

## **Blackfield 35.2**

Chapter 35.2: Sharply (1)

Classes ended after Kang Chan finished the exams for three subjects.

This was really good.

Kang Chan followed Seok Kang-Ho to the athletics club room after he said goodbye to Kim Mi-Young.

“Didn’t you get a text message?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“Why? Did you text me?”

Kang Chan took two chairs that they had placed on one side of the athletics club room as Seok Kang-Ho made coffee.

“Huh? Then that means that this son of a bitch only sent me a message?”

“What is it?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m talking about the six zeros—the message that says ‘you’re going to die.’”

*So that’s what he was talking about.*

“Did you get another one of those?”

“I got it this morning. Why is he only texting me?” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

“Who’s the fucker behind this?”

“Let’s not let it bother us. I can just change my number if it gets too much. That would definitely surprise that guy. He’ll be like ‘huh?’ Phuhuhu,” Seok Kang-Ho laughed.

*Does he really find it that funny?*

“Oh! I’m also going to a three-day, four-night retreat during the break,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“What’s that?”

“Since they couldn’t go on the field trip, the eleventh-graders decided to substitute the field trip with the retreat.”

“Sounds fun.” Kang Chan quipped.

“Fun? What’s so fun about looking after children during the break while everyone else is resting? I wonder if they’d give the task to someone else if I use my neck injury as an excuse.”

The two of them had pork cutlets for lunch.

Kang Chan checked his phone when he got a text message.

[Honey, are you available on Saturday?]

It was Michelle.

Kang Chan pressed the call button.

- Honey!

“I’m going to hang up. You must be looking for someone else.”

He heard the sound of Michelle’s peculiar cheerful laugh through the phone.

– Cecile, Cindy, and I decided to eat together, and I was hoping you could join us. What day works for you: Saturday or Sunday?

They were planning to meet again anyway.

Plus Kim Mi-Young had already placed dibs for Sunday.

“I think Saturday’s better.”

- Okay. Saturday it is. See you then, honey.

“Sure.”

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Kang Chan felt like he was testing his physical limitations.

Starting on Wednesday, he increased his running speed a bit and more than doubled his previous number of chin-ups.

‘Tsk! Do I need to discuss this with the doctor as well?’

His body was acting a bit strange.

He couldn’t ignore the fact that his muscle soreness, which occurred when he worked out strenuously, had disappeared completely after an hour or two.

Kang Chan was thinking of getting examined since he had plenty of money.

He went to the bank after exams ended on Wednesday, was issued a cash card, and learned a surprising fact at the bank. Apparently, he had become viable to take a driving test since his birthday was on March 13.

After about 30 minutes had passed since he left the bank, the branch manager called and apologized for his absence. Since he didn’t have anything vital to say, Kang Chan simply hung up.

Kang Chan continued on that route and applied for a driving test with Seok Kang-Ho, then went out to the outskirts.

“Let’s have eel,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

It took them about an hour to arrive at a secluded restaurant in Gimpo[1] that specialized in roasted eel.

“Ah, that son of a bitch!” Seok Kang-Ho yelled as he looked into his phone, evidently annoyed.

“Is it the six zeros?” Kang Chan asked.

“What’s that?”

“I’m asking if the caller ID is six zeros.”

“Ah!” Seok Kang-Ho nodded.

“What is up with that fucker? Can we catch him if we go to the telephone office and look into it?” Kang Chan asked just as the eel was served, causing their topic to swiftly change.

They talked about many things, such as the book that they bought while they were applying for the driving test, tricks to pass the exam, and things going on at school.

“Will Mi-Young get first place this time as well?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“Probably. There’s a huge difference between her and second place, plus she only got one question wrong during the entire exam period, including the exams that she did today,” Seok Kang-Ho replied while placing two pieces of well-cooked eel into his mouth.

‘Tsk!’

Kang Chan thought about Kim Mi-Young’s face while he was looking into the open view through the glass window of the restaurant.

‘Well, a kiss can’t be that bad.’

*It’s not like it will kill me, plus I’m doing it because she did well on her exams...*

“What are you thinking so intensely about?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

Things like this didn’t really need to be said.

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When the exam period ended and the athletics club reopened on Friday, Kang Chan saw bright faces. Everyone including Cha So-Yeon had a joyous expression, but Moon Ki-Jin in particular seemed satisfied. He had apparently made a new friend again.

They spent time talking to each other instead of exercising. It had been a while since they last gathered together, after all.

When the kids had gone home, Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho, “What if we buy some workout equipment?”

“For the club?”

Seok Kang-Ho looked around the athletics club’s interior.

“Why don’t you register at a gym somewhere during the break?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“It’s going to bother me since there would be a lot of people there. The athletics club is within the appropriate distance for me to come running from home, plus it’s easier to meet you here.”

“That’s true. That would allow me to also exercise a bit when we meet.”

“Let’s buy some,” Kang Chan insisted.

“Sure.”

They decided to let Kang Chan choose and order the workout equipment.

It was nearly time to go home.

“Let’s have dinner first before you go. I found a place that makes amazing stir-fried octopus,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

“Why are you going crazy about what you eat lately?”

“I am? Phuhuhu.” Seok Kang-Ho laughed, tilting his head. “Ever since I got discharged from the hospital, I’ve been strangely wanting to eat amazing dishes and bear witness to any amazing sights with you.”

“Let’s exercise together during the break. Your neck brace will be removed by then, right?”

“It should be. Now that I think about it, Smithen, that fucker, has been real quiet lately,”

“Let him be. Do you think he’ll be sane right now?”

“Phuhu. Let’s go. I heard that you’re busy on Saturday and Sunday. Let’s eat spicy octopus mixed with rice before heading home.”

Seok Kang-Ho seemed to be moving a lot more comfortable now, considering he could now turn his neck a little.

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On Saturday, Kang Chan spent the morning watching TV with Yoo Hye-Sook and left the house after Kang Dae-Kyung arrived home.

Kang Chan arrived at the Latz Hotel at 5 pm. Michelle’s group was already there.

“Honey!”

Jealous eyes immediately jumped to him when Michelle grandly waved her hand.

Instead of hugging him, it would be more accurate to say she quite literally threw herself at him.

They were at the same outdoor terrace that he visited last Saturday.

After Michelle hugged Kang Chan and clung to him, she noisily kissed both of his cheeks.

“Welcome, Channy.”

Cecile and Cindy hugged him and lightly kissed his cheek. They didn’t seem to be wearing underwear since he could feel the peaks of their chests poking against him when they hugged him.

They first ordered a bottle of beer for everyone, then they spent time listening to Cindy talk about how difficult it was to finish one special program.

“But Channy.”

“What?”

Cindy called Kang Chan while grabbing a peanut snack that was given to them as part of the service.

“I heard from Alice that you and Smithen met in Africa. What does that mean?”

Kang Chan’s heart sank heavily.

That son of a bitch had let his big mouth run loose after all.

“She asked Smithen why you treat him that way because she found it weird. Smithen told her that it was because of something that had happened in Africa, but even if he told her, she wouldn’t believe him. Alice asked me if I knew anything about it, but we’ve never talked about such things before,” Cindy continued.

“I’m not sure.”

It didn’t seem like she was baiting him out from her expression.

After this weekend, he needed to warn Smithen not to spill anything else.

On the terrace, they simply ordered steaks and a bottle of wine.

Kang Chan agreed to stop by the club that was in the basement of the Latz hotel when Michelle asked, which seemed to have made her very satisfied.

After they ordered another bottle of wine and drank about half of it, darkness slightly descended. The atmosphere became more romantic when the dainty oil candles on every table lit up.

He would’ve thought he was having dinner with a beauty somewhere in France if it wasn’t for the man in his fifties that was talking loudly two partitions across from him.

And it would’ve been even more fun if they were with Seok Kang Ho. If only he were young and weren’t married.

Kang Chan ended up smiling lightly when he suddenly wanted to see Seok Kang-Ho.

“Honey.”

Kang Chan thoughtlessly turned his gaze to Michelle when she called him.

She proposed a toast while holding onto a wine glass.

“To a beautiful night,” Michelle said.

“With the four of us?”

Cindy laughed loudly when Kang Chan raised his glass with a joke.