

# God of Blackfield

## Chapter 11: I Don't Know About That (1)

"You have to kiss me!"

Kang Chan had to run all night to avoid Kim Mi-Young, who was as big as a five-story building. After a while, his eyes snapped open, and he sighed heavily.

"It was just a dream."

His throat was parched.

Snow White wasn't ugly. In fact, she was rather pretty, had charming eyes, and a fantastic set of breasts. However, she was just a high school student. She was merely infatuated with him right now, just like how girls her age had a crush on teachers or celebrities.

However, even if he had morning wood every morning, or even if it was hard to control his urges, he didn't want to do anything that would scar Snow White for life. And more importantly, getting involved with underage girls was a crime.

It was an uncomfortable start to a fresh morning.

Kang Chan went to the bathroom and took a shower mainly using his right hand while keeping his bandaged left hand raised high. The worst thing about prolonged confrontation with their opponents in the African deserts was the lack of water. They were only given three 1.5 liter bottles of water each day, drinking half of it and showering with the other half under normal circumstances. That was why Dayeru—with his huge build—only showered once every two days.

After coming out of the bathroom, Kang Chan saw Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook sitting in the living room.

"Did you take a shower?"

"Yes. Did you sleep well?" Kang Chan greeted his parents.

"Yeah! Are you going somewhere?"

"Huh?"

At his confusion, Yoo Hye-Sook felt like her assumption was correct. "There's no school this weekend. Did you not know that?"

“It’s Saturday, though.”

“Yeah. Today is the second Saturday of the month.”

Kang Chan racked his brain to figure out what Yoo Hye-Sook was talking about. He didn’t a clue what it was, but it was at least evident he didn’t have to go to school today.

“Oh really? I thought I had classes today.”

“I knew it. You forgot, didn’t you?”

Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Chan smiled, feeling relieved.

Kang Chan thought he only didn’t have afternoon classes, but now it seemed like he took a full day off every other week. After breakfast, Kang Dae-Kyung went to work, and Kang Chan turned on the computer in his room to browse the internet.

*Buzz.*

Just then, he received a text.

[What are you doing?]

It was obviously from Seok Kang-Ho. Strangely, Kang Chan found texting inconvenient.

“Hello?”

— It’s me.

“What’s up?”

— What are you doing today?

“I don’t know. It turns out I don’t have classes today, so I’m a little disconcerted.”

— Let’s meet if it’s okay with you. I have to give you your clothes as well. I’ll be in front of your apartment complex in approximately thirty minutes.

*What’s up with this guy?*

Then again, they had always been together even on vacation.

“Okay. Buy a few packs of cigarettes when you get here. It’s hard for me to buy some without an ID.”

— Got it.

Kang Chan had thirty minutes of free time. He turned off the computer, got changed, and went to the living room. Yoo Hye-Sook was sitting on the sofa watching TV.

There were three rooms, two bathrooms, and a kitchen in their apartment. The balcony was connected to the living room.

Yoo Hye-Sook turned her head toward Kang Chan. She looked lonely just a moment ago, but happiness removed all traces of it the moment she turned her attention to him.

Did a child mean this much to a mother?

She had been waiting, lonely and in solitude, for him to open his door. Just looking at his face made her feel happy...

“Are you going somewhere?”

“I’m...going to meet with Mr. Seok Kang-Ho.”

“Your teacher? Why?”

“We became closer after the recent incident. He said there was something he wanted to talk to me about. He wanted to have lunch together because he happened to be passing by this area.”

Even though Yoo Hye-Sook was no longer shocked, she still looked worried.

“Don’t worry. I have to get my school uniform back as well.”

“Ah! That teacher!”

Only then did Yoo Hye-Sook feel relieved.

“I’ve washed your teacher’s clothes. Invite him over so I can say hello to him. No—should I go out to greet him instead?”

Simply thinking about it was suffocating enough.

“No, it’s okay. I’ll introduce you to him next time.”

Yoo Hye-Sook walked over from one side of the living room holding a paper bag, then she took out five 10,000 won bills from her wallet.

“Everything’s really okay, right?”

Kang Chan had gotten a little used to her behavior now. Moreover, upon remembering how lonely she looked, he no longer found her annoying.

“Oh, my son.”

Yoo Hye-Sook opened her arms and put them around Kang Chan’s neck. Perfunctorily, in a bid to make an effort to be a better son, he bent his upper body since Yoo Hye-Sook might feel hurt if he were to reject her.

However, the moment Yoo Hye-Sook hugged him tightly...

“Thank you, my dear son. I love you.”

For some reason, Kang Chan felt sad out of the blue the moment she patted him on the back.

Even when he grumbled, she held in her sadness and put up with him. Yoo Hye-Sook had wanted to die together with him if things had gone wrong when he was still hospitalized. And just a single apology from him or laying eyes on him when he came out of his room was enough to elate her.

*Mom.*

“*Sob.*”

Kang Chan immediately burst into tears. It had been twenty years since he last cried. He didn’t cry even when he left Seoul, and he didn’t cry either when he witnessed his unfortunate mother getting beaten up the day before he left.

“It’s okay, it’s okay, my dear son. I love you the most in this world. I’ll protect you no matter what anybody says.”

“*Sob. Sob.*”

The more Kang Chan tried holding back his tears, the more he lost control over them. It was like he was trying to release the sadness he had pent up for the last twenty years.

Just once. Just one time. He wanted to be hugged like he was right now. He never longed for anything more desperately in this world than to be in his mother’s arms.

*In truth, she loves me. She doesn’t hate me—she truly loves me.?*

“You must’ve had a very hard time, my son.”

Even though Yoo Hye-Sook’s right shoulder was wet from all his tears, she continued patting his back.

“Haa!”

After exhaling heavily, Kang Chan calmed down a little. Yoo Hye-Sook couldn't even wipe his tears. She looked at him.

"Are you feeling better, dear?"

"Yes."

Kang Chan felt embarrassed, and he thought what happened was cringe-worthy. He wiped his tears with his sleeve and walked toward the front door.

"Have a good time."

"Yes."

He still couldn't bring himself to call her 'mom.'

Kang Chan took the stairs because he didn't want to bump into a certain someone. It was a wise choice.

By the time he had left the entrance of the apartment complex, his emotional heart had hardened. Kang Chan sat on the bench and looked at the bandage around his hand.

*I must not become weak.*

"Come to your senses, you fool. I'm not the one they love."

That was the truth. If Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook were to learn about Kang Chan's true identity, would they still shower him with as much love as they were doing right now?

"I'm leaving anyway."

He couldn't just forget the members of his unit that died unjustly. And for him to avoid Snow White, who was waiting for school vacation, and for Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook, who were protecting and treating a complete stranger as their son, going to France was the right thing for Kang Chan to do.

"Tsk."

Kang Chan suddenly felt annoyed because he seemed to be constantly coveting someone else's parents.

*Honk honk.*

He heard a car honk and Seok Kang-Ho calling out to him.

Seok Kang-Ho drove off right after Kang Chan got in the car.

“Have you been waiting long—huh? Did you get an eye infection?”

“It’s probably because the wind blew into my eyes.”

“That’s serious. You used to be able to withstand sandstorms without a problem. At this rate, forget going to Africa. You’ll be eliminated from the recruitment process in France.”

Kang Chan crying probably didn’t even cross Seok Kang-Ho’s mind. That was clearly how they lived back then. If Dayeru’s eyes were red, Kang Chan would’ve also thought he had an eye infection.

“Where are we going?”

It was after the morning rush hour, so the roads weren’t congested.

“There’s nothing to do at home. Let’s just go to the suburbs, cook a chicken or something, eat it, then take a nap.”

“Cook a chicken?”

“Hahaha, why are you acting like a country bumpkin? We can just get it at a restaurant for 30,000 won.”

Kang Chan had never expected Dayeru to call him a country bumpkin ever in his life. When he turned his head slightly toward Dayeru, it seemed like the latter had adapted rather well to his current self.

“Daye.”

When Kang Chan called his name using his old voice, Seok Kang-Ho stopped smiling and looked at him.

“Are you satisfied with who you are right now?”

Seok Kang-Ho grinned.

“So it’s finally come.”

“What did?”

“I was like you, too. I felt like I was going crazy living in someone else’s body. I don’t like it, but I can’t say I completely hate it either. To put it bluntly, there’s no way to go back to my old self, anyway, and it’s not like anybody will believe me if I told them about it.”

Kang Chan nodded. While he was at the hospital, it seemed like Seok Kang-Ho was a mess in school and at home.

“My wife and my daughter were the ones who straightened me out. This body is too old to be a mercenary, and I can’t help but wonder what would happen to the ones I’d be leaving behind if I were to leave.”

His train of thought wasn’t wrong.

“Haha. After all, I get lonely.”

“Bullshit.”

“In any case, I thought that if the universe was crazy enough to give me a second chance, I should just accept it and live a good life.”

“It’s not because of your wife?”

“Let’s be honest. The women in France are much more attractive.”

“That’s true,” Kang Chan nodded.

“Her looks are average, but every time she runs to me to hug me after seeing me struggling with life, she becomes prettier to me. But just as I was making up my mind to accept my new life, you came along.”

Kang Chan smirked.

“Remember the time you took the utility knife? At that time, I wondered if you had taken over the student’s body.”

“So that was why you said it was because of repeated training.”

“Phew! It’s nice to not feel lonely and to have someone to talk to. I can’t say much about going to France, but, frankly, it’s a pity.”

They had already left the city center and were driving fast.

“It’s very peaceful here, isn’t it?” Kang Chan asked.

“Hahaha, you’re saying that after getting into fights two days into going to school?” Seok Kang-Ho retorted.

“Hahahaha.”

Kang Chan started laughing as well.

“Ah! I’m planning to meet with the gangsters on Monday.” Kang Chan suddenly remembered to tell Seok Kang-Ho.

“Where? I’ll come with you.”

“Give it a rest. It’s a hassle. Right! Have you helped me get out of class?”

“I’ll get it approved on Monday morning, so you don’t have to go to classes in the afternoon onward.”

“Tsk!”

“Has it been that hard on you?”

“Forget about it.”

What was the point of talking about it?

Kang Chan stared blankly out the window. It wouldn’t be terrible to live like this—if only all of this belonged to him and none of his unit members suffered an unjust death.

After driving for about an hour along an open road, Seok Kang-Ho pulled over at a valley close to Gapyeong.

Chicken stew. *Maekgeolli* mixed with soda. Naps. Knee-deep waters.

He loved all of it. It felt like he had gotten the break he had always imagined during an intense battle.

*Chk chk.*

“Hoo!”

The two of them thoroughly exhaled the cigarette smoke while sitting on the restaurant’s low wooden bench.

“How many people do you think you’ve killed so far?” Dayeru asked Kang Chan out of the blue.

While Kang Chan was recalling his past battles, Seok Kang-Ho smiled bitterly as he spoke. “Would we have collectively killed at least a hundred people?”

“Probably around that many. Why are you talking about this when we’re having a good time?”

“Don’t go.”



“Hoo! Do you not know me well?”

“You give back as much as you receive from others... and you take care of our unit members.”

“You know it.”

“It’s just a waste.”

“This is good. Wouldn’t it be better for me to come back alive? When I’m back, let’s visit this place again.”

“Ha! Let’s do that.”

“Thank you.”

“What for?”

“Just leave it at that, you punk!”

The two of them laughed out loud at the same time, but because Seok Kang-Ho started drooling, Kang Chan chastised him, calling him a ‘dirty bastard,’

1. Originally, students had to go to school on Saturdays as well, but from 2010 onwards, the Korean public school system changed so that the students have 2 Saturdays off per month.

2. Korean sparkling rice wine

## **Chapter 12: I Don’t Know About That (2)**

Kang Chan came home in high spirits. Yoo Hye-Sook happily welcoming him also felt nice.

“My dear son! What did you do today?”

“We went to the stream in Gapyeong, had chicken stew, and talked about all kinds of things.”

“What a wonderful teacher. I’m truly grateful for him. How did he even wash your school uniform so thoroughly? It’s so clean.”

What would she have thought of Seok Kang-Ho as a teacher if she saw them smoking cigarettes together?

Kang Chan gave a vague response, then went into his room and fell asleep.

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Kang Chan woke up early the next day. By the time he got to the living room, breakfast had already been prepared.

“Didn’t you say we were having brunch today?”

“But what if you get hungry? Here, eat. I have to go do my makeup.”

“Do you not realize I’m here too?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“Stop acting like a child. If you’re hungry, go you feed yourself!”

When Yoo Hye-Sook glared at him, Kang Dae-Kyung obediently sat down at the dining table. She had prepared soybean paste stew, napa cabbage kimchi, cucumber kimchi, seasoned bean sprouts, and an unknown stir-fry dish for breakfast.

Even though Kang Chan and Yoo Hye-Sook had become a lot more comfortable around each other, he still felt awkward being around Kang Dae-Kyung, especially when they were alone like they were right now.

*Let’s give it our best shot. 45 days.*

Kang Chan wanted to repay them for what they had done for him, even if it was just a small gesture on his part.

“How’s your car import business coming along?”

“Well, I’m doing my best, so we’ll just have to see the results.”

Just as Kang Chan picked up some seasoned bean sprouts with a pair of chopsticks, Kang Dae-Kyung continued.

“Ah! Remember how you took the call for me previously? Because of that, I could brag about my son for the first time in my life.”

“Feel free to let me know whenever you need my help.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yes.” Kang Chan decided to put in a little more effort. “Who will be interpreting for the people coming over from the French office?”

“Why?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“I think you should hire a credible interpreter, considering what happened previously.”

“Alright, I’ll be careful.”

When they were done with breakfast, they wrapped up the conversation.

“Honey! Put the dirty dishes in the sink and the leftovers in the fridge.”

“Yes, yes!”

Yoo Hye-Sook accurately deduced that they were done eating. Deep down, Kang Chan was surprised since she did that purely based on gut feeling.

After washing up, Kang Chan changed into a modest pair of pants and a T-shirt.

“Oh no, we’re late. Do my clothes and bag look good, honey?”

Yoo Hye-Sook kept grilling Kang Dae-Kyung until he finally said, ‘They look fantastic.’ They could only leave the house after hearing that from him.

When they exited the underground parking lot, Yoo Hye-Sook looked nervous and excited at the same time.

“Ah, right. Do you want to meet those people from the French office? I want to brag about you, and you can also check to see if the interpreter is doing their job right.” Kang Dae-Kyung asked his son.

“You’re giving our child a hard time! Why would you bring him along?” Yoo Hye-Sook scolded him.

“Oh? Is that so?”

Kang Chan wanted to give Kang Dae-Kyung a pleasant memory as a gift.

“I’ll go.”

“Oh no, our son is going to have to work hard. But if you go, it would take some weight off your dad’s shoulders. Isn’t that right, honey?”

“Of course. Just thinking about it makes my shoulders feel lighter.”

It was a Sunday morning so the roads were relatively empty. They got to their destination in no time. If they had known this, Kang Chan and Yoo Hye-Sook would’ve taken a taxi instead of asking Kang Dae-Kyung to give them a ride since he probably wanted to rest.

“Eat lots of delicious food, and brag about our son as much as you want.”

“Okay, honey. See you.”

Kang Chan was slowly getting goosebumps, so he quickly said goodbye to Kang Dae-Kyung.

They got out of the car, which was parked right in front of the restaurant.

Martin Levasseur. The restaurant was named after a street in France. It was akin to naming a restaurant ‘Masan’ or ‘Jeonju’ in Korean. That wasn’t important, though. It was just a restaurant they were having a meal at.

When Kang Chan followed Yoo Hye-Sook into the restaurant, which was rather crowded. Half of their customers were Korean, and the other half were French.

“Over here.”

Kang Chan saw a middle-aged woman sitting inside the restaurant with her hand raised to catch their attention.

*‘I get why she doesn’t want to lose to her friend.’*

Yoo Hye-Sook’s friend, Seong-Hee, was wearing an elegant outfit. More importantly, she looked very confident.

“It’s good to see you!”

“Hello, how are you?” Kang Chan greeted Seong-Hee.

“It’s been a while, Chan. I heard you’ve hurt yourself. Are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m a lot better now.”

“Oh my! Your hand hasn’t healed?”

“No, not yet.” Kang Chan was determined to do his very best.

There was a table for four in front of a bench seat that was leaning against a wall. Kang Chan got Yoo Hye-Sook to sit on the inside, while he sat on the outside.

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There were three girls at the next table that looked half-Korean and half-French. One of them was so attractive that she caught Kang Chan’s eye. She looked just like a sexy Barbie doll.

Kim Seong-Hee and Yoo Hye-Sook had been friends for twenty years. Her husband worked in finance, and her son's name was Bang Dae-Shik. He was a skinny and high-strung bespectacled boy of medium stature. He was a senior at Daesan Foreign Language High School. Kang Chan promptly gathered the other party's characteristics.

"The tiger moms have recently organized a private tutoring class. I'll save you a spot, so make sure you send Chan there."

Kim Seong-Hee shook her index finger, like a parent who was criticizing a student with poor grades. She was conceited.

"How are his grades in English?"

"Not bad."

"Not bad? Get your act together! If he's attending a regular high school instead of a foreign language one, he should be the top student in his school. Oh my, I get so frustrated whenever I look at you."

Like Heo Eun-Sil, Bang Dae-Shik was looking down on Kang Chan.

*Do you want me to teach you a lesson like what I did to her?*

Kang Chan tried his best to calm himself down by looking at Yoo Hye-Sook. After seeing her drooping shoulders, Kang Chan felt so bad for her that he even pitied her.

To Yoo Hye-Sook's disappointment, it was a brunch buffet. Furthermore, all the servers were Koreans. Regardless of how much she wanted to show off Kang Chan's proficiency in French, she didn't have any opportunity to do so. If they were having an à la carte dinner, they would at least be able to call for the manager and elegantly place their order in French.

"Monsieur!"

Kim Seong-Hee spoke in a conceited way even when she called out to an employee who was obviously Korean.

"Bring me another glass of water."

The best part was she asked for a glass of water in Korean.

"My son goes to a foreign language high school, so he already knows how to say some simple words in French. He has only been there for a month, but he can already introduce himself. Why else do you think I picked such a restaurant? The children will put in as much effort as the mothers put into them. I'm telling you, this is very important!"

“My son speaks French too.” Yoo Hye-Sook finally got in a word.

“Oh? Which *hagwon* does he go to? Daechi-dong? Cheongdam-dong? Did he take private classes? Oh my! Oh my! My son is learning from a French student who was introduced to us by the French embassy. Where is Chan learning from?”

“He learned it on his own from the internet...”

“What?”

Kim Seong-Hee and Bang Dae-Shik openly laughed at them.

Yoo Hye-Sook glanced at Kang Chan. She looked crestfallen. There was anger, frustration, and emptiness in her eyes. She had been looking forward to this day for so long, but it wasn't turning out the way she thought it would.

*'Tsk. Should I order something special instead?'*

It was so childish. Not to mention, that was a level of proficiency even Bang Dae-Shik would be able to do as well.

While Kang Chan was briefly agonizing over what to do, he kept overhearing the conversation going on at the next table, which had initially caught his attention. Perhaps it was because he didn't want to hear how conceited Kim Seong-Hee was when she spoke.

Even though all the ladies at the next table were mixed, two of them looked French, and the other one looked Korean. The issue here was their conversation. The girls cleverly mixed Korean and French the entire time they were talking about doing *the deed*.

The Barbie doll talked about how the guy she met two nights ago was worn out after doing it only twice, and how when she slept with a black guy, he was so good in bed that they stayed up all night. She wasn't shy about it at all.

The three girls were completely carried away. They had attractive blonde hair, blue deep-set eyes, defined features, and mannequin-like figures. But their conversation was akin to a detailed report of a depraved Barbie doll's nightlife. Even though people in France were open-minded enough to have open marriages, it was rare to find degenerates like these girls.

Kang Chan looked at them speechlessly.

“Don't tell me he understands what we're saying.” The Barbie doll remarked in French while looking straight at Kang Chan.

Speechless, Kang Chan could only smirk at her.

“You understood what we’re saying?”

“I didn’t eavesdrop on purpose. It simply caught my attention because the conversation here was boring. I’m sorry if I offended you.”

The three girls stared at him, amazed by his proficiency in French.

That wasn’t all. Kim Seong-Hee and Bang Dae-Shik also shifted their gazes between Kang Chan and the Barbie doll with blank looks on their faces.

The Barbie doll seemed fascinated by Kang Chan. “You’re good at French, huh. Do you live here?”

“Oh no, it’s not what you’re thinking. This is a family brunch type of situation.”

The Barbie doll stole a glance at Yoo Hye-Sook, then winked at him.

“The imbecile across from me can barely introduce himself, while the other two women can’t speak French at all, so you don’t have to greet them.” Kang Chan told her.

That level of French was what Yoo Hye-Sook wanted to show off. And he was even easily carrying out a conversation in French with a dazzling French beauty. She promptly remarked, ‘My son learned French on the internet. He must be a genius,’ and talked about how Kang Chan helped his father when he received a call from France. She bragged about her son, looking proud.

The Barbie doll could understand Korean. She looked at Kang Chan and smiled meaningfully at him when she saw how proud Yoo Hye-Sook was of him.

“Just think of it as making a middle-aged woman happy. I’ll return the favor in the future if I get the chance to do so.”

“Sounds good. I’m Michelle. This is Cecil and Cindy.”

“Kang Chan.”

When the Barbie doll introduced herself and the other two girls, he simply replied with his name.

“Come on, we’ll help you out. I think it’s going to give you the upper hand. What do you think? Wouldn’t it be fun to ridicule the imbecile?”

“It’s a hassle.”

The Barbie doll bit her lip, then said, “You’re very charming. Do you want to meet with me tonight?”

“Woah!” Michelle’s two friends next to her exclaimed. Yoo Hye-Sook would curse France for the rest of her life if she were to understand their conversation. Luckily, she seemed a little more excited.

“I’m good.”

“Why? You seem like a fun guy. What do you say?”

“Tsk!”

He wasn’t Smithen’s reincarnation. The funny thing was that the two girls next to her were looking at Kang Chan while swallowing hard.

“Here’s the deal. The three of us will go all out to make you look good in front of your family, and in return, you’ll bring it tonight. Sounds good?”

These girls...?

Kang Chan didn’t have time to be mad or stop them. The Barbie doll leaped to her feet and stood behind Kang Chan, while the other two stood at his side each. At that moment, everyone in the restaurant immediately looked at Kang Chan’s table.

“You must be proud to have such a wonderful son. He’s so fluent in French that it seemed as though he had lived in France. I’m Michelle. This is Cecil, and this is Cindy.” She deliberately spoke very fast in French.

Meanwhile, Michelle was pressing her chest against the back of Kang Chan’s head. Puzzled, Kim Seong-Hee looked at Bang Dae-Shik.

“I think they’re saying hi to us...?” Bang Dae-Shik looked equally puzzled.

The sly and evil Michelle blinked innocently, shifting her gaze among the three people, as though she was wondering why they didn’t react.

“Dear, what is she saying?” Yoo Hye-Sook smiled innocently at Michelle as she asked Kang Chan.

“She just wants to say hi because she had fun talking to me. Her name is Michelle.”

The Barbie doll nodded and said hello to Yoo Hye-Sook.

“This is Cecil, and she’s Cindy.”

“Oh my, I see. Tell them I said hi.”



Kang Chan turned around and looked at Michelle. And then he leaned his upper body away from the chair. Her bare chest within her blouse was right in front of his face.

“Thank you. I think that’s enough, so let’s stop here.”

“Hey, that’s a breach of contract. Give me your number. If you don’t give it to me, I will speak in Korean from now on and humiliate you.”

Kang Chan clenched his teeth and forced a smile.

“Let’s stop here.”

“This is your last chance. I’m feeling hot. Make up your mind fast or you’re going to regret it.”

Kang Chan almost dragged her out of there, but he held it in with his superhuman will. He was fighting a losing battle today. He had no way out because Yoo Hye-Sook was being held hostage. Kang Chan continued forcing a smile and gave her his number. After Michelle saved it, she suddenly leaned her head closer.

“Why are you so old-fashioned? I’m just saying hi, darling.”

*Smooch. Smooch.*

When Michelle gave Kang Chan a ‘la bise’ greeting, the other two girls smiled delightedly, yet insidiously, and greeted him too.

“You didn’t give me the wrong number, right?”

“Tsk, I don’t do things like that.”

“Alright, then. I’m going now. We’re looking forward to seeing you later!”

As soon as the three girls left, everyone else looked away and resumed what they were doing.

“Hye-Sook, which site did Chan use to learn French?”

“I’m not sure. He found it on his own, so I don’t know.”

Kim Seong-Hee looked at Kang Chan, her eyes filled with envy and jealousy.

“I just bought a French grammar book and studied it, and I looked for French sites and chat rooms.” Kang Chan told her.

Kim Seong-Hee glared at Bang Dae-Shik as though she was going to lecture him hard. The flames raging in her eyes seemed about to spread to her bangs at any moment.

“Dae-Shik! You need more French classes.”

Bang Dae-Shik pursed his lips, looking as if he was about to cry.

After brunch, Kim Seong-Hee left first.

“Son! I’m sooooo happy.”

Yoo Hye-Sook’s smile reminded him of Snow White, but Kang Chan couldn’t even react because she linked arms with him. The feeling of his mother clinging onto his right arm and leaning on him made him feel warm and fuzzy.

When she turned to look at Kang Chan, she was looking up at him with the happiest face in the world.

“Were you okay today?”

“Of course! I think I’ll even walk home from here.”

Yoo Hye-Sook was actually skipping down the street.

It must have been a good memory, right?

Kang Chan hoped that was the case.

*‘Thank you. And I’m sorry.’*

1. The original term used in Korean is ‘pig mom(s)’, which refers to mothers who spare no effort in trying to improve their children’s grades by grouping them together for private tutoring sessions. They strategize, lobby, and gain access to and negotiate with the best tutors.

2. Traditional French way of greeting someone by ‘kissing’ them on both cheeks, without the lips actually touching the cheek.