

Chapter 5: Forgotten Faces

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Some words stay pierced in the heart even after time has passed.

Like shrapnels of a bullet.

Suhan didn't remember much after hearing Jay accuse him of murdering his mother. He didn't remember how he took Jay back to his lodging nor how he returned home. The only thing dizzily swimming in his mind was Jay's words. *Why would he say that? Someone was certainly conspiring against Suhan. There was no way Jay could have thought of something like that on his own. Who was it? Who was spouting such nonsense?*

The first person Suhan could think of was his mother-in-law. Nana had said she and her mother didn't have the best relationship since they were young. She would often say that the reason why she moved to Korea in the first place was to escape her mother's overbearing interference and find independence. Suhan had asked to be introduced to her mother a few times but Nana would always come up with an excuse not to.

Suhan met his mother-in-law for the first time at Nana's funeral. Her face was one that he had never seen before, yet he instantly knew that she was his dead wife's mother. When she saw her daughter's funeral portrait, she pounced at Suhan, without giving anyone the chance to stop her, and bit his neck so hard that his skin was ripped out. It was only when a few people held her back with their full strength that Suhan was able to be separated from her. Even when Suhan's mother-in-law was slumped on the floor, she continued to scream at the top of her lungs. He didn't know exactly what she was saying but he could feel it. It was a loathsome cry that said "You killed my daughter." No doubt, Jay heard his grandmother's bloodcurdling screams, too.

Suhan remembered his mother-in-law's eyes from a few days ago. The resentment was still burning behind those eyes. She was most probably the person that said those words to Jay. After all, Suhan doubted there was anything she couldn't say in the midst of child custody trials to separate him and his son. Suhan wanted to confront his mother-in-law immediately, but he had no certain proof—only a gut feeling. Just then, he heard Re-Suhan's voice.

"Are you still sleeping? Aren't you going to work?"

It was morning. *Did he pull an all-nighter?* Hearing Suhan fidgeting in the bed, Re-Suhan opened the door, came in, and said carefully.

"Hey, so about yesterday..."

Suhan gazed at Re-Suhan intently. *Was it possible that Re-Suhan heard Suhan and Jay's horrifying conversation yesterday?* But the name that came out of Re-Suhan's mouth wasn't Jay's.

“Jiwon dropped by.”

“Jiwon? When?”

“When you were dropping Jay off.”

“You didn’t let her in, did you?”

Re-Suhan hesitated and Suhan responded in annoyance. “Who are you to let people in my house?”

“I thought Jay had left something.”

Re-Suhan quickly added reassuringly, “I just let her look around a little and sent her on her way. She didn’t notice anything, so don’t worry.”

“That’s what you think—Jiwon picks up on things fast. Why was she even here?”

“She brought up some insurance money.”

“Insurance money?”

At that moment, Suhan remembered Nana’s life insurance payout—money that hadn’t been touched since her death. For the longest time, Suhan hadn’t even checked the amount. He had never considered it his. Only when the issue of Jay’s child support was brought up and Jiwon asked to take a look at Suhan’s assets did he check on the money for the first time. It added up to almost 2 billion won. Suhan’s hands had shaken at the unexpectedly large amount. He wanted to send the entire thing to his mother-in-law, but Jiwon had stopped him, arguing that sending that much money to the opposing party in a child custody case would be a stupid decision. It would only add to their ‘suitable parent’ score, but do nothing for his. Jiwon insisted that Nana would have wanted that money to be spent on Jay’s future and Suhan, relenting, decided to leave it as is.

“The current account is probably dormant right now. All you have to do is reactivate it and transfer the money to the other account.”

Suhan handed Re-Suhan a security chip that contained the password and account information.

“You can do it on the Internet,” Re-Suhan responded.

“The amount is too big. It has to be in-person.”

“How much is it?”

“2 billion.”

Re-Suhan’s eyes widened and slightly shook at hearing the amount.

“Get the asset confirmation documents that Jiwon was talking about, too. They’ll give it to you if you say it’s for court submission. Though, I’m not sure what the point of this money is now...”
Suhan sighed and spoke with a hint of bitterness.

“Will you be okay though?”

“With what?”

“It’s a pretty big amount of money. Are you really fine with me going?”

Suhan wordlessly nodded. He honestly didn't want to touch that money himself. Perhaps even more so, after Jay's biting words.

Not long after Re-Suhan left for the bank, Suhan called Jiwon. Suhan rubbed his face.

"It's all over."

"Huh?"

"Jay—I think he's going to choose his grandma."

"He said that?"

"No, it's not that...He said something strange."

Suhan couldn't continue, and Jiwon said calmly, "I'm on my way to Seoul, so let's finish this conversation when I get there."

Suhan flinched. On the other end of the line, he could hear the sound of a car blinker. "Where are you right now?"

"I'm going back up from Daegu."

"Daegu? Then how did you get to my house yesterday..."

"What are you talking about? I've been in Daegu all weekend."

Suhan froze. The image of Re-Suhan's eyes shaking at the 2 billion won insurance payout appeared in his mind. Suhan frantically hung up the phone and headed straight to the bank.

Re-Suhan acted like an extremely normal person from the bank entrance all the way up to the teller's desk. No one, not the security personnel guarding the door nor the bank employees, thought suspiciously of Re-Suhan. That is, until he said these words.

"How the hell does this make any sense?"

Looking over the bankbook that the teller handed, Re-Suhan muttered as if he was staring at something preposterous. The teller double checked the amount, wondering if he made a mistake, and asked, "The amount seems to be right...Is there a problem, sir?"

"2 billion *is* right. That's the problem."

Like a person losing his mind, Re-Suhan spat out, "He's the reason Nana's dead."

"...Pardon?"

"Sins should be punished, not rewarded."

"Sir, what exactly do you mean?"

"My wife was killed."

"B-By who?"

"Me."

Re-Suhan looked at the bankbook with a sinister smile and fierce look in his eyes. Just like a twisted robot.

Detective Chu did different kinds of background checks on Suhan, though not much came out of it. Suhan's record was so clean, not even a common parking ticket existed under his name. The detective found Suhan in a promotional video on his company's website. He had an easygoing smile while being asked some questions, but that couldn't take away the detective's attention from the giant family portrait hanging on the wall behind Suhan.

"These kinds of assholes are the real scary ones."

Detective Chu was grumbling, looking through Suhan's court records. An ongoing case from the National Court Administration was retrieved—Suhan's current child custody case. The thought that he might not be living with his son crossed the detective's mind. Just then, the rookie officer sitting in front of Detective Chu's desk stood.

"Sir, I'm going to head over to the bank out front."

"The bank? Why?"

"A gentleman who came to withdraw some cash is causing a commotion."

"Why are you handling it? Send someone from the substation."

"Apparently, the branch manager there called the sergeant directly. The man came to withdraw money but is saying he killed someone. I don't know—I guess something's off about it."

"He confessed to a murder?"

The rookie skimmed through the notes on a memo and answered, "He's asking how it makes sense to be getting a payout when he killed his wife."

Saying he'll go with, Detective Chu hurriedly stood and grabbed his coat.

At the bank entrance, a rowdy noise could be heard.

"I'm saying I killed someone!"

Re-Suhan was being dragged out by muscular security guards.

"The police are on their way. Please calm down."

"You're not hearing me. I killed my—"

A ranting Re-Suhan stopped mid-sentence and looked back. A masked Suhan was gripping his shoulder. Suhan's eyes were bulging with rage.

One of the security guards scanned him and asked, "Do you know this man?"

Suhan, head down, attempted to avoid the guard's stare and said quietly to Re-Suhan, "You're making a scene. Let's go."

"No."

"I'm not asking. I said let's *go*."

Suhan forcefully pulled Re-Suhan's collar but the clone didn't budge. Suhan quickly considered knocking him out with the taser hidden in his back pocket and dragging him back home, but he felt people watching behind the glass walls of the bank, so there was no option but to hold back.

Suhan gritted his teeth and whispered furiously in his ear, "Once the police show up, you're done. Do you want to be terminated?"

At the reminder of termination, Re-Suhan paused and took a step. One of the security guards asked them to wait a moment for a police investigation, but without hesitation, Suhan pushed his clone into the car and they escaped the bank quickly. As Suhan's car was narrowly exiting, Detective Chu and the rookie officer's car entered. It was a close call.

Detective Chu's eyebrows furrowed at hearing that Suhan got away right underneath his nose. He swiftly looked over the window that Suhan was at. On the desk lay a 'Withdrawal and Transfer Application'. Suhan Lee's name and signature as well as the amount of money could be seen. *One, ten, one hundred, one thousand, ten thousand...billion, 2 billion.* It aligned perfectly with Nana's insurance payout amount that the insurance agent had mentioned.

"Is this the man?"

Detective Chu showed the bank teller a picture of Suhan on his phone and the employee nodded.

"Was there anything that stood out about him? Perhaps he looked like he was being threatened or chased after?"

"He was saying he killed his wife, but something was strange about it."

"What about it was strange?"

"It looked like his eyes were red with fury. He was speaking as if he was the victim, not the criminal that committed a murder."

Detective Chu lifted up the application form from the desk and peered carefully at Suhan's signature—straight-edged standard script and awkward strokes. It was different from what he saw on the civil complaint.

The rookie officer who had been talking to the branch manager approached the detective and said, "I confirmed that the money is, in fact, from the late wife's life insurance."

"I knew it."

"There's no evidence but do you think he killed his wife for the insurance money?"

"We don't know that yet."

"He might have confessed because he felt guilty after seeing the money."

"Or he was confessing someone else's sin."

"Sir?"

Detective Chu showed his subordinate the form. “The signature is different from another document.”

“But people don’t sign the same way every time, no? It varies with every document.”

“It’s more than that—almost as if all the hand’s habits completely disappeared.”

“Do you mean...Are you saying there’s a possibility that this wasn’t Mr. Suhan Lee?”

“A habit like signatures can’t be easily mimicked, especially if you haven’t lived those years.”

The rookie’s lips twitched at the detective’s words and asked with a shaky voice, “Are you saying...clone?”

At the mention of clones, a few bank employees began to whisper amongst themselves. Detective Chu let out a short exhale and looked down at the application form once more.

*

Suhan roughly dragged his clone to the dark cellar connected to the garage.

Suhan aimed the bright ray from the flashlight on his full face and yelled, “Who the hell are you? Why did you show up in my life?”

Re-Suhan squinted and said, “You asked me to go to the bank, so I went to the bank. Why are you overreacting? The light’s too bright; we can talk once you get it off my face.”

Suhan grasped the flashlight and stomped towards Re-Suhan. A vein in Suhan’s forehead popped out tightly, as if it were about to burst.

Suhan spoke with a trembling voice, “It was you, wasn’t it? You’re the one that spouted that bullshit to Jay, aren’t you?”

“What are you saying?”

“That I killed Nana!”

As Re-Suhan paused, the expression on Suhan’s face turned from doubt to confirmation and contorted with his suppressed outrage.

“Did you think I wouldn’t hear what you said at the bank? What, murder? I killed my wife?”

The clone gestured for Suhan to relax and approached him slowly.

“Calm down for a second. I said that because...”

Suhan shakily took a deep breath, attempting to push down the wrath that had been inching up his body all the way to his chin. He turned his head for a second, when Re-Suhan slammed down on Suhan’s hand and the flashlight he was holding shattered to pieces on the floor. In an instant, the cellar sunk into pitch-black darkness.

“Wha-what are you doing?!”

Suhan hastily groped at his back pockets in the dark, trying to reach for the taser he had been safe-keeping, but he felt nothing. Suhan dropped down and started fumbling around on the floor. He

touched a hard metal piece with the tips of his fingers. As soon as he carefully reached out his hand, sparks flew and a light flashed, shining a clear view of Re-Suhan's face surrounded by darkness. The clone smiled ominously and lifted up the taser to drive it into the nape of Suhan's neck. Just then, the cellar door opened with a creak.

"Suhan?"

It was Jiwon. Sunlight flooded into the room and Re-Suhan squinted his eyes. Suhan snatched the taser and turned on him.

"Ack!"

The clone's body trembled and fell to the floor.

"Suhan! Are you alright?"

Shocked, Jiwon ran to Suhan and helped him up. When she saw Re-Suhan bloodied and passed out on the floor, she covered her mouth.

"Wh-Who is this?"

Suhan, short of breath, wheezed out, "My clone."

"Jesus. So all that clone talk from before was real?"

Suhan put a finger to Re-Suhan's nose. For better or for worse, he was still breathing.

Jiwon scolded, "Why the hell did you make something like this? Don't you know it's illegal?"

"I didn't make him. Nana sent him."

"Nana? Why?"

"It's a long story. Let's tie him up first."

Suhan tightly tied his clone's limbs around a pillar and secured them with cable ties. Seeing Re-Suhan covered in blood with his arms and legs bound made Suhan's mouth dry up. A cloned human was still human-shaped.

"So, you're the real one?"

Jiwon crossed her arms and took turns examining the two men. At Jiwon's suspicious look, Suhan pointed to a cut on his cheek.

"This is from when I was with Jay. I have it but he doesn't."

"Hmm...That's not a cut I knew about so I'm not sure I can distinguish you two from that."

Jiwon peered closely at Re-Suhan's neck and asked Suhan.

"That scar—you have it, right?"

"Which scar?"

"That scar from the funeral. He doesn't have it."

Suhan pushed back his collar to reveal the nape of his neck. Jiwon relaxed after seeing the clear scar mark.

Suhan came out from the cellar and filled Jiwon in on the events of the past few days, of the days equally nightmarish and lovely.

Jiwon listened and asked bitterly, “But why would Re-Suhan say something like that to Jay? That you killed Nana.”

“I don’t know. Maybe he’s after my money.”

Jiwon cocked her head in confusion and said, “You think that he’s trying to frame you for murder and take your money? On what grounds, though? Do you have any evidence?”

Suhan was lost for words. His head was spinning and he could not conjure a single thought.

Jiwon seemed to think something over, biting her lip, and then slowly opened her mouth, “You mentioned that your memories can get synced, right? Can your inner thoughts be cloned too?”

“Maybe, why?”

“I’m not sure if I should say this...but, Suhan, do you remember what you said that one time?”

“What did I say?”

“Remember? To Nana?”

Jiwon hesitated and said, “...You told her that she was your hell.”

“What?”

“Remember when both of you were getting heated and you were arguing...you told her to die. You told me you regretted saying that, too.”

Suhan opened his mouth, about to resist, but unable to think of anything to say. He closed his mouth.

Looking over Suhan’s hardened face, Jiwon spoke quietly, “Maybe I’m wrong.”

Silence passed over. Like the calm before a storm. Suhan felt nauseous—like he could throw up. A door that had been tightly closed in Suhan’s heart for a long time swung open and the events of a devastating day arose. A small light appeared in the thick darkness that was Suhan’s memory.

3 years ago was an endless loop of ‘a worse today than yesterday’. Everyday was a struggle for Nana, who was battling pancreatic cancer, and for Suhan, who was by her side. Her doctor had said there was no other option but surgery, yet Nana absolutely refused to let a knife touch her body. Suhan didn’t understand Nana. Saying she didn’t want surgery started sounding like she was saying she didn’t want to live. Her condition worsened. Suhan tried to persuade his wife but those conversations always ended in arguments. It was only when he begged her on hands and knees with Jay watching that she reluctantly accepted surgery. However, at that point, the hospital’s schedule was fully booked up for another year, and there was no other hospital she could immediately be admitted into for surgery. Suhan pleaded with the doctor and nurses. He even pleaded with an acquaintance of Jiwon’s, head bowed in desperation. After days of frantically running around, he was finally able to secure a surgery date.

When the day came, though, Nana disappeared without a trace. She was nowhere to be found in the hospital. All that effort. Suhan was furious, but when Nana in her gaunt appearance returned

late at night, he said nothing. If he expressed even a tiny bit of his anger, he felt that Nana would shatter.

Suhan had Nana transferred to a hospital that had a larger variety of chemotherapy options. Thankfully, Nana seemed to like the new hospital. She got along especially well with her assigned nurse Sangheun. Suhan felt relieved that they changed hospitals, but that feeling was momentary. Nana, in her fight against cancer, had good days and bad days with no real sign of sustained improvement. She and Suhan were both becoming exhausted. Nana didn't eat or take her medicine properly and Suhan started becoming irritated at the pettiest things.

"I told you not to leave the slippers here."

When Jay slipped on a stray pair of slippers and hurt himself, Suhan grumbled and spat out his annoyance. It started with the slippers, but the nagging and criticizing spread to insignificant things like the towel and meals. Nana closed her ears. Suhan visited less and less. Some days, he would sit in front of the hospital room for hours before going back home, blaming his absence on work. One day, nurse Sangheun approached and asked a particularly slumped Suhan perched on the corridor bench.

"Aren't you going in?"

Suhan looked at her with empty eyes and responded, "I can't stand the smell."

"What smell? Oh...the antiseptic?"

"Yes. I feel like I'm becoming a patient too. When...when will it all end?"

Suhan dropped his head. Suhan knew he said something that should never be said aloud. After all, the real patient was none other than his wife, and it was Suhan's duty to protect her.

The smell of antiseptic flooded Suhan's nose as soon as he opened the room door. *Hurk*. Suhan held his breath, ran to the toilet, gripped it tight, and vomited. He caught the odor of sewage pipes and stale urine, but he found it more tolerable than what the hospital smelled like. Suhan wasn't the only one suffering. On the bed, Nana, just skin and bones, was curled up, groaning from pain that could only be described as the body being ripped apart. Suhan kept his breath held and came over to a sweat-soaked Nana to wipe her body. *Why is this happening to us? What did we do that was so wrong?*

In the dead of night, Suhan opened the cabinet above the bed. He took out the black prescription bottles hidden deep in the corners. They were Russian sleeping pills that Nana had requested—pills that Suhan would slip to Nana in halves without the nurses knowing, on the days she spent a few nights in ceaseless pain, unable to sleep. No matter how bad the pain was, a half pill would always get her to sleep.

Suhan spilled a handful onto his palm. They seemed to say to him 'It'll be better when it's over. Everything will be better.' Suhan shut his eyes and brought his hand to his mouth. It was then. *Spat*. The pills in his hand dropped to the floor. Someone had pulled down his sleeve. It was Jay. He was snuggling into Suhan's embrace because he had a nightmare. Suhan tried not to let the tears in his eyes

fall. He put Jay back to sleep and tossed out the pills on the floor. Suhan decided then and there: he must endure. Even if Nana never got better. No matter what. For Jay.

But that resolve didn't go far.

"Today's Jay's birthday. You remember, right?" Suhan said after he put the cake and gift box down on the table.

Nana lay in bed, facing away, and she waved her hand without even looking, as if to tell him to leave. Suhan was hurt by the indifferent hand, but he opened the translation app and sweetly said—

Come on, it's Jay's birthday. Please try to get up.

Nana turned her body and looked at the cake. Suhan tried to smile but Nana's face was pain-ridden.

"Я не хачу быць з табой."

"Huh? Where's Jay?"

"Не ведаю, таму ідзі вон. Не паказвайся мне."

Suhan knew that Nana was spewing hateful words, but he tried to coax her.

"I know you're in pain, but let's try to have a good day today."

"сысці прэч. Я нават не хачу гэтага бачыць."

"Nana, please...I don't want to fight with you."

"Мне не патрэбны такі хлопец, як ты."

Suhan looked at his phone with a conflicted expression on his face. Nana's words were left on the translation app.

I don't want to be with you.

I don't care. Just go.

Go away. I hate you.

I don't need someone like you.

Suhan took a deep breath to calm down. In that moment, the nauseating smell inside the hospital room poked the insides of Suhan's nostrils. Suhan bit his lip and tried to ignore his rumbling stomach. Nana's eyes narrowed, noticing Suhan's contorting face.

"I'm exhausted too. I'm barely holding on. But for Jay, please..."

Suhan grabbed at Nana's wrists, but Nana jerked her hand away. The cake box on the table fell to the floor with a thud.

Suhan looked at the mess and said something that should never have left his mouth, "This is hell. You, not this hospital, are my hell."

Nana started to get frustrated. Suhan was fed up with her constant snapping.

He closed his eyes and let the words shoot out of his mouth like bullets, "I don't want to be with you anymore. I feel like I'm getting sick too."

"..."

Unwilling to listen, Nana hurled the gift box at her husband. Suhan reflexively dodged, and the box hit the framed photo on the shelf behind him. The frame shattered into sharp shards of glass and flew everywhere.

“Aah!”

A scream was uttered from under the bed. It was Jay’s voice. Surprised, Suhan dropped to the floor and looked. Jay was laying on his stomach, rubbing his eyes. On his pale cheek and on his little hand, bright red blood was smearing. Suhan lifted Jay up to the bed. Embedded on his son’s cheek, he could see the tiny pieces of glass through the blood. Suhan tried to remove them with his nail but they would not come out so easily. The more he tried to take them out, the deeper they would go in. Jay burst into tears sorrowfully. Nana was shocked, too. With a panicking face, she said something, but Suhan would not listen to her. Frustrated, Nana snatched Suhan’s phone and opened the translation app again. She yelled into the phone as if begging to be heard, but Suhan didn’t have the capacity to listen.

Suhan jumped up from the bed, soaked in sweat. *Was that a dream?* Nana’s face was too vivid for it to be a dream. A face that was more tinged with hate than illness. *What did Nana think about this face of hers?* A face that reflected being each other’s hell. Suhan had never realized that he had a face that he himself didn’t know about—his true self that he erased from memory so that he would never have to confront it. He clenched his face in shame.

Suhan took out his old smartphone and opened the translation app. The cruel words Nana said to him were fossilized, exactly how he left them. When Suhan first suggested that Nana use the translation app, Nana was skeptical about her words being recorded somewhere permanently. He didn’t understand then, but he felt like he knew now. His own archived words felt heavy, like they were pushing down on him.

“You were right.”

Suhan walked to Jiwon, who was organizing paperwork in the living room. Jiwon set down the documents she was holding and stared at Suhan.

“I thought I wanted everything to end. That’s why I said...”

Suhan looked like he was on the verge of breaking down. He wanted to tell Jiwon everything he remembered about that night, but he couldn’t. He didn’t want her to see his rock bottom.

Suhan’s face dropped and Jiwon said comfortingly, “You were going through a lot then, too.”

“Nana was going through more.”

“Don’t blame yourself. Everyone thinks their pain is the most insufferable. You were probably wrapped up in your own shit and couldn’t think about anything else.”

‘Still, she was family.’

“...”

“I should have been there for her.”

Jiwon gazed at Suhan. It had been a while since the word ‘family’ sounded so warm from Suhan’s mouth.

Jiwon carefully said, “Then I guess you can be there for Jay now.”

Suhan let out a deep exhale.

“You know it’s Jay’s birthday tomorrow, right?”

“You know what Jay said to me. I doubt he’d meet with me.”

“That’s why I made a request with the court.”

“What request?”

“Tomorrow is important to the court as well. I asked them to let both of you have time with Jay equally, and not let one party monopolize that time. That way it’ll be fair for adjusting custody rights, too.”

Suhan’s face began to show a bit of hope as he waited for Jiwon’s following words.

“In the morning, Jay will spend his birthday with his grandma and in the afternoon, he’ll be with you.”

Suhan’s eyes filled with tears.

“Jiwon, thank you. Thank you so much.”

“You have to be on your best behavior that day. There’s not much else I can do after the birthday.”

Suhan slowly nodded his head.

After the conversation with Jiwon, Suhan headed to the cellar, not his room. He wanted to check on Re-Suhan. About the memory of that night. About what he said to Nana. Maybe what he really wanted was a denial, rather than confirmation. That Suhan’s memories were wrong. That there was no way he said something that heartless to Nana.

The cellar was enveloped in darkness and silence. Re-Suhan was still out cold on the floor. Suhan dragged out an old chair from a corner of the cellar and sat in front of his clone. He rummaged through his pockets and took out the sync chip. Suhan attached the sync chip behind his ear and closed his eyes. As if in a confessional, he began to utter the memory of that day.

“Nana had said she would rather die than put a knife to her body. I told myself that I would sedate her to get her to that operating room if I had to. The doctor said there were 3 months, no, not even 3 months left. And so, the surgery date was getting closer...”

It was the day of the surgery. The pouring rain delayed Suhan’s arrival to the hospital and he couldn’t get there on time to see Nana go in. He hurriedly rushed to the operating room. In front of that operating room, caregivers were waiting anxiously to hear good news about their loved ones.

Suhan approached the screen with the roster of the patients currently in surgery. He didn't see Nana's name. *Was the surgery already over?* Just then, someone called his name.

"Are you Mr. Lee? Ms. Grekova's caregiver?"

It was nurse Sangheun.

"Was the surgery successful? How did it go?"

"Actually...Ms. Grekova didn't receive the operation."

Sangheun explained that because Nana stubbornly refused, the surgery could not be done.

Suhan ran up to Nana's room. *She refused? That surgery was so hard to book. Did she really want to die?*

Suhan was filled with rage. Panting, he reached the room when he heard Nana giggling.

"Heeheekeeeke"

Suhan stopped in his tracks, wondering if he heard wrong, and double-checked the room number. It was definitely Nana's room. *Heeheekeeeke*. The sound of Nana's laughter seeped into the corridor. Suhan opened the door with trembling hands. Nana's bed was empty. He stepped towards the bathroom, where the sound was coming from. Between the slit of the door Suhan could see an unknown man. He had on a nurse's uniform and was washing Nana's hair. Nana was shirtless, holding onto his waist, and the man's hands were softly massaging Nana's head. The two looked disgustingly intimate. The man playfully wiped some bubbles on Nana's face, and Nana beamed at him radiantly, like a child. The two even spoke the same language. As he whispered something in Nana's ear, Nana cradled closer into his embrace. Suhan's stomach started turning. Dizzy, he lost his footing and made a noise. The man swiftly turned and looked towards the door. He was wearing a mask. As if he was hiding who he was.