

## Harm

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# Harm

by [Wilofhounds](#)

## Summary

Death should not hurt this much. This was his first thought when he came to. Every wound he sustained while fighting that asshole was making itself known. Why hadn't the bastard killed him? Better yet who was he? Shi-woon was sure he hadn't gotten a name.

Something was being poured into his mouth he realized. It had a bitter taste and he wanted to spit it out. Then he thought better of it. Murim medicine was almost always bitter. Gyu Bum must have found him when he didn't arrive at his apartment. For once he was thankful for his watchdog.

Through the pain, there was an undercurrent of something else. Warmth. Almost like... almost like his master's ki healing him. That wasn't possible. At the same time, there was no mistaking the feeling.

In honor of The breakers return. The Breaker Eternal Force is now out!

Warnings: Chun/Shi-Woon, injury to a child

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Shi-woon could barely stay standing. This wasn't the first time he had found himself in a no-win situation. Without the use of his center, there was no way for him to realistically fight back against this man. Should he have accepted the Sunwoo clan's protection?

No. His eyes hardened at the man in front of him. He refused to bow to anyone and that included the Elders of his supposed clan. It was how he was supposed to live so that he could honor his master's teachings.

Again he raised his fists knowing how useless it was. The blond smirked and came again. Shi-woon tried to use a variation of lightning steps to getaway. Only for the world to spin and he misstepped. A loud crack sounded in the alleyway his ankle-breaking.

A strangled sound escaped him but he remained on his feet. Black spots danced in his vision and it grayed around the edges. His breaths came in ragged gasps as they squared off again. Trying to shift back into a stance he put too much weight on his bad ankle. Pain flashed through him vision went white and he dropped like a sack of potatoes. Though as the world faded he thought he heard the sound of Soul-Crushing Strike. It had to be his imagination. The only person who used that freely was long gone.

:I'm sorry, Seonsaengnim. I should have been stronger.:

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Opening his eyes he saw a familiar ragged man. Dark hair fell into his blue eyes as he focused on Shi-woon. His hands were on the youth's chest.

Unable to help himself he breathed, "Teacher..."

Chun flinched back his hands coming off of Shi-woon's chest. He winced and bit his lip to keep from crying out as the warmth left. Immediately the hands returned with the warmth.

"Stay down," Growled Chun, "You fool I told you to leave Murim. Why do I keep finding you beaten half to death?"

Shi-woon laughed painfully as he tried to sit up, "It's not my fault, Seonsaengnim. They cornered me and I refused to stand aside and die without a fight. Between them and the Sunwoo clan..."

"The Sunwoo clan?" Chun asked his voice hard, "What the hell do they want with you?"

Shi-woon answered easily, "They want me to be their Clan Head. Even though my ki center is broken. I don't want it, Sunsengnim. I wanted to go back to my normal life like you wanted."

There was a flash of pain in the man's face but he said nothing. The injuries were healing and Shi-woon didn't want them to. Not because he wanted to be in pain but because it would mean his teacher to leave.

Then the hands retreated. A whine escaped him but still, he sat up. Chun watched him with a knowing gaze. They shared a long knowing look.

Shi-woon asked, "How did you even get here? I thought you were out of the country."

Chun held up the phone he had given Shi-woon. The youth's jaw dropped open with surprise. When had he gotten that? It wasn't damaged, was it? Blue eyes softened as Chun considered him.

He said holding it out to him, "I found it in your pocket and ensured it was undamaged. And I was out of the country until So-Sul refused to continue with her studies until someone checked on you. She wants you to come back with me. I said I didn't think you would."

Eyes turned away from him. Shi-woon knew the man was lying. Carefully he took the phone. He was out of the country but it wasn't So-Sul that made him come for Shi-woon. It was his teacher who wanted to come and the girl's refusal was simply the excuse he needed.

Quietly he said, "You don't have to lie, Seonsaengnim. You care and don't need to hide that."

The man's jaw worked up and down in shock. He snapped, "Don't be an idiot. It would be a waste if you died on me. Especially with all the work, I did to train you."

Shi-woon smiled as he said, "Whatever you say, Seonsaengnim," Then his face became serious again and Chun's, the head came up to search his face, "What am I going to do now? I don't want to accept the Sunwoo Clan's help. They simply want a figurehead. At the same time if things keep on as they have been I'll be dead inside the month. This is the fourth attack in a week."

There was no need for Shi-woon to mention that if Chun hadn't appeared he would already be dead. The blond would have killed him. It was essentially a fact of his life. So many wanted

him dead or under their thumbs.

Chun said sounding almost sad, "I never wanted you to join this world. I tried to convince you to leave it be."

"But I wouldn't and I made my choice," finished Shi-woon, "I still believe in you."

Chun gaped, "You what?!"

A little smile twitched at Shi-woon's lips. It was true. He had not forgotten what his teacher had done. Still, out of everyone in Murim, Chun was the only one who tried to keep him out. The only one who didn't try to use him. For this Shi-woon believed in him.

"Are you an idiot?!"

Shi-woon rolled his eyes as he replied, "You keep calling me an idiot but it's you who followed this time."

Chun snapped, "You little shit," Then he softened, "If I asked would you follow me as you did before?"

Shi-woon's mouth went dry as he said, "Of course, I would."

Surprise crossed his teacher's face before it broke into a grin. Then he pushed himself up into a standing position and held out a hand for Shi-woon. The boy took it without any regret.

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