

Background Character? Nah, I'm Going To Be The Peak Instead

Chapter 121: The Malfunctioning "Memory"

Bang—!

After a deafening crash, the Blood Skulls vice leader, Cicero—who moments ago had been full of swagger, loudly demanding that Old Jack hand over the Silver Knight—was now unceremoniously thrown out of the Rusten Nail Tavern.

And not just thrown out, he landed ass up face down on the street in utter disgrace.

“Boss!”

The lackeys who had been left outside rushed forward, about to help him up.

But before they could even lift Cicero, one black shadow after another came flying out of the tavern.

They slammed down on top of him, pinning him firmly underneath.

The lackeys outside instantly turned pale with fear and stared toward the tavern entrance.

Moments later, a terrifying suited brute—over two meters tall, with horns on his head—slowly emerged from the shadows inside the bar.

“Off you go~”

Accompanied by Seokdu Ma's cheerful whistling, he casually tossed the last two Blood Skulls grunts he was holding—like bags of trash—out onto the street.

They neatly joined Cicero in a game of human stacking.

After finishing all that, Seokdu Ma elegantly brushed at his suit, where no dust actually existed.

Then he pulled out a handkerchief and, while carefully wiping his prized horns, smiled at the person beside him.

“See, old man? Told you, these piles of bones don't even count as a warm-up for me.”

Old Jack clenched a cigar between his teeth.

The overheated twin-barrel steam shotgun in his hands continued to vent white steam.

He blew out a smoke ring and said with the tone of someone who'd seen it all:

“Kid, a single rat isn't scary. But when rats start running in packs—”

“—Then we'll wait until they gather into a whole nest,” Seokdu Ma replied, slipping the handkerchief back into his breast pocket and getting ready to stretch.

But at that very moment, his data terminal suddenly rang.

Beep beep beep!

[Incoming call from your most beloved noona~ Incoming call from your most beloved noona~]

The moment that sickeningly sweet, *noona-exclusive* ringtone played, the two-point-two-meter-tall suited brute froze on the spot, instantly turning to stone.

With trembling hands, Seokdu Ma pulled out his data terminal and stared nervously at the screen, where a video call request flashed nonstop, displaying two word characters:

“Scary Hag.”

“O-Old man! I’ll leave things here to you! I—I need to take this video call!”

With that, Seokdu Ma hurriedly scurried off into a corner of the tavern.

“Y-Yes! Yes! You’re absolutely right! Noona, please don’t start yelling yet—listen to my explanation first—”

Watching Seokdu Ma bowing and scraping nonstop in the corner, Old Jack quietly perked up his ears, his gossip instincts cranked to the max.

Though he couldn’t make out the exact details of the conversation between Seokdu Ma and that mysterious ‘Noona’, phrases like “*rehabilitation plan*,” “*difficulty transitioning the organization*,” “*rules of the underworld*,” and “*corporate expansion*” drifted over in fragments.

Hearing this, Old Jack couldn’t help but blow out another smoke ring, his expression turning subtle.

After all, he'd originally thought Seokdu Ma was just a hot-blooded young guy who hadn't yet been beaten down by society.

But now, it seemed Seokdu Ma's background might be far more complicated than he'd imagined.

After all, an ordinary gang couldn't possibly afford to nurture a genius Starbearer who so obviously had boundless potential.

It had to be an *absurdly massive* organization.

At the same time, the interdimensional viewers on Crustyröll were wearing the same shocked expressions as Old Jack.

Because they had all believed Seokdu Ma's nonsense earlier, thinking he really worked at some legitimate big company!

"Breaking news! A certain bull-headed man commits shocking acts in broad daylight!"

"Bro, didn't you say you worked at a major corporation? This is clearly an underworld syndicate!"

"So even gangs are doing image management these days?!"

"Who is that noona, anyway?"

Under the curious gazes of the interdimensional audience, Seokdu Ma was already drenched in sweat.

"Yes! I guarantee the mission will be completed!"

“Noona, don’t worry. This time I definitely won’t mess things up again—I promise you.”

Hearing Seokdu Ma say that, the voice on the other end of the data terminal finally seemed willing to let him off.

The video connection was cut.

After everything was over, Seokdu Ma collapsed onto the sofa, as if his soul had been sucked right out of his body.

And mind you, when he’d been brutally beaten by Andromeda of the Hidden Star Society earlier, he hadn’t looked anywhere near this exhausted.

That alone showed just how much he feared this “noona.”

But Old Jack could tell that Seokdu Ma’s *fear* of the mysterious girl didn’t come from terror of her power, but from not wanting to disappoint her expectations.

So after dealing with the Blood Skulls lackeys outside, Old Jack smiled and walked over to Seokdu Ma, patting him on the shoulder.

“Come on. Let’s go check on that young white-headed lass upstairs.”

“You and that kid Kong really landed me in a pretty big mess this time.”

Hearing that, Seokdu Ma immediately stood up and headed toward the second floor of the tavern together with Old Jack.

And as the two of them reached the second floor, the episode's scene smoothly transitioned.

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[New Federation · Seven Floating Cities · Luminous Ark]

[Starbearer Association Headquarters · Star Path · First Intelligent Machinery Research Institute]

The lazy afternoon sunlight filtered through the research institute's specially made glass, illuminating a silver-haired woman seated in the garden.

She sat alone at a white round table, emerald-green eyes reflected in the gently rippling surface of the red tea in her cup.

What was strange was that, despite being alone, there were two sets of afternoon tea desserts laid out on the table, as though she were waiting for someone.

Only researchers familiar with her knew the truth.

She wasn't waiting for anyone. It was simply a peculiar habit that others couldn't understand.

Not just afternoon tea, whenever it came to desserts, or other interesting little trinkets, she would always prepare two.

Even though the researchers had never once seen her give the extra portion to anyone.

Yet she persisted in this odd routine.

Much like the two dolphin plushies—one pink, one blue—that she always kept in a special spot in her personal research lab. As if those two dolphins held some extraordinary meaning to her.

Caroline lowered her head and looked at her own reflection in the coffee on the table.

In a voice so soft only she could hear, she murmured:

“So... the memory is faulty after all.”

With that, Caroline picked up one of the strawberry cakes and ate it with refined elegance.

Strangely enough, though she was eating the strawberry cake, there wasn't the slightest hint of enjoyment on her face.

As if consuming it wasn't a pleasure to her at all, but merely a task she performed out of routine.

In fact, even Caroline herself didn't understand why she had such a strange habit.

Because the truth was, she didn't actually like sweets.

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Link to the Novel Google Drive Fanart:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1f7oPMzGjLKukR1MXGIk3EGs71RXZYJ2g>