

Blackfield 31.2

Chapter 31.2: Distribution (1)

The moment Kang Chan sat down, the suffocating atmosphere died down.

When Kang Chan, Kim Mi-Young, and Cha So-Yeon began eating their lunch, the other students gradually resumed eating as well,

The other students ate solemnly, however, as if they were at a memorial ceremony.

Kim Mi-Young kept asking questions, and Cha So-Yeon answered to seemingly relieve the vicious atmosphere.

Kang Chan didn't butt in as they were mostly talking about studying.

"Can you teach me math for an hour every morning then, unnie[1]?" Cha So-Yeon asked.

"Let's try that. It'll be fun."

As they finished lunch, Kang Chan felt relieved that he got to school safely. If he didn't, Cha So-Yeon would've been increasingly isolated.

This didn't seem like a problem that could be solved with violence since he couldn't force students to sit close to Cha So-Yeon or get along with her. He could prevent them from openly despising her, but it would be hard to make them befriend her through force. He needed a way to make this work.

After lunch, they had a brief chat near the athletics club, then headed to class.

"Snow White," Kang Chan called out.

"Huh?"

"Thanks for holding my hand back there."

"Huhuhu."

He needed to fix her laugh.

And it looked like she misunderstood why he thanked her for holding his hand.

The afternoon classes bound Kang Chan to a seal, although the Korean language class was surprisingly bearable. It wasn't that boring, either, since he used its time to contemplate how he could erase the stigma stamped on kids like Cha So-Yeon and Moon Ki-Jin.

Finally class ended as if a long seal was released.

Kang Chan decided to head home first. It didn't feel right to go to the hospital while wearing his school uniform after he made such a scene.

"Let's walk home," Kim Mi-Young said.

"Sure."

There wasn't anything wrong with that.

Kim Mi-Young kept blabbing about the bad kids and how afraid she was in the cafeteria until they arrived at the apartment.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Kang Chan said.

“Bye.”

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—

After parting ways with Kim Mi-Young, he was about to enter the apartment building when his phone vibrated. Upon checking it, he found a message he assumed came from Seok Kang-Ho.

[It starts now, Kang Chan.]

What’s this?

The caller ID was ‘000000’.

‘Who’s this dickhead?’

That was the end of it. Kang Chan smirked and took the elevator.

Confident people would never result to methods like this. They would just confront their enemy head-on instead of doing something as cowardly as this.

Kang Chan washed up and changed his clothes when he got home, then headed to the hospital. He first sought out Yoo Hun-Woo and got his ribs X-rayed. Upon looking into the results, the doctor’s face filled up with surprise.

Next was the injury on his shoulder.

Yoo Hun-Woo pursed his lips, then sighed loudly as he sanitized and bandaged his shoulder.

“Does it look bad?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m worried because it looks too good. If everyone in the world was like you, doctors would starve.”

Yoo Hun-Woo continued with a serious expression.

“Let’s test out your tissues when there’s time. If your cells’ regeneration and division are faster than normal, we’d probably get unexpected results.”

“Let’s do that later.”

“I can’t force you to do it because you’d have to pay for it, but please make some time for it.”

A doctor like Yoo Hun-Woo wouldn’t encourage something like that to make more money. Nevertheless, Kang Chan delayed the test for now since he didn’t want to give Yoo Hye-Sook more things to worry about at the moment.

Kang Chan took the elevator and went up into Seok Kang-Ho’s room.

“Welcome,” Seok Kang-Ho greeted him.

“Hi, Channy!” Smithen exclaimed.

Seok Kang-Ho greeted Kang Chan with a displeased expression.

“What’s that fucker doing in here?” Kang Chan asked.

Occupying the bed across from Seok Kang Ho, Smithen was sitting with his back on the bed, his left eye and mouth uncovered.

“He’s been spouting bullshit because he’s bored and scared. We need to speak the same language to communicate, but I only speak Korean and Arabic, and that fucker only speaks French and English. I’m going to be bored to death soon,” Seok Kang-Ho answered.

Kang Chan looked at Smithen, who was avoiding his eyes.

“Why are you here?” Kang Chan asked him.

“It was boring being alone, so I tried to take this time to learn Korean.”

He’s good at bullshitting.

Kang Chan looked at Seok Kang-Ho again.

“Where’s your wife?”

“She went home to take care of our kid. I told her to come tomorrow after she sleeps since I can move on my own anyway,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

“Make me a cup of coffee.”

“Alright.”

“Daye!” Smithen exclaimed as Seok Kang-Ho made a cup of instant coffee, letting him know he also wanted a cup

“Just make him one,” Kang Chan said.

Seok Kang-Ho, wearing a plastic neck brace, glared at Smithen, but Kang Chan calmed him down. Kang Chan could almost feel his head starting to throb just by watching these two guys together.

“This tastes really fantastic,” Smithen said.

Smithen’s entire physique, which was normally covered with curly yellow hair, had now been tightly bandaged. Kang Chan stared at him as he drank coffee.

Kang Chan had mixed emotions—including pity and spite—for Smithen since he only had his left eye and mouth visible.

“What’s with all the bullshit about you wanting to split up the stocks?” Kang Chan asked after opening the window. They all bit down on a cigarette. Smithen looked at Kang Chan after placing his hand down, which he was using to drink coffee and smoke.

“There are three million euros in the bank account, and I have twelve million euros in stocks. Splitting that into three, it should be around five million euros per person. I’m willing to split it equally on one condition. I need cash right now, so let me use one million euros in the bank account,” Smithen answered.

“I already have stocks and money, so just use it, you bastard!”

“No, Channy.”

Smithen gave Kang Chan a serious look.

“Please forgive me for what I did in the past and accept me as your teammate again. I already paid the price with my right eye and my broken body. I just thought that I was going to eventually end up becoming like Sharlan once I start getting more money since that would make me greedy. I’m not saying you should be more greedy about money. I’m just asking for one more chance—a chance to become the God of Blackfield’s subordinate.”

“Are you going to keep pretending like you’re a decent person, you son of a bitch?”

“Yes, Channy. Please continue to treat me like that—how you did before.”

It was the first time Kang Chan saw a guy being happy while getting sworn at.

“I understand. But leave the stocks be. Dealing with that’s going to be annoying in more ways than one.”

“Channy.”

Smithen didn’t look like he was going to back down.

“We should split it equally since it’s just the three of us left. If it bothers you that much, I’m going to find other ways to give it to you.”

Smithen was stubborn. He wouldn’t listen even though he had been fairly beaten up.

Kang Chan glared at him profoundly.

“This son of a bitch must be crazy,” Seok Kang-Ho said while looking into his phone, sounding irritated.

“What is it?”

“Ah, a stupid fucker sent me a text message that said, ‘You’re going to die soon.’ Geez, what an unlucky day.”

“What’s the sender ID?”

“Let me see, what’s this? It’s six zeros.”

Feeling uneasy, Kang Chan walked toward Seok Kang-Ho.

“Look at this.”

Seok Kang-Ho deleted the message and threw his phone on the bed after showing Kang Chan the text.

“What fucker is doing this?” Kang Chan took his phone out and showed Seok Kang-Ho the text message he received earlier.

“What? What’s this?”

Seok Kang-Ho raised his eyes from the phone and looked at Kang Chan.

“The fucker knows both of our numbers?”

“It could just be a prank of one of those sons of bitches that got beat up in school. What’s wrong?”

Kang Chan had a sudden thought.

“What if this person has the phone that I lost at the hotel?” He asked.

“Nah, we took care of everything starting with the Serpent Venimeux. There isn’t anyone left that could’ve picked it up and sent us both a message. You also said that Oh Gwang-Taek’s henchman cleaned up the place.”

“Is that right?”

“Let’s not act so alert. Since you still seem to be on the edge, how about we go somewhere and take a nice... Oh, right. You’re still a student.”

Seok Kang-Ho licked his lips, his eyes filled with pity for Kang Chan.

“All I’m saying is we shouldn’t be so sensitive. If you’re still worked up, then let’s have a drink or something,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

“It’s fine. I also had a close call at noon, but I just let it go.”

Kang Chan told them what had happened during lunch now that they were on the topic.

“Kids can be so fucking cruel in their own ways,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

That was true.

“Anyways, what are we going to do about that fucker?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan looked at Smithen.

“That fucker basically wants to evenly split up the stocks and the money in the bank into three in exchange for a new, clean start.”

“What do you think, captain?”

Smithen lightly observed their reactions with his head down.

“That bastard most likely doesn’t have pure intentions. I didn’t make a big deal out of it when he offered us the money, but I have my doubts now that he’s also offering to split up the stocks.”

“He asked you to let him join us, right?”

“Yeah. If you were him, would you rather stay with us or sell your stocks and live a comfortable life somewhere you won’t have to worry about others?”

“That’s right!”

Smithen quickly looked away when his eye met Seok Kang-Ho’s.

“It’s strange that he’s avoiding my gaze. That bastard normally didn’t act that way since he saw me as a pushover back then. He even used to boast openly about stealing my wallet and running away,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

Kang Chan looked at Seok Kang-Ho, confused by what he was saying.

“He kept protesting that there was more money in the wallet than I had said, but he can’t even look me in the eye after saying that he’d split it evenly among the three of us? That doesn’t make any sense. I find his behavior really weird.”

“Tsk!”

That wasn’t urgent at the moment. Kang Chan had just finished thinking he should just watch him for now.

“Hear me out, captain,” said Seok Kang-Ho. “And don’t jump to conclusions with what I’m about to say.”

“What is it?”

“Let’s split the money and stocks between the three of us,” Seok Kang-Ho said, then proceeded to protest when he noticed Kang Chan’s reaction, seemingly finding it unwarranted. “Hey, I told you not to jump to conclusions.”