

Blackfield 35.1

Chapter 35.1: Sharply (1)

5 am. Monday morning.

Kang Chan quietly got out of the apartment in workout pants and a comfortable cotton t-shirt.

“Who!”

He tilted his body in multiple directions and slowly warmed up his muscles after taking in a deep breath. His injuries have healed a lot, so he was about to go for a long run.

Kang Chan got out of the apartment at an appropriate speed because he felt that his muscles were somewhat warmed up. The roads and sidewalks were empty except for a car that was quickly moving with the headlights on, and a few diligent people.

He regained his previous body’s capabilities in the final minutes of his fight against the gangsters in the parking lot and when he fought with a knife in the hallway. The condition of his body back then was exactly the same as it was in Africa. If he didn’t have that sensation, it would’ve been hard to defeat Sharlan.

Kang Chan inhaled in two separate intervals.

Sharlan had a lot of experience, but he had become physically weaker since he had been a commander for so long.

Kang Chan didn’t want to lose his sharpness as Sharlan did.

Adjusting to his new body to live a peaceful life was one thing. To lose his sharpness was another. He didn’t want to become one of those knife-wielding gangsters, and he also didn’t have to seek revenge anymore, but he still wanted to maintain his physique.

‘Damn it!’

He ran out of breath after running for about two kilometers.

That was his body’s limit.

The useless journal of this body’s previous owner said that he didn’t skip his workout, yet his limit was just a measly 2 kilometers.

Kang Chan gritted his teeth and tried to maintain his speed. His body would accept new limits once he had overcome this pain.

He exhaled heavily after running for about three kilometers. He had gotten a burst of energy, making him feel like he could run to the end of the earth.

‘What is this fucker?’

He pondered if that was a good thing, but concluded only ignorant and oblivious people would think that way. After all, considering it didn’t take him that long to get to this point, he’d be in even more horrendous pain around the five-kilometer mark.

Kang Chan focused on maintaining a consistent speed through his breathing. Sure enough, when he ran about two more kilometers, so much pain tormented Kang Chan so much that he felt like his waist was being broken.

‘Do what you want.’

One shouldn’t compromise with pain.

As expected, it didn’t take that long for him to reach the worst of it. He was winded, and his body no longer wanted to run. However, he had never yielded to this kind of pain before. It wasn’t like he was trying to run a marathon—he just wanted to maintain his body’s sharpness.

Kang Chan thought about the runway in the dreary outskirts of France and the blazing red sunset in Africa.

Back then, he used to run until he was out of breath whenever he remembered those that had died in combat.

“Captain! Did I do well?”

Kang Chan remembered the time a soldier wanted him to praise him.

Kang Chan had heard that the guy applied to be a mercenary after graduating from school in a foster home. He looked quite young for a twenty-year-old French guy, and he yelled, “Sorry!” all night long after his first battle.

He wasn’t the only one that did that.

After their first battle or after getting their first kill, people would normally spew out the feelings they had at that moment as if they were sleep talking.

Those that yelled “die!” were mostly ones with previous experience in killing, and those that yelled “Wah! ” and “No!” were often those scared but pretending to be strong.

But it was the first time that Kang Chan had heard someone yell, “sorry!”

Stupid fucker.

That soldier looked into the corpse of someone around his age for quite a while, followed right behind Kang Chan until he finished running, then asked, “Did I do well?” bringing two bottles with him even though Kang Chan was already about to shower.

Kang Chan couldn’t protect that fool in the next battle.

There were too many of them.

Despite the order to retreat, Kang Chan killed all the enemies in front of him relentlessly and ran over to the soldier. However, by the time he got to him, his corpse was already unrecognizable.

Son of a bitch.

Why did that fool yell “Channy!” at the end if he was going to do that?

Kang Chan gritted his teeth.

If his waist couldn’t endure even this much, then it might as well just snap and break.

When the Algerian guy sneered at him in the distant past, Kang Chan made a bloody mess out of him and severely beat up the man's captain and his two crew members as well when they all lunged at him. Only Dayeru understood him when he did all of those.

This was also why Kang Chan couldn't forget the look in Smithen's eyes, which he had shown at the last moment. Kang Chan was the last person those who lived in loneliness—turning them desperate—depended on.

He never wanted to betray that trust.

Damn it!

He had mistakenly gone the wrong way.

Even though he ran about ten kilometers based on the GPS, the entrance of the apartment was still over one kilometer away.

His body knew best how much he ran.

'You're given to the wrong owner.'

Kang Chan's physique had begun becoming sore all over to convey he had covered the promised ten kilometers, but he pretended not to notice it.

"Huff Huff, Huff Huff."

After going into the apartment area's entrance, he headed to the bench.

Breathing heavily, he bent over and placed his hands on his knees. He was sweating so much that it was as if he was standing in the middle of a rain.

He was dizzy and felt like he was going to puke.

Kang Chan moved to the playground to avoid the eyes of those going to work early.

He hung his feet on a rung and did pushups and chin-ups, then went on the parallel bars.

'Damn it.'

He decided to stop here for today.

"Oh my! Look at all that sweat. Have you just finished working out?" Yoo Hye-Sook greeted Kang Chan with a bright expression as she was preparing breakfast.

"You're already awake?" Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

"It's the same time as usual."

"I'm going to wash up a bit."

"Sure. Make it quick so we can eat together."

Kang Chan took the clothes he was going to change into, went into the bathroom, and took a shower.

The stiff pain felt somewhat good.

Only scars remained from his injuries.

When he had finished and gone out, he found Kang Dae-Kyung helping Yoo Hye-Sook take out the side dishes.

“You look good. Maybe I should join you starting from tomorrow?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“You should. You need to exercise as well,” Yoo Hye-Sook answered.

It would be a headache if Kang Dae-Kyung really did come with him, though.

Not only would he distract Kang Chan, but Kang Dae-Kyung would also surely end up in the emergency room if he tried copying him.

Thankfully it seemed like Kang Dae-Kyung wasn't going to insist on joining him in the morning.

Kang Chan had breakfast, went out of the apartment in a happy mood, and met Kim Mi-Young.

Kim Mi-Young smiled, seemingly in a good mood as well.

“Did something good happen this morning?” He asked.

“We have exams. Let's go somewhere this Sunday.”

Kim Mi-Young looked at Kang Chan with a strange expression.

“Don't you have to go to hagwon?” asked Kang Chan.

“I can have the Sunday off during exam weeks.”

She had the body, the twinkling eyes, and the sharp features. And to top it all off, she was smart. If only she were a bit more mature, she would've been worth raising. He was about to develop feelings for her, but Kang Chan felt like he was committing a crime when he saw her smiling innocently and spouting nonsense.

Kang Chan quickly moved his gaze to the bus when he realized he had been unconsciously looking at her lips.

Kids were really fast at adjusting. It hadn't even been a few days, but they were no longer cautious or afraid of Kang Chan riding the bus.

It felt like Kim Mi-Young's chatter and the sight of her laughing with a “huhuhu” while talking to him played a big role in lessening the cautiousness of the kids. This was also the case in the cafeteria.

When they went inside the main gate, he saw Seok Kang-Ho with a neck brace.

Kang Chan was happy to see him.

That was where their very refreshing Monday morning ended.

After all, their exams had started.

Why do I have to stay in my seat even though I've finished answering the test?

After writing his name, Kang Chan answered as best as he could. He looked at Kim Mi-Young at some point, finding her quite charming with her head craned to the side as she focused on the exam.

Kang Chan quickly shook his head.

He felt like he was continuing to sink into the lures of crime. Guilt rushed through him at the same time since he felt like an older brother desiring his younger sister.