

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World - Chapter 1: Hassan, Slave in Another World (1) |

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For every person, health is the first priority. As long as you stay healthy, everything will eventually work out.

These were the words my father would often tell me whenever he got the chance.

My father, Dae-su, who grew up impoverished as a child, was always sick without ever being able to satiate his appetite.

If you eat only one meal in the course of a few days, you feel a dreadful sense of desolation. His heart still aches when he reminisces about those harsher times.

My father, who suffered from hunger as a child, eventually set up a health center to fulfill his desire to eat healthy food to his heart's content.

『Mountain and Sea Health Center』

It was named after me and my father.[1]

He was over 60 years old when he appeared on a show as a muscular man and did a squat, deadlift and bench press with 500 kilos of weight, but that's not the point.

Anyway, not only was he eating all that weird stuff, but he also forced me to eat them as well...

Close your eyes and eat it. It tastes just like shrimp. They have the same number of legs as well. Eating while it's still alive is the most effective.

Ah, fuck, it's still moving!

What is this? Anyway, I boiled it and made soup out of it. I covered my nose and gulped it down my throat. Don't taste it. Don't ever taste it. Never.

-Urgh.

Hassan, this is our new home, which also enriches us with vitality from the mountain range behind us.

Crackle-! Crackle-!!

Son, it must have been so delicious that it left you speechless. Nobody would ever give you something like this, but I'm giving it to you because you're my son.

Thanks to my strict father, I ate and tasted a lot of things. Perhaps no one my age would have tried this many different dishes.

When they hear this tale, my acquaintances would often ask me what it tasted like.

To be honest, I never want to talk about it. Remembering the taste or whatever they were called would just end with me throwing up.

Even without thinking about it, the air of the Health Center reeks of all kinds of things that were boiled and cooked. The smell always lingered in my nose, making it really difficult to stay there.

That fucking smell.

Now that I think about it, I absolutely hated the wretched scent of the Health Center.

That scent stuck to my body, as if wrapping around me.

If I had the ability to see scents, I'd probably be surrounded with a hazy green.

It was especially hard during my adolescence. It was very difficult to get rid of it and I went through a bottle of deodorant every week.

Well, I was merely overreacting. Now that I'm older, it's all just memories.

Anyway, thanks to my dad and his strange tendencies, I grew up quite strong compared to my peers. I became a healthy young man that didn't suffer from any illness.

"Thank you, dad."

I bowed to where I thought my father would be.

If I had grown to be a weak person, I'd be accompanying that decrepit skeleton in this underground labyrinth.

A Labyrinth.

Yes, indeed, an underground labyrinth.

Some might be wondering why I am wandering around a Labyrinth as a 21st century Korean citizen.

I'm just as clueless as them.

Well, it isn't really that hard to guess if I think about it.

It was the day I returned to my parent's house in Seoul during college vacations.

It was scorching hot, there was also a mild shower of rain before, increasing the humidity so, I was sweating a lot.

Feeling my back and armpits getting sweaty, I tried to catch a taxi.

It would be nice if the taxi had the air conditioner turned on.

"Excuse me..."

Just as I grabbed the handle of the door to get into the Taxi, someone called out to me from behind. I reflexively turned my head.

It was a beautiful woman, wearing a sky blue shoulderless dress. She was about the same size as me.

Wow!

It was a beautiful appearance that evoked a fresh feeling. A woman that you'd rather call beautiful than sexy.

A foreigner?

Her blonde hair was tied in a ponytail, she had blue eyes, and slightly long and pointed ears. Maybe something unique to foreigners? But that wasn't what mattered the most right now.

I can't believe the most beautiful woman I've ever seen is calling out to me.

Any man is bound to get embarrassed in this situation, whether they want to or not.

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you. Could you spare some time? Just a moment."

The way she spoke Korean sounded clearer than even some of the natives.

Fortunately, she didn't ask me something in English, else it would have sucked since she would have triggered my severe case of English-phobia.

"A moment?"

There was no rush. I just had to go home and unpack. I was a little intrigued by what this foreign woman was going to tell me.

“It won’t take more than a minute. First of all, can you take a look at this?”

The woman pulled a big mechanical device from the shoulder bag she was wearing.

It was the latest tablet that was advertised on TV and the Internet. Soon she manipulated it with her thin fingers a couple of times to play a video, then showed that to me.

-Bling!

『Brother and sisters around the world. Would you believe it if I said everything in this chaotic world revolves around one sole entity? Join the Sanctuary of the New Heavens and open your eyes to the bright side of life—』

Video quality gave the impression that it was produced in a day as a group project. However, what’s more terrible than the quality of the video is the content itself.

『—Lord Primordial Chaos is the light of the New Heavens.』

For fuck’s sake.

In fact, I felt ominous from the moment she took out the tablet from the bag. No, I should have noticed from the moment she talked to me.

It was normal for cults and sects to entice young men by using pretty women.

It was an extremely vicious trick to lure naïve men into the wrong path, mainly targeting the pure-looking ones. Surprisingly it works quite well.

“What do you think?”

She asked after the video ended. I mustered up any good feeling I had and answered as cheerfully as I could, trying to hide my disappointment and irritation.

“I don’t believe in things like these. Thank you.”

This is Korea in the 21st century. Where people are free to believe in anything they want. Even suspicious cults and pseudo religions were tolerated.

Maybe I was still too soft-hearted.

“Hey, let’s go to a cafe and talk. The karma you bear– no, it’s because the virtues of your ancestors are so unique and diverse. First of all, I’d like to discuss the ancestral rites and the estimates.”

She suddenly grabbed my arm and began to drag me somewhere while spouting nonsense.

This foreigner lady was trying to entice me to the point of being creepy.

I don’t know how far this bitch is willing to go just to entice me. But even if she is a pseudo-cultist, isn’t this a bit too much?

“Quick, follow me. Let’s go somewhere quiet.”

No, where is she trying to drag me?

Somewhere quiet?

I began to get scared.

Maybe I’d be taken to a secluded place, then beaten up with a stick until I was knocked out. Then wake up imprisoned in a prayer house or something.

Or perhaps I might be shipped to god knows where via a shady fishing boat.

When these thoughts crossed my mind, I felt like I really had to shake her off.

“Well, I’m busy. My family already holds ancestral rites four times a year! Hey, hands off me!”

A firm grip.

Perhaps because of the unique physique of this woman, her grip was unusually strong.

I’m 179 centimeters tall. I’ve always been in good shape since leaving the military. Never had I thought I’d be in a position where I’d be dragged by anyone. How come this woman is so strong?

“Hey, let go.”

“What? What’s going on?”

“What’s going on?*”

As I raised my voice, I could feel the stare of the surrounding people. Only then did her blue eyes contract and she released my wrist.

“Then, read this at least.”

Still feeling disappointed, she handed me a pamphlet.

“Have faith in the Chaos and attain salvation. We don’t know when the gates leading to the New Heavens will open, so we need to be prepared. Especially the disciples.”

That’s how this bizarre situation ended.

I turned my gaze away from the woman’s back and looked at the booklet in my hand.

The only thing I see, (with my eyes closed to soothe my shocked heart), is a cover with a sloppy design and letters written in a cursive font.

『Brothers and sisters reading this. Take a moment and let these words sink in. You, too, can go to the world of salvation. Let’s all hail “Long Live the Chaos” and welcome to the Sanctuary of New Heavens.』

Sanctuary of the New Heavens?

“What’s this?”

The new world and heaven were common subjects among cultists and fanatics.

That’s why I didn’t feel like reading the words on the back.

I just crumpled it and threw it into a trashcan. What a weird event. I got into the taxi with that thought.

Now that I think about it, I really should have checked the pamphlet’s content.

“Long Live Chaos”

Several letters sprang to my mind as I mustered this disgusting incantation.

『Stats』

Name: Hassan

Level: 7

Strength: 2

Agility: 2

Stamina: 3

Task: 137

Status: ⟨Medusa's Curse⟩

"Hahaha, dammit."

I have been royally screwed.

It took me two years to accept it.

2 years.

730 days.

Enough time for a newborn baby to learn how to walk and utter basic words.

Enough time for clumsy military trainees to put on their caps and leave the battlefield.

It was more than enough time to fundamentally change the essence of a person who has fallen into a bizarre world.

"What are you laughing at Hassan, did you go crazy? What is even this "Chaos" you speak of?"

-Smack

Someone slapped the back of my head and kept my mind from drifting in such thoughts any further. The only things I could see were the dark corners of the Underground Labyrinth.

Of course, there wasn't any sunlight.

We could only hear the sound of water dripping from god knows where.

"Hey, you bastard. You're losing focus again, aren't you? You're really nervous today. You better get your head straight. Your pay will be cut if you don't get a hold of yourself."

"Oh, yes, yes. I'll be careful."

I rubbed my head over the hit area and bowed my head as apologetically as I could.

The woman's expression under the torch's dim light was crumpled to the fullest extent, making her look like a monster. I obviously wouldn't say it to her face though.

“Do it right. If you let your guard down in the labyrinth, you’ll die without even realizing what killed you.”

“Yes, I’ll be careful, Ms. Elfriede.”

“We’ll be camping here today. Hurry up and start to set up. Give my legs and shoulders a little rub after you’re finished. I’m exhausted after walking so much.”

“...Yes, yes.”

I glanced at Elfriede.

Like other adventurers, she was wearing tight-fitting leather clothes, silver hair tied behind in a ponytail, and ruby-like eyes. An elegant woman with long eyelashes and vertical pupils that were reminiscent of a cat’s eyes- Elfriede.

She looked haggard and irritated, so I had no choice but to set up the tent and lit a bonfire and so on, lest she gets angrier.

Clatter-

I loosened the heavy burden I had on my back for a full day and diligently began to set up the tent for four people.

Even though this was where they were supposed to sleep, none of the four-party members gave me a helping hand.

That’s because I was a porter and the slave of a stuck-up Elven bitch.

Slave.

Indeed, a slave.

A human being who is forced to work 24 hours under inhumane conditions, deprived of his freedom and will.

There was no concept of human rights or minimum wage in this world.

Like an orphan, abandoned in this strange world of barbarism. After struggling for two years, I ended up being reduced to a slave.

“Gosh, you’re so slow. Is it gonna take you a whole day to raise a tent? Do you want to be whipped so bad? Look, it’s falling again.”

“I’ll fix it, I’ll fix it.”

Damn it, not only is she not helping, she's also complaining. She even whips me sometimes. My body is full of scars thanks to her.

-lash-lash.

"Ugh! Argh! Arghh!"

Still.

Still, today's whipping session was less painful than usual.

Of course, I'm not saying that Elfriede felt merciful today. It's just how I feel.

Anyway, being beaten and abused was tolerable today. The reason was none other than the contents in my pocket.

Goodbye-.

I felt the weight of the bundle bag hidden deep inside my leather jacket. Desperately trying to prevent the corners of my mouth from rising.

Every time I can get out of these ruins safely, I get paid a little.

I'm finally going to collect all 30 Silvers coins as I had planned.

30 Silver coins.

This was all the money I had saved after a year and a half of slavery by cutting on my diet and daily expenses.

This money can do so much.

You can eat over 100 bowls of soup no matter the ingredients.

It was also the price to free a healthy, black-haired barbarian slave.

A quick-witted person would have guessed it by now.

I was going to buy my freedom with this money. Buy my freedom, then become an adventurer like these four bastards.

If my rank as an adventurer increases, I'll be given an identity. This inhumane lifestyle will finally come to an end.

"You're slacking off again! Maybe I should use my whip again."

“No need to trouble yourself. I’ll whip myself.”

“Dammit, looks like I didn’t whip you enough yet.”

“Arghk.”

lash-lash

I’m gonna endure it for today.

Just for today.

Everything will change tomorrow.

I eagerly laid her sleeping bag, lost in the fantasy of tearing my slave contract in the face of that grumpy and pretentious Elfriede.

Translator’s Notes:

1. Hassan and Dae-Su mean mountain and ridges of water, respectively.