

## **Real Man 2**

### Chapter 2

At that moment, he saw a sign outside the window that caught his attention.

The sign was lit with purple lights and had the words 'Journey Bar' written in cursive.

When did this place open?

He passed by this street often, but he had never seen it before.

He made up his mind and slowly opened his mouth.

"Driver, please drop me off here."

"Okay. I'll wait for you."

"No, you can go ahead."

Thud.

He got out of the car and sent the driver away, then stood in front of the bar.

He had never gone to a bar by himself before.

He wondered why he felt drawn to this place all of a sudden.

The only thing he was sure of was that he didn't want to go home with this mood.

Ding.

As he entered the bar, he saw a bartender sitting in the dark space.

To his surprise, it was not a young woman, but an old man with a white beard.

“Give me something strong.”

He chose a cocktail instead of whiskey out of curiosity, and the bartender showed his skillful hand movements.

He lifted the glass that was placed on the table and brought it to his mouth. The sharp taste was excellent.

One glass.

Two glasses...

As the empty glasses piled up, his worries deepened.

He had worked hard for 20 years with the goal of becoming a president, and he had just achieved it.

He should have celebrated his success at this point, but why did he see the faces of the people he had neglected all this time flashing before his eyes?

His colleagues, friends, parents.

He had given up everything for his success, and he finally made it.

But if he asked himself if this was the life he really wanted, the answer was no.

He realized how worthless success and money were when he was left alone.

He had achieved his goal, but it was not the life he wanted.

It was ironic.

Maybe he had been running in the wrong direction all this time, and everything felt empty.

The glasses kept emptying, and his face turned red.

His mood also became restless.

“Did I live wrong? Did I really live wrong?”

No one answered his question, of course.

Gulp.

The hot alcohol burned his throat again.

He had already exceeded his limit, but he didn't want to stop.

The more he drank, the more small doubts that came from deep inside him grew.

At the same time, they caused cracks in the cold wall of his heart.

The wall that started to split collapsed rapidly.

“Sigh...”

He felt a wave of regret for his past actions.

The wrong choices he made at every moment flew at him like arrows and pierced his chest.

It hurt.

His chest hurt so much.

“If only I hadn’t done that...”

He muttered sadly with self-mockery.

The old bartender silently placed a new cocktail in front of him.

“Oh? Is this on the house? Hiccup. Thank you. I really feel like drinking today.”

“It will help you.”

He heard a thick bass voice for the first time and lifted his head.

The old bartender who uttered those mysterious words was staring at him quietly.

It was an uncomfortable gaze, but it wasn’t bad to have someone with him at this moment.

He shrugged his shoulders and lifted his glass.

“Yes, yes. I hope so. Thank you. Cheers.”

He toasted to the air and emptied his glass.

But then,

His head started to feel strange.

His vision spun around.

He felt dizzy and faint.

That was his last memory.

...

Clatter clatter clatter

“Ugh.”

He groaned at the big pain in his butt as he felt it hit the ground hard

Suddenly, he felt something choking his neck and his body lifted up

“Hey! You bastard! Aren’t you going to apologize?”

“Cough cough.”

He instinctively grabbed the hand that was choking him and tried to breathe

He barely opened his eyelids and saw a rough-faced man in front of him

His gold-plated teeth glinted every time he spoke.

They were very threatening

“What is this...”

“Hey! You pushed our Chanyoung. Didn’t you see?”

He followed the man’s gaze and saw a young man with casts on both legs lying under a wheelchair on the floor

It looked like he had rolled down from the stairs behind him

People gathered around them in no time

The situation seemed to corner him

‘What’s going on?’

Something was wrong

He was drinking at the bar

Did he lose his memory for a moment because he was too drunk?

Anyway, the sure thing was that he had to deal with this situation right away

“Let, let go of me and let’s talk”

Smack

“Cough. Cough.”

The man growled at him, who was coughing

“What are you going to do? What are you going to do about our Chanyoung?”

“...”

He bent his waist and massaged his sore throat, trying to figure out the situation

The man who was threatening him with an aggressive expression was in his late twenties at most

“Nuna. It hurts so much. Ugh...”

“Chanyoung, what are we going to do with your leg? Oppa, I think Chanyoung’s leg is badly hurt. He might need another surgery.”

A young woman was lifting up the young man with casts and shedding crocodile tears next to him

Something felt off

The situation was too familiar

He remembered it too well

The appearance, the voice, the name they called each other

They all matched the current situation

He was confused while the man raised his voice

“Do you know how much Chanyoung’s surgery costs? Why did you push him?”

“ ... ”

As expected

What was this situation?

Chaos filled his head

Deja vu?

It was also something he couldn’t understand

But then,

His eyes flashed for a moment

‘Self-harm gang?’

A memory that had been a burden in his mind for a long time flashed by

But then,



If it was the same situation?

It didn't matter if it was a dream or reality

He wanted to do what he had thought and acted countless times

He wanted to vent his anger even if it was just for once

It was then

The man shouted at him, who was silent

"Semi, call the police. This guy looks like he has no conscience."

"Oppa, Chanyoung's surgery fee is more important than right or wrong right now."

"Then, what do you want me to do?"

"What do you mean? We have to make this guy pay for it."

The woman pushed the man away and cornered him.

'How pathetic.'

He snorted as he watched their act.

Now that he looked at it, their acting was awkward.

If his judgment was right?

There was only one conclusion.

'They're playing with me.'

They obviously wanted money.

He decided to go along with them.

"How much do you want?"

"What? How dare you talk to me like that, you brat?"

"Just tell me how much. I'll give it to you."

The man looked dumbfounded at his sudden change of attitude and slapped his palm.

"Five million won."

That's it?

Five million won was less than his daily salary.

But even this amount matched his memory from 20 years ago.

It was too detailed to be a *deja vu*.

He laughed out loud at the absurd thought.

He didn't care if it was a deja vu or a nightmare. He had to fight back.

He looked at the man in front of him with a blank expression.

"Call the police."

"What did you say, kid? Fine, I got it. Hey, Semi."

"Oppa!"

"Hey. I'll do it myself."

As soon as he took out his phone, the man tried to grab his wrist.

"What are you doing!"

Swoosh.

He was startled.

His body moved flexibly and easily dodged his hand.

What?

He didn't have time to be surprised.

The angry man charged at him like a bull.

Danger!

A warning sounded in his head and he moved aside quickly.

He still had his phone in his hand.

The camera on the back of the phone pointed at the man and the woman alternately.

He smirked coldly.

“Why? You don’t want me to call the police? You said I was wrong.”

“You’re dead!”

The man ripped off his clothes roughly.

His eyes were full of rage, but his blinking eyes, ragged breath, flared nostrils, and twisted lips betrayed his nervousness.

It was so ridiculous that it was funny.

“Why? You want to hit me? You’re such a thug.”

“This bastard!”

He dodged the man who was coming at him and shouted to the people around him.

“Did anyone see me push him?”

“ ... ”

There was no point in asking the crowd in this situation.

No one would answer him.

It didn't matter.

It was enough to capture this scene on camera.

It was then

The woman said with a resentful expression

“What are you doing! How can you say that to someone who's hurt!”

He avoided the man who was trying to catch him and glared at her slightly

She flinched as he spoke in a cold voice

“Hurt? That cast looks like you can take it off easily. Do you want me to try?”

“What are you...”

“Huff. Huff.”

Her startled voice was followed by the man's panting

The young man in the wheelchair pulled down his upper body and tried to hide the cast that went up to his thigh, but it was useless

His eyes had already seen the tiny cracks in the cast inside his thigh

It must be detachable

He pushed the man away and slowly approached her

“Prove it then. Or I’ll really call the police”

“ ... ”

“Can’t you?”

The man and woman exchanged glances countless times in the tense atmosphere.