

# God of Blackfield

## Chapter 13: Even When You Knew? (1)

The morning after getting home, Yoo Hye-Sook repeated what happened at the restaurant to Kang Dae-Kyung about five times. Kang Dae-Kyung's reaction was surprising. Every time he heard Yoo Hye-Sook recounting the story, he would smile widely without showing any signs of annoyance.

Kang Chan was engrossed in browsing the internet on the computer in his room. He had been trying his best to look for records of the battles in Africa but to no avail.

Buzz- Buzz- Buzz-

Kang Chan picked up his phone and smiled softly.

[Are you home?]

It was a text from Kim Mi-Young. He called her in response.

— Hello?

“Yeah.”

— Where are you?

“At home.”

— Can you come out for a bit? I have some free time after *hagwon*.

“You have to go to *hagwon* even on Sundays?”

— It's for my academic records.

Kang Chan didn't know what she meant by that, but he took her word for it.

— You can't come out?

“Where are you?”

— Tron Square.

Kang Chan didn't know where that was. He hesitated for a moment, but he didn't want to disappoint Kim Mi-Young, who was already there.

“Where do you wanna meet?”

— Eunbo Bookstore. It’s on the third floor.

A joyful reply came from the other end of the line.

Kang Chan changed into his jeans and T-shirt and went into the living room.

“I’m going out to see Mi-Young for a bit.”

“Mi-Young? Your classmate, Kim Mi-Young?”

Yoo Hye-Sook looked worried.

Kang Chan was puzzled, but he wasn’t the type to be inquisitive and get to the bottom of it. He proceeded to put his sneakers on at the front door.

“Do you still have some allowance left?”

“I still have the money you gave me yesterday.”

“Alright.”

Kang Chan smiled at Yoo Hye-Sook and walked out the front door.

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“What’s wrong?” Even Kang Dae-Kyung noticed that Yoo Hye-Sook looked tense.

“I’m worried her mother will say something terrible about our son again.”

Kang Dae-Kyung blinked.

“Her mother is well-known in this apartment complex. She previously went to the house of her daughter’s close friend to talk to her parents, telling them to keep their daughter away from hers so she wouldn’t interfere with her daughter’s studies.”

“What?”

“Her dad’s a judge.”

“What has that got to do with our children being friends?”

“Honey! Mothers aren’t like that. It really hurts a parent’s pride to hear someone say something like that. If Mi-Young’s dad wasn’t a judge, she would’ve been so badly bullied that she wouldn’t have been able to go to school. Her mother even went to the

school and requested them not to put students that disrupt classes in the same class as her daughter.”

“Ridiculous!” Kang Dae-Kyung shook his head, speechless.

“Things will be okay, right?”

“Why wouldn’t it be? Seong-Hee’s son isn’t even close to being on Chan’s level.”

“What do we do if she comes knocking on our door?”

“What do you mean? All we have to do is agree and say ‘okay.’”

“Honey!”

“Let’s just focus on thinking about brunch with Seong-Hee today. Why worry about something that hasn’t even happened yet on such a good day?”

It seemed like Kang Dae-Kyung’s words had a positive effect on Yoo Hye-Sook, considering a whimsical smile appeared on her face.

“Since our son isn’t home, let’s have that steamy session I’ve been waiting for…”

Yoo Hye-Sook looked dumbfounded.

Kang Dae-Kyung continued, “We couldn’t do it properly last night because Chan went out.”

“Have you been taking drugs without my knowledge?”

“We’ll get in trouble if we take drugs here. Don’t be like that. Okay?”

Yoo Hye-Sook walked over to Kang Dae-Kyung, who was sitting on the sofa, and sat on his lap.

“It’s all thanks to Chan.”

She proceeded to hug Kang Dae-Kyung tightly.

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Tron Square was so close to their apartment that Kang Chan only had to pay the minimum taxi fare. At first glance, it looked huge, but as soon as he entered the mall, he found the lobby the size of a soccer field packed with people.

Kang Chan took the escalator and made his way up to the third floor. Eunbo Bookstore's entrance design was that of a monster's mouth facing the escalator, looking as though it was devouring it. Kim Mi-Young was easy to spot since she stood by the entrance, looking at the people coming up the escalator.

"Chan!"

Kim Mi-Young jumped joyously and greeted Kang Chan.

She was cute. Just like a maknae female friend.

"Are you buying some books?" he asked her.

"No."

Kang Chan stared at Kim Mi-Young. That was when the realization hit him. Even though she was smiling broadly, she had the typical look that lonely people had. Perhaps Kang Chan was the only person she found solace in.

Among the people that signed up to be mercenaries, there were quite a lot of them who had the same look on their faces because they had a lonely life. Those men were tough—they tried to prove themselves through fights.

"I want to watch a movie. I have some money," Kim Mi-Young said.

Kim Mi-Young looked kind of sad.

"Alright, let's go watch one. What do you want to watch?"

His response seemed to have flustered and dumbfounded her. People would usually have that look on their faces if someone beat the living daylights out of them and then handed them a bottle of beer afterward. While Kang Chan was on the escalator with Kim Mi-Young, he thought about the first time he met Dayeru. Kang Chan had almost killed him in their third and final fight.

"It's my birthday today," Mi-Young suddenly spoke up.

"Huh?"

"I said it's my birthday today."

*I see.*

Kang Chan nodded.

Kim Mi-Young looked at Kang Chan with a sad look on her face. Was she hinting at him to give her a present? Kang Chan had never celebrated his birthday in his life and had never met anyone who wanted him to do anything for their birthday.

He decided to think about it during the movie. Ironically, there were no seats, probably because it was Sunday. All the movie tickets starting in the next three hours had been sold out, including the movie with the poster of a pretty woman smiling broadly while standing next to a dumb-looking man.

Kim Mi-Young's shoulders drooped. Was she that disappointed because they couldn't catch a movie?

*'What should I do?'*

Even if he wanted to do something for her, he needed to know what his options were. Kang Chan then looked around.

Kim Mi-Young whipped out her flip phone from her pocket and her face immediately turned pale after seeing the name of the caller. Kim Mi-Young glanced at Kang Chan, then answered the phone.

"Hi, mom."

She shifted her gaze down to the floor.

"No, I was done with *hagwon* earlier than expected, so I swung by Eunbo Bookstore to buy a book."

Kim Mi-Young looked like she was about to cry.

"Mom, there's a book I'm interested in. Can I read it here before I go home?"

Kang Chan seemed to have an idea of what her mother's reply was. Kim Mi-Young still looked sad.

"Mom, it's my birthday today, though."

Such defiance would only give the other party even more justification to stand their ground.

"Okay."

Then their call ended according to Kang Chan's expectations.

Kim Mi-Young felt resentful, disappointed, and so angry that it seemed like she was about to explode. Nonetheless, she had no choice but to suppress those feelings even

though they were already mixing and entangling with one another. It could all be seen in her eyes.

Kang Chan gestured to the entrance with a nod.

The girl was no longer jumping for joy and instead walked with drooping shoulders.

“Snow White.”

“The *hagwon* probably called her. I studied really hard to complete the test early today, though...”

“You have to take tests at *hagwon* too?”

“If you make mistakes, you have to stay there until you get the right answer. That’s why I tried my best to get them all right on my first try. My mom probably told the *hagwon* to text her.”

*‘You have a difficult life too, huh.’*

When Kang Chan suddenly wanted to console her, he smirked to himself. Since when did he become such a caring person? He felt like he could hear Seok Kang-Ho teasing him.

Kang Chan held out his right hand and grabbed Kim Mi-Young’s hand. She looked at him in surprise.

“Birthdays may be important, but I hope you’ll study hard and come in first place in the entire school.”

Kang Chan could feel goosebumps all over his back, but he completely ignored his body’s reaction to his words.

“If it weren’t for our promise, I would’ve kissed you here today. What a pity.” Kang Chan clicked his tongue.

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

He regretted looking at Kim Mi-Young’s blushing face. He truly didn’t expect her to look so happy because of what he said in passing.

Kang Chan suddenly pulled her closer to him.

“Huh?”

Kim Mi-Young froze the moment Kang Chan held her in his arms. Even though she talked about their relationship so casually, she seemed very nervous when he hugged her.

“Cheer up. And do well on your exams. Even though we’re not doing anything for your birthday today, I’ll celebrate it with you next year. Okay?”

Snow White buried her head in his arms and hugged him tightly. There was still some space between them below the waist, though. Kang Chan patted Kim Mi-Young on the back just as Yoo Hye-Sook did to him.

“Happy birthday.”

Those passing by looked at them with judgmental eyes.

It was emotional.

Anything more than a hug would be dangerous. It was completely different seeing her as a *maknae* female friend versus feeling her chest pressed against him.

“Let’s go.”

Kang Chan stepped away from the blushing Kim Mi-Young.

“I’m happy.”

Kang Chan grinned.

Yoo Hye-Sook said she was happy in the morning, and Kim Mi-Young said the same thing in the afternoon.

Had he ever made anyone happy before in his life? There had been a couple of times when his men thanked him for saving them during difficult battles, but nobody had ever told him he made them happy.

Kang Chan walked back to the apartment complex holding Kim Mi-Young’s hand.

He was worried for nothing—Kim Mi-Young’s mother wasn’t waiting for her outside.

“Go home and study hard.”

“Okay!”

Kang Chan found Kim Mi-Young cute. However, he was also worried because he tended to blindly focus on one particular thing.

“Run along.”

“Alright. You should go home too.”

Kim Mi-Young skipped into the apartment complex.

*‘Am I doing something wrong?’*

At this rate, would the naive child be okay once he suddenly vanished to France? He was also worried about Yoo Hye-Sook. He had to think of a good excuse to go to France.

Nothing eventful happened after he got home. Kang Chan was more worried about his classes than his rendezvous with the gangsters tomorrow. Just like that, Kang Chan’s Sunday came to an end.

1. It’s a Korean term that refers to the youngest person in any group, like a friend group, or at work, etc.

## **Chapter14, Part1: Even When You Knew? (2)**

Monday morning.

Kang Chan was walking onto the school grounds with Kim Mi-Young when he saw Seok Kang-Ho standing in front of the school gate with a hard look on his face.

*‘What’s with him? Did he fail to get me out of my classes?’*

When their gazes met, Seok Kang-Ho gave him a look that told Kang Chan to meet him before lunch.

The students that ran into Kang Chan on the stairs or in the hallway still avoided making eye contact with him, and silence still followed wherever he went.

“Ha,” Kang Chan sighed, feeling frustrated, but would anything change?

*‘Why don’t I just give studying a shot?’*

What about an easy subject like Japanese? Just as Kang Chan was staring at the textbook intensely...

“Kang Chan!” It was Seok Kang-Ho.

Kang Chan obediently followed behind him down the hallway. Both of them kept their mouths shut the entire time they were walking since there might be other people around. It looked as though a student was being hauled into the teacher’s office



because he had seriously gotten himself into trouble, but Kang Chan had no reason to be concerned about anything like that.

Seok Kang-Ho took Kang Chan to the basement of the school building where the teacher's office was located. There was a partition wall to the left of the entrance, and a structure on the semi-basement with a window that overlooked the field.

"I'm going to use this place for the athletic club."

It had a square layout, each side spanning thirty meters. It was a decent space. Although there were only three chairs at the moment, after cleaning up and adding some equipment, it would be a good enough make-shift gym for Kang Chan to get fit before leaving for France.

"What's the matter?"

"Hang on."

Seok Kang-Ho left and returned a couple of moments later with two paper cups.

*Squeaak. Clank!*

"Ah, it's hot!"

Coffee seemed to have splashed onto Dayeru's lips when he closed the door while holding a cup of coffee in his mouth. Strangely, he wasn't good with hot drinks or food.

Both of them sat down comfortably.

"The gangsters you're meeting today are not your usual thugs," Seok Kang-Ho began.

"Is that why you were frowning this morning?"

"That's not the issue here."

"So what do you suggest I do? Run away? Or report it to the cops?"

"Let's get the police to help us with them."

Kang Chan chuckled.

"This is no time to be laughing. If things go south, you'll be going to France on crutches!" Seok Kang-Ho spoke in a frustrated tone, dragging the end of his sentence.

"If you call the cops, Heo Eun-Sil and Lee Ho-Jun would be done for, no?"

“Do you really think that would happen?”

“But didn’t you say they’re not the usual thugs?”

Seok Kang-Ho grunted in response.

“Daye.”

“Yeah?”

“Legio Patria Nostra.”

“The Legion is our Fatherland. “

“And?”

“We will not retreat.”

Kang Chan smirked. “Then why are you suggesting I run away?”

Seok Kang-Ho seemed as though he hadn’t given up on persuading Kang Chan.

“Even though Heo Eun-Sil and Lee Ho-Jun are total trash, I gave them my word that I would go. I’d rather be stabbed with a knife than go back on my word,” Kang Chan continued.

Seok Kang-Ho puffed out his chest and exhaled, sounding like he was groaning.

“Okay. In that case, make sure you come see me before you leave.”

“Why?”

“I’m going to sharpen a knife for you.”

“Hahahaha, are you trying to put me behind bars?”

“You’re going to use a knife anyway. Isn’t it better if it fits in your hand?”

“I’d be disgraced if they were to do a body search. I’ll figure out what to do on my own.”

Seok Kang-Ho finished the rest of the coffee in one go.

“Wait here. I’ll go get the bullied students’ records.”

As soon as Seok Kang-Ho left, Kang Chan walked over to the window that was facing the field. The window was at his waist level. From the outside, the window would be on

the second floor of the building, so a glance through it would be enough to see the entire field.

There was such a thing as fate, and it felt as though it was endlessly forcing him to face a life-and-death battle. Kang Chan went to France because he didn't want to be someone without anything to his name or power. But now, the life he wanted was all around him.

Maybe he should just try living a comfortable life. Being in the middle of the pack, closing an eye when others got bullied, as well as living with a harmonious family that loved him...

"Tsk!"

Considering Seok Kang-Ho's personality had influenced Dayeru, Kang Chan felt unhappy about the possibility that he was exhibiting the personality of his body's owner.

*Let's not live like a coward.*

A bowl of pork cutlet. What was the difference between the pork cutlet he had been craving badly up until the day before he left Korea and the one he was having right now? Was he supposed to make peace with the guys that were much bigger than the students they were harassing and turn his back on those who had died an unjust death?

He smirked.

"You messed with the wrong person."

*Squeaaaak.*

Seok Kang-Ho was opening the iron door when he paused.

"What's the matter?"

"What's with the look in your eyes?"

*Slam.*

It seemed like fixing the door was of utmost priority.

"These are the bullied students."

"What? Two tenth-graders and two eleventh-graders?" Kang Chan asked.

Kang Chan looked at the four files containing the students' records and looked up at Seok Kang-Ho.

“What’s wrong with that?”

“They’re not in the same grade?” Kang Chan questioned.

“There are twelfth graders that are being bullied too, but the tenth graders have it the worst. Graduation is just around the corner for the twelfth graders, but the tenth graders have to put up with the harassment for the rest of their remaining high school life, so more often than not, students like them end up dropping out or making extreme choices.”

“Hmm.”

“Even if they were to transfer to a different school, things would remain the same because of the damned internet. If it was posted on the school website that they transferred to another school because they got bullied here, they would automatically be bullied at the new school too, so they’d have nowhere to escape.”

Kang Chan bit his lips hard and nodded.

“Are there any other students who are being bullied apart from these?”

“These four students have it the worst. There are ten other students who are struggling as well, but their situations are relatively better.”

Seok Kang-Ho seemed happy and curious at the same time.

“Let’s form an athletic club,” Kang Chan suggested.

“Huh?”

“Let’s form an athletic club. That way, even after I leave during the school vacation, they can unite together and deal with their bullies. Wouldn’t that be better?”

“Oh!”

“Single out the remaining students and bring me their records. I’ll round them up during lunch and sign them up for the athletic club.”

“Let’s do that. It would be a lot easier for us to get the budget for the exercise equipment. I’ll be the teacher-in-charge.”

The excited Seok Kang-Ho made his way back to the classroom. Even though it was an impromptu plan, it wasn’t bad.

Shortly after, Seok Kang-Ho reappeared with ten more files. Two of the students were female.

Seok Kang-Ho and Kang Chen then removed their jackets and started cleaning the space, sweeping and scrubbing the floor.

“By the way, which subject are you supposed to be teaching right now?”

“Huh?”

Perhaps Seok Kang-Ho couldn't hear him properly over the scrubbing sounds, but he rubbed his forehead with his sleeve and frowned.

“I'm asking you which subject you're teaching.”

“P.E..”

“That's what I thought.”

Just like that, morning came and went.

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Lunchtime.

The tenth graders took their lunch in their classrooms, while the eleventh and twelfth graders ate in the school cafeteria.

Tenth grade, Class 3. The classroom was very noisy because it was lunchtime. Some students shared a desk with their good friends, sitting across from one another and eating together, while some students ate by themselves.

With his head lowered, Moon Ki-Jin forced himself to eat. The other students sat far away from him as though there were infectious viruses on the desk he sat at. It was like a remote island floating within the classroom.

It all started when a close friend of his started hanging out with the bullies. The bullies then told everyone not to hang out with him for unspecified reasons. As a result, not only Moon Ki-Jin's close friend but even the entire class started to turn their backs on him one by one until he had become completely invisible to them.

There were people that looked for him, though. The bullies.

Even though he tried resisting, begging, texting, and even buying food for them, the more he did those things, the more severe the bullying and teasing became. Lately, all Moon Ki-Jin wanted to do was jump off the roof.

That was because he saw how a sunbae in twelfth grade named Kang Chan fought against a gangster. He had also heard that that sunbae had been an errand boy in the past, but he had changed after falling off the roof of a building.

When he heard that Kang Chan went up against six people at once on the field, it gave him goosebumps. Kang Chan looked so terrifying when he fought the gangsters in front of the school that Moon Ki-Jin didn't have the time to think of anything else.

1. The Korean hierarchy in school, at work, or in the military, is clearly shown by how Koreans call the people who have been in the company/military longer, or students in a higher grade, 'senior'(?).

#### **Chapter14, Part2: Even When You Knew? (2)**

The noisy classroom instantly went silent, as though someone had turned down the volume. Moon Ki-Jin was terrified, so he lowered his head even further, burying his head in his food tray.

Considering he didn't have any money, he might have to stand in front of his classmates with kimchi in his mouth again if the bullies came looking for him. He wanted to die. He should've run yesterday, but he didn't have the courage to. Hence, he cried for a long time on his apartment's balcony instead.

"Moon Ki-Jin! Which one of you is Moon Ki-Jin?"

Moon Ki-Jin teared up.

Strangely, he teared up whenever he was teased while he was eating even though he knew his classmates would tease him even more if he did.

"It's him."

The figure of a person appeared before Moon Ki-Jin. It seemed somebody had given him up.

"Are you Moon Ki-Jin?"

"Yes."

Even though they were in the same grade, talking to the bullies with respect was better for him. He clenched his teeth hard in a bid to hold back his tears, but he also felt afraid the other party might misunderstand and think he was trying to resist.

The classroom was dead silent.

The rice, soup, and kimchi had blurred because of his tears.

“Look up.”

Moon Ki-Jin swallowed the food in his mouth and slowly lifted his head. However, he couldn't look up, so he stared at the waist of the student standing before him. The student was holding a bundle of papers in his left hand.

“Moon Ki-Jin?”

“Yes.”

He felt a little more at ease since he had already made up his mind. If they were to torment him today, that would be it. In the evening, he would certainly...

“I'm Kang Chan from the twelfth grade. Can I talk to you for a second?”

Moon Ki-Jin slowly looked up. He looked at his waist, belly, chest, and then his face.

*‘Oh my goodness!’*

It was Kang Chan, the winner of the fight against four gangsters in front of their school, and the twelfth grade senior that used a fillet knife to cut off the finger of an unconscious person.

Moon Ki-Jin was scared at first, but his fear soon turned into disbelief.

“Are you not done eating yet?”

Was there something wrong with his food? He struggled to even give Kang Chan an answer.

Moon Ki-Jin shook his head after wiping his tears with the back of his hand.

“I guess not. Let's go. I'll buy you something good. Okay?”

Moon Ki-Jin nodded.

*Smack!*

Moon Ki-Jin felt like he couldn't breathe for a moment since Kang Chan had just hit him on the head, but it didn't hurt.

“Hey, if a hyung asks you a question, you should answer.”

“... Yes.”

When he nodded and barely answered, Kang Chan smiled softly.

“Let’s go.”

Kang Chan gestured toward the door with a nod and looked at the students around them.

And then he grinned, causing all the students to lower their heads. In truth, Moon Ki-Jin was also scared.

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Eleventh grade, Class 5.

Cha So-Yeon was eating a piece of bread in a hurry in the classroom today as well. This was because the bullies would surround her if she were to go to the school cafeteria, harassing her or throwing *banchan* at her.

Cha So-Yeon became a loner once it became known that her mother was selling salted fish at the market. Her mother had worked hard to move to Gangnam. She told her to study hard, but all Cha So-Yeon wanted to do was go back to Daejeon. It was Daejeon, but the other students teased her by asking, ‘You take the cultivator to school, right?’

And after she was seen with her mother at the market, they completely isolated her. When Cha So-Yeon found out that a close friend was at the market, she introduced the friend to her mother, but that became the source of trouble for her.

She got choked up. Even though she was beating herself in the chest, Cha So-Yeon couldn’t bring herself to drink water because she didn’t want to hear sarcastic remarks like, ‘Who put salted fish in the kettle?’

She hated it—school, Gangnam, everything.

She felt apologetic toward her mother for resenting her even though she sometimes shivered in the cold market just to provide for them.

“Cha So-Yeon?”

Startled, Cha So-Yeon lifted her head, finding a student with a bandaged left hand standing by the front door.

“Hello.” Cho Se-Ho was a bully who was said to have connections to a gang. He got up to his feet and greeted Kang Chan.

“Who’s Cha So-Yeon?”

“Over there, hyung-nim.”



As soon as Cho Se-Ho politely pointed to her, the student with the bandaged hand walked toward her with long strides. Cha So-Yeon's heart pounded so hard that she had trouble breathing.

The student was now standing in front of her desk.

"I'm Kang Chan from twelfth grade."

"Huh?"

"I have a favor to ask of you. Do you have time?"

"I'm sorry?"

Kang Chan smiled at her.

"Why are you so shocked? I have something to talk to you about, which is why I'm asking you to spare me some of your time. Would that be okay?"

*Ah! Kang Chan, the terrifying twelfth grader!*

Cha So-Yeon subconsciously nodded.

Kang Chan smiled again.

"Do people in this school only ever answer with nods?"

"I'm sorry?"

He didn't look like a bad person when he smiled. However, he did use a fillet knife to cut off the finger of an unconscious person.

"Let's go."

Cha So-Yeon got up from her seat. Kang Chan glared at Cho Se-Ho. The latter's eyes looked truly terrifying. Had he always been such a person?

"Who are you?"

"Huh? Oh, I'm Cho Se-Ho from eleventh grade. I was one of the people that went over to your classroom to greet you."

When Kang Chan smirked, Cho Se-Ho flinched.

"Don't do anything stupid."

“Yes!”

Cha So-Yeon truly didn't know what he meant.

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Kang Chan, Seok Kang-Ho, and the fourteen other students they had rounded up during lunch had gathered at the storage room they decided to use for the athletic club.

“I'm going to form an athletic club. Mr. Seok Kang-Ho over here... will be the teacher-in-charge.”

The students stared at them, looking puzzled.

“There's nothing we can do if you don't want to be a part of it, but if you're interested in signing up, write your name on the application form. And since I decided to skip the first afternoon class, let's eat pork cutlet before leaving.”

It was evident that Seok Kang-Ho would be paying from how he licked his lips.

“Any questions?”

“I...”

“Yeah, you! What?” Kang Chan pointed to one of them.

Moon Ki-Jin had already made up his mind. “What kind of exercises will we be doing?”

“Basic physical strength training, self-defense, and Dakyu.”

Moon Ki-Jin and everyone else were dumbfounded after hearing Kang Chan's unexpected answer.

“Sounds fun, right?” Kang Chan said with a smile. Who would dare to reply to him, ‘No, I don't think it would be fun.’?

*Squeaaaak.*

The door opened at that moment, and the owners of the snack bar in front of the school walked in with a huge container.

“You ordered pork cutlet, yes?”

“Yes, please bring it over here.”

Seok Kang-Ho got up and greeted the owners.

“Hey! Why aren’t you guys getting your food?”

One by one, the students got up and went to get their food. Just like what Kang Chan said, there was pork cutlet on each of the huge plates.

“You brought chopsticks, right?” Seok Kang-Ho asked the owner.

“Of course, sir.”

The owner took out a handful of wooden chopsticks from his back pocket. He had also given them three plastic bottles of soda and coke each.

Where were they going to eat?

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho sat on the floor when the students were looking around the room.

“You two female students. Put those on the floor and sit on them.” Seok Kang-Ho was pointing to the cushion on the chair.

“Pork cutlets taste best when you cut them into pieces and eat them with a pair of chopsticks.”

When Seok Kang-Ho and Kang Chan cut the long strips of pork cutlet into squares and picked them up with the chopsticks, the female students followed suit too.

“It’s delicious, right?”

“Yes.”

“Eat slowly or you’ll get indigestion. Do you want cider or coke?”

“Huh? Cider, please.”

It was the first time in two months that Cha So-Yeon had such a pleasant lunch. She made up her mind and decided to write her name on the application form.

1. Korean side dishes.
2. The stereotype is that Daejeon isn’t very modernized or city-like. Although it is a city, people living in Seoul generally think that anywhere outside of Seoul is country-like.
3. A cultivator is a piece of agricultural equipment used for secondary tillage
4. Respectful way of calling a person ‘hyung’

5. An equestrian sport in East Asia that's similar to polo

### Chapter 15, Part 1: They Have No Idea (1)

After lunch, they sat back down on the chairs, forming a circle.

"As you all know, I'm Kang Chan from Class 2, and I'm currently in twelfth grade. Introduce yourself, starting from the person on the right. This has nothing to do with signing up for the athletic club, so don't feel pressured."

There were two students from twelfth grade, six from eleventh grade, and six from tenth grade. All fourteen students said their names, class, and grade in turn.

"Even if you join the club, attendance is not compulsory. It's all up to you, but if anybody's having a hard time in school, come look for us immediately. I know the woes of being an errand boy better than anyone else."

Perhaps because they had just eaten pork cutlets together, the atmosphere was very relaxed.

"Lastly, using your current grades as a yardstick, if your GPA for the entire academic year were to drop even by 0.01, you'll be kicked out. Keep that in mind." Kang Chan continued. The atmosphere instantly became chilly but he didn't seem to care.

"Sunbae-nim?"

"Yeah?"

An eleventh grader, Lee Deok-Gi, raised his hand.

"I don't know what *Dakyu* is."

Kang Chan looked at Seok Kang-Ho with a smirk.

"Ahem. Place a plastic bottle in the center of a circle with a diameter of ten meters. And then you run with a foot volleyball in your hand and try to hit it. That's all."

The students blinked. They didn't understand what he was trying to say.

"Don't worry about it. You'll get it when you try it. From tomorrow onwards, we'll be working out an hour before class starts, and two hours after class ends, so prepare some gym clothes or comfortable tracksuits."

"Okay," a couple of male students responded.

“Let me reiterate that it’s not mandatory for you to take part in all the activities, so don’t feel pressured. Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Head on back to class after the fifth period ends. If you want to join the club, fill out the application form before you go.”

Moon Ki-Jin raised his hand after Seok Kang-Ho was done speaking. “I’ll sign up now, teacher.”

“Me too!” Cha So-Yeon raised her hand as well.

One by one, all the students walked over and grabbed an application form. The bell eventually rang while they were filling out the application forms and asking a variety of questions, marking the end of the fifth period.

The students went back to their classrooms with mixed emotions on their faces, leaving behind Seok Kang-Ho and Kang Chan.

“Ugh!”

“What’s wrong?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“I’m just upset that the school isn’t doing its job of watching over the students. You saw their faces when they were eating the pork cutlets, right? It breaks my heart.”

Kang Chan looked at him and smiled softly.

“Don’t look at me like that. I think this body has consumed me.” Seok Kang-Ho looked embarrassed. “Anyway, I have to go. I’ve got a class to teach.”

“Alright. I’ll be warming up here,” Kang Chan responded.

“Okay.”

As soon as Seok Kang-Ho left, Kang Chan took off his shirt and walked over to the window before slowly beginning to do his warm-up exercises.

“Huh?!” He exclaimed in surprise after putting his left arm behind his neck and pulling it with his right hand, leaning his upper body to the side.

Was it because his physical age was young? His body was more flexible than he expected.

“What if I do this?” This time around, he stretched his legs to the front and back as much as possible.

“Ack!”

He managed to stretch his legs further than expected, but his inner thighs hurt as he did.

Afterward, he did his warm-up exercises for approximately ten minutes before looking out of the window due to the noise outside. He saw Seok Kang-Ho on the field.

Seok Kang-Ho was making his students play *Dakyu*.

Back in Africa, units often competed against one another when they didn't have any special operations. Not only were they running until they were out of breath, but it was also the next best physical activity that offered low risks of injury, which was why the legion didn't stop them from playing it.

The rules were simple—all they had to do was run with a ball and knock over a plastic bottle. Doing so would end the game. However, if the opponent were to touch the player that was holding the ball, the latter's team would lose the ball. Hence, the players had to pass the ball before that happened. Moreover, they also had to make the shot outside the circle and—similar to handball—it would only count if the player jumped and made the shot mid-air.

In truth, there wasn't much to debate about in a game of *Dakyu*. There were occasional disputes about players stepping on the edge of the circle before jumping or throwing the ball after their foot touched the ground, but Dayeru would resolve any issues whenever that happened in the past.

Kang Chan's heart raced when he watched the students play *Dakyu*, a game he had forgotten about. Back then, if the womanizer Smithen knocked over the plastic bottle, he would celebrate the win like a soccer player who had scored a goal in the World Cup.

*'Fucking bastard.'*

Kang Chan clearly remembered the look in Smithen's eyes when he said the words 'God of Blackfield' with his dying breath. It was faith. That was why that fucking bastard didn't want to take any morphine. He didn't want to be a burden even in his final moments.

*Rattle.*

On another note, the door needed to be fixed as soon as possible.

“I've been looking all over for you.” A female student approached him without hesitation.

Who was it?

“Heo Eun-Sil?”

Heo Eun-Sil looked like a completely different person without any makeup.

“The oppas told me they’ll be picking us up and that they’ll be coming to the back gate because of what happened last time.”

She looked pretty, but there was something about her face that seemed disproportionate. In any case, Kang Chan thought she looked much better with makeup.

“I got it. Leave.”

Heo Eun-Sil silently studied Kang Chan’s expression.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Kang Chan asked.

“Can I join the athletic club too?”

Caught off-guard, Kang Chan couldn’t respond right away.

“Even if I come to school, I have nothing to do and I don’t understand what the teachers are teaching anyway.”

Even though she wasn’t wearing any makeup, her bad standing posture remained the same. Heo Eun-Sil was perpetually leaning her body weight on one leg. It wouldn’t be weird for someone to wonder if she was born like that.

“Then why are you going to school?”

“I want to quit school, too. That’s why I ran away from home several times before. But ‘cause my mom tried to overdose, I agreed to graduate from high school on the condition that I can do whatever I want.”

Her life itself was tiring.

“Heo Eun-Sil.”

Heo Eun-Sil quickly glanced at his right hand.

“I’ll discuss it with the other students tomorrow and let you know. Now, leave.”

“Is that really necessary? Op—I mean, isn’t it up to you?”

This bitch had already gotten a taste of cheap, dirty, and worthless authority and power. Kang Chan thought about how great it would've been if Heo Eun-Sil were a guy since, if that were the case, he would've beaten her until she was at death's door and made sure she wouldn't be able to go near him ever again.

Seemingly deducing his emotions through his eyes, Heo Eun-Sil quickly turned around and walked toward the door.

*Clang.*

That damn door needed to be fixed.

Kang Chan shook off his annoyance and resumed doing his warm-up exercises. Even though his strength and agility were definitely lower, his body was much more flexible now.

*Gangsters? Gangs? They have no idea—the kind of resolve one must have when surrounded by and facing countless enemies wielding crescent-shaped swords. What it's like to see countless blades slicing apart fallen allies, and what it's like hearing the dreadful screams. What it feels like to fight using a dagger next to a comrade who had been mutilated beyond recognition.?*

Those people wielded a fillet knife and went berserk with it for the sake of protecting their interests, but Kang Chan lived as a killer to survive and save at least one more person before being killed.

Parents? School? Life?

Kang Chan smirked. If he were to take those into consideration, the right call would've been to call the cops, just as Dayeru said. But were those things more important than Smithen's faith, who called out 'God of Blackfield' while clinging on to his dear life?

If he were to make a compromise, he would eventually be won over by the things he enjoyed now.

*'Moron.'*

If it weren't for the womanizer Smithen's final moments...

*Rattle.*

Kang Chan glared at the door and found Kim Mi-Young standing there, so he quickly eased up.

"What's up?"



“All the classrooms are in chaos right now. Students have been badgering the members of the athletic club at every chance they get during the breaks because they want to join the club too.”

When Kang Chan grinned, Kim Mi-Young looked a little relieved.

“Can I join too?” she asked.

“What?”

Kim Mi-Young kept glancing at the door.

“I heard Eun-Sil is going to join the club too. I have one last class for the day, so I’ll come here after it ends. I’m joining the club.”

Kim Mi-Young ran out after she was done speaking. Coincidentally, Seok Kang-Ho then entered the room.

“What happened?”

“She said she wants to join the athletic club.”

“This is becoming a problem. Apart from her, many other students want to join the club after classes end.”

“You’re still good at running, huh?”

“I’m a P.E. teacher, you know. By the way, there’s only an hour left. What are you going to do?”

“They’ll be arriving at the back gate.”

Seok Kang-Ho’s gaze sharpened as it had before when he was Dayeru.

“What are you going to do?”

“Daye.”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be back no matter what.”

“No matter what?”

When Kang Chan nodded, Seok Kang-Ho sighed heavily.

“Fucking morons. They should’ve messed with someone they could handle. But then again, those people are idiots.” He spoke just like Seok Kang-Ho, but the look in his eyes was that of Dayeru’s.

“Captain.”

“What?”

“I like my wife.”

Kang Chan chuckled lowly.

“So don’t do something silly and make a P.E. teacher go to jail for acts of violence.”

“Okay.”

“Ayy, fuck! Don’t be like this. Let me go with you.”

“Forget about it. Remember Mangala?”

“*Tch!* You’re bringing that up again.” Seok Kang-Ho tilted his head, looking displeased.

## **Chapter15, Part2: They Have No Idea (1)**

Kang Chan left the athletic club room the moment the bell rang after classes had ended. He didn’t like the attention he was getting from the other students. Since Seok Kang-Ho was in charge of the roll call, he didn’t have to go to the school assembly or homeroom.

When Kang Chan reached the back gate, he found three slim, short-haired men in black suits and white shirts standing in front of a black car.

“Are you Kang Chan?”

Kang Chan nodded.

“Get in.”

Not only did they have short hair, but the bottom part of their suit pants were also tapered, like leggings. It was an outfit that was hard for the opponent to grab in a fight. Naturally, they weren’t wearing any neckties.

*Click.*

Kang Chan got into the back seat of the car, sitting directly behind the passenger seat. The three men got in after, occupying the driver, passenger, and remaining back seats.

*'Stupid bastards.'*

There was a fillet knife hidden in the left chest area of the guy in the passenger seat despite his suit still being buttoned. The guy sitting in the back seat next to Kang Chan also had one inside his pants.

They drove along the alley and circled around the school. The atmosphere within the sedan was chilly, almost as if its interior had been covered in ice.

Kang Chan looked out the window. Students whose classes had finished were flocking out of the school gate.

The three men's heads never moved, making it seem like their heads were bolted to their bodies. Kang Chan thought they were bringing him to some secluded factory. However, the car stopped in front of a two-story building located next to a huge hotel instead. The building was black with snacks scattered all around the entrance and 'Cotton Candy' scribbled in white on one side of the walls.

Kang Chan waited.

*Click.*

Face twitching, the guy in the passenger seat got out and opened the door for Kang Chan, but it didn't matter to Kang Chan since it wasn't like he was going to get hit in the face.

The man then pointed to the door leading to the basement.

It was a so-called hostess bar. The stairs were so wide that three men could walk side by side, and it led to a carpeted floor with a counter on the left and a hallway that forked into two paths.

A man Kang Chan had never seen before was standing in front of the counter. He pointed to the hallway on the right, which was quite long and had doors on both sides—six on the left and five on the right, with the third one on the right being guarded by a man in a black suit. Upon noticing Kang Chan, he opened the door behind him. Kang Chan entered the room.

The room had a huge chandelier hanging above a marble table with bottles of water, beverages, and about a dozen knocked-over cups on it. It also had a bathroom, which was just across the door he had just entered.

There were five men inside. Kang Chan figured that the person in front of him, who was sitting at the very center, was the so-called boss. He had sharp eyes and a thick neck, forearms, shoulders, and chest that looked twice as big as Kang Chan's.

“Who would’ve thought I’d see a boy in school uniform in a place like this! Are you Kang Chan?”

He looked around forty years old.

“Come, sit. Hey! Get up and make some room for him.”

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

The two guys on the right quickly got up from their seats, and Kang Chan sat down next to the boss without hesitation.

“I like the intensity of your gaze! Oh! It’s excellent! Yeah. That’s how a young person should be.”

The boss was more talkative than expected. He placed his arms on the table, leaning forward.

“I’m not here to drink with you.” Kang Chan replied.

The boss pursed his lips and glanced at Kang Chan. Kang Chan’s calm attitude and intense gaze seemed to bother him.

“There are people out there looking to put you six feet under. They used to say the same about me, but now, even the hyung-nims avoid me when they see me. The choice is yours, though. Will you obediently become one of us? Or will you spend the rest of your life living with regret?”

At that moment, it felt like another layer of tension was placed on top of the existing tension.

Kang Chan looked at the gangsters staying silent.

The boss clenched and opened his fist on the table, nodding in sync with the rhythm. It seemed like he was doing it out of habit rather than in an attempt to scare him.

“It makes sense that you made a fool out of three of my guys. Ah! Didn’t you say he injured ten students too?”

“Nine, hyung-nim.”

The boss nodded again then swiftly returned his gaze at Kang Chan.

“Ha! I can see that. This little dipshit needs to be taught a lesson.”

Kang Chan couldn't help but laugh softly. He tried to hold it in as much as he could, but he couldn't stop it from blurring out anymore after seeing those men test his patience and make decisions as they pleased.

"Are you laughing?"

"Should I be crying then?" Kang Chan asked.

The guys sitting next to him and across from him cursed at him and sprung to their feet but sat back down when their boss raised his hand.

"Do you know what death is?"

Kang Chan turned his head to either side.

"Do you?" he asked in response.

The boss looked like he was boiling with rage.

"He's one crazy bastard."

"Yeah, punk. So don't mess with the school that a lunatic like me attends," Kang Chan retorted.

"You little bastard!"

The boss' right hand swung toward Kang Chan's face out of the blue. It seemed like the boss was trying to slap Kang Chan, but his thick forearm slowed his movements tremendously.

*Smack.*

Kang Chan grabbed the boss' hand with his left hand and punched his nape almost at the same time.

*Pow.*

In doing so, he prevented the boss from using any strength immediately. Kang Chan then mercilessly broke the boss' right finger that he was tightly holding onto.

*Crack.*

"Gah!"

*Pow.*

Simultaneously, the guy sitting next to Kang Chan aimed a punch at his face, but it was all too easy for Kang Chan to dodge. Using his right index and middle fingers, Kang Chan stabbed the boss' eyes hard.

“Ack!”

“Hey, you bastard!”

The guy next to Kang Chan attacked him. Bastards like him were the most foolish ones.

*Pow.*

Kang Chan landed an elbow strike on his forehead.

*Thump.*

The two guys across from him were already standing on the table. Kang Chan immediately lowered his stance a bit and kicked both of them in the shin.

*Crash!*

The two men fell flat on their faces before Kang Chan, who then swiftly struck them in the neck.

*Pow. Pow.*

“*Cough!*”

“*Cough cough!*”

The two men writhed in pain with only their legs on the table as their boss tried to leave, clutching one of his eyes. The narrow space between the sofa and the table forced him into an awkward stance, however.

“Where are you going, you bastard!”

When Kang Chan swiftly got onto the table, the guy sitting by the bathroom whipped out a fillet knife. The door connected to the hallway also flung open.

From atop the table, Kang Chan kicked up.

*Thud.*

The boss' awkward posture put him at just the right height. If Kang Chan were to stop here, the boss would seek revenge.

*Crack.*

*“Cough!”*

The boss turned limp when Kang Chan twisted his neck. Kang Chan leaped to the innermost sofa and hauled his body up.

*“You fucking bastard! Let go of him!”*

Kang Chan had no idea the hostess bar was this spacious.

About a dozen men in black suits entered the room.

*“Let go, you bastard!”*

*Swish. Swish.*

The guy sitting by the bathroom swung his fillet knife menacingly.

*“Take him.”*

.

Kang Chan’s response seemed to have surprised them.

*“You bastard!”*

*“I twisted his neck, so if I drop him, it won’t be good for him. Make sure you catch him properly, fucker.”*

Flustered, the guy holding the fillet knife, quickly looked toward the entrance. The one standing in front of the dozen men nodded.

*Hesitates.*

*‘Imbeciles.’*

The guy with the fillet knife then walked over to him hesitantly, and Kang Chan shoved their boss toward him with immense force. This startled his opponent, since Kang Chan had mentioned moments before that the boss might die because his neck had been twisted.

*Whoosh!*

Kang Chan charged toward them and aggressively pushed the back of the boss’ head, aiming at the forehead of the man reaching out.

*Whack.*

*Crash!*

Tangled up, the boss and the man with the fillet knife tumbled under the table.

“You bastard!”

A few of the other guys thought of climbing over the table to get to Kang Chan, but they hesitated because Kang Chan had grabbed their downed ally’s knife and was standing on the chair once again.

Kang Chan’s heart pounded against his chest. He hadn’t felt so nervous in a long time.

Unlike the gangsters, Kang Chan held the fillet knife in a reverse grip, with the edge toward his opponents. As soon as he put his left foot down from the chair to the table, the three men who had climbed up on top of it paused.

“You idiots. Do you really have nothing better to do with your fucking lives than mess with students in school?” Kang Chan taunted them.

“You bastard! I’ll rip your mouth apart!”

*Thud.*

Kang Chan stood on top of the table. The guy that had collapsed after his boss crashed into him and the guys previously standing in the back were busy dragging their boss out.

“There are fifty people outside waiting for you, you fucking bastard! You won’t be getting out alive today! This place will be your grave even if it means I’ll get sentenced to death, you fucking son of a bitch!” one of the gangsters yelled at him.

Kang Chan slowly clenched his left hand. His wound had probably opened up—it felt damp and was throbbing with pain.

“You’re not a bunch of weaklings, so why do you only hang around outside the school picking on students?”

“You fucking bastard!” Seemingly losing his cool, the guy yelling at him charged forward with a fillet knife.

*Swish!*



Kang Chan extended his left hand and shifted his grip up the handle, positioning it closer to the blade. His opponent stared at him, apparently flustered by Kang Chan's movements.

*Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.*

Kang Chan stabbed him in the forearm four times.

*Pew!*

"Aaaaack!"

He screamed in pain when Kang Chan slashed his wrist for the final blow. Kang Chan then shoved him away.

*Crash!*

"Aagh! Ack!"

The guy fell on the cups scattered on the floor and grabbed his wrist, crying in pain.

He seemed to have mistakenly thought Kang Chan had sliced his artery open.

*Moron.*

The guy got himself all startled.

The two remaining gangsters couldn't even run. One of them was shaking. Kang Chan smirked. Bastards like him were especially merciless to people who were weak.

Meanwhile, a few guys leaped onto the sofa from both sides.

*Swish!*

The guy on the left sofa swung his knife toward Kang Chan's waist.

*Seven threats and three targets.*

*Whoosh!*

The moment the knife swung past him, Kang Chan sprung forward and shoved his assailant. As the man's shoulder was now facing Kang Chan, Kang Chan jabbed at the guy's shoulder muscles.

*Pow. Pow.*

“Gahh!”

*Pow. Pow.*

Next, Kang Chan struck both his armpits, rendering the bastard unable to wield a knife.

*Bam.*

Even so, Kang Chan still slammed his forehead into his face.

*Swoosh.*

The guy who seemed terrified earlier thrust his knife forward and charged, appearing to have found an opening. Did he not know that the human body stiffened up when one was afraid?

Kang Chan ruthlessly stabbed him in the right arm.

*Stab.?*

“Gaaaaaargghh!”

“Come here, you fucking bastard!”

When Kang Chan moved toward the middle sofa, the guy charged at him, almost as if Kang Chan had caught him with a fishing line and was pulling it in.

*Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.*

Kang Chan had no desire to let him go. He forcefully jabbed the thug’s muscles just above his knees, then struck his shoulder muscles.

“Aghhh! Eckkk!”

Such cries and screams would destroy his comrades’ morale.

Kang Chan slashed the guy’s right wrist with the fillet knife.

“Never do this ever again.”

In tears, the man nodded.

*Pew!*

“Aaaaghhh!”

Kang Chan flung him aside and climbed onto the table once again.

*Hesitate.*

When the guy at the table suddenly leaped down, the men in front of Kang Chan took that as a signal to retreat. By now, the dance floor was filled with gangsters.

Kang Chan jumped down to the left sofa and grabbed the right hand of the guy that had passed out after getting headbutted. He glared fiercely at the men standing in front of him.

*Pew!*

Kang Chan was showing them that their lives would be over if he were to ever catch them. It didn't matter if it was repulsion or fear he instilled in them. He was fine with it. Those feelings plaguing their minds would stiffen their movements, which would ultimately tire them out quicker when fighting against him.

When Kang Chan jumped onto the floor from the sofa, some of those at the back headed toward the door. One would think they were tenacious bastards, but they were just tenacious high schoolers wearing black suits and standing in line. They'd bow and apologize out of fear.

*You messed with the wrong person.*

"Move out of the way!"

A commotion sprung at the door. Soon, two men with baseball bats entered the room.

Did they think their weapons' length would give them an advantage? If that were true, the long swords in Africa would've long killed Kang Chan and his unit!

"You motherfucker. Fuck around and see what happens!"

*Whoosh! Whoosh!*

The bat made a rather powerful sound because of its size.

"Just try me, you fucking bastard!" Kang Chan shouted back.

*Crash.*

It seemed as though the thugs thought Kang Chan was being backed into a corner. The three guys with fillet knives charged at the same time, following the lead of the man with the bat.

*Bam.*

Kang Chan kicked the bat with his right foot.

*Whoosh!*

Kang Chan grabbed the fillet knife coming from the left and yanked it toward him. Based on the way it stung, it had definitely cut his hand even though it was bandaged.

*Pew! Pow!*

As Kang Chan jerked the blade in his direction, he slashed its wielder's wrist and stabbed the forearm. He then yanked the thug even closer to him.

"Gaghhhhh!"

*Claank.*

The bright, resonant sound of the aluminum bat hitting the guy's head rang throughout the room. Blood gushed out as if in celebration of a home run.

*Crash!*

Kang Chan positioned the gangster with the split head in front of him as he charged forward.

*Pow. Pow.*

Two knives ruthlessly stabbed into Kang Chan's meat shield.

*Pow. Pow. Pow. Pew! Pew!*

Kang Chan stabbed the person holding a bat in the forearm and shoulder, then mercilessly slashed the necks of the two guys with fillet knives. They could die, but if he tried to be careful and let them live, then he would be the one to die.

*Pew!*

At that moment, Kang Chan felt a prick in his left shoulder.

*Pew! Pow!*

He slashed the wrist of the man that stabbed him in the shoulder, then stabbed him in the forearm.

"Gaaahhhh!"

Kang Chan had to retreat for now. He dragged with him the guy whose forearm he had just stabbed, causing his victim to let out a shrill scream. A knife was still sticking out right below Kang Chan's left clavicle, and it would've been a disaster if he hadn't moved out of the way reflexively.

*Damn it.*

*'There's a lot of them.'*

Kang Chan twisted the knife and pushed upward.

"Gaaaaaahhh!"

When the guy twisted his body...

*Pow!*

Kang Chan struck his throat with his left hand.

"*Cough!*"

The guy fell to his knees, coughing in front of Kang Chan.

"Would you like me to take out the knife for you?"

"*Cough! Cough!*"

The bastard nodded.

*Pow. Pow. Pow.*

Kang Chan smirked as he pulled out the knife, then stabbed the man's shoulder and back muscles.

*Pow!*

He then kned the thug in the face.

*Clink clank.*

Kang Chan tossed the knife the guy was holding aside and pulled out the knife that was embedded in his own left shoulder, causing his blood to spurt out intermittently like a broken faucet. He clenched his left fist.

*Tingle.*

The pain traveled through his nerves and reverberated throughout his body.

*Drip. Drop.?*

Blood was dripping from the bandage around his left hand, as if it had been dipped in blood. More importantly, his current body was the issue here. It was slow and lacked strength, preventing him from moving as he pleased. Had he been in his original body, these stupid amateur knife users wouldn't have been able to wound him.

His left cheek was throbbing with pain after being hit the first time.

*Tingle.*

He tried to act as if nothing had happened and took half a step, but his shoulder hurt so badly that it felt like it had been torn off.

At that moment, a commotion at the door interrupted the short confrontation. A man had appeared, holding a bright blue katana.

1. The direct translation of this sentence is: 'It was shaped like an upended black box of snacks, with the name of the company, 'Cotton Candy', scribbled in white.' but because it wouldn't work as well in English, we translated the meaning of it instead.

## **Chapter 16: They Have No Idea (2)**

If Kang Chan were to carelessly confront the guy with the katana, he would be slashed.

"You need to be chopped up into pieces before being taken to Cheonan." The guy holding the katana laughed maniacally. He had the eyes of someone who had killed another human being before.

"I raise dogs over there."

What was he talking about? Staying silent in the face of the enemy's provocation would give one more confidence.

"Fucking bastard! I'll give you credit for wanting to take care of your friends."

"Huehuehuehue."

This bastard was dangerous. Instead of getting angry, he imagined how Kang Chan would look when he was dead. That meant that he had had a similar experience before.

Kang Chan extended his left shoulder forward and lowered his stance, which was nothing like what he had been doing thus far. Once. If he were to get seriously injured here...

Kang Chan's eyes shone for a second.

"What is this!"

"You fucking bastard!"

"Aaaaahhhhh!"

Profanity and yells were heard coming from the other end of the hallway. The people that were blocking the door turned toward the direction of the noises, breaking into a commotion.

*"Ptooey!"* Kang Chan tried spitting on the floor, but there was no spit.

"Fuck, your throat is so parched you can't even produce any spit." The katana wielder laughed, his face contorting.

Kang Chan looked straight into the man's eyes, lifted his left hand, and put the bandage on his mouth.

*"Tch. Tch."* He sucked his own blood. Because of the piercing pain in his left shoulder, his gaze naturally sharpened.

When the commotion outside became louder, the guy with the katana became concerned as well.

Kang Chan slowly moved the bandage away from his mouth. With the blood concentrated around his mouth, half of his face was covered in blood.

*"Ptooey!"* Kang Chan instantly spat out the blood in his mouth at the guy.

The moment the guy turned his head to the right and dodged it...

*"Ptooey!"*

Kang Chan spat out the rest of the blood and moved, seemingly about to pounce forward.

*Swish.*

A person who had lost his balance wouldn't be able to swing their sword much. As soon as the sword swung past him, Kang Chan extended his right foot and kicked the guy's wrist.

*Whoosh.*

Just once. Right before his opponent could raise his katana...

*Pow.*

Kang Chan thrust his fillet knife into the thug's right arm, just above his elbow, and dragged it upwards.

“Gaaaahhhh!”

*Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.*

Kang Chan then stabbed the guy's elbows and both sides of his chest.

*Clank.?*

The moment his opponent swung his katana downward...

*Pew! Pow.?*

Kang Chan's left forearm and right shoulder were cut open as well. It was such a dangerous situation that if Kang Chan hadn't stopped the guy with the katana, he would've been stabbed in the neck.

*Pow. Pew! Pew! Pow.*

The blood that spurted out startled some of the people around them, while there were also some that got excited at the sight of it.

Terrified by the sight of blood and gore, some thugs blindly attacked him, unaware of what they were doing. Kang Chan roughly blocked their attacks with his bandaged left hand and stabbed, slashed, and stabbed again at random.

“Huff. Huff. Huff. Huff.”

Kang Chan was out of breath. What kind of workout did the owner of his body do exactly? He was still so weak. Nevertheless, Kang Chan was the last person standing in the room. About a dozen people that had collapsed on the floor surrounded him, writhing in pain. The floor was covered in so much blood that shoes were sticking to the floor.

Nobody else entered the room probably because Kang Chan had defeated their strongest men. Kang Chan noticed his vision had turned white, and neither his shoulder nor his left hand, which had cuts all over, hurt at all. Even in Africa, whenever this happened, the enemy couldn't easily attack him.

God of Blackfield.



One might not know this, but the enemy troops were the ones who had given that nickname to Kang Chan. It meant 'god of death.'

*"I'll kill all of them."*

Kang Chan tilted his neck to the left. Strangely, whenever he became mad, he'd find himself unable to tolerate all the bastards in the world because he found them annoying.

As soon as Kang Chan pounced at them, the men in front of the door scattered across both the left and right hallways.

"Where are you going?"

The clamor was getting louder and louder. Kang Chan slowly walked out of the door.

*Swish.*

A fillet knife came swinging toward him, but it was too slow—an attack filled with reluctance due to sheer terror.

*Pew! Pow!*

*"Cough!"*

The guy retreated with his arms bent. Kang Chan's body was as fast as it was before.

"Come here!"

When he glared at the thugs, a couple of them hesitated and ran into a nearby room. Kang Chan turned to those who remained in the hallway.

*I'll kill them all! I'll kill all the people that killed my people. What do I have? Family? Money? Happiness? Honor? Love? I only have my unit members. And they took that away from me?*

*Pew! Pow. Pow.*

As quick as lightning, Kang Chan charged at the guy that was retreating away from him and stabbed him in the arm and shoulder.

"Gaaaah!" His target screamed, struggling to escape. Kang Chan yanked his shirt and suit.

"You can't even protect a few people, huh?"

"Ugh..."

Kang Chan stared at the thug's throat—right below his Adam's apple.

“HEY!”

Kang Chan came to his senses after hearing someone calling out to him. When he looked up, he found a man at the end of the hallway wearing a monkey...

“Daye?”

“You must not kill them!”

*Plop.?*

Kang Chan pushed the guy he was grabbing onto aside.

Crazy bastard. He had never imagined anyone would ever wear a monkey mask to such a fight. It was already over, anyway.

The men in front of Kang Chan and the guys close to Seok Kang-Ho could only hesitate. Nobody attacked them.

“If any of the bastards go near the school in the future, I will definitely cut off their heads.”

The basement hallway. The only thing that drowned out Kang Chan's voice was the occasional ghastly groans.

“The bastards who don't want to fight, go into the room in the front.”

As soon as Kang Chan craned his neck and glared at them, they entered the room as instructed, one to two men at a time.

Kang Chan slowly walked toward Seok Kang-Ho. Perhaps because he had regained his rationality, he felt a sharp pain every time he walked.

*Stagger.*

It seemed like his left leg had been wounded as well, considering he couldn't move it very well.

Seok Kang-Ho took a very deep breath as he spoke, “Fuck. I thought I was never going to see you again.”

Did he have an eye infection? Kang Chan could see Seok Kang-Ho's eyes through the holes in the mask—they were red, bloodshot.

“Where did you even find that?” The monkey seemed happy. He had a big smile on his face.

“It’s a monkey with an English name. Let’s go.”

Seok Kang-Ho supported Kang Chan’s upper body, and they walked toward the entrance.

“If you get into the car like this, people are going to report it.”

Seok Kang-Ho was right. What could they do? If Kang Chan had a blanket, he would cover himself with it and leave the place.

“Hang on.”

Since Seok Kang-Ho was supporting Kang Chan, the front part of his clothes got covered in blood too. Seok Kang-Ho went to the counter and started rummaging around with his head lowered. At that moment, when the monkey with the big smile abruptly raised his head, more of those bastards flocked toward the stairs at the entrance.

Kang Chan was leaning against the wall but quickly stood up straight. The men with iron pipes and fillet knives held their ground at a distance away in front of him, staring at the two instead of charging at them immediately. Kang Chan stretched his neck.

“School uniform? I guess he must really be a high school student?”

The man standing in front of him spoke, looking surprised.

“Hurry up! Go in and check the situation out!”

“Yes, hyung-nim.” As soon as the person who replied nodded, the guys standing by rushed inside.

A yell was heard immediately, but it didn’t seem like a fight.

“It’s Oh Gwang-Taek. Everybody knows who Gwang-Taek of Sinsa-dong is.”

He was slim for a gangster, so he had a similar body shape as Kang Chan.

“I was ready to take action anyway. I heard in the parking lot that Ki-Bum had been taken to the hospital, so I rushed here.”

“You got any cigarettes?” Kang Chan asked.

“You bastard...”

Oh Gwang-Taek glared at the guy who swore, “Mind your own fucking business, motherfucker.”

The guy lowered his head.

“You bastard, you think you could do this? If you want to talk about age, go to the senior community center, you fucker.” Gwang-Taek continued to criticize him.

“I’m sorry, hyung-nim.”

Oh Gwang-Taek glared at him and looked him up and down once more before looking at Kang Chan again. He then took out a pack of cigarettes with about ten cigarettes left and a lighter.

He looked at the hand Kang Chan extended and smirked. He put two cigarettes in his mouth, lit them, then handed one of them to Kang Chan.

“Hoo.”

It felt good. Kang Chan leaned against the wall and slid down to sit on the floor.

“Daye, come here.”

“Alright.”

From the counter, Seok Kang-Ho made his way through the crowd and went over to Kang Chan’s side.

“Give me another cigarette.”

“Okay.”

Dayeru took the pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He placed a cigarette in his mouth, his face looking just like a smiling emoji.

“Wow, a high school student and a monkey mask. Ah, guess Park Ki-Bum won’t be able to go around talking about this.”

Oh Gwang-Taek was dumbfounded. When he exhaled smoke, a guy came out from inside the bar.

“There are no dead bodies. Five guys are seriously injured. It seems like the gang is finished with this.”

After Oh Gwang-Taek nodded, he looked at Kang Chan.

“There’s a particular hospital that we go to. Let’s head there. Those bastards need to be treated too. If news about a high school boy destroying gang members with a knife gets out, the gangsters in Gangnam would all be beaten into a pulp.”

“After one more cigarette.”

Oh Gwang-Taek gave a low chuckle and turned his head to the back.

“Block the front, and park the car. Make sure they’re unable to see this place from the opposite building. Remove all the CCTV footage and take them with you.”

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

The two guys hurried upstairs.

“Hurry up. The Intelligence Division must have gotten suspicious too.”

“Hoo!”

Kang Chan put out his cigarette on the floor.

“Ugh,” He groaned as he tried to get up. Seok Kang-Ho quickly supported him.

“Hey! Get rid of that monkey mask.”

“I’ll take it off when we reach the hospital.”

Oh Gwang-Taek looked at the two of them with a puzzled look on his face. When Kang Chan barely managed to get up, the guy that ran down the stairs reported that he was ready. He was even holding a blanket too.

“I’m going to the hospital with them, so take the injured people to the hospital and tie up all loose ends properly.” Oh Gwang-Taek ordered.

When Kang Chan started walking, the man opened up the blanket and put it over Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho.

## **Chapter 17: Thank You (1)**

The first thing Kang Chan saw when he came to his senses was Seok Kang-Ho’s worried face.

“Are you feeling a little better?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

The last thing Kang Chan remembered was him leaning on Seok Kang-Ho in the car. The volume of blood in the two blood bags gradually decreased, as though they were competing with each other.

“You have so many cuts that we nearly had to use a sewing machine.”

*Smirk.*

“Give me some water.”

“Okay.”

Seok Kang-Ho first reached out toward the bottom of Kang Chan’s bed and turned the lever.

*Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.*

He slowly adjusted the angle of the bed, propping Kang Chan’s upper body up and putting him in a more comfortable position. Seok Kang-Ho handed him a glass of water afterward, which he downed.

“What time is it?”

“1:15 am. I’ve called your parents and told them you’re going to sleep over at my place tonight and to call you later.”

Kang Chan was in a 4-bed ward, with a bed in each corner of the room.

“Do you want something to eat?”

Just as Seok Kang-Ho asked, the door opened, and Oh Gwang-Taek entered the room. He pulled up an empty chair by the bed and sat down next to Seok Kang-Ho.

“Give me a cigarette.” Kang Chan demanded.

Oh Gwang-Taek looked dumbfounded, but he took out a cigarette without saying a word and gave it to Kang Chan anyway.

“Ugh!” Kang Chan tried extending his left hand only for his expression to contour in pain. He held out his right hand instead.

*Chik chik.*

“Hoo.”

When Oh Gwang-Taek offered Seok Kang-Ho some cigarettes as well, he took one out and put it in his mouth.

“Daye, I want a cup of coffee.”

“Alright. Coffee?” Seok-Kang agreed before extending the offer to Oh Gwang-Taek as well.

Oh Gwang-Taek shook his head lightly. Seok Kang-Ho made a cup of coffee next to the bed across from Kang Chan.

“Why are you shaking your head?” Kang Chan asked Oh Gwang-Taek.

“I heard he’s a teacher. Is that right?”

Kang Chan nodded.

“Ha! Looking at the interaction between you two, it all sounds so wrong.”

Oh Gwang-Taek appeared to be in his late thirties.

“It’s a long story. Just leave it at that,” Kang Chan replied.

“Ah, it’s hot!”

The two of them chuckled softly when they heard Seok Kang-Ho’s short outburst.

“Here you go.”

Kang Chan took a sip of the instant coffee. It tasted quite nice.

“Thanks to you, Gangnam’s fine for now. I’ve made a deal with the cops and reporters too, so there won’t be any issues with those punks.”

Oh Gwang-Taek spoke as Kang Chan took another sip of coffee.

“Is there anything I can do for you?” Oh Gwang-Taek asked.

“Just leave the students in school alone.”

Oh Gwang-Taek nodded.

“As for the punks in the parking lot, we had a lot to talk about because of what happened.”

“Everything’s in order, then,” Kang Chan responded.

“Hoo! It’s great that you’re not complicating things,” Oh Gwang-Taek exhaled deeply. “You should be careful. Rumors about you have been circulating among the gangs. I told them the family register was wrong and that you’re actually my friend and family. Even so, it’ll take some time for it to blow over.”

These stupid gangsters were still using the twenty-year-old dumb excuse of the family register being incorrect. It sounded stupid to both the person saying it and the person listening to it in silence.

Kang Chan wasn’t very happy about it, but it had already been done.

“I gave my business card to your teacher.”

“Oh Gwang-Taek,” As soon as Kang Chan called him out, he glared at Kang Chan sharply.

“I don’t want to talk about my life, but I don’t want you people anywhere near me. Especially not anywhere near the school.”

The ambiance drastically changed in an instant. Kang Chan and Oh Gwang-Taek looked each other in the eye.

“You said your name was Kang Chan, right?” Oh Gwang-Taek spoke softly. “I told you about the whole family register bullshit because I acknowledge who you are, with or without your ID.”

*Slurp.?*

The tension was slowly rising. However, the sound of Seok Kang-Ho slurping his coffee exquisitely interrupted them.

Oh Gwang-Taek subconsciously broke eye contact with Kang Chan. Dumbfounded, a melancholic smile crept up his lips.

“I give up. Hey! Quit yapping about random bullshit and just be friendly, motherfucker. Wouldn’t that give me a reason to stop the other people from loitering around the school and messing with the students?” Oh Gwang-Taek shook his head. “By the way, what subject does your teacher teach?”

“P.E.”

“Ha, I can see that.”

Oh Gwang-Taek got up in an exaggerated manner.



"I ordered some of my men to stand guard outside. Let them do their job. The Ulsan guys might be up to something."

"Okay."

"If you want to eat something, let them know."

Kang Chan nodded.

"You can't eat the nurses, though."

They all laughed at the joke with a similar look on their faces.

"I'll get going," Oh Gwang-Taek raised his hand and left the room, looking exhausted.

"Doesn't that guy seem like a decent chap?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

"Yeah."

In truth, it was hard to predict what the outcome would've been if the gangsters had attacked them in the basement.

"You can leave now."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm telling you to go home. You made the kids promise to come to school an hour earlier. Are you going to disappoint them by being late yourself?"

"Ah!" Seok Kang-Ho seemed to have forgotten about them. "Mi-Young sent you a bunch of messages up until midnight. Did something happen between you guys?"

"She's my first love."

"Hehehe."

"Tsk, you dirty bastard."

Seok Kang-Ho wiped his drool. "She looks like an innocent girl, though. How did it happen?"

"Things just kind of went awry."

Seok Kang-Ho laughed out loud.

"Why are you laughing?"

“I was just thinking about her aspirations. She’s always been the top student, so all the teachers show great interest in her. “

Kang Chan had never thought about that, so he just stared at Seok Kang-Ho.

“She wrote that she wanted to become a good wife and mother, but she changed it to diplomat after her homeroom teacher persuaded her.”

“What’s so funny about it?” Kang Chan asked.

“Huh? You don’t find it funny?” Seok Kang-Ho looked at him in surprise.

“Haa!” Frustrated, Kang Chan sighed. Strangely, the simple-minded Kim Mi-Young and Seok Kang-Ho, who would randomly laugh at unfunny things, frustrated him.

“Leave.”

“I’ll stay here and go straight to school at dawn.” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

Kang Chan left it at that since there was nothing else to say.

“Please call home tomorrow morning,” Seok Kang-Ho added.

“I left my phone at home, though.”

“You can just use mine.”

“Oh, come on. How am I going to reach you if something happens and I have to contact you urgently? When will I be discharged from the hospital anyway?”

“In about a month, probably.”

“So I have to be bedridden for a week, huh?”

The first person Kang Chan thought of was Yoo Hye-Sook. What kind of excuse could he use to prevent her from worrying about being hospitalized for a week, and how was he going to explain why he was wrapped up in bandages like a mummy?

“Just tell my parents I got into a car accident.”

“A car accident?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Yeah. Just pick one of the guys outside and say he’s the perpetrator.”

Seok Kang-Ho turned his head. He looked like he was thinking.

“We have to come up with an excuse. How are we going to explain this otherwise?” Kang Chan asked.

“That’s true.”

“Call Oh Gwang-Taek and tell him to collude with the doctor.”

Seok Kang-Ho nodded.

“Anyway, you have to take care of those students at the very least. It sucks that I won’t be there from day one, but we might end up making a fool out of them if we don’t handle it well.”

“Understood.” Seok Kang-Ho’s eyes sparkled.

While both of them were talking to each other, the doctor and nurse on-call dropped by to check on Kang Chan, but they didn’t say anything even though they saw traces of them smoking. There was a preconceived notion that the hospital was associated with gangsters, but the middle-aged doctor looked surprisingly decent and affable.

Seok Kang-Ho left at dawn with a sad look on his face, and Kang Chan fell asleep once again. He was feeling drowsy from all the drugs the hospital made him take.

When Kang Chan woke up, he wished he could go back to the battlefield in Africa.

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A nurse entered the room and gave him his medications via the IV line. He woke up because she had to take his temperature and blood pressure.

“Can I get a glass of water?”

“Yes, just a minute, please.” The nurse had to pack up the equipment.

The door opened and a man dressed in a suit entered with a huge food tray. It smelled good.

“Please eat, hyung-nim. Did you manage to get some rest?”

However, Kang Chan got annoyed by the stupid ‘hyung-nim’ treatment. Should he just kick him out?

*‘Ugh, come on.’*

Nonetheless, Kang Chan gritted his teeth and calmed himself down. He found it ridiculous for the gangster to serve him food from the hospital.

The guy respectfully placed the tray on one side and turned the lever to adjust the bed's angle. He then lifted the table attached to the side of the bed and placed it in front of Kang Chan. He moved so skillfully that one would've thought he was a professional caregiver.

The guy was clearly an unruly delinquent back when he was a student, but he wouldn't have expected himself to serve food to others after fulfilling his lifelong goal of becoming a gangster.

The guy placed the tray on the table, removed its cover, and bowed respectfully to Kang Chan. He appeared to be twenty or twenty-one years old.

"Enjoy your meal, hyung-nim."

He wouldn't have prepared such a spread for his parents. Kang Chan felt bitter about it, but that didn't mean he'd skip his meal.

"Ha!" Kang Chan looked down at the tray and sighed loudly.

White rice was good. Kang Chan wasn't pregnant, but he had lost a lot of blood, so he understood why the guy prepared some seaweed soup for him. But he didn't get why there were ribs and *gulbi* for breakfast. How on earth was Kang Chan supposed to wrap his head around the fact that the beautifully-sliced raw fish was prepared by the same person that was wielding the fillet knife in a fight yesterday?

Ignorant gangsters.

Kang Chan was so speechless that he just stared at the guy standing in front of him. The guy blinked in return, flustered. Kang Chan eventually decided to let it go since the gangster hadn't done anything wrong.

Kang Chan held the bowl in his left hand out of habit. It stung.

*What...?*

Before Seok Kang-Ho left, he couldn't even move his left arm. However, when he inadvertently grabbed the bowl of rice just now, it stung, but it didn't hurt any more than that.

Kang Chan realized the nurse didn't give him any water and simply left because that guy had entered the room.

"Give me a glass of water."

"What was that, hyung-nim?"

“I said give me a glass of water!”

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

It was Kang Chan’s first time feeling this annoyed being called ‘hyung-nim.’

The gangster returned to the room with a jug of water and bowed to him before pouring him a glass. Afterward, he bowed to him again. If a fucking bastard like him were to get promoted...

Kang Chan drank it. When he picked up the chopsticks, he noticed the man swallowing his saliva in his peripheral vision.

*Oh, what a poor fella. Yeah. You and I both have crappy lives.?*

There was no harm in sharing a meal together.

“Go grab a bowl.”

“It’s okay, hyung-nim.”

When Kang Chan glared at him, the guy ran out and returned immediately. It wasn’t like there was a mountain of rice bowls right outside in the hallway, so he was actually quite a handy person.

“Sit.”

“It’s okay, hyung-nim.”

“Stop annoying me and just sit, you bastard.”

“Yes, hyung—”

“Stop calling me ‘hyung-nim!’”

After bowing again, he obediently sat on the other side of the bed like a newlywed bride.

“All these three dishes—this one, this one, and this one. Eat them with some rice.”

The man was about to respond, but when Kang Chan glared at him again, he kept his mouth shut.

“I hate gangsters, so finish your food fast.”

When Kang Chan scooped up some rice, the gangster began eating as well, seemingly trying his best to do so as quietly as possible. He quickly scarfed down all the ribs, *gulbi*, and raw fish.

They finished their breakfast, finding it satisfying.

“Bring me a cup of coffee and a cigarette.”

“Yes...”

The man was about to call him ‘hyung-nim’ but stopped himself when Kang Chan lifted his hand, as though he was about to smack him. He cleared the tray, handed him a cigarette, and made him a cup of coffee.

“What’s your name?”

“Jang Geun-Du, hyu—...ng.”

Kang Chan glared at him, which made the end of his sentence sound weird.

“What time is it?”

“8:10 A.M.”

“Jang Geun-Dup.”

“Yes...”

Jang Geun-Dup checked Kang Chan’s expression.

“Ha! Never mind.”

Kang Chan was thinking of giving him some advice, but what could he even say to him to stop him from being a gangster?

After Kang Chan had finished his coffee and put out his cigarette in the paper cup, Jang Geun-Dup grabbed the cup and tray and took them out.

Kang Chan moved his neck and shoulders slowly since he wasn’t in good physical condition, noticing something strange in the process. He felt throbbing pain when he was stabbed right under the collarbone, but he couldn’t feel it now.

Kang Chan gently squeezed his left hand. It felt stiff.

How? How could it be?

Kang Chan shifted his gaze and saw that the IV fluid had been changed.

“Ah!” He recalled the nurse inserting some medication into the IV line. They probably gave him some painkillers.

*Thud.*

Kang Chan smiled. He heard a woman’s voice outside the room. Soon after, the door burst open. Yoo Hye-Sook hesitated before approaching Kang Chan.

“Are you okay?” Her eyes were red and she could barely speak properly.

“I’m sorry,” Kang Chan apologized to her.

Yoo Hye-Sook cried as she stared at Kang Chan, who was covered in bandages.

“What did the doctor say? How bad are your injuries?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked amid her tears.

“He said I’m fine. I can be discharged in a week.”

“We’ll talk to the doctor when your father comes later. You don’t have any serious injuries, do you?”

“Please worry about yourself instead. I’m okay.”

Kang Chan smiled as he moved his arms around.

It stung. He could feel throbbing pain.

His body was protesting against his actions, but Kang Chan kept a smile on his face. However, judging from the outcome alone, his plan failed. The bandages around his left shoulder, arm, and hand were a ghastly sight even to Kang Chan himself.

“Be even more careful from now on.”

“Yeah, I know.”

Witnessing Kang Chan’s movements seemed to have made Yoo Seo-Sook feel slightly relieved.

“Your father is going to check with the hospital you were previously admitted to. Let’s get a full check-up. The car accident might cause long-term effects, so we have to be careful.”

The situation made even the great Kang Chan feel flustered. He couldn't argue that his knife wounds were caused by a car running over him.

"There are some scary men standing outside. They're not causing you any problems, are they?"

"Of course not."

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed to gradually regain her rationality. She removed her jacket, hung it in the wardrobe, and examined the hospital room with suspicion in her eyes.

"What kind of hospital reeks so strongly of cigarettes?"

"I agree."

"What exactly is your father doing? Why isn't he here yet? Our dear son is injured. We need to move you to another hospital as soon as possible."

Kang Chan desperately needed to come up with an excuse so he wouldn't have to relocate to another hospital.

1. Seok Kang-Ho is speaking formally to Kang Chan in Korean, while Kang Chan is speaking to him informally, which is weird because he's supposed to be his teacher.

2. It is tradition for women who have just given birth to have seaweed soup.

3. Dried yellow corvina

4. Korean sashimi

## **Chapter 18: Thank You (2)**

"How did this happen?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

"I was hit by a car when I left Mr. Seok's house."

Yoo Hye-Sook nodded.

"Who hit you?"

"One of the bas—people standing outside. They're here to apologize," Kang Chan explained.

"They look like they're here to scare you instead. Let's report them to the police when your father gets here."



“No!”

Yoo Hye-Sook, who had been staring at the door, turned her attention to Kang Chan.

“They’ve sincerely apologized to me. They told me not to worry about the hospital bills and treatment fees and just focus on recovery. They stayed here until late in the night before leaving.”

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed to find it suspicious, but she didn’t say anything else. It seemed like she didn’t want to agitate Kang Chan anymore after remembering the strains that had been between them until recently.

“Have you had your breakfast? Should I buy you something? Is there anything you want to eat?”

“I’ve already eaten. Have you had your breakfast?”

Yoo Hye-Sook suddenly hit her chest.

“I got the call right after your father left for work. I was so shocked it felt like eating would upset my stomach even more.”

Kang Chan couldn’t describe what he was feeling—it was a little irksome, but it didn’t upset him. Not even being in the presence of a trusted comrade in the middle of combat couldn’t compare to this feeling of comfort.

“We should get you some medicine. We’re already in a hospital anyway,” Kang Chan suggested.

“I’m okay. Seeing you made me feel better.”

Yoo Hye-Sook looked into Kang Chan’s eyes and smiled timidly.

“Please give me your hand.”

“Huh?” Yoo Hye-Sook looked confused.

Kang Chan extended his left hand and pulled Yoo Hye-Sook’s hand toward him. He then firmly pressed the area between her thumb and index finger.

“Ah!” Even though she let out a short scream and writhed in pain, Yoo Hye-Sook looked happy. “It hurts!”

She was making a fuss, but the look on her face suggested she was dying to tell Kim Seong-Hee, ‘My son massaged me here when I had an upset stomach!’

45 days.

He tried to instill good memories in her mind, but it felt like she had shown him a beautiful face instead and gifted him a sense of comfort and small moments of happiness in his everyday life, which he could cherish for a lifetime.

“How did you get hit that you’re hurt this badly anyway?”

Kang Chan wasn’t wearing a top since they had to bandage his chest, shoulder, and arm due to the wound on his left shoulder, left hand, and both forearms. He didn’t tell her that, though. There was also a bandage around his waist, so hardly any bare skin was exposed.

“I scraped myself against the road when I fell.”

Yoo Hye-Sook grimaced, appearing to be imagining the scene. She was examining his bandages with a look of doubt and relief.

The door opened, and the doctor and nurse entered the room. Yoo Hye-Sook got up to her feet right away.

“How are you feeling?” The doctor asked.

“I feel fine.”

The doctor smiled gently at Kang Chan first before glancing at Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Hello, I’m Kang Chan’s mother.”

“Ah! You must have been very worried about him.”

“Yes, I was, doctor. He’s badly hurt, isn’t he? Will any of his injuries cause any long-term effects? He was gravely injured just a month ago.”

The doctor responded to Yoo Hye-Sook’s question with a bright smile.

“You have nothing to worry about. I’ve already done all the necessary tests as soon as he was admitted, and I found no major abnormalities. He’ll be fine as long as he eats properly and gets sufficient rest.”

“I see.” Yoo Hye-Sook still looked worried.

“My son was hospitalized at Samjeong Hospital previously, doctor. If it’s okay with you, I’d like to admit him back to that hospital.”

The doctor glanced at Kang Chan.

“Sure, if that’s what you want.”

“Okay.”

*That’s not how this is supposed to go!*

Kang Chan wasn’t exactly in the position to say anything, so he just looked at the doctor.

“The chief of surgery of that hospital is my friend. You received special care from Dr. Heo Ji-Hwan back then. If need be, I can give him a call.”

Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Chan looked surprised.

“Patients that aren’t critically ill or need intensive care get sent here due to the limited number of hospital beds there,” The doctor warmly reassured her.

“The driver that caused the accident was willing to pay any amount of money to empty this room so your son can get the entire ward to himself. We complied, but we have patients that are waiting for a bed, so…”

Kang Chan thought the man seemed like a crafty fellow.

“Let me know what time works for you. I’ll give Dr. Heo a call.”

“It’s okay, doctor. That won’t be necessary… When his father comes, I’ll discuss it with him and let you know. Now that I think about it, there’s no need to switch hospitals.”

The doctor nodded.

“As you wish.”

“Will my son really be okay?”

“There’s no need to worry about that.”

“I’m sorry?”

“After he arrived at the hospital, we notified general surgery, internal medicine, thoracic surgery, and neurology. After running some tests, they’ve concluded there wasn’t any issue with his health.”

“Ah, yes.”

Before she knew it, the doctor had already won over Yoo Hye-Sook with his words. What a scary person.

“Could you please step out for a moment?” The doctor asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“What’s wrong?”

“We need to change his dressing and bandages. It’s better for you not to be here to see it. Normally, he would have to go to the treatment room, but we’ve been doing it here instead since he’s a VIP patient. That’s why we didn’t admit any other patients in this ward.”

“Ah, I see. I’ll be waiting outside,” Yoo Hye-Sook told Kang Chan, then left the room with pity in her eyes.

Looking benign, the doctor removed Kang Chan’s bandages with the nurse’s help. Kang Chan genuinely wondered what kind of person he was.

*Rustle.*

The doctor’s focus seemingly deepened as he cut the bandages in the middle with a pair of scissors and peeled them off.

*‘Ugh!’*

Kang Chan stopped himself from yelping.

“The blood that seeped through the bandages had hardened. I’ll apply as much ointment as possible, but it won’t have much of an effect on such wounds.”

*Plop plop.*

When the doctor tried to remove the bandages, they stuck to the skin, almost pulling it off the flesh, before they peeled off. After removing the bandages, the doctor tilted his head and looked at the blood-soaked bandages and Kang Chan’s shoulder a couple of times.

“Is there an issue?”

“Hmm.”

The doctor kept his head tilted, a quizzical look now on his face.

“The stitches came off. It normally takes around fifteen days...”

“Do you have to stitch up the wound again?”

“No. What I’m trying to say is that your wound healed quite fast.”

The doctor glanced at the nurse with a puzzled look, perhaps to ask her what she thought about it, but all she could do was stare with her eyes wide open.

“Could this be an idiosyncrasy? Dr. Heo said the same thing. You were previously hospitalized after falling off a five-story building, right?” The doctor asked.

“Yes,” Kang Chan answered.

The doctor nodded.

“They were shocked, too. You were supposed to be hemiplegic but your condition suddenly improved to the point where you could be discharged immediately. It bewildered Dr. Heo.”

Kang Chan was shocked as well.

“Let’s take a look at your other wounds,” The doctor said.

The doctor removed the other bandages with a serious look on his face. It wasn’t a matter of pain. Now concerned, Kang Chan checked his wounds as well.

“Hmm, there’s not much to say apart from the fact that this is an idiosyncrasy. You’ve recovered so much that you can already just receive outpatient treatment.”

“I’ve recovered to such an extent?”

“No.”

Kang Chan looked away from his wound and shifted his gaze to the doctor.

“Your physical condition’s way better than that.”

Coming from such a sly person?

Kang Chan smiled softly.

“Still, let’s change your dressing and get you bandaged up.”

The doctor cleaned his wounds with the disinfectant the nurse had prepared and applied some ointment before bandaging his wounds.

“Thank you for helping me with my mother.”

He was more grateful to him for reassuring Yoo Hye-Sook rather than the fact that he had convinced her not to relocate him to the other hospital.

“My younger brother seemed to have become a gangster when I was studying abroad. He had a hard time being compared to me, so he snapped and argued he was better than me when it comes to using weapons.”

The doctor kept turning his head while he bandaged Kang Chan up as if he were gossiping about someone else.

“He died in the emergency room. He was probably worried he would be reported to the police, so he stalled for time. That son of a bitch insisted he couldn’t go to a hospital even if he died,” The doctor continued as he secured the bandages with a tape.

“I despise gangsters. Still, I do what I do because I don’t want people to die hesitating to come to the hospital.” He continued.

The kind doctor didn’t avoid Kang Chan’s intense gaze.

“I have a favor,” He said.

“What is it?”

“I heard you’ll be the one dominating Gangnam from now on.”

It wasn’t like he was running a laundromat.

After Kang Chan smiled, the doctor added, “You can come anytime you want, and you can send anyone here, too, but don’t die or kill anyone. It’s overwhelming whenever that happens.”

“What are you going to do if it becomes an issue?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’ve earned enough money. If I lose my license, I’ll just move to America.”

The doctor appeared to be waiting for Kang Chan’s response.

“Okay, I don’t want to live as a killer either.”

The doctor smiled pleasantly.

“I’ll give you another phone number. So call me if it’s urgent.”

“You’re saying I should come back here again?”

“No, but won’t the gangsters going up against you be in danger?”

When Kang Chan chuckled softly, the doctor looked at him and smiled.

“Can I be discharged today?”

“That’ll be difficult. Well, it’s reported that around 0.1% of the people in the world have idiosyncrasies, but frankly, it’s my first time seeing it for myself, so I have to examine you further. If we let it fester, you might have to amputate your left arm.”

This doctor had a knack for saying bad news while looking at ease.

“But I can be discharged, right? I don’t mind staying here, but there are a lot of students at school who’ll be in trouble if I don’t go back.”

The doctor looked into Kang Chan’s eyes.

“Is it true that you got to where you are right now because you were standing up to school bullies?”

Kang Chan didn’t answer.

“I can discharge you if you receive outpatient treatment over the next five days. But you have to promise that if I say you need to be rehospitalized, you’ll listen to me no matter what.”

“Sure.”

The doctor was more understanding than Kang Chan had expected.

“Doctor.”

The doctor removed his rubber gloves and returned his gaze to Kang Chan.

“Thank you,” Kang Chan said.

“I’m the one who should be thanking you. Since you’re not claiming medical insurance, I’m being paid heftily.”

Kang Chan felt like if he were to beat up this crafty fellow, his fist would ricochet instead.

“If you show up at this hospital dead, I’ll remove your organs without your parents’ knowledge and sell them.”

The doctor made a horrifying remark, then left the room. His words would’ve prompted Yoo Hye-Sook to strangle him if she had heard him. Judging by how Yoo Hye-Sook didn’t enter immediately, it seemed like she was either talking to the doctor or had gone to his office together with him.

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Kang Dae-Kyung created a commotion after he rushed to the hospital. However, when both Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook met with the doctor, his charms rendered them as powerless as birds constricted around by a snake. They went through with the discharge procedure.

Kang Chan couldn't possibly ask for his school uniform, which was covered in blood and rips. While Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Dae-Kyung were talking to the doctor, Kang Chan changed into a pair of elastic waist pants and a T-shirt.

Naturally, they had no choice but to accept the gangsters' help. As promised, Oh Gwang-Taek paid for the hospital bills. However, one of the gangsters standing outside gave them an envelope, which became an issue.

"Please receive the outpatient treatment and use this to get some herbal medicine as well."

"We'll take care of that. We don't want to accept the settlement money right now. What if he suffers from long-term effects later on?" Kang Chan's parents rejected the money.

"You misunderstand. This is not the settlement money. We'll put it in writing that we'll take responsibility for everything if he were to suffer from any long-term effects. If you don't accept this, my boss would severely reprimand me."

He spoke rather politely, but he couldn't mask his attitude and voice, which were unique to gangsters.

"I ask for your kind understanding." The guy even did a 90-degree bow. Naturally, the men standing behind him did the same.

Yoo Hye-Sook looked at Kang Dae-Kyung. It was a very difficult situation.

"Please accept it. You may return it to the boss next time." When Kang Chan interjected, Kang Dae-Kyung finally accepted it, albeit reluctantly.

"Thank you!"

This time around, the gangster did a normal bow of respect.

Kang Chan wanted to quickly get away from these guys.

The car was in the underground parking lot of the hospital. However, there were also about a dozen gangsters standing there looking at Kang Chan and bowing to him.

The ambiance was weird. There was something suspicious about it, but Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Dae-Kyung couldn't say anything.



Kang Dae-Kyung sped away, leaving the hospital, as though he was escaping them. The hospital was in Gangnam, so it wasn't too far from their apartment. They felt more relieved after they got home. Kang Chan was thinking about going to school.

*'Should I buy a set of school uniforms?'*

Even after washing his uniform, the sharp cuts from the knives still remained. It was an issue future Kang Chan would have to think about.

Yoo Hye-Sook's startled voice reverberated from the living room.

"What's wrong?" Kang Chan asked.

"Why are you wearing your uniform? You're not going to school! You should just rest for today."

"No, if I can go, I should go. Anyway, what's wrong?"

Yoo Hye-Sook looked at the check on top of the envelope.

"I'm just shocked because of the amount written on the check. It's a check for 50 million won."

That crazy bastard! In any case, she had no intention of accepting that ill-gotten money.

"You're returning it to him the next time you see him anyway," Kang Chan said.

"Yeah, let's do that. This is making me feel uncomfortable for some reason."

After Kang Chan comforted Yoo Hye-Sook, she asked, "Your father is going to work. Do you want him to give you a lift?"

"Yes."

Kang Dae-Kyung and Kang Chan went to the underground parking lot.

"Is there anything you still haven't told me?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked when they got into the elevator. He had been looking worried for quite a while now, and it seemed like he was waiting for a moment alone with him to ask him about it.

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at Kang Chan and waited for a response.

*Ding.*

Without saying a word, they walked to the car upon arriving at the underground parking lot, got in it, and left.

It was frustrating. Kang Chan even thought he might as well come clean about everything he had done thus far.

They were already halfway to the school, which was ten minutes away from their apartment.

“Do you like pork cutlet?” Kang Chan asked.

Kang Dae-Kyung glanced at him while he was driving. He looked upset and angry.

“Do you want some?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

Nevertheless, he yielded to Kang Chan.

They parked the car at the snack bar in front of the school and ordered two plates of pork cutlets.

“I got into a fight,” Kang Chan broke the silence.

“Hmm.”

Kang Dae-Kyung exhaled and groaned.

“I was up against the gangsters that looked after the students I previously fought in school.”

They were served the pork cutlets after Kang Chan finished speaking.

“Nobody died, but the fight seemed to have been beneficial to the group of people affiliated with the hospital. I decided to call it quits on the condition that we no longer cross paths, which also meant they’d have to leave the school and its students alone.”

“Why did you lie about it?”

“I didn’t want mom to be worried.”

Kang Dae-Kyung appeared to have mixed feelings.

“I’m sorry,” Kang Chan apologized.

“Let’s talk while we eat. Eat up.”

Kang Dae-Kyung saw how Kang Chan cut up his pork cutlet into pieces and ate it with a pair of chopsticks. He then followed suit.

“Let’s come here again with your mom next time.”

Kang Dae-Kyung seemed relieved.

“You know your mom made sacrifices for me, right?” He continued.

Kang Chan didn’t know what he was talking about, but he had to pretend he did.

“She also sacrificed herself to give birth to you. The doctor tried to stop her, but she risked her life anyway.”

Seemingly thirsty, Kang Dae-Kyung took a sip of the soup.

“Your mom is endearing despite what she’s like. I do my best to understand her even when she’s making me do something troublesome or when she’s grumbling. After all, she risked her life to give me the best gift in the world—you.”

Kang Chan swallowed the remaining pork cutlet in his mouth.

“When we nearly lost you, I thought I was going to lose both you and your mom. She told me not to tell you about it, but she never left the ICU when you were bleeding nonstop.”

“I see.”

“Don’t make your mom cry. I don’t need you to go to college. If that upsets your mom, I’ll deal with it myself.”

Both of them smiled awkwardly.

“Thank you for being honest with me today.”

“I’m sorry,” Kang Chan apologized again.

He looked pitifully at Kang Dae-Kyung’s smile.

1. It’s said that pressing on the web between your thumb and index finger helps with indigestion, nausea, and headaches.

2. It’s a wordplay:– the word ‘????’ means ‘crease’, but it also means ‘dominate’.

3. Approximately US\$38,000

## **Chapter 19: You Don’t Want To? (1)**

Kang Chan headed to school after parting ways with Kang Dae-Kyung, walking along the path above the grandstand—the empty field serving as his background—until he arrived at the gymnasium.

*Rattle.*

The gymnasium.

Kang Chan moved one of the chairs leaning against the wall to the window. He then sat down, took a deep breath, and exhaled heavily. He couldn't believe he came to school. It was as confusing to him as dying and being reincarnated into someone else's body.

Even though he had reincarnated, things had been chaotic. On top of that, he had an idiosyncrasy that allowed his wounds to heal very quickly.

*'What exactly do they want from me?'*

Kang Chan had never gotten lucky in life.

*"Tsk!"*

He never liked handouts, preferring to get an explanation as to why people gave him things or asked him to do certain things.

Judging by the time, it was currently the fifth period.

While Kang Chan was staring at the field, the bell rang, marking the end of class.

Moments later...

*Rattle.*

Seok Kang-Ho seemed to pause for a moment, so Kang Chan walked right up to him.

"Are you insane? What are you doing in school?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan smiled softly and pointed to the chair.

"I was given the green light to come to school. Even the doctor was surprised by my fast recovery. He said I have an idiosyncrasy that is present in about 0.1% of the world population. Apparently, I was miraculously discharged from the hospital much earlier than expected as well when I fell from the roof in the past."

Seok Kang-Ho brought a chair over and sat down next to Kang Chan.

"Really?"

"That's what I'm saying!"

“That sounds about right. You returned to school without any issues after only a month,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

“It’s great, but it makes me feel kind of uneasy because I don’t really like getting lucky like this.”

Seok Kang-Ho couldn’t seem to sympathize with him.

“Anyway, have there been any issues?” Kang Chan asked.

“There have been strange rumors going around in school, probably because of the students affiliated with the gangsters. Some say you were in a critical situation after being stabbed by a knife. Some say you were dead, and there was also a rumor about someone seeing you get arrested at the police station. I can’t reveal to anyone that I know the full story, can I?”

“Many of them are relieved, aren’t they?”

“Hahahaha, they think they won’t be seeing you in school this year.”

He wondered how difficult things would’ve been without Seok Kang-Ho’s help.

“Right, the anti-bullying committee has decided to drop the matter,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“Why?”

“Lee Ho-Jun said nobody had hit him, and the other students insisted that they fell from the grandstand. But rumors have been going around this morning, so I don’t know if they’ll end up spilling the truth later in the afternoon.”

Kang Chan laughed hollowly.

“Why didn’t you take a day off today?”

“Strangely, I wanted to see you.”

“I don’t like men!” Seok Kang-Ho grumbled while laughing.

“How’s the athletics club doing?” Kang Chan asked.

“There aren’t any problems in particular apart from students badgering me about wanting to join the club.”

“Maybe I should do a lap around the school.”

“Isn’t marking territory your specialty? Take it easy on them. The students with weak hearts would most likely pass out.”

They burst out laughing at the same time.

“We gathered for a bit today, and I laid down some ground rules before dismissing the club members. Since it was right before class, I didn’t see the need to make them break a sweat. Rumors about you have been going around the teachers’ office since the end of the first period as well,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

Kang Chan simply stared at him.

“The teachers probably think you died,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

“They’re going to be disappointed.”

Seok Kang-Ho laughed distinctively.

“That’s not necessarily the case. Quite a number of teachers are concerned because of the students that are being bullied.” Seok Kang-Ho had a bitter look on his face.

“Please don’t make that face. There’s not much a teacher can do. We now live in a world where you’ll get sued if you hit someone, and if you curse at them, video clips of it can end up circulating online on the day itself. There are even teachers that get beaten up.”

Kang Chan felt as bitter as Seok Kang-Ho.

“Are you going to stay here? I stopped by because it was empty, but I have to go to the teachers’ office.” Seok Kang-Ho said he would be on time for the athletics club, and then made his way to the teachers’ office.

Kang Chan remembered he had to take the medicine the doctor at the hospital had prescribed him. He also remembered the promise he made to the doctor. If he wanted to strengthen his body, he needed to completely recover as soon as possible.

Kang Chan left the gymnasium to get some water. There was a water faucet inside the main building, though there was also the cafeteria and a nearby snack store.

He decided to go to the snack store. He didn’t want to put his mouth anywhere near the water faucet, and he didn’t want to go to the cafeteria since it wasn’t lunchtime yet.

The snack store was located in a temporary building between the field and the back gate. It was quite a distance away from the classrooms, so the students had to sprint all the way there if they wanted to stop by between their classes.

It was Kang Chan's first time going to that place. Since it was close to the back gate, he decided to take the route that would pass by the teachers' office.

The surroundings were very quiet. However, despite how peaceful the school was, he could hear noises coming from the narrow space between the building and the wall.

Kang Chan took a peek inside, finding four boys hiding and smoking cigarettes.

*'Shouldn't they be in class?'*

They looked like 10th graders, but one of the students appeared to be even younger.

Kang Chan smirked and cautiously stepped back. Smoking wasn't something he encouraged, nor was it something to be praised, but he had no intention of interfering with other students' deviant behaviors.

What could he say to stop them from harming themselves using the pocket money their parents had given them? It was cumbersome. He couldn't help but shake his head just thinking about telling those boys not to smoke.

Kang Chan dropped by the snack store, bought a bottle of water, then returned to the gymnasium.

*Rattle.*

Now that the club members had gotten close to one another, he felt that there was no need for him to intervene.

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As soon as the sixth period ended, noises filled the buildings. The 11th and 12th graders' classrooms were located in different buildings, and Kang Chan entered the building used by the 11th graders.

The children looked startled. It was as if they had seen a black-cloaked grim reaper carrying a huge scythe.

*Smirk.*

As soon as Kang Chan went up the stairs and turned to face the hallway, all the students fell silent, shocked.

*'Tsk!'*

Their gazes made it seem like they had just seen a zombie, leaving a bad taste in Kang Chan's mouth.

11th grade, Class 5.

The door was half open.

*Slide.*

The students stiffened up as though someone had shouted 'Freeze!' Cha So-Yeon looked stunned, and Cho Se-Ho, who was slumped over his desk, looked up and blinked at him repeatedly.

Kang Chan walked up to Cha So-Yeon.

"Sunbae-nim?"

"Everything okay?" Kang Chan asked her.

"Yes! Yes!"

"Are you going to the gymnasium after class ends?"

"Yes," Cha So-Yeon responded.

When Kang Chan smiled and turned around, Cho Se-Ho came to his senses and stood straight.

"Goodbye." Cha So-Yeon bid him farewell a bit late. Kang Chan raised his right hand in response.

Next up was Moon Ki-Jin, a 10th grader.

*'This isn't even a battlefield...'*

Kang Chan felt like he was proving to everyone he was still alive.

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There was a guy gauging Kang Chan's mood, a flustered student, and a 10th grader who looked like they had a hard day at school.

The students entering the gymnasium had all kinds of expressions on their faces. They greeted Kang Chan and looked at him with wonder, while those that were already seated observed him quietly.

*Rattle!*



When Kang Chan turned his head, he saw Kim Mi-Young standing outside, poking her head in through the doorway. There were tears in her eyes.

“Come in!”

Kim Mi-Young hesitated and entered.

“Are you okay?” She asked.

Kang Chan nodded in response.

“Are you really okay?”

“I really am. I heard there were strange rumors about me?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yeah.”

“I’m fine. Look at me.”

As long as Kang Chan didn’t take off his school uniform, nobody would suspect his injuries were grave.

“*Sob.*”

Kim Mi-Young started crying out of nowhere in front of all the other students.

“Don’t cry. I’m perfectly fine, so why are you crying?” Kang Chan stood up and comforted Kim Mi-Young.

*Don’t tell me I like her as a woman.*

But Kim Mi-Young had to have been unbearably anxious for her to cry in a place like this. Kang Chan didn’t want to ruin a young girl’s fantasy in front of the other students, and it felt like he was consoling a younger sister who was afraid of losing her older brother anyway. Nothing more, nothing less.

It would all be over once school vacation had started.

Kim Mi-Young managed to wipe the tears from her face.

“You have to go to *hagwon*, right?” Kang Chan asked.

Kim Mi-Young shook her head. It wasn’t that she didn’t have *hagwon*, but that she wasn’t going to attend the class.

“Don’t skip *it*. Text me after you’re done with your class. I’ll be at home.”

“Really?” Kim Mi-Young asked.

They were having a conversation in front of the athletics club members, who were glancing suspiciously at them.

“Go to *hagwon*. And text me after.”

“Okay.”

Kim Mi-Young seemed to have finally calmed down. She only left the gymnasium after Kang Chan nodded twice.

Shortly after, four more people entered the gymnasium, and finally, Seok Kang-Ho showed up. They arranged the chairs in a circle, and Seok Kang-Ho sat down on an empty chair by the door.

He looked at the members of the club and asked, “Did you bring your workout clothes?”

“Yes,” They answered.

“In that case, the girls will be changing in the counseling office. As for the boys, you may change here. When you’re done, gather at the field.”

“Yes, Mr. Seok.”

The children rushed out of the gymnasium after changing.

“In any case, you’ve achieved celebrity status.” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

“Why?”

Seok Kang-Ho looked at him and said in an amused tone, “The school was thrown into commotion after the news about you coming to school started spreading.”

Kang Chan didn’t find that amusing at all.

“Let’s go. I’m going to make the students play a good round of *Dakyu*.” Seok Kang-Ho got up from his chair, looking happy.

“Hurry up. Let’s play a round of *Dakyu*!” He told Kang Chan and left the gymnasium immediately after.

“Did that bastard forget I’m injured?” Kang Chan smirked and got up.

All attention was on the athletics club’s members. There were quite a number of students sitting at the grandstand and watching them.

As soon as Kang Chan appeared, all eyes focused on him.

“Tsk!”

Looking at the gazes of these high school students, Kang Chan felt like he was the odd one out.

Kang Chan sat on an empty seat and watched the club members split themselves into two groups before playing *Dakyu*.

They still looked clumsy. Then again, it was only their first day, so he shouldn't have high expectations. Additionally, they were running around not knowing why they had to engage in this activity.

One by one, the students that were watching them got up and left. Seok Kang-Ho roughly set the mood and walked over to Kang Chan leisurely before sitting down next to him.

“They're not going to be able to do this every day,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

When Kang Chan glanced at Seok Kang-Ho, he continued.

“They have to wash up after this, and it's almost finals. It'll be hard for them to study properly after running around like this. Doing this twice a week should be enough.”

“It's up to you,” Kang Chan replied.

Kang Chan shifted his gaze back to the field. Seok Kang-Ho glanced at Kang Chan's side profile.

“What's the matter?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“France...” Kang Chan slowly turned his head and looked at Seok Kang-Ho.

“It's okay if you don't go,” Seok Kang-Ho responded.

Kang Chan smirked. When he looked at the field once again, a 10th grader, Kim Min-Soo, was cheering after knocking over the plastic bottle.

“Minors require parental consent,” Seok Kang-Ho added.

“There's always a way.”

Seok Kang-Ho smacked his lips loudly.

“My memory of Smithen’s face and others’ have become unclear. One side had to fall on that battlefield anyway, and survival wasn’t guaranteed, so I’ve been wondering if I really have to go there,” Kang Chan said.

“You’re still ultimately going to go there, aren’t you?”

“If I can’t find the man responsible for our deaths, I’ll come back here again.”

“Fat chance. If you take charge and lead your new comrades, the enemy is going to give you another cool nickname. Since you still have the same name, they’ll probably call you ‘God of Blackfield Jr.’”

“Your English has improved a lot, huh?” Kang Chan said in admiration, to which Seok Kang Ho responded, “I am a teacher, after all.”

The sound of students running around and screaming caught their attention.

“The enemy was the one who pulled the trigger, but we need to find out how and why they targeted us. The operation was supposed to begin 30 minutes later, but we heard the radio announcing our departure 25 minutes before that. That meant it was safe at the frontlines. In other words, we got sniped.”

Seok Kang-Ho nodded with a serious look on his face.

“Apart from our unit, all the other soldiers were shot to death, which means they had positioned their snipers according to our numbers. Considering we began the operation 25 minutes earlier, their leader was probably the one that shot us,” Kang Chan said.

“Hmm.”

“What can people do about dying on the battlefield? If they get enraged, they’ll just shoot and slash the enemy like lunatics before dying. But Daye...”

“Yes?”

“It’s a different story when it comes to feeding you, me, or our unit members to the enemy as prey. After seeing the look in Smithen’s eyes, I can’t confidently accept the current life I’m enjoying without repaying my debt to that bastard.”

Seok Kang-Ho exhaled loudly.

“The parents of this body’s owner are truly wonderful, so much so that I don’t want to let them go. Whenever I feel their love for me, I feel sorry and grateful for them. And I start refusing to leave whenever that happens. Thinking about the amount of pain they’d have to go through when they send me off, or if they were to receive a notice that I’ve been killed in action, scares me.”

“Why did you leave out your first love?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang smirked.

“She’s not my first love. And I’m not the son they know, trust, and love. Frankly, I’m deceiving those good people, which is all the more reason for me to leave. Isn’t it too cowardly of me to abandon the people who believed in me for things that aren’t mine to begin with?”

When Cha So-Yeon fell down, the other students ran over and helped her up.

“It’s the first time in my life I’ve experienced love from others. I hate that it’s not actually meant for me.”

Seok Kang-Ho grunted. He placed his hands on his knee and got up.

“Fucking bastard. You have to find out who he is and cut his head off before coming back.”

“I will.”

Kang Chan got up too.

An hour had passed. The two girls went to the watch room to wash up, and the boys washed off the dirt on their bodies using the water faucet.

Since Kang Chan had received a generous allowance from his parents, he gave them money, and Moon Ki-Jin bought ice pops for the club members to share on the field.

The students’ faces were still flushed. They chatted with one another, looking relieved.

When Seok Kang-Ho warned them that they would be kicked out of the athletics club if their grades were to drop, Cha So-Yeon suggested studying together in the morning when the club members would gather. Seok Kang-Ho readily accepted her suggestion.

It was just the first day, but it seemed like they were already relying on one another. Seok Kang-Ho proposed to have dinner together. Avoiding his gaze, Kang Chan left school.

Six of the students took the bus. It was nice to see them smiling while reeking of sweat.

“Bye.”

After seeing Cha So-Yeon get on the bus, Kang Chan realized he didn’t know which bus to take and that he didn’t have a transportation card.

Kang Chan couldn't possibly be incapable of buying his own transportation card and finding out which bus to take. However, he simply walked home. Apart from being greeted by high schoolers he didn't recognize at times, he didn't feel particularly bad.

He was now used to the apartment.

When Kang Chan opened the front door, he saw Yoo Hye-Sook approaching him, probably because she heard the sound of him keying in the passcode.

"You're back, dear?"

Kang Chan smiled at her.

"Are you feeling alright? Have you taken your medicine?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

Kang Chan smiled softly.

"Why are you smiling?"

"I'm just happy to be home," Kang Chan responded.

"Oh, my! Do you want some fruit?"

"Would you like to have some?" Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Sure."

He had gotten used to conversations like that.

After changing out of his school uniform, Kang Chan had some melon and watermelon with Yoo Hye-Sook and spent time with her.

1. In the original text, the author described that Kang Chan felt like a sardine that was accidentally caught in a school of mackerels. The word '????' means 'mackerel', but it is also a term used for 'high schoolers'.

## **Chapter20, Part1: You Don't Want To? (2)**

Kang Chan entered his room and looked at his phone on his desk. After inserting a fully-charged battery and turning it on, a bunch of text messages flooded in. He received a lot of texts from Kim Mi-Young, followed by a couple from unknown numbers.

[Hi Channy, it's Michelle. Call me back.]

[Call me.]

[It's such a turnoff for you to keep ignoring me.]

[I don't like where this is going.]

[It seems like you're telling me to get lost, huh? I'm debating about it.]

There were five text messages.

Kang Chan looked at the messages for a moment before pressing the call button.

— 'ello?

“Michelle? It's Kang Chan.”

— Channy?

“Yeah. You texted me?”

— You read my texts? I was disappointed you didn't pick up my calls.

“I was hospitalized. I just got discharged today.”

— Did you hurt yourself? Is it because of the bandaged hand I saw that day?

Why did women ask more than one question at a time?

“I'm fine. What's up?”

— You shouldn't get the ladies all excited and then play dumb. My friends were really looking forward to it, too.

“You know I'm a high schooler, right?”

— You probably know what it's like in France. You were so cold that day, and you're being cold right now, too! You're kind of strangely charming whenever you turn me down, you know. You give off the vibe of a wounded beast.

*Hooo! Should I ask if she's Smithen?*

— Are you free today?

Michelle had a sweet voice. No, it was seductive.

“My upper body is all wrapped up in bandages.”

— Ahh! How sexy!

Was she a crazy bitch?

— We'll get your blood pumping.

"I'm not free today..."

— You're really strange. There are men begging on their knees to be with us.

"Go meet with those men, then."

— Whoa! I really like you. In that case, let's grab something to eat. Perhaps you might change your mind after that.

"Fine."

Kang Chan agreed to meet with Michelle and her friends on Saturday afternoon, saying he would text her as soon as he had decided on the location. There was a chance he wouldn't meet with them, though. In any case, he didn't flatly reject her when she had offered to help him the other day, so he was planning to draw a clear line between them without Yoo Hye-Sook around.

Kang Chan didn't hate women. He did have his fair share of experience with women back in France, but it was all purely lust. He never dated any of the women because he didn't want to find love in a hellhole like that.

He passed the time browsing the internet until it was time for dinner. Regardless of how many times he had searched for terms related to France, Africa, and the battle that fateful day, he couldn't find anything. Then again, it would be rather odd for information pertaining to it to be circulating on the internet.

Kang Chan had dinner with just Yoo Hye-Sook. The steamed egg was delicious so he finished all of it, leaving nothing behind. The sight elated Yoo Hye-Sook. She looked quite happy, almost as if she had won a cooking competition.

Kang Chan took his medicine after watching TV for a while. Kang Dae-Kyung got home at around 9 pm.

"Welcome home," Kang Chan greeted him.

"You must be tired, honey," Yoo Hye-Sook said.

"I feel completely fine now that I've seen you and Chan."

"Oh my!" She responded.



It was a scene that gave Kang Chan goosebumps. However, Kang Chan could tell there was a tinge of awkwardness on Kang Dae-Kyung's facial expression. It was similar to the facial expressions of his unit members when they were seriously injured but acted as though it was nothing. Such behavior could only mean one thing—they didn't want to break their comrades' morale.

Kang Chan feigned ignorance and went back to his room. That was all one had to do if they were to see someone hiding something. There had to have been a reason why Kang Dae-Kyung was hiding something from them.

About 30 minutes later, Kang Chan went outside to the bench. Shortly after, he saw Kim Mi-Young looking at her phone while walking into the entrance of the apartment. She seemed to be waiting for a response after sending a text.

"Snow White!"

Kim Mi-Young lifted her head in surprise and smiled brightly at Kang Chan. The reason why he didn't mercilessly turn her down was right before him.

"You're exhausted, aren't you?"

"Yeah!" She responded with relief in her eyes, seemingly having found a safe place to rest after a long journey.

"Are you hungry?"

"I'll just eat something at home," She responded.

At most, all he had to do was meet with her and chat with her at the bench. He wondered if that ever bored her or if she found it troublesome.

Even though she was naive and frustrating, Kim Mi-Young's presence didn't make Kang Chan feel uncomfortable—a sensation he never experienced in France. It wasn't too bad because he just felt like he had a younger sister he wanted to protect within society instead of on the battlefield.

After comforting her, he could just tell her, 'I'm going to study abroad in France. Let's meet after we become successful.' Wouldn't that be a great excuse? He was planning to use the same excuse on Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook. And then, he could immediately apply to the army after six months.

People's memories of others would gradually become fainter and fainter when they were out of sight. Just like how even Kang Chan's memory of Smithen's face was blurry now.

Kim Mi-Young rambled on about things that had happened at *hagwon* and looked at Kang Chan from time to time, smiling. Little by little, Kang Chan gained a better understanding of Kim Mi-Young's situation—her mother decided everything for her. It seemed like she followed her mother's wishes, even when it came to who she could be close friends with and who she had to distance herself from.

She had an old, basic keypad phone because smartphones were a waste of time.

"Right! What do you wanna be in the future?" Kang Chan asked Kim Mi-Young. He asked because he suddenly remembered what Seok Kang-Ho said and because he had nothing else to say.

"Um...a diplomat."

Kang Chan just nodded. People could change their aspirations whenever they felt like it, after all.

At that moment, Kim Mi-Young's phone started buzzing.

"I'm in front of the apartment building now. I'll be going up any minute."

Kang Chan got up too. It was time to go home.

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Up until Friday, the days were so peaceful they came across as boring. After Kang Chan was done with his classes, he swung by the hospital to disinfect his wounds. Apart from his shoulder and left hand, his wounds had healed significantly enough to only need gauzes.

"By next Monday, you should be able to start taking showers."

"That soon? Will I be able to do physical activities, then?"

Kang Chan was surprised.

"It'll be difficult for you to do strenuous physical activities, but I think you should be able to walk briskly. Don't ever overexert yourself," The doctor warned him with a warm smile.

It seemed like he would still be fine after removing half the bandages wrapped around his body. Besides, he could even shower now.

When he returned home, Kang Chan had dinner with Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Is there something you're worried about?" Kang Chan asked.

“Huh? Oh, it’s nothing.”

It was apparent that Yoo Hye-Sook was now aware of what Kang Dae-Kyung was trying to hide. When Kang Chan entered the room, Yoo Hye-Sook had to bottle up her worries.

Yoo Hye-Sook didn’t force Kang Chan to study, probably because he had fallen from the roof of a building and was just in a car accident. Were they thinking of suggesting he take a break from school this year and resume studying next year?

While Kang Chan and Yoo Hye-Sook were watching TV together, Yoo Hye-Sook would go into her bedroom whenever she received a call, returning to the living room after it had ended with a disappointed look on her face.

Kang Dae-Kyung got home after the clock struck 9.

“I’m home.” Kang Dae-Kyung forced a smile. Yoo Hye-Sook looked at him with pity.

What should Kang Chan do? Should he continue feigning ignorance until the very end?

Just then, Kang Chan saw Yoo Hye-Sook hitting her own chest, evidently forcing herself to eat. She probably forced her food down so Kang Chan wouldn’t have to eat alone.

When Kang Dae-Kyung changed into something comfortable and went to the living room, Kang Chan became determined to do something about it.

“Would you like to take a walk?” Kang Chan asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Huh?” Yoo Hye-Sook was still in the room.

After hesitating for a bit, Kang Dae-Kyung said, “Yeah, I’ll come with you,” then went into the master bedroom.

“Where are you planning to go at this hour?”

“We’re just spending quality time between men. Even if you’re jealous, please bear with it.”

Kang Dae-Kyung came out of the room with a cardigan and forced himself to make a joke.

“Honey!” Yoo Hye-Sook called out to Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Yeah?”

Yoo Hye-Sook quickly glanced at Kang Chan in an attempt to tell her husband not to say anything that would make Kang Chan worry.

“Don’t stay out too late.”

Nonetheless, she said something entirely different, hiding her true feelings.

## **Chapter20, Part2: You Don’t Want To? (2)**

Kang Chan and Kang Dae-Kyung got out of the elevator and walked toward the bench on one side. Kang Chan didn’t say a word. Kang Dae-Kyung didn’t have to ask him why he wanted to leave the house to know why, and he had no intention of forcing him to do anything.

“I was planning to import cars from France. I decided to get 50 of them first. They are going to be display and test drive cars. After that, there was a high chance we’ll make huge profits since we’ll be submitting customers’ orders separately.”

Kang Dae-Kyung let out a long sigh.

“You know Suh Jeong Group, right? They have a subsidiary called Suh Jeong Motors. They made an offer to import the cars I was going to import, clearly greedy for the market I pioneered.”

Kang Dae-Kyung looked slightly relieved.

“Then I received a call from France. They said if I were to purchase 500 cars in one go, they would give me exclusive rights to import them. Since we made a deal with them first, they claimed it was the best offer they could make. They made that offer knowing I couldn’t do that, essentially forcing me to work together with the big corporation.”

“What kind of cars are you importing?” Kang Chan asked.

“It’s called Chiffre. You’ve heard of it, right?”

Kang Chan exhaled cautiously. Chiffre was a luxury sedan. The local price was approximately 90 million Korean Won. If they were 90 million won each, 500 of them would cost... a huge sum of money.

“Will you suffer a huge loss if you were to back out of the deal?”

“We’ll have to forfeit the down payment we made for the 50 cars, or we have to pay the remaining sum of money and buy them before reselling them. Either way, the losses we’d incur are about the same. I feel sorry for you and your mother, but I got a loan using our house as collateral. If things go south, we’d be in a very tough situation. I’m sorry.”

“It doesn’t bother me,” Kang Chan responded.

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at him for a moment and smiled sadly.

“I’m worried about you and your mom. I tried everything I could to hide it from you two, but I failed. It’s especially harder for me when it comes to deceiving your mom.”

“It was very obvious.”

“Was it?”

“Yes.”

Kang Dae-Kyung couldn’t control his facial expressions.

“Your mom barely managed to survive you getting into an accident. If something happens to me this time around, your mom might...”

Did Yoo Hye-Sook have any chronic illness?

“Her doctor said it would be very dangerous if she were to have a bloody discharge again... If your mom collapses or seems to be having a bloody discharge when I’m not around, you need to do whatever it takes to rush her to Sam Jeong Hospital’s emergency room. They have your mom’s chart, so they’ll know what to do.”

If she risked her life and bled in the ICU to give birth to Kang Chan, then...

Kang Dae-Kyung covered his face with his hands.

“The French executives we have an appointment with next week are arriving this week. Suh Jeong Motors made a very attractive offer to the Korean branch manager. They’re probably hoping to wrap things up with us quickly so they can proceed with the offer they made with the branch manager.”

Kang Dae-Kyung only talked about it briefly, but it sounded like it was already a done deal. If they were on a battlefield, this would be the perfect time to quickly gather the survivors and order them to retreat.

“It’ll all work out,” Kang Chan said.

“Hoo! There truly are times when sons can be a pillar of strength. You’re still young, so it must be a huge shock to you, but I didn’t want to lie to you either. If things become difficult for us for some time... It’ll be all my fault. Your mom hasn’t done anything wrong, so if you want to resent someone...”

“Thank you for being honest with me.”

Kang Dae-Kyung forced a smile.

“So they’ll be arriving tomorrow or the day after, huh?” Kang Chan remarked.

“They’re arriving tomorrow. We decided to take the day off and meet with them on Sunday at lunch.”

“Didn’t we plan to go together?”

Kang Dae-Kyung shook his head.

“Since this is the final stretch, I’ll come with you,” Kang Chan suggested.

“No, it’s okay. I’ll do well.”

Kang Dae-Kyung didn’t want Kang Chan to see him bow down to them or witness the deal fall apart.

“The only thing I can do is interpret for you. Considering mother seems to have been calling around asking for help, we should join forces and give it our best shot. If it doesn’t work out, at least we did everything we can. Please let me go with you.”

Kang Dae-Kyung looked into Kang Chan’s eyes and exhaled heavily.

“Alright. Even if it doesn’t work out, help me out until the very end. Your mom...” Kang Dae-Kyung clenched his teeth hard, keeping his emotions in check.

“Let’s pretend everything’s alright so your mom wouldn’t worry... Let’s do our best.” Kang Dae-Kyung shifted his gaze to the seventh floor, where their apartment was.

“I’ll head up first,” Kang Chan said.

There were moments when men needed time alone.

When Kang Chan walked through the front door, Yoo Hye-Sook looked behind him.

“Father said he wanted to get some fresh air before coming back.”

Yoo Hye-Sook nodded grimly. There were mixed emotions written all over her face—fear of the difficult times ahead, concern for Kang Dae-Kyung, and pity toward Kang Chan.

Kang Chan went into his room. He had to look for the money he kept in his bank account in France. He didn’t have much, but he had hardly touched it, so he probably had approximately 150 million Korean Won.

*'I would've been regarded as dead, so will my biological parents receive the sum of money instead? No, it's my personal individual account. I know the passcode.'*

If everything went according to plan, he'd find it.

At that moment, Kang Chan received a text message, so he called the sender.

— 'ello, Channy!

“Let's push back our meetup by a week, Michelle.”

— Channy, this is too disrespectful.

“Something important came up at home. Let's meet next week.”

A loud sigh came from the other end of the line.

— Monday.

“Got it.”

— Don't reschedule it again.

“Text me the time and location. I'll definitely be there.”

— Alright.

After hanging up, Kang Chan scoured the internet.

“There it is!”

He found Crédit Paris' website. Contrary to his expectations, however, there was no way for him to access his bank account since he didn't apply for internet banking in the first place. And he also couldn't remember his account number.

Kang Chan heard Kang Dae-Kyung entering the apartment and going into the master bedroom with Yoo Hye-Sook. Kang Chan wanted to help him in any way possible, even if it was just a little.

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Kang Chan went to school that Saturday. He told Seok Kang-Ho about Kang Dae-Kyung's problem.

“Oh no. I don’t have any of my salary left in France.” Seok Kang-Ho quickly turned his head and stared into the void. “Wait, I might be able to get a loan using my house as collateral.”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves. Finding my savings in Crédit Paris is the best thing we can do right now, but their only branch office is in Hong Kong. I’ll call them on Monday and look into it first,” Kang Chan responded.

“I’m worried about your mother.”

“She’ll be fine.”

He was fortunate to have Seok Kang-Ho by his side.

Kim Mi-Young sent Kang Chan a text message that Saturday evening, but he lied to her, saying he had a cold, so they only talked on the phone. Kang Chan was so worried about Yoo Hye-Sook that he had no time to think about anything else.

*‘If I pray, will my prayers be answered?’*

Despite enemies attacking him in the countless battles he had fought, he never did resort to praying.

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The next morning, Yoo Hye-Sook was on the brink of tears during breakfast. Even so, she put on a strong front and held it in. She looked like she felt bad for Kang Dae-Kyung and sorry for Kang Chan at the same time.

Kang Chan didn’t want her to eat because he was afraid she would get indigestion, but he couldn’t stop her since he thought it would make Yoo Hye-Sook feel even worse.

After having a tension-filled morning, Kang Dae-Kyung and Kang Chan stood at the front door. Kang Dae-Kyung was wearing a suit, while Kang Chan had neat cotton pants and a shirt on.

“See you later,” Yoo Hye-Sook finally burst into tears.

“We’ll give it our all. I’m sorry, honey.”

While Kang Dae-Kyung was hugging her, Kang Chan quietly walked out the front door.

Moments later, Kang Dae-Kyung left the house. His eyes were red.



Kang Dae-Kyung was silent the entire time they were taking the elevator down to the underground parking lot. He remained silent even when the car left the apartment complex and entered the main road.

~

Kang Dae-Kyung finally broke the silence after pulling over at the hotel at the bottom of Namsan Mountain.

"I feel like I can maintain my confidence until the end. My son's with me, after all."

Kang Dae-Kyung smiled at Kang Chan with every ounce of energy and courage left in his body.

"There will be two executives and an interpreter from my company. I'll be upfront with them about you being my son. I'll also tell the French executives that you're assisting with the interpretation."

Even though it was bound to fail, Kang Chan really hoped everything would be okay.

Kang Chan glanced at the sky just before they entered the lobby.

*'Help these two people in exchange for my life.'*

They walked through the revolving door. Kang Chan flew into a rage.

*'This is the first time I've ever asked you for anything since I was born. After dealing me a bad hand, a fucked up life, the least you can do is grant my wish just this once! Do this for me, and I'll die smiling even if the price I have to pay is to be hacked to death in Africa.'*

Kang Chan clenched his teeth. They were already in the lobby, and the lounge was just inside it.

"They're already here, huh," Kang Dae-Kyung said.

The executives and interpreter got up when they made eye contact with Kang Dae-Kyung. By the time Kang Dae-Kyung approached the table, the two French executives had also gotten up from their seats.

"Bonjour."

It was Sharlan, the commander that briefed them about the operation that day. And the person next to him was Smithen. Both of them stood up to greet Kang Dae-Kyung.

Kang Chan felt as though his heart and brain had froze.

