

God of Blackfield

Chapter 2: Blackfield (2)

When Kang Chan woke up the second time around, not only did the back of his head and neck hurt, but his nose hurt ridiculously as well.

“Waaaater.”

“Doctor!”

‘Please. Don’t just call for the doctor. Give me some water.’

“Waaater.”

After a brief ruckus, Kang Chan finally felt something moist on his lips. He wasn’t given any actual water; instead, they simply placed a wet gauze over his mouth. He didn’t care about anything else—he just needed a glass of water for his parched throat.

“Maybe it’s because he works out, but his body is definitely recovering quickly.”

While it was true that he did have a relatively good physique, it was his first time hearing someone say that he worked out. But why were they speaking in Korean?

After sucking in some water from the gauze, Kang Chan felt like he was coming back to his senses. He tried his best to force his eyes open, and after a brief struggle, he was finally able to move his half-open eyes and look around.

He was in the hospital.

Intricately connected machines were attached to each bed. Kang Chan knew why his nose hurt—a large tube was going down his nose to his throat.

“Can you see me?”

Kang Chan nodded his head slightly.

One, two, three women: one with short hair, another with a bob cut, and one with her hair tied up. Height, chest, waist, hips. His trained eye instinctively assessed the features of the enemy.

“Water, please.”

One of the women skillfully placed a new gauze on his lips.

“Ptooeey! I’m asking for water.”

Do they think I’m some recruit or something?

“You can’t have any water yet.”

She placed the wet gauze on his lips again. Perhaps his act of spitting out the gauze was effective—the gauze was soaked in quite a fair amount of water this time. After ‘replenishing’ himself like that twice, Kang Chan came to his senses. He started looking right and left, as he could finally open his eyes and move them properly.

“Where am I?”

“Have you come to your senses?”

Kang Chan nodded slightly.

“Do you remember what happened?”

Do these people think I’m an idiot?

“Yeah, so loosen this thing around my neck.”

“We can’t do that.” The lady with short hair and a small chest answered with a firm voice.

There weren’t any facilities like that in Africa, so he must have been transported here by plane. If that were the case, then he must have been unconscious for quite some time.

“How many days was I in a coma?”

“Three days.”

“Where is this?”

“Samjeong Hospital.”

“Samjeong, Korea?”

The lady with short hair looked at Kang Chan weirdly. She looked like she was around 27 years old; she had small eyes and a high-bridged nose, making her features look very sharp.

Just then, a doctor decked in an operating gown approached him.

“How do you feel? Do you feel any pain anywhere?”

Droopy eyes wearing high-index lens glasses; he looked as though he hadn't slept in two days. Chubby face, early thirties.

“Get this off me.”

Kang Chan tried to move his neck.

“It’s better to wear the neck brace for the time being.” As the doctor responded, the bell rang.

“Have a good visit with your parents, they must be very happy.”

Parents? What parents?

As soon as the doctor left, a group of people instantly flocked to Kang Chan.

“Chan! Our dear Chan!”

Permed hair, late forties. Big eyes, somewhat high nose, short stature.

“Can you see me? Can you recognize me? It’s mom.”

Kang Chan blinked and tried to identify the lady.

A woman I don’t know is claiming to be my mother. How should I respond to this??

Kang Chan wondered if it was just a dream.

It had been two days since the visitation, but Kang Chan was confused about everything that happened. After asking time and time again, what he had gotten thus far was that it was currently 2010, and his name was indeed Kang Chan, but he was a senior at Shinmuk High School.

He had fallen off the roof of a five-story building in school, but a tree had broken his fall. Nonetheless, he had fallen upside down onto the ground, and was rushed to the hospital. Fortunately, he hadn’t broken any bones, but he had some kind of amnesia, and delusions of grandeur.

His father was Kang Dae-Kyung, and his mother was Yoo Hye-Sook. Kang Chan was their only son. He was neither good nor bad when it came to his academics; he was rather obedient, and he liked working out, so he did it regularly.

“Doctor, can my son be cured?”

Yoo Hye-Sook wiped her tears with her handkerchief. The tall and old-fashioned Kang Dae-Kyung was sitting next to her. He also had the same sad look on his face.

“It’s good that the cervical spine injury we were concerned about was so minor that it was truly a miracle but...”

Kang Chan’s doctor, Heo Ji-Hwan, looked up again after glancing at the computer.

“Even the psychiatrist says that there’s no cure right now. It’s understandable for him to have amnesia, but as for how serious his delusions are, I’m sorry, but it’s best for you to just protect and comfort him for the time being.”

Kang Dae-Kyung patted Yoo Hye-Sook on the shoulder as she lowered her head.

Entering Chorok Apartments in Nonhyeon-dong, Gangnam-gu, Kang Chan quietly followed Yoo Hye-Sook’s lead. Judging from the luxury car and the area where the apartment block was located, it was evident that he led a fairly comfortable life.

Unit 701.

After getting off the elevator, Kang Dae-Kyung opened the door, and Yoo Hye-Sook led Kang Chan to the room on the left. Kang Chan looked around the room.

“Do you remember this place? It’s your room.”

Yoo Hye-Sook started tearing up again.

“You’re doing it again. He’ll be fine after resting for a bit. Go rest up.”

Kang Dae-Kyung consoled Yoo Hye-Sook and went out of the room.

There was a bed with a headboard by the window, and a bookshelf and a wardrobe leaning against the wall on the other side. And so he could sit immediately, there was a desk right by the entrance with a computer on it. And that was everything he had in the room.

Kang Chan looked at himself in the mirror on the wall.

‘Is this a dream? Am I dead? What exactly is going on?’

Now that he looked at himself, he didn’t like the way he looked either. He sat down at the desk and rested his head on both hands.

'Could it be that those dead men were so pissed that they put a curse on me?'

A shaman? That was ridiculous. If such black magic existed, who would even die?

Moreover, Kang Chan had seen several shamans die via beheading.

"Whatever. I'll just stay here for a while and see what happens. I might get an answer as time goes on."

Kang Chan sat down at the desk and rummaged through the drawers.

"This bastard doesn't smoke either?"

Right now, he needed cigarettes. While he was searching for them, Kang Chan began scouring through the desk and shelves because he wanted to know what kind of person the original owner of his body was.

He was 179cm tall, and he had quite a bit of muscle, so he wasn't weak, but Kang Chan didn't quite like the impression his face gave off. The corners of his eyes made him look kind, and he had a nose with a rounded tip, just like Kang Dae-Kyung's. It wasn't his style.

Kang Chan flipped open the books on the bookshelf one by one. Since all he had were just reference books, self-teaching books, and workbooks, Kang Chan was about to sigh when he tilted his head and scrutinized a book. That was because aside from the ten pages at the front and back of the book titled 'Math Solutions', the rest of the pages were filled with miscellaneous notes.

[I'll kill them. I'll kill all the people that bullied me.]

'Seriously, this bastard. If you're going to kill them, just kill them. Why would you leave such evidence behind?'

Kang Chan decided to sit on the bed and slowly read it.

[I brought them money again today. Even though I worked out so much, my heart was racing and I couldn't breathe, so I couldn't do it in the end. Why am I like this? Am I really a fool? Why do I feel so anxious and struggle to breathe whenever I'm in front of them?]

'What the heck? He was actually bullied by them or something?'

[Even though they knew I didn't take Mi-Young's photo, the other guys still insulted me. Coward. They did that on purpose. I'll kill them all.]

"Whew."

Kang Chan closed the book and threw it next to the bed. Suddenly, his craving for cigarettes became even more intense.

It took a week for Kang Chan to get used to living in the apartment. Figuring out how to use the bidet and water purifier was fucking hard, but it was even harder learning how to use his smartphone. Naturally, the appliance that helped him the most was the television.

During this period of time, Kang Chan refrained from speaking as much as possible; after eating his meals, he would sit in the living room and fiddle with the remote control, surfing through the channels and learning the ways of the world.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook would watch him. Their faces showed determination, but their eyes betrayed their worries.

Kang Chan finally learned how to properly use a smartphone after a week. Naturally, he had many other questions aside from that.

'Let's leave it. I'll figure it out one by one.'

However, he didn't ask any more questions, because he couldn't bring himself to say the words 'mom', or 'mother'.

It took two weeks for Kang Chan to get somewhat used to his new life. Unlike the first week, he mainly spent his second week browsing the computer and the internet, which was truly a whole new world for him.

However, while Yoo Hye-Sook was rather tolerant of him watching the television, she was particularly concerned about him using the computer. That didn't mean Kang Chan felt the same way, so he was able to experience the new world to his heart's content by sleeping less.

After dinner, before going to bed, Kang Dae-Kyung sat across from Yoo Hye-Sook as he drank a cup of tea.

"Is he still on the computer?"

"I'm so worried about him."

"Just let him be for now. At least he came back to life."

“I try to think of it that way, but it’s not working. And as the days go by, the look in his eyes is becoming scarier and scarier, so it’s making me really worried as well. What do you think?”

“Hmm.” Kang Dae-Kyung pursed his lips and exhaled heavily. “I did feel the same way too. Sometimes my heart sinks when I look into his eyes but... *tsk*, it’s probably because it was such a major accident that the shock and trauma haven’t gone away. He’s our son who came back to life. Let’s just be grateful for now. Like what you said when he was in the intensive care unit—as long as he’s alive, we won’t worry about his academics or anything else ever again. So let’s just be grateful for now, okay?”

Yoo Hye-Sook nodded with a helpless look on her face.

Kang Chan was sitting in front of the computer. The contents of the African War from 2005 to 2007 were displayed on the screen. However, Kang Chan couldn’t find anything particularly informative. There were no records of the French mercenaries, and he couldn’t find anything by running a search on the short list of names.

“Let’s take one step at a time and slowly dig for information.”

In any case, Kang Chan wasn’t expecting to find something right away, so he took a deep breath and slowly typed in the next search term.

Buzzz—.

At that moment, his smartphone vibrated shortly. It was the first time it had rang since he got it, so Kang Chan quickly picked up his phone.

It was a text message from a person named Lee Ho-Jun.

Buzzz— Buzzz— Buzzz—

Just as he was about to check the text, three more consecutive messages came in.

[Dickhead. I heard you went home? But you didn’t bother reporting to me? Do you have a death wish? Call me now.]

[You know what happens when you ignore me, right? Stop fooling around and call me now. Bring the money you owe from the past month too.]

[Hey! Are you not going to call me?]

Kang Chan looked at the text messages and smirked. Whoever wanted to talk on the phone could just call the other party first, so he didn’t get why this guy was kicking a

huge fuss, telling him to call. And on the other hand, the content of the messages was hilarious.

'They call themselves his parents and they don't even know their son's being treated like this?'

Buzzz—

[You motherfucker! Why the fuck did you delete the messages? Hurry up and download the messages. Call me first.]

"I'm busy."

Kang Chan decided to call Lee Ho-Jun first. As soon as he tapped on the blue image that looked like a phone, an upbeat tune, similar to the ones played on the TV was heard. However, the tune stopped immediately and curse words started pouring out.

— Hey! Kang Chan! You fucking bastard, you got a death wish?

Kang Chan couldn't help but laugh. It was the first insult he had heard in seven years. If his unit members had heard about it, they wouldn't have believed it.

— Did you just laugh? You fucker, did that fall knock your brains out?! Hey! Heeey! Aren't you gonna say anything?!

"Lee Ho-Jun?"

— Yeah, you bastard. Did you finally get your shit together? Answer me already, you fucker. Hey! You got the money?

"What money?"

— Ha! Little dickhead, you really went cuckoo, huh? Did the doctors transplant you a pair of balls? Did they give you a bunch of courage pills, motherfucker?!

"Heh heh heh heh."

— Did you really go insane, you bastard? Come out now!

"Kiddo, it's nighttime now, so I'll see you tomorrow. Where do you want to meet?"

— Hey, you motherfucker!

"Hahahaha."

Kang Chan laughed, finding Lee Ho-Jun very cute. He wanted to leave the house right away to see what kind of person he was, but he didn't want to explain to Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook why he was leaving the house late at night.

As Kang Chan laughed, Lee Ho-Jun went haywire, swearing hard at him.

“Stop cursing and call me tomorrow.”

Kang Chan hung up and switched off the phone immediately.

“Whew... How exactly did you live your life?”

Kang Chan shook his head while staring into the mirror hanging on one side of the room.

The next morning.

While having breakfast, Kang Chan saw an opportunity and broke the silence.

“I'll be going out for a bit today.”

“Oh? Where to?”

Perhaps he was surprised that Kang Chan took the initiative to speak first—Kang Dae-Kyung asked him a question back in response, and Yoo Hye-Sook even stopped chewing and looked at him.

“I'm just going to meet with some friends and walk around.”

“Yeah! That's a good idea. You should do that. I'll be going to work, so get some pocket money from your mom and get some fresh air.”

“Yes.”

That was the end of the conversation, but excitement and concern lingered on Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook's faces the entire time until they were done with their breakfast.

When Kang Chan went back to his room and turned on his phone, more than fifty messages flooded his inbox.

“Huehuehue.”

He was at a loss for words this time around, so he laughed.

After the phone was done vibrating from all the messages received, Kang Chan made a phone call. Strangely, the other party didn't answer.

"What's with these people?" He looked at his phone and muttered to himself.

Buzzz—.

[Come to school before class is over.]

A short message popped up on his phone.

Chapter 3: School Zone (1)

Kang Chan opened the wardrobe and chose a pair of jeans and a black cotton T-shirt to put on. Now, he needed money. Kang Chan suddenly recalled the money he had saved back when he was a mercenary. He wouldn't be able to use it, but he had to look into it.

As soon as Kang Chan left his room, Yoo Hye-Sook stood up in surprise. She then handed him ten 10,000 won bills.

"Is this enough for me to get a haircut?"

"Of course, it's enough. Since it's been a while since you've gone out, you should treat your friends to some pizza."

Kang Chan looked at Yoo Hye-Sook. Judging from the look in her eyes, she genuinely loved and cared about her son. But why didn't she know about her son being bullied?

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'll be back."

"Okay, be careful and don't be home too late. When you cross the road..."

Kang Chan had been walking out the door but at that, he quickly looked back. Yoo Hye-Seok jerked her head back.

"I'll call if I'm going to be late."

"Oh, okay." Yoo Hye-Sook nodded twice. Kang Chan then left the apartment.

It felt strange. Being aware that someone out there was worried about him, that he had a mother who cared for him... such feelings were foreign to Kang Chan.

As soon as he left the building, the first thing he wanted to do was buy a pack of cigarettes and smoke it. After putting up with his cravings for quite some time, he had a strong urge to smoke. However, something else was the priority right now.

“Let’s get a haircut first,” Kang Chan muttered to himself, walking into a conspicuous hair salon.

“Oh my! If it isn’t Chan! I heard that you got hurt. Are you okay now? Your mother told me about it. You want to get a haircut?”

A woman in her early thirties welcomed him. She babbled so many words so quickly that even if she had rehearsed them, it wouldn’t be odd if she ran out of breath.

“Sit here. How do you want me to cut it?”

“Please cut it short, like a military crew cut.”

“Oh? Chan, if you grow your hair out...”

“Just cut it, please.”

“Huh? Oh! Alright.”

The owner of the salon seemed astonished. She reached for the shaver from the shelf in front of her and began shaving his hair. As she did, little by little, Kang Chan started to like how he looked.

“Could you please cut it a little shorter?”

“Oh? Yeah?”

There was something sharper about his gaze. Now that he had his usual hairstyle back, he was at least starting to look like his old self. Kang Chan had finally gotten the style he wanted. The owner then proceeded to wash his hair and dry it.

“Do you have any hair gel?”

“Of course! What would you like to do?”

“Just give me some please.”

Kang Chan slicked his short bangs back using the gel the owner gave him.

‘Yeah! That’s Kang Chan right there!’

It had been a while since he had last smiled that contentedly. He was happy because, in the mirror, he could see the old him with the same look in his eyes.

After leaving the salon, Kang Chan went straight to the convenience store in the same building.

“One pack of Marlboro and a lighter.”

The young man at the counter appeared to be a college student. He glanced at Kang Chan.

“Please show me your ID.”

“What?”

“You have to show me your ID, or I can’t sell you any cigarettes.”

“Since when?”

The student, clearly a part-timer, hesitated.

“It’s been a while since I have been in a good mood. I’ll show it to you next time, so stop making a fuss and sell me the cigarettes and lighter.”

Kang Chan felt like he was slowly regaining his old self. The actual timbre of his voice wasn’t important—what made him glad was that he had found the right tone to match his personality.

The hesitant student glanced around the store as he quickly handed Kang Chan the pack of cigarettes and a lighter. After paying for the items, Kang Chan left the building and walked out of the apartment complex. He sat on a rock on a flower bed at one side, whipped out a cigarette, and leisurely put it in his mouth.

Chk chk.

“Hooo.”

It felt good. Kang Chan looked at the smoke dispersing and felt as though the past and present were properly coming together.

He had to take the bus to get to school. After smoking two cigarettes, Kang Chan took a taxi to Shinmuk High School. He was still unfamiliar with the buses and subway lines, and, more importantly, he felt that taking public transportation was inconvenient.

‘It feels like I’m on leave.’

He felt much better when he leaned against the backseat of the taxi. After about ten minutes, Kang Chan got off in front of the school and casually walked in.

'But which class am I in?'

He was in a pickle. Even after walking through the main gate, he didn't know where to go. Kang Chan looked at his surroundings before randomly walking toward a building.

"What kind of school has three buildings? It looks more like a business district. Does it even look like a place for students?"

Kang Chan strode towards the building in front of him. He could see a field covered in synthetic grass with lines drawn on it for the purpose of playing soccer, with goalposts placed at both ends of the field.

"What now?"

Just as Kang Chan stood in front of the building, agonizing over what to do...

Ding dong dang.

The bell rang and all of a sudden, it was as though the building had woken up from its slumber—the sound of chatter and noises from desks being dragged filled the air. Students wearing school uniforms came into view.

'There are girls too, huh?' Kang Chan stared blankly at the students.

"Yoo! Kang— Chaaan!"

Someone called out to him as they approached him. Judging from the way the guy placed his hands in his pockets and his condescending body language as he walked, it was evident that he was up to no good. The other students were cautiously steering clear of the guy approaching Kang Chan.

"You're not wearing your school uniform, and you've done your hair like that on top of it. You out of your mind?"

The guy standing in front of Kang Chan placed his right index finger by his head and twirled it. The students in the building peeked out their heads to watch, while those who were at a distance away from Kang Chan and the guy also stopped to watch.

Kang Chan recognized his voice immediately. Still, he felt he should at least confirm the identity of the enemy before engaging in combat.

"Lee Ho-Jun?"

“Yeah, you bastard! I'm Lee Ho-Jun, the guy who had to personally get his own cigarettes and lunch because of how utterly inattentive you've been. Have you finally come to your senses now?”

Smack!

The whole place instantly became quiet. It was as if someone had silenced the commotion. Kang Chan didn't want to drag this out; he didn't fancy being insulted by a nobody like Lee Ho-Jun, much less wasting his time to educate him.

Smack. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.?

Kang Chan slapped Lee Ho-Jun on the other cheek, and then openly struck him in the neck, chest, and stomach.

“Cough! Huuuuff.”

It seemed that Lee Ho-Jun couldn't breathe—he bent his upper body over and opened his mouth in an unsightly manner. Nevertheless, since Lee Ho-Jun was fairly tall, his head was at Kang Chan's waist level.

Kang Chan grabbed Lee Ho-Jun's hair.

‘Are you watching this? I don't know where you are, but take a good look at him getting beaten up and feel better.’

Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack.

Quite a lot of blood had already dripped onto the lower half of Lee Ho-Jun's face, but Kang Chan didn't stop hitting him.

SMACK!

Kang Chan landed a hard final blow on Lee Ho-Jun's cheek and grabbed him by the hair. He then looked at Lee Ho-Jun's swollen left eye and cheek, as well as his mouth, before tilting his head to the side.

‘Is it because this isn't my body? Judging from this, he still has some defiance left, huh?’

Kang Chan held Lee Jun-Ho's head down and struck him hard on the cheek five more times.

“Hey, you!”

Kang Chan heard someone yelling, and a middle-aged man passed through the crowd and stopped in front of him.

“You punk! What do you think you’re doing?”

Kang Chan looked at the man and guessed he was a teacher.

“This bastard has been ordering me to get cigarettes for him and taking my money from me. I’m finally standing up for myself after keeping silent for so long, are you punishing me for that?”

“What? You bastard! Who do you think you are talking to me like that!” The teacher bellowed.

Kang Chan suddenly flew into a rage. “Watch your language! Why? Do you want to get beaten up too? Are you sure you can do it?”

As soon as Kang Chan jerked his left hand loose, Lee Ho-Joon sprawled out on the floor. Kang Chan took a step forward and walked up to the teacher. He emitted the malicious aura he normally had whenever he fought in its full glory, and the teacher couldn’t look him in the eye.

“Give it a rest. I have all the evidence of that bastard extorting money from me, as well as how much he has bullied and put me through, so don’t bother taking his side.”

“You little...punk. Do you want to get expelled from school?”

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“Do whatever you want. I still have matters to attend to, so leave us alone now.”

Lee Ho-Jun had barely managed to wipe the blood dripping under his nose with the back of his hand when Kang Chan grabbed him by the hair once again. The girls gasped in shock, but Kang Chan didn’t hesitate.

“Lee Ho-Jun. I’m not done with you. Shall we have a little chat?”

“Huh? What?”

“You said you were inconvenienced because I didn’t get you cigarettes and lunch, right? Since you told me to come, there must be more things you want to say to me, no?”

At that moment, the petrified Lee Ho-Jun grabbed Kang Chan’s wrist and started flailing about. The teacher then grabbed Kang Chan by the waist.

“Why are you doing this? If you continue, you really won’t be able to attend school anymore. Stop this right now!”

Kang Chan suddenly turned around to look at the teacher, only to see a look of sincerity in his eyes. Kang Chan wasn't afraid of being expelled from school—he just didn't want to be disrespectful to a teacher who was sincere.

He let go of Lee Ho-Jun's hair and took a deep breath.

“Okay, I get your point, so please let go of me.”

The teacher's face twitched as he glanced at Kang Chan, then propped Lee Ho-Jun up and helped him into the building. The students were still surrounding Kang Chan from a distance, as if there was still some show to look at. Every time Kang Chan turned his head around, they would look away and avoid his gaze.

Kang Chan slowly left the building and made his way right to the top of the grandstand facing the field, and sat down.

'Why did it have to be at lunchtime? Tsk. I should've come after school ended.'

He felt unsettled; it was as if he had left something unfinished. His mood took a turn for the worse as he thought about the subordinates he couldn't protect.

As he was staring at the field and spacing out, a couple of shadows appeared around him.

“Oh? This motherfucker looks crazy, huh?”

Kang Chan turned his head around and smirked. The corners of that student's eyes and face looked intimidating, but there was a sloppy vibe to him that couldn't be overlooked.

Six. One of them has something in his pocket. A utility knife?

Kang Chan smirked.

“This bastard is smiling after beating up an idiot huh?”

Kang Chan slowly got to his feet. Since he had been sitting at the top of the grandstand, he ended up being one step below the guys that appeared. He clenched his fist, but straightened out his thumb and placed it on top of his index finger. One hard jab with that hand and the weaklings around him wouldn't be able to get back up.

Jab.

Kang Chan suddenly jabbed the outer thigh of the guy standing right in front of him with his right thumb, right in the middle.

Jab! Jab! Jab!

Before the guy could react, Kang Chan had already jabbed him in the ribs, the solar plexus, and last but not least, his Adam's apple.

"Cough!"

The guy shrieked in pain and collapsed. Meanwhile, the rest of the guys charged at Kang Chan.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Punch! Smack!

Going up against their feeble fists was such a piece of cake that it almost made him yawn. Kang Chan deflected their punches with his palms, then knocked them to the ground by striking them in the abdomen or their Adam's apple, one by one.

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

It all happened in the blink of an eye. By the time the students on the field went 'Huh?' the six boys were already rolling on the ground.

Kang Chan reached out his hand towards the boy he thought had a utility knife. In the pocket of the boy's pants, he indeed discovered a thick knife.

Rip.

"Bastard. Why are you carrying this around with you?"

Kang Chan grabbed the edge of the boy's pants, lifted him up, and walked down the grandstand, dragging him along.

"Ah! Agh! Aaaaagh!"

The boy, whose head was hitting the cement stairs, let out a shrill scream.

Pow.

Kang Chan got down to the field and kicked the boy in the abdomen as hard as he could. As soon as he walked back up the grandstand, the boys he had knocked down tried to scurry away, even as they were still on the ground.

"Who was the first guy that cursed at me?"

There was no way he would forget what an enemy looked like. One of the boys was shaking his head. Kang Chan grabbed him by the hair; as he fell over, Kang Chan dragged his body with him as he ran down the grandstand.

Thud thud thud thud.?

“Ack! Agh!”

Blood seeped through the torn part of his school uniform.

“Oy, you over there. Come here quickly!”

“Fuck you!”

Kang Chan chuckled. Firstly, it would be troublesome if this guy were to run away. He mercilessly struck the nape of the guy, whose uniform was now completely torn apart at the front, with the edge of his hand

Bam! Thud!

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

Kang Chan’s movements were truly swift. Kang Chan’s body looked as though it was floating as he went up the stairs two steps at a time.

“Care to repeat yourself?”

The other boy hadn’t expected Kang Chan to come up that quickly. Kang Chan grabbed the boy’s head.

“Ah! Ah!”

Kang Chan paid no attention to his screams. He beckoned to the three remaining guys under the grandstand with a nod. As soon as the malicious boy squirmed and screamed, the three of them went down with frightened looks on their faces. How would they be able to escape the clutches of Kang Chan, who used such an insane, cruel, and high-level technique?

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

The sounds of the smacks bounced off the walls around the field. It was lunchtime, so the other students had already come outside and surrounded him, but all that was heard was the unbelievably loud sounds of Kang Chan hitting the wannabe bullies.

Kang Chan lifted up the head of the guy he was holding.

“Oh my...”

As soon as the guy struggled to regain consciousness, his saliva mixed with blood dripped down from his mouth.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

It was a terror tactic. If the opponent had other allies, Kang Chan would have to prevent either of them from acting up by teaching one of them a lesson as deterrence. By this point, the person who was struck would not feel any pain. Instead, their will would be broken from then on.

Kang Chan could sense from the hand grabbing the boy's hair that the latter was losing strength in his legs.

"Shall we stop now?"

Bam.

Kang Chan kicked the boy in the abdomen and he fell forward. Kang Chan then made his way down the grandstand while dragging him along. Some of the girls screamed, but it didn't drown out the sound of his body grinding against the cement.

Thud!

When Kang Chan got to the ground, he flung the boy aside, as though he was tossing out something dirty.

'Whew. I do feel kind of bad when I think of your parents, though.'

Looking at his surroundings, he realized it was too late to salvage the situation. Kang Chan felt as though he had paid off his debt to the previous owner of his body. Wasn't it better to get expelled from school rather than murdering people or committing suicide?

"Since things have already gotten to this point, I should wrap it up properly huh?"

Wasn't the ending the most important thing?

Kang Chan slowly scrutinized the three boys drenched in blood, as well as the three other terrified boys standing across from him.

Three middle-aged men hurriedly walked over, as if they had been waiting for the situation to calm down.

'They must be teachers.'

Kang Chan glanced over at the teacher in the middle. Judging from the way he walked, Kang Chan could tell that the teacher had received special military training.

Chapter 4: School Zone (2)

The three men shifted their gazes between the boys and Kang Chan.

“What’s that?”

“Those bastards brought it with them.”

“Who?”

Kang Chan smirked. Was that so important?

“Answer me. Who brought it?”

Kang Chan turned around and looked at the boy whose back was covered in blood.

“If he’s the one who brought it, then I’d say he got his just desserts. You shouldn’t have taken it this far, though. It’s hard for us to cover it up now that things have gotten this far.”

‘What is he saying?’

“He’s a school bully that goes around harassing other students. Serves him right for being beaten up, but right now, you’re the problem we have to deal with. In any case, these six attacked you, and they have a weapon. When the school violence prevention committee holds an investigation, we’ll take care of it, so give me the knife and go home first.”

A teacher with an angular jaw held out his pudgy hand. Kang Chan handed over the knife without saying a word.

“If you were going to do this anyway, shouldn’t you have taught him a lesson earlier?”

The teacher patted Kang Chan. He seemed to be feeling rather bitter.

“Go home and explain things to your parents. And starting tomorrow, you have to come to school no matter what. Also, I heard from Mr. Seo that you have evidence against them?”

Kang Chan finally understood what he meant.

“Bring it tomorrow so we can submit it to the violence prevention committee.”

“Yes, sir.”

The teacher kept scrutinizing Kang Chan. It seemed like there was something about his posture and the look in his eyes that was very familiar, enough to have caught the teacher’s attention. The other two teachers got the other students to bring the boys that had collapsed to the ground back into the school.

“Where did you learn how to do that?”

Kang Chan smirked and looked at the teacher.

“You must have gotten that gut of yours by training hard, right?”

“I was simply born with it.”

“We’ll have another chat next time.”

Perhaps the teacher felt that Kang Chan wouldn’t reveal the truth that easily, so he simply turned around and left.

Kang Chan wanted to smoke a cigarette. However, he couldn’t smoke on school grounds no matter what, so he slowly walked away. The students scattered across the field like a pack of dogs, and Kang Chan watched them, as though he was seeing them off.

Kang Chan went into a snack bar located next to the main gate of the school.

“Welcome.”

“I’ll have a pork cutlet please.” Kang Chan sat down and shifted his gaze to the TV.

There were ten tables and two men were sitting across from him. There was also a young lady in front of them, eating tteokbokki and kimbap in a neat and tidy manner.

“Here you go.”

Meanwhile, a lady wearing an apron gave him his pork cutlet.

Thin slices of meat and the smell of cheap sauce and old grease. Kang Chan looked at the pork cutlet without saying a word. It was the last thing he had eaten before leaving Seoul. He had been dying to eat some, but he had barely eaten it only a few times because he didn’t have a penny to his name back then. Even though he had eaten steak countless times, he had always thought about it.

Kang Chan used a fork and knife to cut the pork into long strips, then into squares. He found that it tasted better when he did that and then ate it with chopsticks. It wasn’t that amazing, but he ate it nonetheless. Just as he was finishing—

Buzzz— Buzzz— Buzzz—

“Hello?”

— Chan, is that you? Where are you? What happened?

Yoo Hye-Sook asked a bunch of questions, sounding flustered.

“I’m eating some pork cutlet in front of the school.”

— It’s chaotic at school right now. I heard that even the police went there. What happened?

“I’ll tell you when I get home.”

— Chan, where are you right now? I’ll go to you!

“I said I’ll tell you when I go home, didn’t I?” Kang Chan’s voice dropped a few tones, and there was a moment of silence.

Kang Chan hung up the phone. He was annoyed at the thought that Yoo Hye-Sook’s over-protectiveness might’ve played a part in making the owner of his body a weakling.

“In any case, it’s better than murdering someone or committing suicide.”

Kang Chan muttered to himself. He ate everything on the plate, including the shredded cabbage, and got up from his seat. After paying for the food, he walked for a bit before sitting down on a chair in front of a convenience store and smoking a cigarette.

“Hoo.” The cigarette hit the right spot.

A world without bullets flying at him out of the blue; a world where people wore colorful clothes and short skirts, and had slim bodies; a world that was full of luxury cars. Kang Chan breathed in that view—and slowly exhaled the cigarette smoke.

.

‘I’ve gotten what I wanted.’

That was the case back when he was a kid. If he were living in a world where he didn’t have to worry about making ends meet, Kang Chan felt that he would probably do very well in school.

‘Should I just go to France once I graduate, or maybe flunk out?’

There was a time for studying. How was he going to manage his academics if he suddenly became a high school senior? He had been terrible at studying in his previous life too.

Kang Chan took a taxi back to the apartment.

'Passcode?'

It was a keyless smart lock. Kang Chan rang the doorbell; he had recently been discharged from the hospital and he couldn't remember the passcode. From behind the door, he heard footsteps hastening over before Yoo Hye-Sook opened it. Kang Dae-Kyung was behind her, with a flustered look on his face.

Kang Chan stepped into the house in a dignified manner.

"Please sit. I have something I'd like to show you in a moment."

Kang Dae-Kyung's face twitched, and in spite of his will, he walked over to the dining table in the kitchen. Kang Chan wanted to take this moment to alleviate the injustice and frustrations the owner of his body had felt. He took out the math workbook where the boy had offloaded his thoughts and feelings, and placed it on the table.

"Please take a look at this."

Kang Chan gave the workbook to Yoo Hye-Sook and showed Kang Dae-Kyung the text messages in his phone.

As they accepted it, their body language seemed to be telling him to say everything he wanted. They glanced at Kang Chan from time to time but soon, their faces began to harden.

By the time Kang Dae-Kyung put down the smartphone, Yoo Hye-Sook hadn't even read the first half of what her son had written in the workbook. She was covering her mouth as tears rolled down her face.

Quite some time passed like this.

"Please exchange what you have with each other and take a look at it."

"No, it's enough."

"Please take a look."

Kang Dae-Kyung's face twitched once again, but he opened up the math workbook given to him by Yoo Hye-Sook. He gazed at the last page for a while before looking up.

"I went to school today. He told me to give him the money I owed him for cigarettes and food while I was gone."

"Hoo."

“I went to school feeling determined to confront them. Then, another six people tried to attack me. One of them had a knife...”

“Oh my goodness...!”

“I didn’t have a choice. I handed the knife over to the teacher, and the school’s violence prevention committee will be holding an investigation.”

“Why didn’t you say anything all this time?”

“I don’t know either. As you could see written there... I just thought it would be better than committing suicide or killing those kids.”

Kang Chan was speaking so coldly, in such a matter-of-fact tone, that the two people seemed to have calmed down a lot too as a result.

“The school said that because too many students saw what happened, it would be hard for you to go to school like this. As your father, what can I do to make things better for you?”

Father? Kang Chan looked at Kang Dae-Kyung in a new light.

Has there been anybody who took my side like this when I had done something wrong? Instead of hitting me after drinking, he’s going to help me resolve the incident I’ve caused?

“I feel sorry for the students that were hurt, but as long as you’re safe and sound, that’s all that matters. I’m glad you didn’t end up dying or killing them.”

Kang Dae-Kyung looked away from Yoo Hye-Sook’s shocked gaze.

“That was how I felt back when you were at the hospital too. I just wanted you to stay alive.”

“Honey?”

Kang Dae-Kyung shot Yoo Hye-Sook a brief glance and stopped her from saying more.

“But promise me one thing.”

What is this feeling I’m experiencing??

Kang Dae-Kyung’s sincerity was making Kang Chan experience some sort of warm, fuzzy feeling.

“Promise me that if something like this happens again in the future, you’ll come to me first and tell me about it. I’ll be content if you do that.”

“There may be more fights in the future.”

“You won’t kill others or get killed, right?”

“I give you my word.”

“That’s good enough for me.”

The fact that Kang Dae-Kyung was thankful that he was alive lingered in Kang Chan's heart. It was an emotion he had never experienced before, even from the platoon leader or the company commander after an arduous battle.

“I was told to start attending school from tomorrow onwards.”

“Wouldn’t it be dangerous?”

When Kang Chan smirked, the look on Kang Dae-Kyung’s face shifted as he understood the absurdity of his own words, while Yoo Hye-Sook just looked petrified.

“Hmm. Fine. You deal with this your own way.”

“What about you?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“That’s enough. You still don’t know how our son feels after reading his diary? Boys might really choose death if you push them into a corner like that. Do you want our child to die? Or do you want him to go to prison for murder? Don’t compare Chan to your friends’ children. Our son is simply different.”

“Did I say anything? Still, he has to graduate from high school!” Yoo Hye-Sook replied.

She didn't want to let it go. An awkward silence ensued.

Beep beep. Beep beep. Beep beep.

Kang Dae-Kyung’s phone started ringing.

“Hello?”

Kang Dae-Kyung answered the call, with a puzzled expression. A terrified look appeared in his wife’s eyes, but he shook his head, as if he was telling her not to be worried.

Kang Dae-Kyung could only stutter as the tense voice continued to pour out from the other end of the line.

Kang Chan's ears pricked up—it was Arabic. It was a slightly softer tone of Arabic, common among French speakers. The speaker on the other end of the line was most likely an Algerian living in France.

“Pass me the phone.”

“Huh?”

Kang Chan took the phone from the perplexed Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Hello. Mr. Kang Dae-Kyung is busy, so I'll take the call for him instead. Please repeat what you said slowly.”

Fluent French? Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook looked at each other, eyes wide. They had sent Kang Chan to an expensive English academy, but now he was suddenly fluent in French for some reason.

— It's urgent. The price and quantity of this shipment of cars don't match, so they can't get through customs.

It was evident the person on the other end of the line was looking down on them.

“Please hold on for a second.”

— Hurry up.

Kang Chan figured out his interlocutor was the kind to get agitated very easily and start spouting nonsense when he got angry, and the most effective way to deal with such people was to be firm.

“Oy, cut the verbal vomiting. I told you to wait, didn't I?”

As Kang Chan sounded very fluent, he was taking the lead in this conversation. Perhaps the person on the other end of the line was startled because all he could hear was just breathing sounds.

“He said that the shipment of cars cannot get through customs because the price and quantity don't match. What is he talking about? What should I tell him?”

“What?”

“He said it's urgent and everything's a mess.”

Kang Dae-Kyung darted his eyes around for a moment

“Tell him that fifty cars will be arriving today. And perhaps the documents we had sent and the items don’t match, so we’ll check it out right away and inform the customs and their office.”

Kang Chan repeated his father’s words to his interlocutor.

— It’s a mess over here. What should we do? If we don’t move the items by the end of today, the shipping and labor costs incurred will be very high.

“Hang on.”

The other party wasn’t intimidated by his harsh tone. After Kang Chan conveyed what he had said to Kang Dae-Kyung, the latter responded that they would take responsibility for any losses incurred due to discrepancies in the documents.

“We will take responsibility for it, so verify the total amount of damages incurred, and we will personally call the customs office, so give me the name and phone number of the person in charge.”

— What?

“I’m asking for the name and phone number of the person in charge.”

Kang Chan suddenly became suspicious. He had a gut feeling. They couldn’t drag things out in situations like this.

“Or I can send a mercenary friend over to resolve the matter first.”

Are these bastards trying to pull a fast one?

“If need be, we can kick up a big fuss at the customs office, so tell me what exactly the issue is. Where are you? Tell me your location. I’ll send three of my Algerian men over.”

— Well, uhm, do we really have to take it that far? Ah! It’s fine. I found the right documents.

Kang Chan sniggered so loudly that the other person could hear him.

“Oy, next time organize your documents properly. Okay?”

— Yeah.

As soon as his interlocutor hung up, Kang Chan placed the phone down in front of Kang Dae-Kyung.

“He found the right papers, so the matter has now been resolved.”

A strange tension filled the air around the table.

“I learned French on the internet every night. Chat sites are well-developed these days, and French sites are easily accessible, so it wasn’t that hard.”

Who would believe that? Kang Dae-Kyung’s eyes were strongly expressing his doubt, but there was nothing he could do about it. His son had never been taught French in school, and they had never sent him to private classes either, and yet he sounded like a native speaker.

“I didn’t know that. And I’ve been so troubled because I thought you were looking at terrible things on the computer at night.”

Yoo Hye-Sook’s eyes sparkled, still full of tears. It kind of gave Kang Chan goosebumps, but he simply remained silent.

“Look into other companies to do business with. It seems like they were trying to shift the blame to you because of the language barrier,” he said after a moment.

Kang Dae-Kyung nodded and licked his lips.

“Three people from the France office will come over next month. We were planning to sell their cars. It’s a very good deal, but we’ll change to a different company once everything’s been settled.

“Please do that. I’ll be in my room.”

“Alright.”

Without meaning to, Kang Dae-Kyung gave his permission, so Kang Chan headed for his room.

“Honey! Our son is actually a genius, isn’t he?”

“People can only get to his level if they live abroad among the locals for at least ten years. Are kids picking up skills that fast these days?”

“How else would they have learned it? Should we take this opportunity to upgrade the computer? Oh, right! I should go to a French restaurant for brunch with Seong-Hee. She’s the one whose son goes to an international school. I hate it when she brags about him. This is great!”

Looking at Yoo Hye-Sook clapping her hands, Kang Dae-Kyung was so tempted to say, ‘I wish I were as simple-minded as you,’ but he held himself back.

1. Korean rice cakes
2. Korean seaweed rice rolls

Chapter 5: Bullies? (1)

Kang Chan spent the whole night figuring out how to get to school using public transportation and which class he was in. Truth be told, he had reincarnated—into a wealthy family he had longed for at that.

Kang Chan wanted to give studying an actual shot, but gave up in less than an hour since he didn't understand anything. He found English and Math to be the most absurd subjects. What was the point of learning sentences that would never be used in real life and math formulas only used by math majors?

'This bastard doesn't even have books?'

A timetable was taped to the desk, but Kang Chan didn't understand why there were only a few books. What he had thought was a self-learning book at first turned out to be a textbook, and he only found out after rummaging through his things for quite some time.

Before he knew it, it was morning.

After breakfast, Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan if he wanted a ride to school, to which Kang Chan immediately nodded. He would rather get a ride and feel uncomfortable around his father than try to figure out how to use public transport in the morning.

Kang Dae-Kyung easily drove their car out of the underground parking lot and onto the main road. Kang Chan gazed out of the window on the passenger side and looked at the morning scenery.

"You're my son, right?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked out of nowhere. "I'm fine with whatever you've become as long as you're alive. After looking at your diary and text messages yesterday, I understand why you've changed. But I hope you can return to how you used to be. I want to see you smile from time to time."

'I wonder if I'll be able to play the role of this person's son.'

Kang Chan couldn't answer.

"I couldn't be more proud of you when you took the call and resolved the issue yesterday. I used to think that people who bragged about their children lacked discretion, but today, I'm one of those people."

Kang Chan smiled with ease for the first time. He wished he had been born as the son of these people.

“Over there, right?”

Even though Kang Chan didn't respond to him, Kang Dae-Kyung still dropped him off in front of the school.

“See you in the evening.”

“Yeah, don't get yourself hurt.”

Before closing the door, Kang Chan poked his head into the car and noticed Kang Dae-Kyung appearing very emotional. His eyes had turned red.

Grin.

That was all there was to their interaction. Kang Chan had nothing to say, and Kang Dae-Kyung had already said what he wanted to say.

After getting out of the car, Kang Chan found the main gate right ahead. Students were flocking to the wide-open main gate, but there were mixed reactions as soon as he appeared. A student quickly outdistanced and avoided him; a student gave him a furtive glance; another openly stared at him... However, there was one thing they all had in common—none of them could make eye contact with him.

Kang Chan entered the school gate, his bag slung over his right shoulder, and the first person he saw was the teacher that had given off a familiar vibe yesterday. He held a long stick used to discipline students, and his gaze immediately shifted to Kang Chan.

“Wear your bag properly before entering the school premises.”

Smirk.

All the students' eyes darted between Kang Chan and the teacher. However, Kang Chan walked right past the teacher without correcting anything. He held the teacher's gaze until he had to look over his shoulder.

“I'll let it slide this once.”

“Thank you.”

The teacher smirked in the same way.

'I should find out what his name is.'

Even though he was a bit old, Kang Chan liked him.

12th Grade, Class 2.

His classmates' reactions were not much different from the ones he had gotten in the hallway. When Kang Chan walked into the classroom, the loud students instantly became silent and carefully made their way to their seats. They looked at him without making direct eye contact with him.

Kang Chan looked around the classroom and realized that the number of students in his class was surprisingly small, but that didn't mean he could tell where his seat was, leaving him no choice but to call out to the student sitting at the back by the door.

"Hey, where's my seat?"

"Huh? Oh! Right over there."

Kang Chan walked over to the seat the boy had pointed to and sat down. It was the second row from the front and the second column from the left.

'This is the perfect spot to get sniped at. There aren't any blind spots. Tsk!'

As he was internally expressing his dissatisfaction, a strange tension filled the classroom. Kang Chan turned around and made eye contact with Lee Ho-Jun as the latter entered the classroom. Lee Ho-Jun was startled, but judging from his body language, it was evident that he wasn't going to yield to Kang Chan. He sat down in the middle seat at the back of the classroom.

'That's what happens when you don't fully teach someone a lesson.'

Kang Chan could tell from Lee Ho-Jun's eyes that he was vigilantly waiting for an opportunity to get back at him. Lee Ho-Jun wanted to show everyone he didn't lose to Kang Chan. It was a foolish thought on his part.

'For all I know, he might even attack me during class in a bid to save his face.'

However, Kang Chan shook his head and got rid of the terrible thoughts in his mind.

'He's a child. I'm up against a?child, what...'

"Hey! Kang Chan!"

Kang Chan let out a short sigh and turned his head around.

“Come up to the roof during lunchtime.” It was Lee Ho-Jun. He spoke while clenching his teeth. The bruise on his left cheek and the cuts on his lips and around his eyes were very noticeable.

“To make things easier, if you have backups, just bring them with you all at one go.”

On the other hand, Kang Chan found the fact that Lee Ho-Jun still tried to look tough despite being unable to respond to him adorable.

His classes were truly a test of patience. They had homeroom with a teacher Kang Chan didn't recognize, followed by four hours of class. The ambience was so heavy that the other students were cautious even when it came to breathing. And that was the same for the teachers as well.

Kang Chan was not stupid—he was just ignorant. He soon became sick of listening to words he couldn't comprehend at all.

Ding dong dang.

It was finally lunchtime.

Screeech!

Lee Ho-Jun got up from his seat and left through the back door.

'I'm hungry.'

The smell of curry and *banchan* whetted Kang Chan's appetite, but he had a promise to keep.

Kang Chan got to his feet.

“Chan.”

A girl sitting in the first column from the left and fourth row called out to him. She had huge eyes and shoulder-length hair with bangs that covered her forehead. It was no exaggeration to say that she looked like a bad impersonation of Snow White. She had a rather sharp nose and was well-endowed, unlike the average female student.

“I heard this morning that the Shimdeok bullies have come too.”

It seemed as though she plucked up the courage to say that. There was a slight look of righteous indignation, as well as pity, on her face.

“You’re not going to go, right?” she asked.

“What would happen if I choose not to go?”

That was when Kang Chan saw her name tag on her chest.

‘Kim Mi-Young... Wasn’t she the girl that had something to do with some photo?’

“You could always avoid him.”

“What if he still comes after me?”

“Then you tell the homeroom teacher.”

Kang Chan took a deep breath.

“You... know I didn’t take the picture, right?”

Kang Chan instantly noticed that the other students were tense.

“When I remained silent and was treated like a fool, not a single soul came to help me, and now that things have gotten to this point, you’re acting like you care about me?”

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

Kang Chan slowly turned around and left the classroom. They were young children, but they could be very cruel in some ways.

‘Yeah. This is all because I didn’t put an end to it.’

Kang Chan decided to drop out of school today.

Smirk.

He was planning to swing by the rooftop before getting some pork cutlets.

‘I’ll go to France and start all over again.’

It was getting a bit burdensome to start feeling affection towards someone else’s parents. And when he thought about his subordinates who had died without knowing why, he felt like he had left the restroom without washing his hands—dirty and bothered.

‘If I was going to be sent back, I should’ve been sent back to the past.’

Naturally, that was on the premise that Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook were his parents.

When Kang Chan was going up to the roof, some sloppy-looking male students and female students with thick makeup—looking as though they had just finished their shift at a bar—tagged along.

Kang Chan stopped in his tracks on the stairs. He turned around and looked at the girl in front. She had rolled up her skirt so much that he could see her underwear when she was climbing up the stairs.

“Go back downstairs.”

“Ah, fuck! Who the hell do you think you are?”

Before he even finished speaking, the girl had already started acting aggressively with him. There were a lot of women like her in France as well. They had guts and went around wearing knuckle dusters.

Kang Chan took two steps toward the girl. The black lines around her eyes were so thick that it looked as though her eyes were attached separately to her face.

“What? You want to try me?”

Slap!

The boys at the bottom of the stairs caught the girl. As expected, she had collapsed from the slap.

“Fuck. Off. Before I kill you.”

Looking at the girl, Kang Chan decided to wrap things up by viewing them as enemies rather than treating them as students or children. They weren't children—they were monsters in children's clothing. When people became adults, they'd gain the fundamental ability to discern right from wrong, but these kids wouldn't even be able to do that.

As soon as his eyes gleamed, the students on the stairs hesitated before going down. Kang Chan watched them until they reached the bottom before walking again toward the roof.

'I'll crush all of you to pieces.'

He was already going to quit school anyway, so he was determined to take out these bastards. Kang Chan grabbed the handle of the roof door and shoved it open.

He didn't want to be blinded by the sudden bright light, nor did he want to get ambushed by any of them and get into a brawl.

'Fools.'

There were about ten people squatting while smoking. Perhaps they felt confident, considering they didn't even launch a surprise attack on him. Kang Chan walked out onto the rooftop before shutting the door tightly.

"Look at you, coming here on your own. Good job taking the initiative!"

'That bastard is the leader, huh.'

The sloppy guy looked at Kang Chan and spoke smugly. As soon as he tossed his cigarette, they all stood up and approached Kang Chan. Kang Chan looked at the weapons three of them were holding and felt relieved.

A fillet knife, an iron pipe, and a piece of lumber with nails embedded in it.

Kang Chan couldn't believe there were people like them in school.

"It seems like you've grown some guts after your fall. Try landing in the parking lot today and smash your head to pieces."

Kang Chan took a deep breath.

"So I fell previously because of you guys, huh?"

"What? You cried for help and acted like a fool before running away, no? I didn't hit you at all, motherfucker. Has this bastard gone completely insane?"

Kang Chan glanced at Lee Ho-Jun. He had a look of great anticipation on his face.

"Whatever, it all worked out. I was getting fucking annoyed 'cause I couldn't collect any money."

The guy Kang Chan had assumed to be their leader spoke insidiously as he walked towards him.

This guy had good instincts. He was born with that attitude. Walking at a distance meant that he could take the opportunity to calculate if he should extend his foot or throw a fist.

"You motherfucker, keep your eyes wide open!"

The leader swiftly swung his fist at him. Kang Chan went around him, put his right arm in an armlock, and struck the boy's neck hard with his left elbow.

"Keuk."

The rest of the students rushed in to attack Kang Chan as he twisted the leader's arm and struck him again on the neck with his left elbow.

Tuk.

"Ack! Aghh!"

Even though he had completely broken his opponent's arm, Kang Chan didn't let go of it. He grabbed the boy by the neck and shoved him in the way of the incoming iron pipe.

Pow.

The move startled the person swinging the iron pipe. His head had probably been smashed open, since Kang Chan could feel blood gushing from the boy's head on his hand. He had been grabbing the boy's broken right arm, but now, he dropped it to grab the left arm before twisting it a little.

Pow. Pow pow. Pow pow pow.

Kang Chan then used his left hand to bend the boy's left wrist and used it to hit the other three boys in their Adam's apples, creating a brief opening. Taking advantage of it, he leapt up and kicked the faces of the two boys next to him, placed the left arm of the boy he was grabbing between his legs, and descended.

Crack.

"Gaaaaaaaah!"

The boy fiendishly waved both arms and struggled, but Kang Chan wouldn't let go of him.

"Come here!"

As soon as Kang Chan pulled his arms forcefully, the boy's arms stretched out grotesquely long.

"Agh. Arrrgh."

"Fucking bastard. You're fucking loud."

Pow.

Kang Chan kicked the nape of the boy, whose body had stooped over. He no longer moved after being thrown to the floor, as though he was dead. The rest of them hesitantly surrounded him.

Kang Chan glared at them.

“You!”

The guy with the filet knife became terrified.

1. A collective name for small side dishes served alongside rice in Korean cuisine, such as kimchi, fish cakes, etc...

Chapter6, Part1: Bullies? (2)

As quick as lightning, Kang Chan pounced on the guy with the iron pipe.

Pow. Pow. Pow.

He jabbed his thumb into his target's neck, abdomen, and ribs. Taking advantage of the jump's velocity, he then forcefully kned the boy in the thigh.

“*Cough.*”

The iron pipe was already in Kang Chan's hand.

“If you go around carrying this...”

Boong. Pow!

With all his strength, he then smashed the center of the boy's bent knee with the iron pipe.

“Aghhhhhh!”

Next, Kang Chan struck the shoulder of the boy, who was now rolling on the ground and holding his knee.

Boong— Pow.

“Gahhhhh!”

Boong— Pow.

Thud.

Not wanting to break his promise to Kang Dae-Kyung that he wouldn't kill another person, Kang Chan held himself back when he hit the boy in the neck. Nevertheless, the boy fell to the ground as if he was dead.

"These bastards."

Kang Chan tossed the iron pipe aside and glared at the boy with the fillet knife.

"At the very least, if you want to carry a knife with you—"

"Die!"

The boy screamed and lunged with his knife toward him.

Woosh!

Kang Chan swiftly grabbed his wrist, yanked it, and forcefully slammed his right elbow against the guy's face.

Thump.

Kang Chan twisted the boy's left hand, forcing him to hold the fillet knife up. He then grabbed the knife with his right hand and held it in a reverse grip.

Poke. Poke. Poke. Poke.

Kang Chan struck both of his shoulders and both sides of his waist.

"Gaahhh!"

The boy's entire body was now completely drenched with blood, but Kang Chan didn't let go of him.

Pow.

Kang Chan struck his nape hard with the fillet knife's handle.

Thud.

The boy fell flat on his face and became as quiet as a corpse. The guy holding the nail bat took a step back.

Kang Chan looked at him, tilting his head to one side.

"You have one hell of an advantage. My weapon is shorter than yours, no?"

“You motherfucker!”

Right as the boy cursed at him, Kang Chan bent his index and middle fingers and jabbed him in the eyes.

Jab. Jab. Jab.

It all happened in an instant. Kang Chan thrust his fingers into his opponent’s right elbow and both shoulders in an instant, rendering the guy incapable of combat for at least two months.

Everything after that happened at the speed of lightning. With the students dispirited, Kang Chan could give them a break. Except for Lee Ho-Jun and the boy with the nail bat, he struck each of the students’ right elbow and both shoulders with the knife.

“Euhhh!”

A cry of pain resounded. In reality, muscles would only sting before they started throbbing if they were poked. It wouldn’t hurt this excessively.

“Lee Ho-Jun.”

Lee Ho-Jun backed away from Kang Chan.

“You’re the only ones left. I’m going to dig out your eye. Decide which side you want to keep before I make a hole in your fucking body. Otherwise, I’ll just dig both out.”

Lee Ho-Jun was utterly terrified, and he couldn’t run away in his condition. Things would’ve been better if Kang Chan had done this during their first encounter. Kang Chan now realized the importance of wrapping things up properly, but he still had business to take care of. He walked straight toward the guy with the nail bat.

“Ugh! Fuck!”

Boong.

.

Kang Chan ran toward the nail bat coming at him and flung its wielder’s right arm over his left shoulder before twisting his elbow in the opposite direction.

Crack.

“Gaaah! Gahhhh!”

“Be quiet, motherfucker.”

If Kang Chan cut them some slack, then something like this would happen again. Hence, he clamped the boy's broken arm between his legs and bent it even more.

Crack.

As Kang Chan twisted the boy's arm violently, the sounds of bones breaking resounded from his shoulder.

"Hoo!"

Kang Chan let go of the arm and picked up the nail bat that had fallen to the ground. There were more than ten nine-inch nails embedded in it.

"Bicycle chains were popular back in my day."

Kang Chan stood facing the guy that was now drooling and sobbing.

Whoosh. Pow!

Kang Chan struck him hard in the neck. Not wanting to kill him, he used the bottom part of the nail bat, breaking it just below the nails as he pounded the boy onto the ground. The boy soon stopped moving, just like the others.

"Lee Ho-Jun, have you come to a decision?"

The guys that hadn't lost consciousness looked more startled than Lee Ho-Jun. Kang Chan thought about what to do for a moment. Lee Ho-Jun couldn't attack again because he was already utterly discouraged.

'Do I have to teach him a lesson?'

"Bring me a cigarette first."

Lee Ho-Jun couldn't even move.

"Don't make me say it twice, motherfucker! It's annoying!"

Lee Ho-Jun hurriedly walked over in response, handing him a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from the pocket of his pants.

Chik chik.

"Hoo."

Kang Chan returned the pack of cigarettes and lighter to Lee Ho-Jun, who couldn't make eye contact with him.

“You got beaten up yesterday, so I’ll cut you some slack.”

Lee Ho-Jun doubted it, but he didn’t dare speak up.

Rattle.

“Ack!”

The door to the rooftop swung open and hit the guy that had been stabbed with a knife, making him scream. The teacher Kang Chan had met this morning came up to the roof and scanned the surroundings. He exhaled heavily.

Rattle.

He quickly closed the door.

“Are you not going to put out that cigarette?”

“Please read the room. Can’t you turn a blind eye just this once?”

Though dumbfounded for a moment, the teacher soon displayed a look of resignation.

“Give me one too.”

Lee Ho-Jun complied like a good student.

“Hoo.” Kang Chan and the teacher sat down on the floor as they smoked.

“None of them needs urgent medical attention, right?”

“I just made sure they won’t be able to fight for the next three or four months.”

The teacher nodded in response.

“Oh? They’re not from our school, huh?” The teacher turned his head toward the boy that had fallen flat on his face.

“I heard they’re Shimdeok bullies, is that right?”

Lee Ho-Jun quickly nodded in response to Kang Chan’s question.

“Don’t come to school anymore,” the teacher told Kang Chan.

“I was planning not to anyway.”

“Why? Are you thinking of becoming a gangster or something?”

“I’m going to France.”

The teacher’s face hardened upon hearing Kang Chan’s response. However, he shook his head lightly shortly after, snapping himself out of his thoughts.

“You’re very similar to someone I know.”

“Hahahaha.”

Kang Chan laughed so hard he wheezed.

“If you knew who I really am, you’d be very shocked.”

The teacher smiled after hearing his reply but didn’t respond further.

“Let’s go. We need to send those bastards to the hospital,” the teacher said.

“I’m going home.”

“Don’t fool around. Get back to class. You must tie up all loose ends properly before leaving the country. If you get charged with a crime, you’re doomed. Stay in school because I’m going to push for self-defense or standing up against violence angle. Wearing a school uniform will help the extenuating circumstances.”

The teacher got up and dusted off his pants.

“Can you get that bastard to make a statement in our favor?” The teacher asked Kang Chan while staring at Lee Ho-Jun.

Kang Chan slowly got up and looked at Lee Ho-Jun.

“Tell them these people were trying to seek revenge for the incident that happened a few days ago, and you were dragged here today to fight back. You didn’t bring any weapons with you, right?” The teacher asked.

“Why would I carry such a thing with me?”

“True.”

“Why’re you looking out for me?” Kang Chan asked just as the teacher turned around.

The teacher looked over his shoulder and gave him a meaningful smile.

“Because I’m grateful that you did what I couldn’t do,” the teacher replied, looking into Kang Chan’s eyes.

As he turned back to the rooftop door and opened it, he found a bunch of students standing in front of him.

“What are you doing standing here? Go back downstairs!” He yelled at the students.

“Ha, considering I have to file a report to the police and deal with them, things are nokay today.”

Kang Chan felt as though the whole world had stopped after hearing the words the teacher mumbled to himself.

“Hey, you. Stop.”

The teacher sighed so hard and loud that his upper body shook.

“Hey, brat! Are you acting like this just because we shared a cigarette together? You’re going to regret it if you take it too far.”

Kang Chan stared suspiciously at him.

“Who are you?”

“You’re getting smug because I’ve complimented you too much!”

The teacher approached Kang Chan. It seemed as though he couldn’t hold it in any longer. It was Kang Chan’s first time feeling this tense ever since he reincarnated, and it wasn’t tension from a simple fight. It was sharp, similar to what he felt on the battlefield, where he risked his life.

“I’ve barely made up my mind, so don’t kick up a big fuss, kid, but I had also been thinking about leaving everything behind and going to France.”

“Aren’t you too old?”

“Still! Be respectful when you speak to me from now on.”

The teacher’s ego seemed to have been bruised. It was as if he was more upset about Kang Chan’s comment about his age than about the fact that the kid was speaking to him informally.

The two locked glares without an inch of concession, seemingly about to pounce on each other at any given moment.

“Do you know who I am?”

“Hey! Kang Chan!”

“You knew my name all along, didn’t you?”

The teacher shook his head slightly without avoiding his gaze.

“You knew my name, right?”

After hearing the same question for the second time, the teacher nodded.

“I know that name.”

Could it be...?

Kang Chan looked straight into the teacher’s eyes.

“Who am I?”

And then... he saw the teacher’s eyes tremble.

“Say the next line too,” the teacher replied, his voice emotional.

“God of...”

“Blackfield.” The teacher finished Kang Chan’s clearly articulated words.

It was a truly astounding moment.

1. This was spoken in English.

Chapter6, Part2: Bullies? (2)

As the afternoon classes started, Kang Chan sat inside the counseling office with Mr. Seok Kang-Ho.

“Man.”

Kang Chan sighed. Seok Kang-Ho glanced at him and tried to study his face.

“Do you have any cigarettes?” Kang Chan asked.

“You can’t smoke inside the counseling office...” Seok Kang-Ho responded.

Kang Chan raised his hand and acted as though he was about to smack Seok Kang-Ho.

“...Sir.”

“Don’t speak informally,” Kang Chan chided.

Seok Kang-Ho lifted his angular jaw and looked at Kang Chan's fierce eyes before smacking his lips and lowering his gaze.

This was nuts. ?Dayeru was Seok Kang-Ho's—no, Seok Kang-Ho was Dayeru's alter ego...? In any case, they were the same person. The timing was similar, just that Dayeru had been in his wife's arms while Kang Chan had been in the hospital.

"Was it good?"

"What was...Sir?"

"Being in your wife's arms."

"Even if my wife dies, I have no regrets."

"Oh my, look at this dumbass."

.

"Someone's listening."

"You're full of shit."

"Are you really going to drop out of school?" Seok Kang-Ho quickly changed the topic as soon as the conversation stopped working in his favor.

"I told you I was going to France!"

"You're planning to return to that hellish place?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan pursed his lips and tapped the table with his index finger.

"This is strange. There was clearly a spy among us. If we don't find out why, I won't be able to sit still, because I'll keep thinking about my men who died an unjust death."

"Let's go during the school holidays. Vacation starts in a month and a half, so go with me then. Even if it's just during the holidays, I'll help you."

"Do you think we're going on a picnic?"

"Then what do you want to do? They won't accept me. I'm old."

"Just stay here. You have a wife and a stable job. What's the issue?"

"Hoo."

Seok Kang-Ho ran his fingers through his hair with his large hand, feeling frustrated. It was true he had gotten older, but more importantly, it was just like Kang Chan said: he had become attached to this place. Within a short span of time, his wife and child had already captured his heart. Well, he used to be a lonely man after all.

“Do you still remember how to speak Algeria’s languages?” Kang Chan asked.

“Strangely, although I speak Korean naturally, I’m still fluent in Algeria’s languages. I was pretty shocked initially.”

That could happen.

“Don’t be difficult. Let’s go during the school holidays. I want to teach a couple of guys a lesson, and the thought’s been driving me insane over here. The timing will be just right if we take care of them.”

Seok Kang-Ho hit his chest twice with his palm.

“Those fellas we saw today are in an alliance. They have gangsters backing them up. Even without them, they were planning to capture me.” Kang Chan smirked.

“Oh? They’re not easy to deal with.”

“Shut up. Are you really going to fight children because you have nothing better to do?”

“You saw what happened today. They may be students, but they totally act like neighborhood gangsters. Let’s say we’re doing something good and wait till the vacation! That’s all I’m asking. What do you think?”

“You told me you were going to do that.”

“As a teacher, wouldn’t I be criminally prosecuted for cruel treatment the moment I get caught? I have to wear a mask too. There are a lot of things I’m concerned about.”

Kang Chan tilted his head.

“Are you truly Dayeru?”

“Why? If not, how would I have known you were the God of Blackfield?”

“But how did you become so narrow-minded?”

“I just don’t want to go to prison after being reincarnated.”

That might well be the case.

“Tsk.”

“Will you help me?”

“Bring me a cigarette.”

“Okay.” Seok Kang-Ho got up from his seat, looking happy.

“One month?”

The duration didn’t really matter all that much. But that didn’t mean he was going to fight with those little brats.

Kang Chan looked at the window of the counseling office, and Seok Kang-Ho came back shortly after. He dragged the sofa over and blocked the door.

“The counseling office cannot be locked because of the female students.”

“Ah, right! I slapped a girl earlier. Have you dealt with her?”

“That’s nothing new to her, so it’s not a big deal. As for the other guys, I dealt with them appropriately and sent them to the hospital. Since they were in possession of dangerous weapons as a group, they wouldn’t be able to make much noise. As a teacher, I also told them what I was going to tell the cops, so it seems like I’ve more or less managed to cover up the incident.”

Kang Chan smoked his cigarette without saying a word.

“So let’s go during the school vacation in a month.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked so pitiful that Kang Chan couldn’t bring himself to say no.

“Sure. If I don’t flunk out, we’ll go during vacation, but I don’t want to deal with those children.”

Kang Chan thoroughly exhaled the cigarette smoke once more in front of the sad Seok Kang-Ho.

Seok Kang-Ho’s efforts were all in vain, as the hospital filed a report with the authorities. Since there were too many patients with stab wounds, the emergency room had to report it in accordance with their rules and regulations.

It was already the second time Kang Chan showed up to school and was greeted by patrol cars. Seok Kang-Ho insisted on writing a letter guaranteeing he would take Kang

Chan to the precinct instead of letting the police drag him into a patrol car and haul him there, so the police officers questioned Kang Chan in the counseling office instead.

“Seriously, what kind of person are you?”

The policeman that took the report frowned, looking fed up. Ten people had waited on the rooftop with weapons and had lured Kang Chan there, so he found it hard to believe what had happened after that.

He smacked his lips and looked at his co-worker sitting next to him.

“Let’s forget about it,” one of the policemen said.

“Then, this brat will be expelled from school. He’s going to feel very victimized.” The other responded.

“If something goes wrong, we might get in trouble trying to cover up the incident.”

At that moment, Seok Kang-Ho, who had been walking on eggshells, stepped forward.

“Naturally, I’ll pay for the hospital fees and take responsibility so the victims won’t file any lawsuits. Please handle this amicably.”

“I understand what you’re trying to say, but people change their minds very easily. My neck will be on the line if this isn’t handled properly. A lot of children got injured, and I don’t know what their parents are going to do.” The officer responded to Seok Kang-Ho.

“What kind of parents would want their child to be expelled from school? As you can see from his records here, he had always been a kind and introverted person prior to the incident. He was also admitted to the hospital for over a month because of an accident that gave him a delusional disorder. I’m sure there was also a teacher you were thankful for back when you were a student, no?” Kang-Ho continued to plead Kang Chan’s case.

The two police officers smacked their lips and looked through the report.

“It’s a revenge attack, and the majority of the people he hospitalized are known to be school bullies, so there wouldn’t be any other charges. If there’s an issue, I’ll resign from teaching.”

“There’s no need for you to do that, sir.”

“How can I call myself a teacher if I were to forsake such a student?”

Perhaps he was clenching his teeth, but Seok Kang-Ho’s face was twitching.

“Hmm, can you really ensure nobody files for any charges?”

“Officer?”

“I will assume all responsibility. Nothing would’ve happened if the hospital hadn’t reported it.” Seok Kang-Ho pleaded.

Even though his subordinate’s eyes were full of concern, the police officer in charge of the case stared at Kang Chan while pursing his lips. “Can you promise not to do such a thing ever again?”

Kang Chan tightened his jaw hard to stop himself from laughing.

“Alright. We’re letting you off because of your teacher, understood? Your teacher saved you, so be remorseful for what you’ve done, okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

Kang Chan responded that way, not because of his desire to go to school, but because he felt sorry for Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook.

“In that case, Mr. Seok, I’ll go to the hospital and visit the victims. If they sign a statement stating they won’t file for any charges, then we’ll pretend this never happened. Instead of saying they got hurt from a fight, please think of other reasonable excuses.”

“Thank you. Thank you. I’ll go to the hospital first and comfort the children then. Thank you very much.”

“Isn’t it hard to teach kids these days? Seeing you reminds me of a teacher who cared deeply about me in the past. So I’m determined to help him today as well. Please ensure there will be no problems in the future.”

When the police officer got up, Seok Kang-Ho got up as well.

How else could he react in such a situation?

Looking down, Kang Chan got up from his seat and stood next to Seok Kang-Ho.

“You have to hold it in, son. From now on, no matter who bullies you, you have to think of your teacher’s kindness. Control your anger and put up with them. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

How would the police have reacted if they had heard Seok Kang-Ho’s suggestion to beat up the bullies?

“I’ll trust you, Mr. Seok. I’ll be going to the hospital in about two hours, and because it’s been reported to the central center, the students must say it wasn’t an assault. If they don’t, then there’s nothing else I can do.”

“If they wanted to report him, do you think they would’ve kept silent the entire time before the hospital reported it? You really don’t have to worry about that. Thank you.”

“I’m moved by the fact that people like you exist, Mr. Seok. I’ll take my leave now.”

After the two police officers left, Kang Chan sat down. Seok Kang-Ho walked the two of them out and came back shortly after.

“Please head back to class.”

“You want me to go to class?”

“I have to go to the hospital too, and haven’t you been here for too long?”

“Your words are getting curter by the second, huh?”

“Huh, hmm. I’m old. Let’s just leave it at that and move on.”

Kang Chan smirked. Indeed, Dayeru was originally a year older than him. Kang Chan didn’t want to be treated respectfully. He had no choice but to go to class.

Since class was ongoing, the classroom was quiet.