

Blackfield 31.1

Chapter 31.1: Distribution (1)

Smithen spoke English because he was American, so there would've been a few people he could've talked to in the hospital.

Smithen had about twelve million euros in stocks, which would be around eighteen billion in Korean Won.

Kang Chan didn't know how much Smithen planned to give Seok Kang-Ho. However, it certainly wouldn't be an amount an ordinary housewife with a school teacher husband could handle.

'Smithen said he wanted to split the leftover money in the bank. Why is he doing that with his stocks too?'

Kang Chan let out a long sigh, but there was currently nothing he could do.

Class started.

The topic was about Chulsoo again[1]. He was still in Japan, bothering and angering the store owner by constantly asking about prices, but he was about to come across the Yakuza[2].

During math class, Kang Chan found himself unable to understand anything. How was he supposed to know how long a bullet would take to hit a target if someone shot a gun from a moving car? He wasn't a spy or a sniper. It seemed like the people who wrote the textbook weren't aware of it, but shooting required senses, experience, and guts. It was something one had to be born with.

There was no point in trying to find the answer[3]. Studying in school wouldn't be enough to make someone pull the trigger while aiming at an actual person.

Lunchtime saved Kang Chan, who was on the verge of collapsing because he was tired of enduring class. He really didn't expect to miss Seok Kang-Ho buying him pork cutlets this much.

"Let's go eat," Kim Mi-Young said as she got up from her seat with a bright expression, but the thought of going to the cafeteria alone was enough for Kang Chan to lose his appetite.

Should I just buy ramen or something from the snack bar?

"Aren't you going?" Kim Mi-Young asked.

'Ugh. I'm going, I'm going.'

The other students would probably become more comfortable around Kang Chan if he kept showing a side of his that they could relate to.

Damn it.

However, Kang Chan's hope completely shattered when he got to the hallway. The students on their way to the cafeteria went to the sides of the hallway and lowered their heads.

He could sense their fear of him.

'Tsk!'

He couldn't completely blame them, though. It would be weirder if they treated Kang Chan as a pushover and provoked him after he cut a hand in front of the school with a fillet knife. But now that he didn't have a reason to go to France anymore, he had to be friendlier than before, especially since he'd have to continue going to school even in the second semester.

He wanted to tell the students, 'Look. Snow White's walking next to me comfortably,' but strangely, the students looked away quickly when Kang Chan tried conveying his thoughts.

The student cafeteria was in the basement of a building where the teachers' offices were located. Kang Chan thoughtlessly went down the basement stairs.

"Chan," called Kim Mi-Young.

'What's wrong?'

When he glanced at her, he found her standing at the end of the stairs.

"Aren't you getting in line?" She asked.

Kang Chan was momentarily dumbfounded. He didn't think they had to get in line from here, considering they still had to go around the stairs two more times to get to the cafeteria. However, he didn't want to get special treatment from this kind of place. If quick service were what he wanted, eating ramen or pastries from the snack bar would've been better.

He went up the stairs as if nothing happened.

This was the first time Kang Chan had gone to the student cafeteria.

Not wanting to surprise or frighten the students walking by, Kang Chan purposely moved Snow White toward the wall so he could face both her and the wall.

"Ah fuck, the student cafeteria fucking sucks!"

Just then, two guys walked past him with their hands in their pockets and headed down the stairs with a swagger. They had had their pants altered to fit like leggings.

"I heard the Salted Shrimp is coming to the cafeteria again," one of them said.

"She's acting fucking cocky because she's in the athletics club, even though that bitch fucking stinks!" the other guy answered.

Snow white quickly assessed Kang Chan's mood.

Are they perhaps talking about Cha So-Yeon? Kang Chan was confused but pretended not to notice for now. It wasn't ideal to call and yell at them just because they said a few words, and he doubted that even the apostle of justice would yell at the students one by one to get in line.

The line moved forward quicker than he had expected.

'This isn't too bad.'

Kim Mi-Young looked quite happy while she was against the wall. She even described the menu and the dishes' taste in the cafeteria to him by saying, "The curry is really good," and "there's a lot of times when the soup is salty," among other things.

Kang Chan wasn't quite sure if it was really a relief that someone in the school, not to mention a classmate, acted this comfortably around him. If Snow White wasn't here, he would've bought ramen from the snack bar instead, isolating himself from the others.

When they went around the stairs twice, the smell of a variety of different dishes hit him through the wide-open metal door. Glancing inside, he saw a catering table on the right side of the metal door, with neatly arranged long tables in front of it. It looked like the students received food in their own food tray, then sat down and ate wherever they wanted.

Meanwhile, a few cocky guys brushed past them while ignoring the line, and each time the students in front and behind Kang Chan looked over at him.

Why are you just standing there? Can't you just do something about those guys?

Kang Chan understood what their gazes were trying to say. However, it wasn't like him to call and stop those types of guys one by one.

He had never been to this cafeteria before, after all.

Peeking inside, he suddenly tilted his head.

Cha So-Yeon?

He recognized her with just a glance since she was the only one with nobody around her in the bustling cafeteria. Cha So-Yeon had her head down and was only looking at the food tray.

Is this how she acted outside the athletics club?

Kang Chan had heard about this, but it was his first time seeing it in person. She had greeted him with such a bright face, but this was how she was treated whenever she was alone. There was racism in France and Africa. But they didn't openly give someone such a hard time like that.

Kang Chan breathed deeply as he clenched his teeth.

Calm down. What was the point of beating up the kids here?

It would only further isolate Cha So-Yeon if he were to lash out at some cocky guys and a few others.

The students in front and behind Kang Chan began to look nervous as their gazes alternated between him and Cha So-Yeon.

Kang Chan stayed in line with a cold expression. When his eyes sharpened, even Kim Mi-Young anxiously looked at him and Cha So-Yeon.

They finally went inside the metal door.

Kang Chan slowly and confidently looked around the cafeteria's interior.

Eyes turned to him one by one, and the cafeteria grew quiet in an instant.

Screeech. Screeech.

A few eleventh-graders quickly stood up from their seats and greeted Kang Chan with serious expressions. When the tactless kids noticed Kang Chan, even the sounds of chopsticks hitting disappeared.

A few older women handing out the food peeked out from the kitchen, curious about what was happening. They then looked at the student in front of them, seemingly asking who Kang Chan was.

An eleventh-grader ran toward him.

“Please sit. Let me...”

“Leave,” Kang Chan told the student.

His eyes no longer easily relaxed when he was filled with spite, perhaps because of his experience with Sharlan.

The cafeteria began serving lunch in a very quiet and reverent way.

Nervous, Cha So-Yeon had lowered her head and couldn't even move her utensils.

Why does a kid like her have to exist? Do all of the other fuckers in here smell something that I don't? Do they all have a dog's sense of smell?

When it was finally his turn, even the older lady seemed nervous. After being served, Kang Chan went in front of Cha So-Yeon, food tray and milk in hand.

Click.

Kang Chan glared sharply around the cafeteria again after putting his food tray on the table, noticing that some of the guys eating had quickly placed their utensils down. When Kim Mi-Young sat next to Kang Chan, Cha So-Yeon slowly raised her eyes and seemingly checked out the cafeteria's current mood.

She seemed surprised, flustered, and happy to see him.

Her eyes looked like that of a child's upon finding their guardian after getting lost.

Kang Chan didn't sit down yet.

Three tables across from him, he saw the guys that walked past the line in leggings. When Kang Chan looked at them and smirked, they shook their heads like frightened dogs.

What should I do with these fuckers? Should I blow each of their heads off with the food tray?

“Chan.”

If Kim Mi-Young didn't call him with a concerned voice, then he might've really done that. He had done that before as a soldier. He had just finished a difficult battle then, which meant he was especially spiteful since he was on edge.

Nobody provoked Kang Chan when he was like this. Even in Africa, people learned to stay away from him after he turned an Algerian from another unit into a bloody mess when the Algerian became cocky and said, “He's making a sour face just because he killed a few people.”

He lost a medal and the prize money that came with it because of that incident.

“Chan, let’s eat.”

Kim Mi-Young tried to calm him down again, which came across as whiny.

The girl he thought of as his little sister was here. Unfortunately, as he turned away from the bastards to suppress his anger, Kang Chan noticed Cha So-Yeon’s empty surroundings again.

Glare.

“Chan, please.”

“Phew.”

By the time Kang Chan raised his gaze again, the guys standing had now lowered their heads. Nobody, not one person, was able to eat yet.

Kim Mi-Young gently held Kang Chan’s hand.

What’s this?

When he turned his head, he found Kim Mi-Young smiling despite her frightened expression.

It was funny. Kang Chan’s spite disappeared, and he actually felt sorry for the other innocent kids, the moment he felt her warm hand on his and saw her expression.