

Blackfield 30.1

Chapter 30.1: A New Start (2)

After consoling Yoo Hye-Sook, Kang Chan fell asleep the moment he went into his room.

He slept soundly.

By the time he woke up, it was almost 6 pm. He shook his head.

“Ow.”

Kang Chan’s right shoulder and ribs were throbbing as if the adrenaline went away when he woke up. After slowly loosening up, he checked his injuries—his right hand that used to be covered in glass shards, his left hand with stitch scars, his stinging side, and his right shoulder, which had just been stitched so it wouldn’t fall apart.

Even in Africa, it was rare for him to get injured this badly.

He felt like he was getting a vacation after a long battle.

Back then, he’d usually head to a bar and have a nice drink after getting some sleep in him.

Unfortunately, he was just a high schooler now. In other words, he would only embarrass himself if he acted hastily and sloppily without Seok Kang-Ho.

Upon hearing noises outside his room, he got out of bed, changed into comfortable workout pants and a shabby shirt to hide his injuries, and went out to the living room.

“What are you up to?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“I’m preparing dinner.”

Yoo Hye-Sook pointed to the pot. She seemed like she still hadn’t recovered completely.

“Get out of the kitchen, please,” Kang Chan told Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Why? I’m fine.”

“There’s something that I want to eat.”

Kang Chan put a pan on top of the gas stove and put oil in it.

Eggs, olive oil, green pepper, and a few vegetables.

Kang Chan thought about asking to eat out, but he figured Yoo Hye-Sook would just say she didn’t want to. He didn’t really want to, either.

He chopped the vegetables into thin slices, added them to the well-beaten eggs, and seasoned them with salt. He then rolled the eggs up while its top part was still slightly undercooked, turning them into a somewhat edible omelet. Kang Chan had eaten so many times that he had grown sick of it, but it was much better than eating what Yoo Hye-Sook made while she was sick.

Yoo Hye-Sook looked at Kang Chan in amazement. She thought his knife skills and the way he rolled up the eggs were extraordinary.

“You’re really good at this,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

“I learned it from the internet.”

“Really? I should use the internet more often.”

Yoo Hye-Sook had a somewhat naive part about her, which was why she’d often take jokes seriously.

Kang Chan set the table, transferred the finished omelet to a plate, then placed it in front of Yoo Hye-Sook.

“This one’s mine,” He sat opposite her.

She raised her eyes from the omelet and looked at him.

“What’s wrong? You don’t have to eat if you’re not feeling well.”

“This is the first dish you cooked for me. It’s too valuable for me to just eat it,” Yoo Hye-Sook answered.

“Don’t be like that. I can make it for you every day if you want, so please, eat up. Dishes made with eggs taste really bad when they get cold.”

Yoo Hye-Sook sliced a part of the omelet with a fork and placed it in her mouth.

“Mmm!”

The eggs were seasoned just right, had a moist center, and were mixed with crunchy vegetables.

It actually tasted good.

“What do you think?” Kang Chana asked.

“This is really good. It’s even better than the dishes at the restaurant I go to.”

“Don’t hesitate to let me know whenever you want to eat it.”

“I’ll take you up on that offer.”

“Sure.”

It tasted quite good, perhaps partly due to the fact that it had been so long since he last had omelets, and that he was eating with Yoo Hye-Sook.

“I still can’t believe it,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

“Can’t believe what?” Kang Chan asked as he ate.

“I can’t believe your father had signed the contract.”

That was a reasonable reaction. Who would find it easy to believe that their high schooler son closed a deal with the help of someone they met on the internet?

Seemingly worried, Yoo Hye-Sook’s expression cast down.

“What’s wrong?”

“Did you get hurt or something because of the contract? I got a call from the school that you missed today’s class. Your dad told me to act like I didn’t know, but...”

She couldn’t say anything and just kept gauging Kang Chan’s mood because of that, even though the thought troubled her deeply. Since she was aware of that, she probably couldn’t feel completely happy about the contract. Kang Chan decided to make her and Kang Dae-Kyung feel better.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t go to school today because I spent time with someone who’s departing for France. I should’ve told you, but I couldn’t because I thought you’d think it’s because of the contract, which would end up making you feel bad.”

After finishing his explanation, Kang Chan smiled broadly, seemingly imitating Seok Kang-Ho.

“And I’m also thinking of going to the University for Athletics, so I joined the athletics club. Mr. Seok Kang-Ho is our club advisor,” He continued.

“University?”

Yoo Hye-Sook’s eyes sparkled. The shadow on her face disappeared completely in an instant.

“Is that also why you’ve been seeing that teacher a lot these days?”

“Yes. I’d probably be meeting with him more often in the future.”

There was nothing wrong with setting things up in advance to prepare for any type of situation.

“What do you want to do in the future, Kang Chan?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked as she munched on the omelet happily.

“I haven’t thought about that yet. I’m just preparing to go to a university right now, though I’m also thinking of studying abroad in France.”

“Studying abroad?”

“Yes.”

Yoo Hye-Sook’s face lit up so much it made Kang Chan feel bad. He only said that because he wasn’t sure what could happen, but he didn’t expect her to like it so much.

“Oh, my! Studying abroad in France! That’s amazing. Since you’re so good at French, it won’t be difficult for you,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

Kang Chan smiled faintly.

“What?” She asked.

“Aunt Seong-Hee popped into your head, didn’t she?”

Yoo Hye-Sook smiled awkwardly.

It was only an omelet, but Yoo Hye-Sook was so happy it was as if she was served a grand feast. Her worries about his injuries and school absence seemed to have completely disappeared when he talked about going to a university and studying in France.

“Thank you for this very delicious dinner,” Yoo Hye-Sook told Kang Chan.

Since Kang Chan was the one that cooked their dinner anyway, he decided to do the dishes as well, allowing Yoo Hye-Sook to keep resting.

Yoo Hye-Sook sat down on the sofa when he finished cleaning up.

“You know the only thing left for you to do is cheer up, right?” Kang Chan said.

“Thank you, Chan.”

Kang Chan talked to her for a few more moments before going into his room.

It was around 7 pm when Kang Chan’s phone on his desk started emitting a blinking blue light. Upon checking it, he found a text message.

[Give me a call please.]

Have I told him that I’ve gotten a new phone? Kang Chan could immediately tell who sent the message even though it came from an unknown number.

Kang Chan called it.

- It’s me.

“What’s up?”

- Have you had dinner?

“I just ate. Is there something wrong?”

- I got a call from the school that the athletics club will close for the time being until I go back to work since it has no acting club advisor. Apparently, none of the teachers want to take the role.

What the fuck is this...

“What’s going to happen, then?”

- You have to attend your classes for the time being.

“When are you going to be discharged from the hospital?”

- They said in about two weeks because I was insistent.

“Tsk!”

- Endure it even if it bores you.

“Okay. I’ll try to visit after my classes tomorrow.”

Kang Chan ended the call.

“Haaaa.”

He sighed loudly. Unfortunately, there was no other choice.

What if I just stay in the athletics club when I go to school?

Then he would be acting just like the bullies.

“Damn it.”

He had just finished a tiresome battle, but he was already being forced to face something so boring and tedious.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—

He got another text message.

[Channy. You still haven't contacted me. You're okay, right?]

Since he could already tell who sent it, he called the number immediately.

- Channy?

“Yeah. Did I make you worry?”

- Are you okay? Is everything alright?

“Yeah, I'm fine, and everything worked out in the end.

- That's good to hear. We were worried sick. Where are you now?

“My house. This week doesn't work for me, so let's have dinner around next week instead.”

- Then how about having a cup of tea at least before that?

“I've got matters to attend to. I'll see you next week.”

- Okay, Channy. I'll be in touch. Bye.[1]

Kang Chan felt bad about that day, and he also remembered Smithen. Hence, he decided to have dinner with her sometime next week instead.

This was his new life—one he was grateful for. Kang Chan normally would've found this cumbersome before, but he appreciated it now. He turned the computer on and browsed through the internet until he heard the apartment door opening and Yoo Hye-Sook asking, “Didn't you have the company dinner today?”

Kang Chan went out to the living room.

“Welcome home,” Kang Chan greeted Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Thank you. How are you feeling?”

“I'm fine.”

Kang Dae-Kyung seemed to be having mixed emotions.

“What about your company dinner, honey?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“I attended but left early because they were going for round two.”

“Tsk, you should've used this day to show your appreciation to those who worked hard up to this point.”

“The senior executive and the managing director are still there. And it didn’t feel right for me to stay there since they kept talking about Channy.”

“Still.”

Kang Dae-Kyung looked down and took a good look at Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Look at you, though. Has my wife regained her energy?”

“Jeez.”

She still hadn’t fully recovered, but she was clearly getting better.

“We’re having dinner tomorrow, right?”

Kang Dae-Kyung went into the master bedroom after Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Chan answered. Kang Chan’s injuries and failure to go to his classes seemed to be weighing on Kang Dae-Kyung’s mind, driving him crazy. Nevertheless, it seemed like he decided to wait until Kang Chan opened it up himself. However, unable to tell Kang Dae-Kyung the truth, Kang Chan thought only time would fix things.