangely comfortable to an odd degree while also having mixed feelings.

'If I was going to become someone else anyway...'

It would have been nice to become the main character, not the villain. Knowing that the fate to die on the spot was extended even a little, he knew he should be grateful, but desires were like that.

Isn't it strange to want a better situation than the one you're in after catching your breath?

It's just that those desires sometimes come with misery, so Seung-hyun was slowly sinking into a gloomy mood, wishing for something that couldn't be achieved.

It would have been better if he hadn't known. Seeing Seon-hu being worried about by Tae-sung reminded him that he was the main lead of this novel, and it newly occurred to him how this novel should flow.

'If I was Lee Seon-hu, not Han Seung-hyun... I wouldn't have to worry like now. No, in the first place, I wouldn't have even met Ju Jae-young like that...'

Originally, Jae-young should have liked Seon-hu. If he hadn't gotten dead drunk and caught Jae-young's eye, Jae-young would have still liked Seon-hu with nothing changed.

'...I don't like that.'

But even if he didn't like it, Seung-hyun couldn't become Jae-young's lover. There were things in the world that couldn't be done with just feelings. He

knew it in his head, but just as he couldn't stop this feeling of envying Seon-hu right now, the heart was the most his own yet the least under his control.

He went out for a walk to shake off stray thoughts but ended up returning with a bunch of worries instead. Seung-hyun sank into thought, tossing and turning on the sofa as wide as a bed.

'It's okay as long as I don't get involved with Han Tae-sung from now on. They'll be careful too, and I won't go to that park anymore, so we won't run into each other.'

He won't run into Seon-hu anymore. It was a bit of a shame that Tae-sung's subsiding suspicion flared up again, but so be it. Even if he monitors, nothing will happen anyway, so he'll only lose out.

So there was nothing lost, but the problem was that he became aware of reality for no reason. Another problem was that cold water was poured on his excited heart that thought he might be able to make friends other than Jae-young.

It was a moment when proper refreshment was needed. For example...

'Going back to the beginning might not be a bad choice.'

Seung-hyun recalled the first day he became "Han Seung-hyun". Perhaps because he had just died and came back to life, he was a bit more fearless than now, and so he had fewer worries then.

He couldn't drink alcohol, but he could at least get into the atmosphere. He wanted to go somewhere with a lot of people, where he could talk, anywhere was fine.

He took off the clothes he was wearing and headed to the dressing room. It seemed he needed a slightly special outing.

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"Are you waiting for a call or something?"

Jae-young's mother, Seong-ah, glanced at her son who, unlike usual, couldn't let go of his cell phone. Jae-young shook his head and answered.

"No."



“Hmm. I welcome that kind of thing.”

Seong-ah smiled with a knowing face. She, who occasionally drags her son out shopping, was spending a day no different from usual today.

Except for the youngest son, who, despite showing reluctance, was a good conversation partner, having a face that clearly showed he was waiting for a call and kept looking at his cell phone.

“Well, Seon-hu is married now too, and you... are not at a strange age to get married anytime.”

“I said it’s not like that.”

“Introduce them to me when you get a lover. I’m always welcoming them.”

“Words you don’t even mean.”

Jae-young said with a chuckle. She was fundamentally a good mother, but at the same time, an outstanding businesswoman.

“You’re not still angry about that, are you?”

“How could I be. It’s just... I can’t believe you, a picky Lady Jang, saying you’re always welcoming them.”

Jae-young said, shrugging his shoulders. It was a story with little meaning now, but. Seong-ah did cherish Seon-hu even after he manifested as a recessive, but she definitely drew a line.

‘Our Seon-hu should also meet a good person and live well.’

She was also an inevitable trait discriminator, just to a lesser degree. In the end, Seon-hu became someone else’s spouse and Seong-ah greatly welcomed that marriage.

“Well... it would have been nice if Seon-hu had just become an ordinary omega, but what can you do when he manifested as a recessive. Still, Director Han is a dominant close to an ultra-dominant, so fortunately he might be able to have a child if it goes well.”

Seong-ah, who spoke in a nonchalant tone, poked Jae-young’s side, asking what kind of person it was, so he couldn’t say it. Jae-young smiled slightly.

“We’re really nothing. I was just in the middle of contacting a friend, and the contact suddenly got cut off.”

“It looks too suspicious for that... Which friend?”

“I think you might know too, Director Han... no, I recently got in touch with Seung-hyun Han.”

“I thought it was something else. I heard you guided him at the hotel.”

Seong-ah, who immediately dismissed her suspicion upon hearing the other person was an alpha, made a slightly disappointed face. Jae-young just smiled at her.

Well, now it’s true that he and Seung-hyun are nothing, so he was just telling the truth, but if someday Seung-hyun accepts his feelings and the two of them move on to the next stage...

‘I might have to be prepared to sever ties.’

I should transfer the real estate title to my name in advance. Jae-young thought so and went along with his mother.

“It’s almost dinner time, you’re going to stay the night at home and leave, right?”

“No. I have something to take care of nearby, so I think I’ll stop by for a bit and go there.”

“Your brother will be disappointed.”

“I know what he’ll say, so I don’t really want to hear it.”

Accompanying Seong-ah’s shopping was something he did like a monthly event, but this time, he planned to visit Seung-hyun’s house again using that excuse.

The things he put in a while ago, saying there should be at least one guest room even though there are many empty rooms, should have all arrived by now. Seung-hyun always complained but never refused, so he probably wouldn’t have thrown the things out.

'It's a shame he doesn't remember that night... but there's plenty of time, so I'll just make a memory he can't escape from again.'

He came out thinking there was no need to rush, but the cell phone that didn't ring even as Seong-ah's shopping was coming to an end bothered him a little.

He wasn't the type to reply lightning fast usually either, but it was rare for him to be this late. It was frustrating that he couldn't even urge him and could only wait for a reply since it wasn't a planned outing.

"You and Director Han. It's really an unlikely combination."

Seong-ah, who was watching such Jae-young, brought up Seung-hyun. Although she couldn't even dream of what kind of feelings her son would have for him, she was equally surprised that her son and Seung-hyun had gotten close.

"So, when did he say he's returning?"

"What?"

"What kind of person is Director Han, he can't just keep resting forever. Did you hear anything about his return?"

It was a question naturally assuming Seung-hyun would return. Well, Jae-young also didn't believe Seung-hyun's words at first.

But the Han Seung-hyun he actually experienced was a completely different person from the Han Seung-hyun in the rumors. To the point where he couldn't understand why he was fixed with that image.

"Return schedule... there is none. He said he really intends to quit."

"No way. What kind of person is Director Han, do you innocently believe those words as is? Ask him subtly next time."

Seong-ah joked with Jae-young, saying to take advantage of her son a bit. Jae-young was about to answer that it would never happen, but he turned on the phone screen at the vibration felt in his hand.

"...!"

It was a contact from the person he was waiting for, but the content wasn't very pleasant. He unknowingly frowned slightly.

"Son. You must tell mom even if not others, okay? How important information is in this field... Jae-young?"

Seeing her son frowning after checking the contact, Seong-ah called Jae-young's name, a little surprised.

### ***Episode 48***

"Ah, it's nothing. I was just a bit surprised."

"You startled me. I thought something happened. Anyway, when you hear from Director Han, give me a heads up. Secretary Jeong. Pay for this too and send it home."

"Yes. CEO."

Jae-young immediately dropped his expression and smiled. Seong-ah lightly scolded him, asking if he wasn't surprised, and called the secretary. It seemed shopping was slowly coming to an end.

"Are you really not going home?"

"Not today. I'll go when hyung isn't there."

"Your brother will be hurt if he hears that."

Although shaking her head, Seong-ah sent Jae-young off without a long talk. Jae-young, who returned to his car, re-read the text from Seung-hyun.

[I have somewhere to go today, so I'll be out. Don't come.] 7:12 PM

It wasn't that he was upset to be told not to come since they hadn't planned to meet. He was just a bit puzzled.

'Until yesterday, he said he had no plans.'

It wasn't strange to go out on impulse, but it bothered him a little that the contact came after no reply all day.

The feeling that there must be a trigger that made him decide to go out suddenly. Although he thought it could be an excessive guess, the day Seung-hyun chose to stay cooped up at home with bruises on his face came to mind.

He texted back asking if something was wrong, but there was no reply. Why was he so bothered by something trivial?

“I don’t want to go home...”

Jae-young leaned his head back and sank into thought for a moment. What should he fill his unexpectedly emptied schedule with?

Looking back, his recent daily life was filled with Seung-hyun. It wasn’t that he didn’t contact others, but thinking it was a waste of time, he barely met them.

‘Should I meet up with friends after a long time?’

Jae-young scrolled down the unread messages that sat below his message window with Seung-hyun.

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“Sigh.”

Seung-hyun let out a small sigh upon arriving at his destination. Although he came here on impulse, now that the entrance was before his eyes, he hesitated a little to go in.

“Should I just go back...?”

Seung-hyun, who muttered in a small voice, sank into thought, tapping the floor with the toe of his shoe for no reason. The place he came to, paying great attention to his outward appearance, was none other than a rather large gay bar.

He disliked that he was concerned about Jae-young. He was ashamed of himself for not being able to stop his heart from going to him even though he knew he shouldn’t.

They say that matters with people should be forgotten with people. Since the place he met his only friend was also a place like this, he thought he might be able to make new connections, but...

'Is this okay?'

Now that he was in front of it, he hesitated to go in. It was a different place from the one he went to last time. Seung-hyun had looked for a slightly smaller place, wondering if there might be someone who recognized him.

Unlike when he confidently drove here, his feet wouldn't move once in front of the door. If he thought about it, he had no relationship with Jae-young, but Jae-young's face kept coming to mind, making him hesitate.

"Are you waiting for someone?"

After deliberating for a long time, unable to go forward or turn back, Seung-hyun was startled by an unfamiliar voice and turned around.

"Ah, I didn't mean to startle you."

The man who spoke shrugged, seeing Seung-hyun's surprised face. His playful appearance seemed to resemble Jae-young in some way.

"Ah, no. It's just..."

"You don't seem to have come to a place like this often."

"....."

Seung-hyun didn't answer and lowered his eyes. Was it that obvious?

"That can happen. Who's familiar with it from the beginning?"

"...Shall I move out of your way?"

"No. The path is wide, and that's not why I spoke..."

The man glanced over Seung-hyun. Although not quite his type, he was a beauty that drew the eye. The way he stood awkwardly, exuding from his whole body that he had no connection to a place like this, also piqued his interest.

'That type is fun to make cry.'

"You seemed to be hesitating. I was wondering if I could accompany you if you don't mind."

The man spoke with a kind face. Anyway, he must have come because he was interested in this side. Since he seemed to be a newbie, he would probably fall for it easily.

“Ah, of course I’m not forcing you... I remember being nervous just entering when I first came. Having company is a bit reassuring, isn’t it?”

The man spoke, pretending to be nice. Seung-hyun, not noticing the hidden bad intentions behind the man’s smile, thought,

‘Yeah, what is there to be mindful of?’

“Do you also not have a companion?”

“I probably have quite a few acquaintances inside, but if we sit together, can that be called a companion too? Ah, if you don’t mind, I can introduce you.”

“Then...”

Meeting new people was definitely something Seung-hyun had been wanting all along. Seung-hyun finally nodded slowly and followed the man inside.

“Hey. Long time no see.”

“I know, right. Can I sit?”

“Since when did you ask that? Oh, the one next to you is an unfamiliar face. Changed partner?”

As they went inside, people who seemed to know the man’s face greeted him lightly. Seung-hyun, thinking he seemed quite talkative, awkwardly followed behind the man.

“It seemed like you didn’t have a companion.”

“Aha.”

The faces giggling and laughing looked quite impure, but Seung-hyun couldn’t see them properly due to the dim lighting. He just awkwardly followed the man and sat down.

“Do you drink much? Do you have a favorite?”

“I can’t drink alcohol... Please make it non-alcoholic.”

“Ah, are you very weak to alcohol?”

“It’s because of medicine I’m taking.”

The man nodded and familiarly called the staff to order what he and Seung-hyun would drink. The man, who had blended in among the people already familiarly seated, said,

“I’m Park Jung-hoon. I’m twenty-nine.”

“We’re the same age. I’m Han...Seung-hyun.”

“First time in a place like this?”

“Not the first...”

Seung-hyun recalled a place similar to this but a bit quieter, where he first met Jae-young. He didn’t remember it properly because he had drunk far beyond this body’s alcohol tolerance.

“Second? Third time?”

The man asked in a confident tone. He heard this even on the first day he went. Seung-hyun nodded slightly.

“You managed to come all the way here even while being so awkward.”

“I wanted to meet new people. The situation isn’t conducive to expecting a natural meeting.”

Seung-hyun answered, sipping his non-alcoholic drink that quickly arrived. The man, glancing at Seung-hyun’s wrist revealed under his rolled-up sleeve, said,

“The person you originally met doesn’t seem to have been a good person.”

At those words, Seung-hyun looked at his wrist. A blue hand-shaped mark was imprinted on the wrist that Tae-sung had grabbed strongly a few hours ago.



Seung-hyun, easily noticing what the man was thinking, shook his head and denied the man's words.

'He seems to have greatly misunderstood...'

"No. This... was from a fight."

"Is that so? I must have misunderstood."

The man nodded with a face that seemed to say "I see" at the flimsy excuse. Judging by the rather large hand shape, the other person must be an alpha.

"Does it hurt?"

"Not at all. I didn't even know it left a mark."

A beauty with a story, it was a combination worth messing with. The more he learned, the more his appetite was piqued. The man smiled slightly, licking his lips.

"Beta?"

He was tall for an omega and short for an alpha. People's subtle pheromones were scattered here and there, making it difficult to distinguish pheromones.

"I'm an alpha. A recessive alpha, though."

"Aha... This is fate too. I'm also a recessive alpha."

But even considering that, there was almost no pheromone felt, so he thought he would be a beta, but it seems he's a type with weak pheromones even among recessives. The man thought so and smiled.

Some of the people sitting at the same table showed interest in the two's conversation.

"Recessives do get along well in conversation. Ah, don't misunderstand. I'm also a recessive. It's a life with many sad things in many ways, isn't it?"

"If it's that kind of talk, I have a lot to say too. What is it that those two letters 'recessive' in front make you neither this nor that?"

When he came to his senses, Seung-hyun had moved to another table with the man who brought him into the bar and a few men who called themselves recessives.

“Honestly, it’s ridiculous. Even people who say alphas, omegas, all of that is old-fashioned, when they hear I’m a recessive, they make a pitying face.”

“There are many good things about being a recessive. For example... ruts are weak because I’m a recessive, but I can take a week off just the same?”

“Ah, that’s definitely an advantage.”

People burst into laughter at the joke one man made. Starting with that joke, people began to share their own troubles, both light and heavy.

### ***Episode 49***

In fact, Seung-hyun couldn’t empathize much with people’s troubles since he hadn’t lived long as “Han Seung-hyun”, but he was happy just listening to their stories.

Moreover, while reading the novel, even Seung-hyun had thought, “What’s the big deal about being a recessive or an alpha.”

“It’s funny that they think recessives are lacking in the head, but do they think recessives have no pride too?”

“It would be better if it was a dominant saying that, thinking they’re just running their mouth. Even betas pity us. No, how are they any different from us?”

“Seung-hyun, has that never happened to you?”

While Seung-hyun drank a non-alcoholic beverage, the companions who left the table had drunk quite a bit. As if they were close even before, one man urged Seung-hyun to share his story.

“...My grandfather is an extreme trait discriminator.”

“Ugh. That’s terrible.”

“But doesn’t it get a bit better if the grandson is a recessive? My mother was originally like that too... but she stopped after I manifested as a recessive.”

“There are people who aren’t like that. There’s someone like that around me too.”

It wasn’t actually his story, but Seung-hyun continued the conversation, recalling the novel’s content.

“But my cousin was born a dominant, so my grandfather had all his expectations on that cousin.”

“Ah, I really hate that.”

“Even if we put in the same effort, it was true that my cousin produced better results... but it’s not like I didn’t try. However, even with similar ideas, if my cousin did it, it was a new challenge, and if I did it, he called it a stupid thing to do.”

Although it felt exhilarating for readers that Seung-hyun was being mistreated by Chairman Han because of his bad behavior, Chairman Han treated Seung-hyun roughly to the point where even readers who thought Seung-hyun was a jerk felt it was a bit much.

Unable to explain the family situation in detail, Seung-hyun shared one vaguely remembered episode.

“Once, there was a time like this. Due to an error, my project... no, homework got switched and sent up.”

It was a story that even Seung-hyun, who disliked “Han Seung-hyun”, felt was too much. He said that due to someone’s mistake, the cover pages of the project proposals got switched and sent to the chairman’s office.

As a result, Seung-hyun’s project was selected. Chairman Han had praised that proposal, and Han Seung-hyun was happy thinking he finally got recognition from Chairman Han without even knowing the proposals got switched.

However, it didn’t take long for the truth to come out, and Chairman Han changed his attitude as if it never happened. It wasn’t that the project didn’t proceed, but due to the clear difference in reaction, Seung-hyun felt more anger toward Tae-sung.

“But when he thought my dominant cousin did it, he praised it so much, and after knowing I did it, he didn’t mention a word about it as if it never happened.”

“What an old-fashioned old man.”

It was a somewhat rude remark, but well, it wasn’t like Chairman Han was really his grandfather, so there was no need to mind it.

“So after that, I came to completely hate my cousin whom I already disliked. I wanted to get revenge too. It was a foolish thing to do.”

Seung-hyun said, sipping a drink similar to the person’s next to him but without alcohol. The person “Han Seung-hyun” should have hated was Chairman Han, not Tae-sung.

“I wanted recognition from my grandfather until recently.”

But Seung-hyun only hated Tae-sung and always wanted recognition from Chairman Han. As if it was his life’s duty.

‘If it was me, rather than burning with an inferiority complex toward Han Tae-sung, I would have wanted to land a hit on Chairman Han.’

Sometimes, “Han Seung-hyun” seemed pitiful, but seeing him misdirecting his anger, the compassion that came to mind would disappear like melting snow. Although it was a meaningless imagination, he sometimes thought about what if “Han Seung-hyun” had gotten revenge on Chairman Han together with Tae-sung.

“Well. To say it’s foolish... I understand it.”

“Me too. It’s not rare to find someone like that... We can’t help but understand among ourselves.”

When Jung-hoon spoke, tilting his head, the people sitting next to him also agreed. It must be because the story was vague. Seung-hyun laughed, thinking it wasn’t a big deal, and said, “Is that so?”

“To begin with, the problem starts from being born a recessive, but saying that is like saying my existence itself is messed up.”

“I was like that before too. You know. Even while in school, the teacher is the one discriminating, but I hated the kid the teacher favored for no reason.”

“Seung-hyun must have really liked his grandfather when he was young.”

“Han Seung-hyun”? Seung-hyun put down the drink he was sipping and blinked stupidly. Perhaps because he used the expression homework, people seemed to think Seung-hyun’s story was from when he was very young.

‘It would be nice if it was only a childhood story.’

“Whether that was the case... I don’t know.”

“But it can’t be helped. A beta or dominant. No, even ordinary trait people probably wouldn’t understand. The emotions felt from being born a recessive.”

“Admitting I can’t help it because I’m a recessive is the same as admitting I was no good from birth. You have to blame someone. That helps in its own way too.”

A man said, lighting a cigarette. He briefly wondered if it was okay to smoke indoors, but looking around, it seemed to not matter.

“Seung-hyun, you don’t seem to talk about these things much, do you?”

“Ah... that’s right.”

Not only himself who hadn’t fallen into this world long ago, but also the original “Han Seung-hyun” wasn’t someone who shared his stories with others. Seung-hyun slowly nodded.

“Well, you might think it’s better not to talk about every little thing, or that it’s embarrassing to talk about it... but you should live talking about these things too.”

“Yeah. If you think alone without talking, you become even more twisted.”

“You’re twisted even though you talk.”

“Look who’s talking.”

Amidst the people continuing the conversation with giggles, Seung-hyun mulled over the words he heard. He had never thought from that perspective.

He had only thought of things like alphas, omegas, dominants, and recessives as one of the elements in the novel, and had never thought about it so deeply.

‘But I still think it shouldn’t have been like that... however.’

Is it because he wants to understand now that he has to live as “Han Seung-hyun”? Seung-hyun blankly thought and shook his head.

“It’s in the past, so I don’t worry about it now.”

“Right. Why keep thinking about complicated stories? Just drink and die.”

The path was taken to spend time with people without overthinking, and as he had hoped, he was having a nice evening talking with people.

So let’s just laugh it off and talk about something else. Seung-hyun thought so and picked up the glass that was almost empty.

“Looks like you’ve almost finished it, do you want to drink something else?”

Jung-hoon asked, glancing at the nearly empty glass. Alcohol is a no-go. With that thought, when he looked at the empty glasses lined up here and there on the table, Jung-hoon waved his hand as if not to worry.

“There are a lot of non-alcoholic drinks too. Ah, there’s something I drink sometimes when I’m not feeling well. Is it okay if I recommend it?”

“Yes. Then please...”

As he nodded, a man who got up from his seat bumped into Seung-hyun, spilling the alcohol he was holding. Fortunately, it wasn’t completely spilled, but one sleeve got soaked.

“Ah, I’m sorry.”

“No. It’s okay.”

“At least for the dry cleaning...”

“It’s really okay. I’ll wipe it off roughly. I’ll go to the restroom for a bit.”

It was expensive clothing, but he could just buy a new one, so he didn’t want to embarrass the man. But since he couldn’t change right away, he’d have to

at least wipe it. Seung-hyun left the people behind and headed to the restroom.

“He’s talking about dry cleaning. You did that on purpose, didn’t you?”

“Was it obvious?”

By the time the music drowned out people’s voices from reaching Seung-hyun, the man who spilled alcohol on Seung-hyun chuckled as if he had never apologized and leaned back on the sofa.

“I’m having a hard time putting on a hypocritical face that doesn’t suit me because of you, so cut me some slack. Jeez.”

At the man’s words, Jung-hoon grinned and gulped down the alcohol he was holding. That type was easy.

A man who is cautious but wants to get close to people. Unfamiliar with this kind of place. On top of that, a recessive alpha.

Even the bruise on his wrist and his aloof attitude as if talking about someone else’s story while sharing his own.

“Being a recessive is definitely annoying... but well, that was in middle and high school. Life is the same anyway, so why bother worrying about it that much.”

“But he’s obsessed with it, so he can’t escape from his old-fashioned life. Well... starting from today, it will be different.”

The man said, tapping the colorful cocktail brought by the bartender.

“This is that, right?”

### ***Episode 50***

“Why are you asking when you know?”

Jung-hoon lightly shook the glass. What was in the glass wasn’t a non-alcoholic cocktail or anything like that.

It was a high-proof liquor that Jung-hoon often recommended to new faces, perfect for getting dead drunk without knowing due to the strong sweetness that masks the smell and taste of alcohol.

“He’s totally your style though.”

“Cut me some slack. Since you snatch up every newcomer, we can only recycle among ourselves.”

“When did I ever do that to every newcomer? I only did that when my appetite was piqued. And he’s not your type anyway, right?”

“Even if not... with that level, even if he’s not my type, at least once.”

The man licked his lips. The man’s type was a smaller and cuter-faced omega, but even putting aside his preferences, Seung-hyun was someone who would draw interest.

“Speaking of you, don’t you prefer betas or recessive omegas in terms of type?”

“I don’t discriminate. When you strip them down, they’re all the same anyway. And that guy seems similar to me.”

Although an alpha, Jung-hoon was a recessive to the point his pheromones barely came out. He could distinguish between alphas and omegas but wasn’t greatly influenced by pheromones.

“I barely felt any pheromones from that guy either. Then it’s the same as a beta.”

“Who cares if they’re alpha or omega? As long as they’re tasty, that’s all that matters.”

“You talk so dirty.”

“Don’t act like you’re not. There’s no one here who isn’t like that. In the first place, this is a place people come to find a lay, so what’s the point of acting noble?”

At his words, the people at the table laughed simultaneously. There may be various types of bars and clubs, but this place was definitely dominated by people who came to find sex partners.



Among them, Jung-hoon was a famous figure. A neat face and excellent eloquence. However, the reason he was famous here wasn't because of his looks or eloquence.

His excellent eloquence only shined when luring clueless people to bed. About half the people here tonight had experience with Jung-hoon, so he could be called a celebrity in his own way.

"These days, there are people who hear about me elsewhere and immediately run away."

"You should have slept around in moderation."

"Why me? Look. I caught a big fish after a long time. Did you see the bruise on his wrist? He's not ordinary either. From his looks to his vibe, it seems like there's a story, doesn't it?"

Jung-hoon said, shaking his wrist. Not only was his appearance his type, but the moment he saw that bruise, he liked Seung-hyun even more. That type is easy. It wasn't the first or second time, so with just a few exchanges of glances, people joined his act.

"You spoke so seriously that for a moment, old memories came to me and I got a bit choked up."

"But isn't it a bit pitiful? After a man who slaps him, next is a jerk like you."

"What did I do? At least I don't slap people."

Jung-hoon shrugged and laughed. Of course, he only doesn't slap, but his mind is overflowing with the desire to do this and that fun thing. There was no need to talk about that.

"Still, you don't just spill alcohol on someone's clothes. That looked pretty expensive."

"It probably is expensive. Well... he said he won't even take dry cleaning money. Ah, if he changes his mind and asks for money, you pay for it instead."

"Hey, he's coming. Be quiet."

The men who were snickering stopped talking when they saw Seung-hyun returning. Jung-hoon looked at Seung-hyun's sleeve and asked.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm so sorry about this."

"This much is fine. It's not like you did it on purpose."

"Eh, tell him to check later and ask if there's a problem."

The man who spilled alcohol on Seung-hyun apologized again, saying he was sorry. It was an attitude thinking Jung-hoon would cover the clothing cost anyway.

Seung-hyun, unable to know such ulterior motives, shook his head, saying it was really okay. Seung-hyun, noticing the new glass placed in front of his seat, reconfirmed, looking at the glass with an appearance that couldn't be more flashy.

"The alcohol... it's definitely not in there, right?"

"Why are you checking so meticulously? You don't have allergies or anything, right?"

"It's not that, but..."

At most, he would just get drunk quickly or have a bit of a stomachache. Jung-hoon thought so and smiled.

"Then it should be fine. Try it. It's delicious."

"Then..."

Although he wasn't in the mood to drink more because he was a bit full, there was the atmosphere to consider, and he felt bad refusing the recommendation, so he sipped the cocktail and felt a strong sweetness.

'Is it that you get drunk on sweetness instead of alcohol?'

"...good."

"It's delicious, right?"

It's not that he disliked sweet things, but this was sweet enough to exceed the allowable limit by far. But it was awkward to say it wasn't good in front of the person who recommended it, so Seung-hyun gulped down another sip of the cocktail without a word.

"It doesn't seem like you've been to places like this or bars and clubs often."

"...That's right."

How out of place did he seem to be told that so many times? It was getting tiresome. Seung-hyun answered Jung-hoon's words while half-heartedly drinking the beverage.

"I wanted to talk about... anything. My head is complicated."

"If you just want to talk, go somewhere else. Rather than talking, this place is for..."

"Hey."

Jung-hoon stopped the man who was about to say something clueless, making a blatant hand gesture. But Seung-hyun wasn't shaken by those words at all.

"I don't mind that either. I feel like doing it too."

At Seung-hyun's answer, the people sitting around the table exchanged glances for a moment. Seung-hyun, feeling awkward, found the overly sweet drink that could make his tongue fall off strangely astringent in the aftertaste.

"What. Was it like that? Well. You don't come here knowing nothing."

"Then you didn't even have to do this..."

"This?"

"It's nothing."

It seemed like there was something he didn't know. Seung-hyun looked at Jung-hoon with an uncomfortable face.

'Well, it's probably nothing.'

“Then shall we talk about something else? Hmm... do you have an ideal type? Or a type of man you dislike?”

Jung-hoon obviously changed the subject, but Seung-hyun fell for that shallow trick, thinking it was nothing.

“Ideal type...”

“I feel like you have a thing for bad boys. Somehow.”

“I told you to stop saying useless things.”

He had never thought about that. Seung-hyun sank into thought for a moment. He had standards of likes and dislikes, but he had never thought deeply about it since dating was something that could never happen for him anyway.

But can't you at least think about it? He slowly listed his ideal type as it came to mind.

It wouldn't be particularly special, right? He preferred someone taller than him. He didn't like a brawny body, but it would be better if the physique showed some sign of working out.

He liked someone who made people feel comfortable. Sometimes they make silly jokes to the point of being annoying, but when serious, the mood changes enough to make his heart race – that kind of person would be even better.

He liked someone who approached and talked to him first to the point of being bothersome. It might be annoying sometimes, but since he had a hard time approaching first, he thought he would get along well with someone who was the opposite.

A playful and kind person. If he had to choose, he liked that kind of person.

“That's quite detailed.”

“...Is it?”

Isn't that how everyone's ideal type is? Seung-hyun awkwardly rubbed the back of his neck. He thought it was an ordinary ideal type.

“When it's this detailed, they say there's someone you have in mind.”

“Why would someone like that come to a place like this? You’re not dating anyone, right?”

When someone made a playful remark, Jung-hoon cut off those words as if he were displeased. Whoever it was, he had no intention of touching someone who was annoyingly taken.

“Absolutely not.”

Seung-hyun shook his head desperately. Dating someone? That shouldn’t be said.

“Then that’s a relief. Well, since you said you came to find someone like that, I don’t think I need to beat around the bush, so I’ll say it now... actually, I was interested in you from the moment I first saw you outside.”

“.....”

“Do you think you can’t have sex unless you’re dating?”

“That’s... not it.”

Jung-hoon, thinking it was better to leave before more useless words were said, suggested to Seung-hyun that they leave. Although he couldn’t make him drink a lot, if they wanted the same thing, there was no need to get him dead drunk.

“Then do you want to go with me?”

Jung-hoon said, lightly caressing above Seung-hyun’s bruised wrist. It wasn’t enough to say it hurt, but it was enough to make him flinch slightly.

He gave off an impression that strangely reminded him of someone. Not to the point of saying they resembled each other, but... things like his relaxed vibe and attitude were like that.

“...Shall we?”

Although he had come out with this situation in mind anyway, the reason he decided to end the conversation with the quite interesting people here was probably because of that.

Seung-hyun got up from his seat following Jung-hoon. Since he wasn't drunk this time, it would probably be a memorable night. It wasn't something he looked forward to, but it was a slightly nerve-wracking night.