

Blackfield 30.2

Chapter 30.2: A New Start (2)

When Kang Chan went into his room, he found another text message.

He was busy.

[I'll arrive at the apartment at 8:30 pm. Are you still in a lot of pain? I can't help but worry since you didn't show up to school today.]

[Text me anytime you see this message.]

Wouldn't it be more efficient to send everything she had to say in one message instead of sending multiple texts like this?

Kang Chan called the number.

- Chan!

“Where are you?”

- I'll be there in about 5 minutes. How are you feeling?

“I'm okay now.”

- Can we meet?

What should I do? Kang Chan didn't really want to move because of the pain in his side and his shoulder. But when Kim Mi-Young's voice turned lifeless upon asking that last question, it reminded him of her crying in the athletics club room not too long ago.

“Sure. See you at the bench.”

- Okay. I'll be there soon.

After ending the call, Kang Chan got an idea. He took twenty dollars with him from the drawer on his desk and went out to the living room.

“I'm going out to see Mi-Young. I'll be back after,” said Kang Chan.

Yoo Hye-Sook came out of the master bedroom.

“Your dad's in the shower. Have fun.”

After telling her he wouldn't take long, Kang Chan took the elevator.

There were a lot of people on the bench, possibly because it had gotten hotter. Kang Chan was thinking about going out anyway, so he walked to the entrance of the apartment.

Moments later, Kim Mi-Young got off a yellow hagwon bus and awkwardly ran to him.

“You're going to fall,” Kang Chan said.

“Are you still in pain?”

“I’m okay now.”

Kang Chan thought it was the right decision to go out when he saw Kim Mi-Young’s eyes.

“There were a lot of people on the bench. Why don’t we take a walk instead?”
He asked.

“Are you sure?”

“As I said, I’m fine.”

Kim Mi-Young laughed with a “Huhuhu,” and walked next to him.

It felt like Kang Chan was walking with his younger sister while on vacation, which didn’t feel bad.

“Let’s go to school together starting tomorrow,” He told Kim Mi-Young.

“You have to go early because of the athletics club.”

“The athletics club will close for about two weeks because Mr. Seok Kang-Ho got into a car accident.”

“Really?”

Kim Mi-Young seemed so happy about the news that Seok Kang-Ho would’ve been upset if he saw her.

“So he’ll be discharged just right before the final exams, then?” She asked.

Kang Chan wasn’t aware of that.

“Exams! I’m going to place first in the school no matter what. I’m confident. Studying’s been so fun lately.” Kim Mi-Young lowered her head, seemingly embarrassed.

Phew, you baby.

Kim Mi-Young acted her age by liking celebrities for how they appeared, which was how she seemed to like Kang Chan as well. Kang Chan thought it was a relief that she at least found studying fun. However, he still hadn’t finished his “homework” of making an appropriate excuse within the remaining two weeks.

Walking on the outer road of the apartment, they took a turn.

“Do you want some pastries?” He asked.

“No.”

“I’m going to buy a cake. My father signed a big contract today and I want to celebrate that.”

“That’s really sweet.”

What’s so sweet about that?

They headed into a pastry shop and bought a simple-looking cake that Kim Mi-Young picked.

A few people looked at them as they walked home, but it wasn't enough for him to care. About 30 minutes had passed and they had talked about various topics by the time they got back to the apartment building.

"Go home and study hard," Kang Chan bid her goodbye.

"I will. See you tomorrow morning. Bye."

Kim Mi-Young ran off.

Well, it's not bad to make her devote herself to studying this much.

Kang Chan turned away after confirming that Kim Mi-Young had entered the apartment.

When he got out of the elevator and took out the cake, Kang Chan placed three candles in the middle. He smirked as he did this while crouching down. If someone had told him to do this in the past, he would've stepped on the cake immediately. Kang Chan also lit up the candles, then held the box that had the cake on top of it and opened the front door.

"Is that you, Channy?"

Yoo Hye-Sook was about to go out to meet him but stopped in her tracks. She covered her mouth and nose with both hands.

"What? What's wrong?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked. He seemed to have finished showering. Following Yoo Hye-Sook out to the entrance, he stopped with his mouth closed firmly.

"Congratulations on the contract, father," Kang Chan greeted him.

"You should be the one being congratulated."

Yoo Hye-Sook looked at Kang Dae-Kyung while wiping her tears with her fingertips, keeping her face hidden.

"You're the one who planned and prepared for it. And it's only right for mom and me to help out whenever we can. Blow the candles out quickly, but buy me something delicious tomorrow in return," Kang Chan replied.

It didn't take long for Kang Dae-Kyung to feel at least a little bit better.

'You don't need to get hurt anymore?'

'Yes, it's really all over.'

They glanced at each other to communicate.

"Thanks. How about we all blow out the candles together?" Kang Dae-Kyung offered, holding Yoo Hye-Sook's back and Kang Chan's shoulder.

"Thanks, Kang Chan. You worked hard as well, honey," Yoo Hye-Sook said.

"Are you crying?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked her.

"I'm just thankful!"

Kang Dae-Kyung smiled broadly, seemingly feeling much better.

“Congratulations! Your hard work paid off!” Kang Chan exclaimed.

“You worked hard for this, honey.”

“The candles are melting. Now, one, two, three! Whoo!” Kang Dae-Kyung blew at the candles.

They then went to the table and each had a slice of cake.

Yoo Hye-Sook sounded quite happy as she passed on Kang Chan's desire to attend a university and possibly study abroad in France. At this rate, Kang Chan was going to have to go to France even if he didn't want to. After spending about an hour listening to what people in the company were saying about him and what had happened during the contract signing, he went into his room.

He could finally sleep in comfort.

His injuries started to throb when he went to bed, but he still quickly fell asleep.

The morning after was peaceful.

Kang Chan's injuries felt less painful after a good night's sleep.

He had breakfast with Kang Dae-Kyung, who now seemed at ease, and Yoo Hye-Sook, who looked much healthier. Afterward, he went down and walked to the bus stop with Kim Mi-Young.

Kang Chan brought his bus card with him, and he got a separate allowance in the morning.

With nothing else that could bother him, he thought of focusing on school for the time being.

When Kang Chan got on the bus, the students sitting at the back stood up one after the other. Do they get on at the final stop?

He hated how they surrounded him and how the other innocent students were forced to a corner.

“Sit down,” Kang Chan ordered.

Despite their uncomfortable positions, the students only awkwardly gauged his mood when his expression darkened. He moved to the very back on purpose since that would help the other students in the middle go to school in peace.

It was nice to be at school.

Kang Chan went through the entrance with Kim Mi-Young. He did find it strange to see a different teacher carrying out Seok Kang-Ho's roles, but it would at least all be over in two weeks.

“Sunbae-nim [1]”

Kang Chan turned toward where the voice came from, finding Cha So-Yeon.

It was nice to see her greeting him brightly and without fear or anxiety.

“Have you heard the news? I was told that the athletics club will close for two weeks,” Kang Chan asked.

“ I heard about it yesterday. How are you, though, sunbae-nim?”

“I’m fine. I’ll see you later.”

“I see. Goodbye.”

Kang Chan went up to the building for the twelfth-graders after he parted ways with Cha So-Yeon.

Going through the hallway and up the stairs, he went into the classroom. The place immediately fell silent as usual.

Phew.

It was gloomy, but there was no solution.

Lee Ho-Jun lowered his head after he saw Kang Chan come in, his face looking quite unusual. Frankly, it was so obvious he got beat up. Considering his actions, it definitely wasn’t farfetched for Lee Ho-Jun to get roughed up that much. However, his parents should’ve noticed such grave injuries at this point.

Now wasn’t the time to worry about other people, though. Kang Chan sat down in his seat with mixed feelings.

The only one that had a bright face right now was Kim Mi-Young. The moment she sat down, she opened her book and photocopied paper on the desk, and started to focus.

Should I disturb her so that she doesn’t get first place?

Kang Chan ended up smiling lightly to himself.

A strange nervousness went around the entire classroom.

When Kang Chan turned his gaze to the back door, he found a girl standing there with a hardened expression.

Madama Butterfly?[2]

Heo Eun-Sil seemed surprised as well. She did after all lock eyes with Kang Chan when she walked in with white makeup that reminded him of Kabuki actors.[3]

Kang Chan had two options on how to deal with those types of bitches: beat her up until she was at death’s door to stop her from coming near him or actually beat her up until she died.

“Tsk!”

That type of thing should only be done if he was interested. He would be crazy to waste his strength on that type of thing. Kang Chan turned his interest and attention away from her.

Kang Chan was thinking of organizing his past little by little, and the first step he had to take was to find an account in a bank called the ‘Crédit Paris.’

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—

The vibrations seemed louder since the classroom was quiet.

Kang Chan decided to take his phone with him due to what had happened with Sharlan, but it was of course still bothersome and annoying.

It was Seok Kang-Ho.

‘He’s a teacher. Why is he texting me during class?’

Kang Chan opened the message.

[Smithen’s asking for our bank account. He’s apparently going to split and deposit his shares to us?]

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—

He got another message while he was blanked out.

[Word went around about the shares because that crazy fucker had asked the hospital staff for an interpreter. My wife is now going crazy. Please sort it out soon.]

Kang Chan sighed deeply and turned off his phone.