

Blackfield 27.1

Chapter 27.1: So What do you Want me to Do? (1)

Kang Chan's parents weren't fools, so he ended up lying that he randomly started boxing when they asked about the injuries on his face. And his hand? He just told them that he got injured.

Kang Chan was thankful for Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook's warm hearts for first asking about his face and if he had dinner instead of asking him about the contract.

"Why do you keep crying?" Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

"I'm trying not to. I'm just happy to see you, and I feel sorry for you."

"I'm sorry."

"No, I'm your mom. I should be the one apologizing."

Yoo Hye-Sook wiped her tears with the front of her long, straightened finger.

She was beautiful, pretty, pitiful, and cute.

"Have you always been a crybaby, mom?"

Even Kang Chan was surprised by what he just said. He didn't know he could say the word 'mom' so naturally.

"I don't think so. She only acts that way toward you. She's never acted like that toward me, that's for sure," Kang Dae-Kyung answered.

"Honey!"

"Look at her. I'm always the easy target," Kang Dae-Kyung complained.

"When did I do such a thing!"

"Okay, okay."

Kang Dae-Kyung mischievously shook his head and stood up from his spot.

"I'm going to take a walk with our son. We're going to have a conversation that is strictly for men only." Kang Dae-Kyung told Yoo Hye-Sook.

"But he's having a hard time. Imagine how nervous he was while he was dealing with all this alone."

"No, it's okay, I'm not having a hard time," Kang Chan said.

When Kang Chan stood up, Yoo Hye-Sook followed them to the door. Seeing her without any energy made him feel bad.

"Mom."

"Yes, my son."

"I really hope you get better soon."

“I will. I’ll cheer up so that you won’t have to worry about me.”

Kang Chan wanted to hug her but couldn’t hold his hand out because he felt like he’d suddenly burst into tears like last time.

“I’ll be back soon,” Kang Chan told her instead.

Kang Chan calmed down while he was on the elevator.

The two of them walked further in and sat on a big rock that decorated a garden because there were people on the bench today of all days.

“Did you get help from the gangsters that I met back then?”

Kang Dae-Kyung didn’t seem to be completely happy about the contract.

“Father.”

“Be honest. I stayed quiet because I didn’t want to ruin your mom’s happiness, but I want you to tell me exactly what’s happening.”

Kang Dae-Kyung seemed to be struggling in front of Kang Chan. His eyes contained the guilt of closing a deal by selling his son.

“I wasn’t planning on lying to you and actually was going to tell you about it later.”

Kang Chan truly didn’t want to lie to this kind of person.

“Did you threaten them like they do in movies?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

When Kang Chan laughed lightly, Kang Dae-Kyung awkwardly laughed, too. It seemed even Kang Dae-Kyung found his own question silly.

“I wasn’t trying to get the contract. I was just trying to do a favor for someone on the internet, but Shar— Mr. Sharlan proposed the offer out of the blue. I was also taken back,” Kang Chan said. Half of his words were true, the other half a lie.

“Okay. I’ll believe you.”

“Thank you.”

“I should be the one saying that since you made your mom smile brightly. The senior director sounded like a crazy person on the call, but he did say you were amazing and that he underestimated you. Your mom was right beside me listening to that call, seemingly happier about the call itself than the contract.”

Kang Dae-Kyung took a deep breath.

“I owe you big time for this.”

He then stretched out his hand and placed it on Kang Chan’s shoulder.

“Let’s go back. Your sick mom will be eagerly waiting.”

I can't believe there's a father as amazing as him in the world.

Both of them wore silly grins as they walked to the entrance of their apartment.

"Don't get hurt. Even though we try not to, we worry for days when we see our child get hurt."

"Okay."

Yoo Hye-Sook was on the couch when the both of them went inside the apartment.

"You should be lying down. Why are you sitting like this when it's hard for you?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

Yoo Hye-Sook grinned broadly while looking at Kang Chan.

"Geez, you love our son so much! How are you going to let him get married at this rate?" said Kang Dae-Kyung.

"When he gets married, I'm only going to see him once a month," Yoo Hye-Sook answered.

"Why?" Kang Chan asked out of sheer confusion.

"Apparently that's how mothers can get along with their son."

Kang Chan really couldn't understand what she was saying.

"Oh, right! My teacher, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, is hospitalized from a car accident so I want to stay there for tonight," said Kang Chan.

Why did he have to use 'car accident' as an excuse when he already used it last week? It was too late to take it back now, though.

"Since he stayed by my side last time, I want to be there today," Kang Chan continued.

"You must be so tired already. Can't you just rest for today?" asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

Kang Dae-Kyung gave Kang Chan a tired look behind Yoo Hye-Sook while she fussed over Kang Chan. As Kang Chan was trying to stop her when she said she wanted to visit Seok Kang-Ho, he asked Kang Dae-Kyung for help. He didn't need to say anything—they just shared a momentary glance.

"Should we have something delicious for dinner tomorrow after we sign the contract?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"You should at least have a company get-together with the employees," Yoo Hye-Sook replied.

"You're right. Then let's have dinner in two days. How does that sound?"

"Yes, let's do that," Kang Chan answered.

Yoo Hye-Sook helplessly followed Kang Chan to the entrance

Kang Chan couldn't bear to tell them that he had to miss school tomorrow since they were already going through so many hardships.

"Aren't you going to give me a hug?" Kang Chan asked, sensing that Yoo Hye-Sook was hesitating. She seemed worried that he might not like it or he'd find her constant desire to hug him bothersome.

"Thanks, Chan."

"Me too, mom."

Kang Chan stroked Yoo Hye-Sook's back in front of Kang Dae-Kyung's tired face.

Kang Chan arrived at the hospital just past midnight.

The gangsters in the hallway greeted him grandiosely and told him the unexpected but good news.

"The teacher woke up, hyung-nim."

At that moment, there couldn't be better news than this. Kang Chan hastily walked into Seok Kang-Ho's room.

He found Seok Kang-Ho looking at the ceiling but turned his eyes to the side with all his might.

"You survived?" Kang Chan asked.

"Did you think I was going to die in that fucker's hands?"

Seok Kang-Ho groaned after he finished talking.

"Are you injured anywhere, captain?" Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

"My rib bones are fractured and my right hand's in this state."

Seok Kang-Ho's seemingly amused smirk turned into a frown.

"Give me a cigarette, please."

"Cigarette?" Kang Chan asked.

He had gotten rid of his since he had to go home. Kang Chan went outside to get cigarettes again from the gangsters and thought of paying them back by buying a carton of cigarettes and about ten lighters tomorrow.

"Here!"

Kang Chan lit two cigarettes and put one of them in Seok Kang-Ho's mouth. Seok Kang-Ho was laying down straight with his head fixed in place, looking up toward the ceiling. He could only blow the smoke upward like a factory's chimney.

As the two of them smoked one more cigarette each, Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho what had happened up to that point in a slow, detailed manner.

“It went well,” Seok Kang-Ho commented afterward.

“More importantly, the problem is what we’re going to do about Sharlan tomorrow.”

“Agh! It’s hot!” Seok Kang-Ho yelled.

Kang Chan quickly grabbed the cigarette in Seok Kang-Ho’s mouth but the sparks had already dropped onto his cheek. Seok Kang-Ho really hated hot things. Kang Chan then wiped his cheek with a tissue that he roughly soaked in water.

“Let’s just let Sharlan go tomorrow,” Seok Kang-Ho said, the way he was positioned making it seem like he was trying to convince the ceiling.

“There’s your father’s contract as well, but from the looks of it, there seems to be no question about it. It looks like Sharlan is going to take Smithen with him. We now know the culprit, and we’ve beaten Smithen up enough, so let’s just let them go. We don’t have to think about it too much. That’s better than you getting hurt or your father’s contract being broken.”

“Right?” Kang Chan asked.

“That’s right.”

“What do you think I’ll do?”

“Aren’t you going to throw a fit and say that you’re going to grill Sharlan until the end?” Seok Kang-Ho replied. “Ugh, my neck.”

Kang Chan laughed out loud.

“I didn’t eat dinner,” Seok Kang-Ho seemed to be hungry amidst all of this.

“Should I buy you kimbap?”[1] asked Kang Chan.

“Sure.”

After the two of them chuckled, Kang Chan remembered something that he had forgotten about.

“Don’t get mad, but I just remembered something, Seok Kang-Ho.”

“What is it?”

Kang Chan went to the bed’s underside and turned a lever.