

Blackfield 32.1

Chapter 32.1: Distribution (2)

“He used to trick me all that time, and I’m sure that fucker is hiding something this time as well. Something will probably come up after we split everything up, which is why he insists on splitting the money and stocks as soon as possible. He wants to do it before a problem occurs and he’s forced to give it to a different and unrelated party,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

Maybe he’s right.

Kang Chan looked at Smithen.

“If you’re still in doubt, then you can hold onto my share of the split as well, Captain,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

Kang Chan thought Seok Kang-Ho’s words carried weight.

This was Seok Kang-Ho’s prize for surviving hell, making Kang Chan wonder if he even had the right to tell him what to do with his share of the split.

He honestly thought about passing on the money to their deceased unit members’ families, but his crew rarely talked about their past. And they all grew up in solitude. They didn’t have affectionate family members that Kang Chan could search for and give the money to.

“Understood. Let’s go with your suggestion after we ask him a few more questions and after we’ve ensured he has no other schemes.”

Kang Chan called Smithen over after finishing their conversation.

“I get what you’re saying, Smithen. I’ve also taken Daye’s opinion into consideration. But I need you to be completely clear about this: Are you still hiding something from us?”

Smithen gave Kang Chan a quick glance.

‘He’s hiding something.’

“I’m not. What else is there for me to hide at this point?” He gave an answer Kang Chan found irrelevant.

Kang Chan didn’t want a guy that used to be on Sharlan’s side to join them for his own personal agendas.

“Smithen,” Kang Chan said.

“Yes?”

Seok Kang-Ho’s nervous gaze alternated between the two of them when Kang Chan’s tone changed.

“Let’s pretend our conversation about the stocks never happened,” Kang Chan replied. “From now on, you’re on your own. I’ll send you one million euros since I’m the one that’s made this decision. It ends here.”

Deciding that the leftover money should be Seok Kang-Ho’s, Kang Chan smirked and turned his head away from Smithen.

“I think someone was backing Sharlan up. I can’t get into details since I’m not sure if someone really was, though, let alone who they were,” Smithen confessed.

“Is that why you said the stocks should be split?”

“About that...”

It seemed like Smithen also wanted to share the danger.

Kang Chan passed on what Smithen had just said to Seok Kang-Ho.

“You son of a bitch!” Seok Kang-Ho swore.

Smithen recognized that swear word.

“I’m really not hiding anything anymore, captain. So please, let me join you once we’ve split the money and stocks equally,” He begged, his eye now filled with seriousness and honesty.

“Phew... Okay. I’ll believe everything you’ve said for now,” Kang Chan replied.

“Thank you, captain! Thank you, Dayeru!”

Smithen flinched when he tried to move, his expression turning sour.

“What is it?” Kang Chan asked.

“I was going to make a cup of that fantastic coffee to express my gratitude.”

This guy truly was full of bullshit. Kang Chan ended the situation by telling Seok Kang-Ho to make coffee.

While drinking coffee, Smithen requested a private teacher to teach him Korean since he was in a hurry and a house that wasn’t far from Kang Chan’s place. He didn’t mind even if he had to pay monthly rent.

“Alright,” Kang Chan agreed, remembering one of Michelle’s friends, Cindy, who was some kind of freelancer. Now that he thought about it, the girl named Cecile said that she worked at a brokerage firm. He wasn’t sure if they would actually work properly.

“I should go. I have plans for dinner today,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Can’t you send that fucker to another room first? He acts like that even when my wife’s here.”

Smithen sat and leaned against the bed as he gauged their reactions with an expression that mirrored his confusion on what was being said. A hairy man sitting down with only his eye and mouth visible was an ugly sight to see.

“Endure it only for now. I’ll come up with something by tomorrow,” Kang Chan replied.

“Okay.”

Kang Chan made Smithen promise not to tell anyone about what happened in Africa except him and Seok Kang-Ho before leaving.

Upon getting home, Kang Chan found Yoo Hye-Sook wearing a comfortable outfit.

“Aren’t we going out for dinner today?” He asked.

“Of course we are. Your dad also said that he’s arriving soon.”

Yoo Hye-Sook looked happy despite her expression visibly displaying her inner struggles.

“Where are we going?” Kang Chan asked. As he did, the door opened and Kang Dae-Kyung walked.

“Welcome home,” Kang Chan greeted him.

They seemed to be having dinner at home.

“Thank you. Are you ready to go, honey?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Yeah. I can just go out like this.”

Based on their conversation, however, they were clearly going out to eat.

“You should’ve just told us to go down,” Kang Chan told Kang Dae-Kyung.

“I was dying to see your mom.”

“You’re being cheesy!” Yoo Hye-Sook exclaimed.

“Time to go, my queen.”

Placing a hand on the small of Yoo Hye-Sook’s back, Kang Dae-Kyung walked to the entrance with her.

Are they hiding something?

Kang Chan could do nothing but follow them in this situation.

Kang Dae-Kyung led them to the car in the underground parking lot, drove the car out of the apartment, and merged onto the main road. On the way, he kept talking to Yoo Hye-Sook about

various things, such as the interviews he did today and what articles were released. Kang Chan kept quiet and just watched the two of them from the back seat.

They looked happy.

Kang Dae-Kyung soon stopped the car somewhere he didn't expect.

Could it be?

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook smiled mischievously while looking at Kang Chan.

"I said that we'd come here with your mom next time, didn't I?" Kang Dae-Kyung told Kang Chan.

That was true. But he didn't know they would go to a snack bar in front of his school on such a day.

Momentarily confused, Kang Chan got out of the car and went inside the snack bar with Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook. They then ordered pork cutlets.

"I made a promise to your mom," Kang Dae-Kyung told Kang Chan.

Yoo Hye-Sook looked at Kang Dae-Kyung softly and lovingly.

"It was that if we don't have debt and own a house and car, we'd use our extra money to help children in need."

Do people like them really exist in the world? They're using their hard-earned money to help other people?

"It was what your mom asked me to do after she first held you. It's our way of reminding ourselves not to be selfish and expressing our gratitude for being blessed enough to watch you grow. I did actually brag about eating pork cutlets here with you last time, but I didn't know she'd want to come here today."

They were served pork cutlets. Kang Dae-Kyung quickly cut the pork cutlets, placed it in front of Yoo Hye-Sook, and handed her some chopsticks.

"Are you disappointed?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Chan.

"No. This was a bit unexpected, but I don't mind."

Yoo Hye-Sook smiled broadly, which she hadn't done in a long time.

They started eating.

"When did the two of you meet?" Kang Chan asked.

He immediately realized how thoughtless his question was when he saw their confused expressions. They had probably told him about it before.

"Ever since the accident, I've been having instances when I can't remember conversations I've had in the past," Kang Chan explained.

Yoo Hye-Sook's expression suddenly held pity, but there was nothing they could do. Kang Dae-Kyung nodded and answered him.

"We met in college. All of the pictures are in our house."

'I should take a look at them later.'

"I see," Kang Chan replied.

"My family was actually very poor back then," Kang Dae-Kyung continued.

"Honey, why are you bringing that up again?"

Yoo Hye-Sook tried to whine and stop him with a grumble, but Kang Dae-Kyung remained firm.

"We didn't leave in a rural area, but I needed to work part-time relentlessly to afford school books and transportation fees. Not long after I was admitted as a freshman, I was told that the students were going to an MT [1], but I wasn't financially capable of attending things like that."

"Did mom pay for it?"

"That's right! Now that I think back to it, your mom has been deeply in love with me since then."

"Honey!"

When Kang Chan and Kang Dae-Kyung started laughing together, Yoo Hye-Sook appeared to be making excuses.

"I felt really bad for him because he came to school every day looking like he hadn't eaten. Your dad's eyes were already quite big back then, but whenever he had to buy books or something came up that involved paying money, his eyes would widen even more, almost as if he was scared."

"But didn't you pay the MT fees for him because you were somewhat interested in him?" asked Kang Chan.

"Right? Right?" Kang Dae-Kyung added.

"Honey!"

Yoo Hye-Sook firmly closed her mouth and glared at Kang Dae-Kyung when people started looking at them.

"We're kidding. Eat up," Kang Dae-Kyung told Yoo Hye-Sook.

It was a pleasant dinner. Kang Chan was worried because the oil used to make the pork cutlets weren't good. Fortunately, she ate heartily, seemingly finding the dish delicious.

"She bought all of my lunches since then without missing a day. When I did my military service in Cheorwon[2], she made sure to visit me twice every month," Kang Dae-Kyung continued.

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at Yoo Hye-Sook with loving eyes.

“Once during my military service, we had to clean up snow all day because it snowed so much it was as if there was a hole in the sky. All of us thought no one would visit, but she did even though the cold was making her tremble. Even the executives in the military camp came out and greeted her, and I got two nights and three days of vacation thanks to her. This still always comes up when I meet up with my crew from back then.”

Kang Chan looked at Yoo Hye-Sook with surprised eyes.

“When I was discharged from the military, your mom got offered to study abroad at the expense of the government, but she gave it up without telling me. She chose to stay by my side until I graduated and got a job.”

Kang Chan had always thought there had to be a sufficient reason why Kang Dae-Kyung was good to her.

“Your maternal grandmother stealthily told me about it after we had you. While in tears, she also said that your mom probably ended up surviving because she met you.”

Kang Chan wanted to ask about his grandmother but thought that would ruin the mood, so he just nodded along.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Kang Chan finished their food, while Yoo Hye-Sook still had about half of her dish left.

“Even if it seems inadequate, let’s consider this our family dinner since your mom chose this menu because she wanted to celebrate our achievement in a special way. This doesn’t mean that we should live like penny pinchers, though. We’re going to continue using a portion of our earnings to help children in need,” Kang Dae-Kyung said.

“You guys are still doing that?” Kang Chan asked.

Shoot! Looks like this is also a wrong question.

Kang Dae-Kyung quickly remedied the atmosphere.

“We haven’t stopped donating a certain portion of my paycheck,” Kang Dae-Kyung replied.

The dinner ended appropriately.