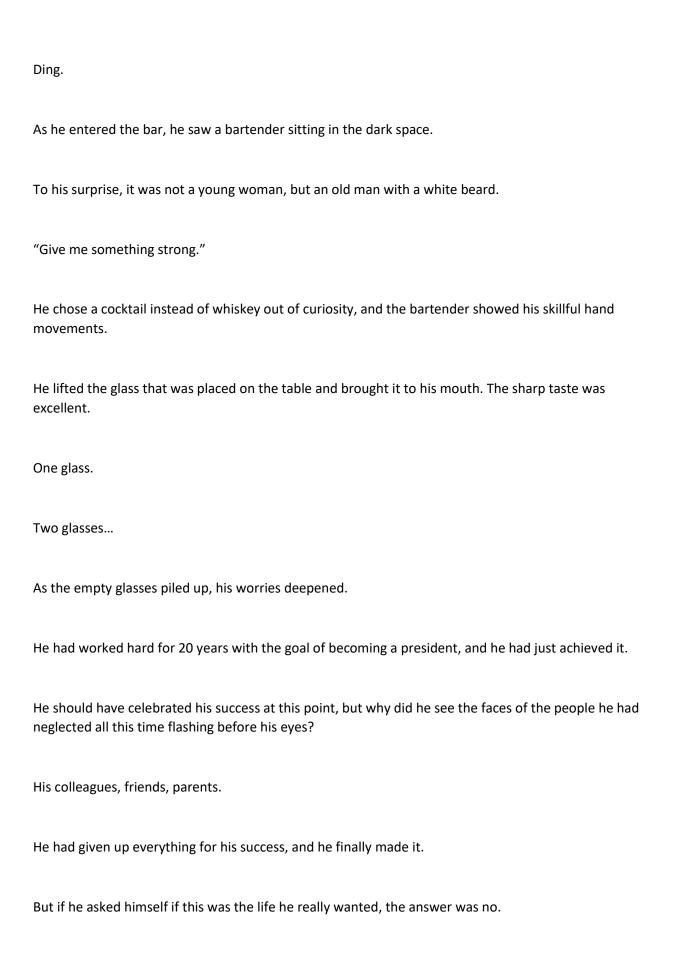
Real Man 2 Chapter 2 At that moment, he saw a sign outside the window that caught his attention. The sign was lit with purple lights and had the words 'Journey Bar' written in cursive. When did this place open? He passed by this street often, but he had never seen it before. He made up his mind and slowly 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.

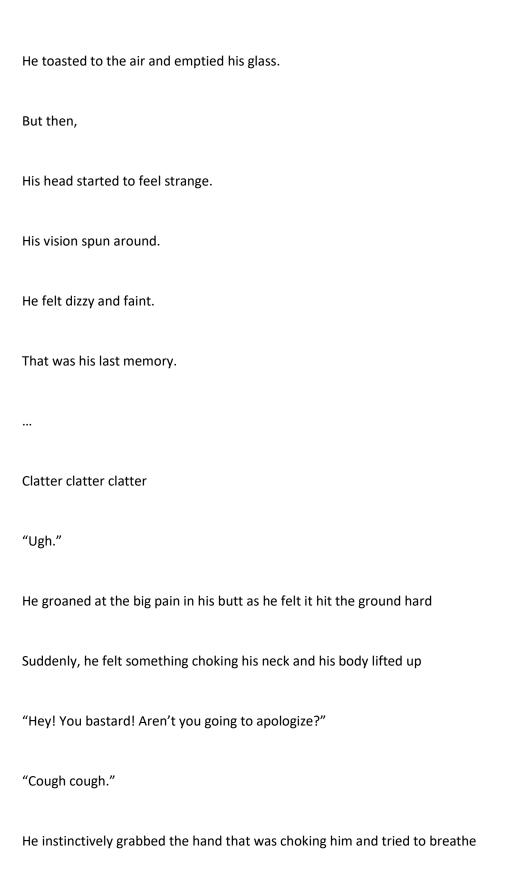
He wondered why he felt drawn to this place all of a sudden.

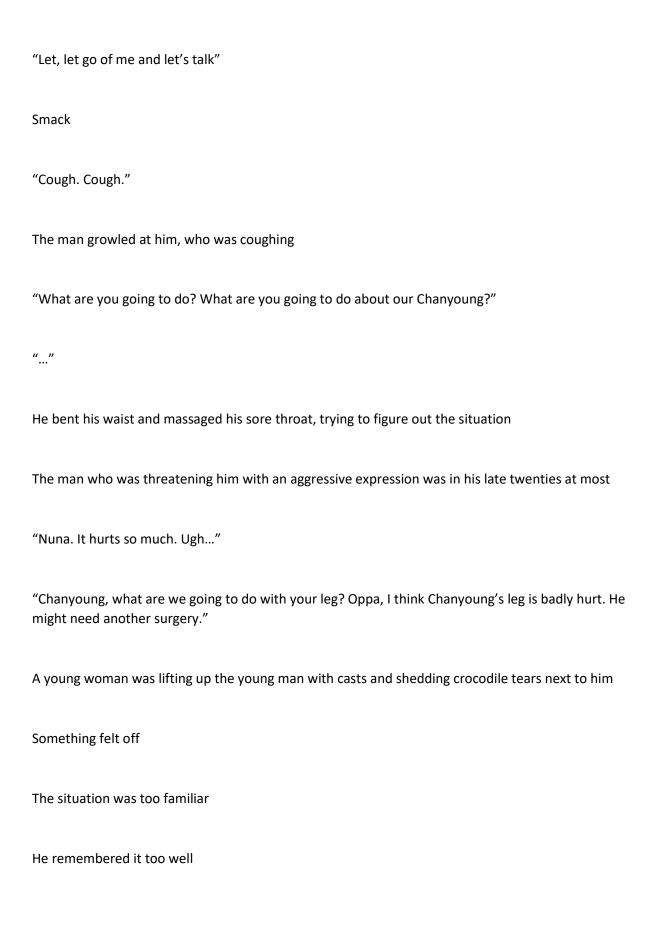
The only thing he was sure of was that he didn't want to go home with this mood.



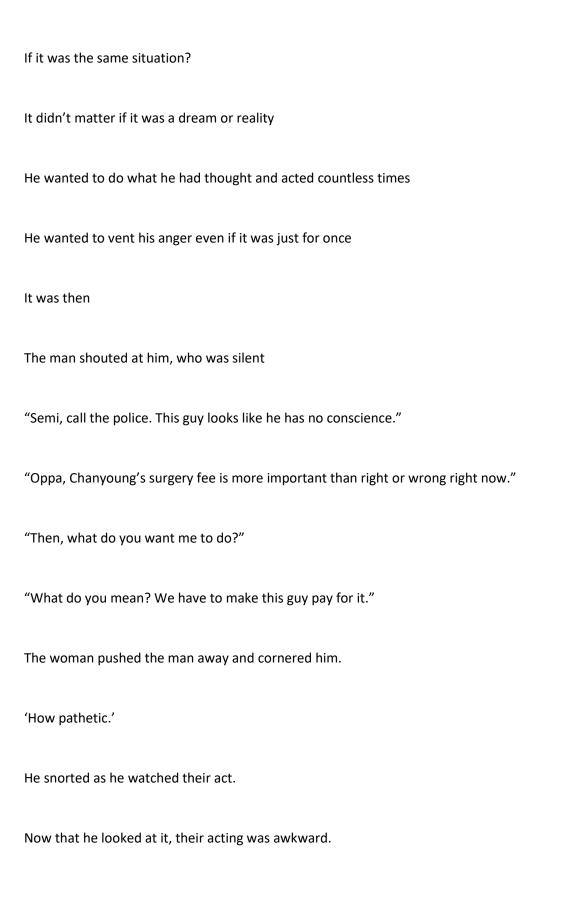
He realized how worthless success and money were when he was left alone.
He had achieved his goal, but it was not the life he wanted.
It was ironic.
Maybe he had been running in the wrong direction all this time, and everything felt empty.
The glasses kept emptying, and his face turned red.
His mood 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.

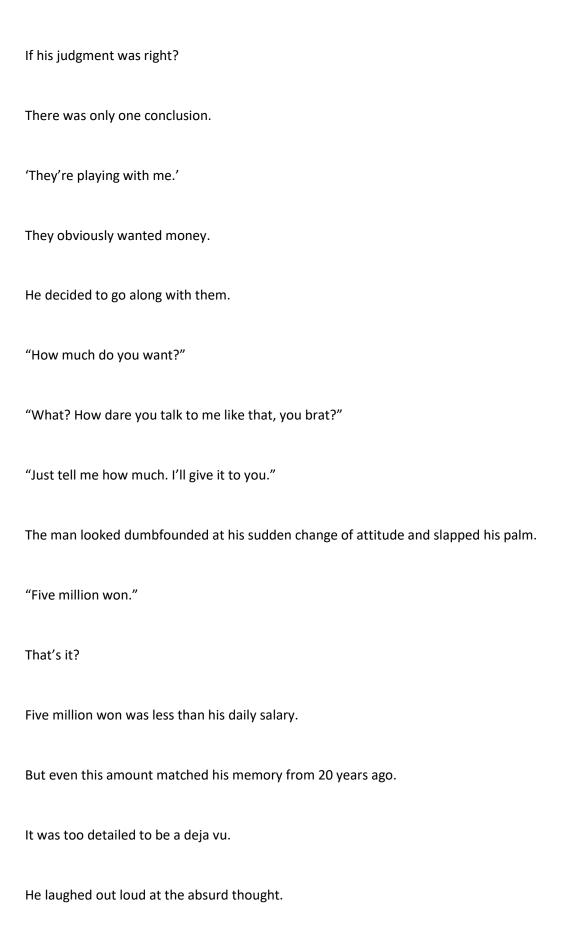






The appearance, the voice, the name they called each other
They all matched the current situation
He was confused while the man raised his voice
"Do you know how much Chanyoung's surgery costs? Why did you push him?"
""
As expected
What was this situation?
Chaos filled his head
Deja vu?
It was also something 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,





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.





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.