

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 7: Hassan is Free (1)

Last day of service.

Although many years have passed, I can still recall the memories of that day.

The sun was shining brightly.

Warm weather pervaded Gangwon Province. The rice paddies laid out in front of us and the blurred eyes of the soldiers who were looking at us.

A feeling of irony that was somehow cool yet melancholic.

A firm belief that I could do anything and a vague feeling of fear.

Every Korean citizen would have felt similar emotions on the day of his discharge.

As I left the main gate of the battalion, I thought I'd never have to experience that feeling again.

However, I was about to savor the same emotions in a completely bizarre world for farcical reasons.

"Freedom."

I kicked the gates of the slave management center in Kalkata. In my hand was a slave contract, akin to a discharge certificate.

I will truly be a free man once I destroy this.

From military life to slavery, is this really the story of my life?

Most people in their 20s would live a bright and healthy life, while mine has been rather grim. I felt sad at that realization.

It feels like my life has been ruined.

I wonder why I am suffering like this in the first place. Where the hell did this outlandish medieval world crop up from?

The whistling breeze blew past my face, sweeping the negative thoughts away with it.

Rather than regretting the past, deciding what to do in the future should be my priority. I have to decide for myself.

What military life and slavery had in common was that you could only do what you had been told to.

Every time someone gave me an order, I'd usually be busy the whole day just trying to accomplish it.

Still, I was given a minimum amount of food and sleep. But could this life of eternally obeying others be considered comfortable or fulfilling?

A kind of slavish spirit was born in me and it was hampering my own development.

But now I'm free.

Having to make my own decisions.

The freedom that I had just regained made me feel like a sailboat that had been thrown into the vast, calm sea. I didn't know where to go and began to panic.

I, however, had a compass to direct me in the middle of the ocean. A short-term goal.

It was to become an adventurer.

It was something I wanted to do before I even became a slave.

After becoming an adventurer and accumulating a certain amount of fame, I would gain status, identity, and would be entitled to the protection of various public institutions, including free banking services.

Hassan, the illegal resident who was earlier shuddering in fear of when the immigration office might pay him a visit, became Mr. Hassan, who had formally obtained a work visa!!

"Fuuck, no one can stop me now..."

With a big grin plastered on my face, I went back to the treatment center where Finley was.

"Argh-! E-Elfriede!"

"Oh, you're finally here? I thought it would take you a few more days to recover, but it looks like you're all healed up already."

Elfriede's eyes were burning like a flame, but they radiated a coldness akin to ice.

Because of this, my good mood quickly dampened like a mackerel thrown into the freezer.

I thought I had at least three more days until I had to see Elfriede again. Seeing her so suddenly like this, my legs started to tremble and my mind was getting dizzy.

The Bitch who returned in the blink of an eye.

Bitchfriede—

Bitchfri—!

“You’re spacing out again! You’ve got no idea what situation you’re in, do you? Are you cursing me right now?”

“Th-There’s no way...”

“There’s no way? Are you talking back to me now, you bastard?”

I started trembling like an acorn in the winter when I saw Elfriede raising her palm. If I get hit by her, I’ll lose consciousness for at least a week.

“Hiiiik—”

“Since you’ve healed enough, it’s time to get a move on. I have a lot of work to do tomorrow. I have some shopping to do with the money I got from the relic I sold. There’s a lot of luggage to move.”

Elfriede arrogantly instructed me, as she normally did.

After all; I, too, answered “Yes”, and almost moved my body. The effects of violence engraved on a person’s body were harder to get rid of than expected.

However... I, was no longer her slave.

I will be the master of my destiny.

So I decided to throw harsh words back at her.

“We-Well, listen to me, Elfriede. Y-You can’t order me around anymore. I’m a free man!”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Sleeping comfortably for a few days turned you very arrogant, huh?”

Rustle—!

Golden Fleece Clinic.

There was only silence in the reception room, which was renovated to welcome guests.

The stillness was so terrifying to me that I felt like it was going to tear a hole in my stomach. Because of this, I was still sipping from the teacup, which had been empty for quite a while.

“So, now you’ve freed yourself?”

“That... Yes, I did.”

I raised the cup to my mouth and tried to reply confidently.

Elfriede’s red eyes widened as she pondered while looking down at the scroll on the table.

I felt goosebumps all over my body.

Elfriede is the scariest not when she is angry, nor is it when she is frowning but when she is immersed in her thoughts.

I’m sure she is coming up with a vicious plot to torment me.

I will not be able to progress in life if I remain scared of her. I have to move forward.

So I decided to be brave.

“B-By this decree, I am now free. I have no reason to follow your orders.”

“Well, it’s definitely an official document. There’s no way you can steal it from the management office. Did you steal the money? You wouldn’t be able to pay such a massive amount otherwise.”

“No, I earned it rightfully.”

“Hmmm...”

Elfriede unfolded the scroll and started crumpling it. Her slender eyes seemed to move back and forth between the reception room and somewhere behind me. She was frowning.

“Hi-.”

Then I heard Finley's squeal from behind. She was probably spying on us.

"I think I can roughly understand what happened here. That's really funny. It's so ridiculous. Unbelievable. I can buy another strong slave—."

Burn—

A fire blazed in Elfriede's palms, who was frowning and giggling at the same time. The slave contract slowly turned to ash and scattered in the air.

As a result, I truly became a free citizen. But Elfriede didn't leave me any moment to appreciate it.

"This is the end, Hassan. Still, you know what? You better stay out of my sight from now on. If I ever buy you again, I'm just gonna chop off your thing."

"We will never see each other again, you fucking bitch."

"What?"

It was but a tenth of all the hatred that I harbored for her that just came out, but I felt relieved after bravely uttering it.

Above all, looking at Elfriede's face, which was greatly distorted in irritation, felt really satisfying.

Is this the taste of freedom?

"So, what are you going to do from now on, you savage?"

"I have no obligation to tell you that."

"Heh, it's pretty obvious you're thinking of becoming an adventurer to get a formal identity and live like a human being. But that isn't Samaritan-like behavior, is it?"

Shit, how did she know?

Anxiety crept over me. I felt like the plans that I hid from Elfriede were now exposed.

Elfriede was a veteran adventurer and could easily disturb anything I'd try to do.

It would be hard to get into this business if she messed with my every move.

It was when I was nervous.

Thud.

Elfriede moved her arm and placed something quite heavy on the table. It was an old bag that made a dull familiar sound.

I could quickly recognize that it was the money I had been working hard to raise over the past two years.

Elfriede started talking.

“Take this and go away. I don’t want to hold on to your filthy belongings.”

“R-Really?”

“Yeah, your Silver coins are like change for me.”

Oh, my god—

My eyes were spinning as I looked at the stack of coins on the table. I never thought I’d be reunited with this bundle of silver coins!

Still, I couldn’t calm my nerves not knowing what Elfriede was up to.

Because this woman wasn’t one to do favors. She must be plotting something, some sort of conspiracy. The Elfriede I knew was sly in many ways.

“What are you up to?”

“I’m not up to anything! If you don’t want it, should I just take it back?”

“No need.”

I quickly shoved the coin pouch into my pockets before Elfriede could get it.

The familiar weight and firm shape were so pleasant I couldn’t prevent the corners of my mouth from rising.

Elfriede was watching me take the money with her brows furrowed.

Then she pushed her chair gently and got up from her seat then coldly spoke to me.

“Hassan, this is the end of our relationship. It would be better for you not to appear in front of me again. If you don’t want a taste of my fireballs. I recommend you leave this city. I don’t think I’ll be able to control myself if I see your face again.”

Elfriede, who was aware that there was a back door, turned towards the back door and walked out of the clinic.

It went better than I thought it would.

However, instead of feeling refreshed, I felt discomfort.

Of course, my energy quickly rose thinking of the coin pouch I got back from her.

“Hehe, that’s awesome!”

“Are you leaving the city?”

I nodded at Finley’s question.

“Yes, I owe Ms. Finley a lot.”

“Thank you too. You also helped me a lot. The massage technique I learned from you is quite useful. I’m not as good as you but...”

“Is that so?”

“Yes, I think you’ll be doing well. I trust Mr. Hassan’s ability... That’s too bad though, I thought you could get a job at our clinic.”

As if really regretful, Finley looked a little sad. I, too, have wondered if it would be possible to raise funds here.

However, this is a place where the silver-haired Elfriede wielded far too much influence.

I’ll eventually run into her if I stay in Kalkata.

I think leaving the city and starting over in a new place with my current funds is wiser.

“I need to leave.”

“Well, if you’re starting out as an adventurer, leaving Kalkata might be a good idea. Most dungeons here are very dangerous. It’s a tough place to start adventuring in.”

“Is that so? So, which city is a good place for beginner adventurers?”

Finley seemed to ponder my question aloud and then soon answered while nodding her head.

“Sodomora would be a good choice. It is said that there were newly excavated ruins in Babylia[1] near the fortress. There is no other place with as many jobs as Sodomora.”

“Sodomora...” [2]

I repeated the name of the city I had heard several times as a slave in my mouth. Sodomora, Sodomora.

“Mr. Hassan, will you also become a Silver-rank adventurer and set up your own clinic?”

“Clinic?”

“Yeah, if you raise your adventurer rank to the Silver level, you will get the qualifications to build a clinic and are entitled to a bank loan. Our director said that he used to be an adventurer who explored the dungeons. Isn’t this what Hassan is aiming for?”

“Hmm—”

I had no idea that such a requirement was necessary to set up a clinic.

It seems I’m still severely lacking in knowledge. Seeing me deep in thought, she quickly added.

“You know it’s illegal for you to treat patients in the street or the plaza right? You must belong to a temple or a clinic.”

“Will I be fined if I don’t comply?”

“It would be fortunate to just get a fine.”

Finley smiled, then stayed silent. I didn’t know what it was, but I sensed that something very terrifying would happen.

Is there a law to filter out quacks and inept healers? I was planning to make money as a wandering healer treating patients in the street. But now I feel like that it’s a bad idea.

It’s fortunate that Finley warned me in advance. She is such a sweetheart.

“Hassan, if you open a clinic, please do notify me. I’d love to work with you!”

“Sobs—”

“Wh-Why?”

“No, I’m just a bit emotional... I hope it will happen someday.”

I pictured in my head how I would set up a small clinic and shape my future with Finley.

I will have a black-haired son like me and a blue-haired girl like Finley. They will also help us with the job, so we need to make many more children. I wasn't the one giving birth to them anyway.

I should name them 'Hae-sang' and 'Ha-neul' based on the sun and the sky.

Just when I was thinking about that.

"I wish that day would come, too. My son is also a talented healer, so if we work together, we will be able to grow a good clinic in no time!"

"A, a son? You have a son?"

"Yeah, the boy who was working with us in the morning. He's not even 10 years old but can already use healing magic six times a day. Usually, five times is the limit. He's amazing! Of course, Hassan's magic is amazing as well—"

I think Finley is saying something.

However, none of it reached my ears.

She actually had a son! Was Finley a married woman? I don't remember the boy who worked in the clinic during the morning, but since she claims to have a son, it means she must be a married woman.

Shit, nothing in this world is easy.

In summary, my plan to obtain a long-term visa and permanent residency by getting married locally ended before I could even finalize it!!

Babylia: Inspired by 'Babel' or 'Babylon'.

Sodomora: Mix between sodom and gomorrah.

Also guys the Finley case isn't what you think. I don't wanna spoil but yea hang tight it's a hilarious misunderstanding.

And that's it Hassan is finally free. Next part will be about reaching Sodomora, joining a guild, and his first quest with some peculiar individuals. It's a lot of fun.

Hmm, hi everyone? Now before anyone speaks about the last chapter's note. I don't know what you guys are talking there isn't any note in chapter 6 :). More seriously, I was supposed to stockpile chapters, which I did but I'm late on schedule again because of some irl issues. I'm working hard to get back on schedule. I'm gonna try my best to have a small 2-3 chapters release before going locked chapters. Free release rate will

be around 2-3 chapters a week. Now that all has been said, thanks for reading this chapter, and see you all in a few days hopefully lol.