

Blackfield 36.1

Chapter 36.1: Sharply (2)

In all honesty, Kang Chan didn't have that much fun at the club.

The drooling idiots' gazes as they watched the three French women with him made him feel uncomfortable, and it wasn't like he'd appreciate the bodies of the other women in the dance floor. Hence, he just left the place at around 10:30 pm.

He felt much more comfortable since Michelle wasn't desirously clinging to him.

Kang Chan felt like he was acting like a clown while wearing clothes that didn't suit him when they were leaving the club.

Kang Chan missed Seok Kang-Ho, Kim Mi-Young, Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook.

After he went home, Kang Chan, Kang Dae-Kyung, and Yoo Hye-Sook ordered and ate fried chicken for the first time, then watched a movie together. It was one hundred times more enjoyable than the club. He wanted to drink beer, but couldn't since even Kang Dae-Kyung drank cola.

Kang Chan laughed, feeling like he had become a diligent high schooler now.

Kang Chan left just in time to get to the meeting spot by 10 am, and headed to the bus stop Kim Mi-Young told him about via text.

“Chan!”

He automatically smiled when he saw Kim Mi-Young waving her hand at him while smiling brightly.

He definitely felt more comfortable with her than with Michelle.

“Where do you want to go?” Kang Chan asked.

“The Yongin [1]amusement park!”

That proposal was just like her.

They took the subway to the Sports Complex, which had a shuttle bus.

Chatter chatter.

Their conversation never ended. She told him about a part she found funny in a TV program she watched yesterday, and that she regretted getting two questions wrong in the recent exam.

‘That's it!’

She hadn't gotten her grades yet, so he had just wasted time trying to find an excuse.

When they went on the tour bus, Kim Mi-Young took out her earphones from the bag that was on her shoulder and placed one end of it into Kang Chan's ear.

A song with a fast beat was playing.

The ride to the amusement park itself was fun since they had fun music playing, and Kim Mi-Young had a bright expression on her face.

Ring.

But he clearly heard her ringtone amongst the music.

Kim Mi-Young looked at Kang Chan with an annoyed face after she looked into her phone.

“What is it?”

Kang Chan’s heart sank coldly the moment he looked into her phone.

[You’re going to die.]

The caller ID was of course ‘000000’.

“It’s probably just a prank,” Kang Chan said.

In moments like this, it was better to just act like it was nothing and move on. Kang Chan calmly controlled his emotions to prevent them from showing in his eyes.

“I get these once a day. It’s honestly quite offensive,” Kim Mi-Young told Kang Chan.

“Since when?”

“I think it started last week. I even showed it to my mom.”

What kind of fucker is doing this?

Kang Chan didn’t think that bastard would do this to Kim Mi-Young as well.

Kim Mi-Young soon forgot about it when he didn’t make a big deal out of it.

The amusement park was full of people.

Within three hours, they had omurice [2]for lunch and went on three rides. He began to think, ‘Why do I have to pay to scream and fall from a high place?’

It was already evening by the time they had finished looking around the zoo and watching a seal and monkey show. Flashy lights lit up each ride.

After having kimbap and udon [3]for dinner, he decided it was time to go.

“I want to ride that.”

But Kim Mi-Young pointed to a ride that was basically ridden as if they were standing up. It was a ride where the small cylinder spun in a circle and came back down again.

“Sure,” Kang Chan answered.

There weren’t a lot of people queuing up for it anyway.

Kang Chan ended up bursting into laughter when they got the tickets and sat down inside. It was because Kim Mi-Young had awkwardly lowered her gaze when they sat facing each other inside a cylinder that was narrow enough for their knees to touch.

She was a kid that most likely looked forward to this moment, from the moment the exams ended up to now, even though she hadn't gotten her grades yet.

When the ride slowly turned, little by little the appearance of the amusement park unfolded before their eyes.

"Can we kiss?" Kim Mi-Young asked.

Kim Mi-Young stole a glance, but when Kang Chan didn't say anything, she quickly lowered her head.

Kang Chan suddenly thought about the threatening text message.

Regardless of the promise or other bullshit, it would be very irresponsible of him to start something with Kim Mi-Young when there was a lunatic like him near them.

"Give me your hand," said Kang Chan.

Kim Mi-Young carefully held out her hand, and Kang Chan gently held it.

"Let's do everything on your birthday after we graduate from high school. That is if we haven't changed our minds by then," Kang Chan told Kim Mi-Young.

"I won't change! I'm not going to change!"

She seemed upset and felt wronged.

She would've been excited for this moment in the days leading up to it, but Kang Chan had pushed it away.

"Come here," said Kang Chan.

Kang Chan hugged her tightly after he pulled her to his lap.

Kim Mi-Young trembled.

It seemed like she was still having a hard time taking this much skinship in [4], even though she had feelings for him.

"I'll trust you. Let's wait until then so that we won't regret it. But in return, let's wear the rings that I prepared," Kang Chan told Kim Mi-Young.

Kim Mi-Young gently embraced Kang Chan's neck when he kissed her on the forehead.

Was it because of the atmosphere? He wanted to have her.

"You can wait for me, right?" Kang Chan asked.

She nodded.

Kim Mi-Young smiled with a flushed face.

His words most likely had a more intense effect than a simple kiss, but saying that made him feel much more comfortable than actually kissing her.

He needed to find out who sent the text message, no matter what.

On Monday morning, Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho the moment he came into the athletics club that Kim Mi-Young had also received the same message.

“It doesn’t feel right,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“It’s either someone’s picked up the phone that I lost, or it’s the guys that were hiding behind Sharlan’s back.”

“This is even more problematic since it’s happening in the same time frame. If Sharlan had someone behind his back, wouldn’t they be placed in an uncomfortable position if word gets out?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Tsk! That’s what you’re worried about right now? You should worry about yourself first.”

“What are you even saying?” Seok Kang-Ho complained with a frown.

“You can’t even use your neck properly. Don’t make me kill the person that did that to you.”

“This neck brace will be gone before I go to the retreat.”

“You’re going to the retreat? Just use your neck as an excuse to give the task to someone else.”

“It’s already decided, so it can’t be changed now.”

Should I twist his neck just until he doesn’t die?

When Kang Chan glared at him with a profound expression, Seok Kang-Ho got up from his spot while shaking his head.

“Let’s buy some workout equipment instead. They’re cheaper in the places near Dongdaemun [5], so let’s look around and have lunch there. Buying workout equipment for the athletics club is an official duty.”

Seok Kang-Ho wasn’t the type to listen even if Kang Chan tried to stop him, so they headed to Dongdaemun as Seok Kang-Ho suggested.

“Ask about the death threats at the telephone office tomorrow. I’m going to see if anyone else has received that message,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Oh! That sounds good.”

“And let’s go meet Smithen at dinner. We should hear in detail why he thought someone was backing Sharlan up, and we also need to tell him to watch his mouth,” Kang Chan continued.

“Sure.”

They shopped for workout machines after they had finished their discussion, picking only those that would work the muscle group they needed to target since it would only slow them down if they made their forearms stupidly bigger.

They had cold buckwheat noodles for lunch.

“Oh! I feel much better,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“Where are they holding the retreat?”

“I was told it’ll be at Jirisan.” [6]

“In this heat?”

“Tell me about it. I was told the kids voted among the possible places to go, but it would’ve been hard to choose the beach since it would’ve been costly.”

After they ate the refreshingly cold Buckwheat noodles, they headed to school while feeling slightly rejuvenated. Kang Chan took out his phone when he remembered their plan for the evening.

- Hi, Channy!

“Smithen, where are you right now?”

- I’m out shopping with Alice.

“What are you doing for dinner?”

- I don’t have any special plans.

“Then let’s meet up.”

- Okay, Channy. How about my place at dinner time?

“Sure. Text me your address.”

- Yes, Channy.

Kang Chan got Smithen’s address via text after ending the call and waiting for a bit.

“Isn’t the written test for the driver’s license this week?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“That’s right.”

Seok Kang-Ho smiled strangely while twisting his neck, even though he couldn’t rotate it properly.

“Do you think that I’ll fail that?” asked Kang Chan.

“You never know. Apparently, there’s a lot of people that don’t line up their answers properly and mark their answers one bubble after where they’re supposed to.”

When they returned to school, lunchtime was already over.

Classes ended while Kang Chan had a cup of coffee alone in the athletics club, searching and calling a few security guard companies.

“I’ll come back after I change my clothes at home.”

“You should put extra clothes here tomorrow. It’s going to be cumbersome if you have to go home to change every time we go somewhere,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

That was true.

Kang Chan spent about 30 minutes with the kids in the athletics club and left after telling them that the workout equipment would arrive tomorrow and that they could work out anytime they wanted from then on.

“Chan,” Kim Mi-Young called.

“Huh? Why haven’t you gone home yet?”

“I wanted to see you before I go.”

Kim Mi-Young was sitting in the stands.

He kept noticing her breasts, possibly because of what he felt yesterday.

“Did you get a text message today?” asked Kang Chan.

“What? Ah, that weird perverse text message.”

When annoyance swept through Kim Mi-Young’s face, Kang Chan didn’t need to hear an answer. At this point, he needed to catch the suspect regardless of whether it was a prank or not.