

Blackfield 39.1

Chapter 39.1: Let's End it (1)

“Thanks,” Heo Eun-Sil thanked Kang Chan while gauging his mood.

“Hey, I told you not to wear makeup in school, right?” Kang Chan told Heo Eun-Sil.

“I had to because I got bruised.”

Heo Eun-Sil's head dropped to the floor.

This bitch's ability to endure attacks was also almost on Smithen's level.

“Lee Ho-Jun, why are you getting beaten up again?” asked Kang Chan.

This time, Lee Ho-Jun's head dropped to the floor.

Right, what's the point of hearing his answer?

Kang Chan was about to walk away while shaking his head.

“We're getting beat up because the gangsters that previously watched over us have disappeared, and the eleventh-graders in our school don't go out when the bullies meet up.” There was a subtle complaint in Heo Eun-Sil's explanation.

“Then you guys just don't have to show up either!”

“We have to show up because the sunbae of the guy that got beaten earlier and the guys that got their arms broken is a gangster. If we don't show up, we'll get killed.”

‘Tsk.’

Kang Chan found them to be a nuisance. He couldn't help but wonder why he was even doing this.

Kang Chan got out of the flower bed and took a taxi.

What should I do with my life from now on?

This was the first time he thought about it since he reincarnated.

Study abroad in France? Even if Lanok got him admitted to a school, he would just be a stupid student who could only speak French.

He also didn't want to be a mercenary. He only risked his life back then because there was no other hope for him. Why would he go to a scene of carnage when there was not even a single person he could seek revenge on?

Kang Chan could get a position at Kang Yoo Motors if he asked Kang Dae-Kyung for it after he graduated high school. It also wouldn't be bad to start from the bottom, but he didn't want to get a job with Kang Dae-Kyung's help.

If he wasted his time like this all throughout the break and second semester, he would be no different than Lee Ho-Jun or Heo Eun-Sil.

Since Lanok had told him to try running a company, Lanok would definitely find an appropriate company for him if he asked for help. But Kang Chan wanted to figure this out by himself.

After he ate, Kang Chan called Michelle and asked if it was possible to acquire the company that she mentioned before.

Michelle answered that it would cost around five hundred million won and that it would take about a month to determine if it was even possible to acquire it.

He quickly ended the call before his body got hot.

‘Let do it one at a time. I should also try to study a bit.’

Since the break started on Monday, they still had 4th period[1]. Thanks to that, everyone gathered in the athletics club room and had pork cutlets. The ninth-graders were relaxed, the tenth-graders were hyped up for the retreat, and the twelfth-graders didn’t feel anything special.

“What time are you guys leaving tomorrow?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“Our call time is 9am, then we’ll leave by bus,” Cha So-Yeon and another eleventh-grader answered as if they were singing together.

“I don’t know about the other kids, but you guys can’t fool around.”

“Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, you’re too harsh!”

“The athletics club should show a good example.”

“We’ve just barely gotten closer with the other kids. We’ll get branded again if we pretend that we’re nerds during the retreat,” Cha So-Yeon complained to Seok Kang-Ho, who had a mischievous expression. It was good to hear her say something that could be hurtful with ease.

“Sunbae-nim, can’t you go with us?”

Focused on eating his pork cutlet, Kang Chan wondered what they meant.

“You should go with us!” Cha So-Yeon continued.

“Only you guys would love it if I came. The rest of the eleventh-graders won’t be able to have fun. Then you’ll be branded forever,” Kang Chan answered.

“That’s not true! There’s actually a lot of kids in our class that wish you would go.”

“Are they crazy?” Seok Kang-Ho asked while laughing.

“You’re a teacher, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho. How can you say something like that?”

“Phuhu.”

This time, Kang Chan laughed as well. He almost spilled his food, nearly making him a 'dirty fucker.'

"There's a lot of kids in the cafeteria that would get upset if you don't come. They like your presence a lot because, nowadays, we all get to line up and eat in peace, and nobody bullies anyone anymore. That's why you should go with us, sunbae-nim!" Cha So-Yeon exclaimed again.

"Get a hold of yourself. How could a twelfth-grader go there?" asked Kang Chan.

"You can just come separately."

"Where would I sleep?"

"You can sleep in the teacher's room. Or you can sleep in our room too."

If Kim Mi-Young heard that... He didn't even want to imagine it.

After they had eaten the pork cutlets, Kang Chan patted them on the back and told them to have fun, then told the ninth-graders and twelfth-graders to come and work out with the new workout equipment whenever it was comfortable for them, starting tomorrow.

"Let's go out somewhere with just the two of us after I come back from the retreat," said Seok Kang-Ho.

"When are you getting your neck brace removed?"

"I decided to remove it by myself at dinner. I can move my neck around quite a bit now."

Seok Kang-Ho turned his head from side to side as a demonstration.

"But I'm curious. Those fuckers aren't contacting us. Is there nothing else going on?"

Kang Chan couldn't tell him yet since the issue could distract him throughout the retreat. Hence, when Seok Kang-Ho had actually asked him about it, he couldn't help but think, 'oh shoot!'

"I was actually thinking of telling you this after you come back from the retreat, but I actually met Lanok yesterday. I'm talking about the Ambassador of France that we met at the 'Chiffre' presentation," said Kang Chan.

"Ah! What did that gentleman say?"

Kang Chan exhaled, then replied

"I was told that Sharlan is still alive."

"W-w-what?"

“I made sure to split him from his heart all the way down to his side, but there had apparently been a call to France with the name, ‘Ice of the Desert.’ He said that there’s a guy in South Korea that he has to kill, no matter what.”

“Didn’t you say that the Chinese guys were going to take care of him?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“They’ve apparently also sent money in France.”

“What? Doesn’t that mean there’s someone Sharlan has a backer after all? Hold on, then wouldn’t we just need to find and grill the guy that sent the money?”

“I said that I was going to do that, but would you send money under a name that would easily get you caught?” asked Kang Chan.

“Hmmm.” Seok Kang-Ho breathed out deeply.

“Just take care of yourself for now,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“Speak for yourself. I was actually thinking of twisting your neck to prevent you from going anywhere.”

“They wouldn’t be able to rashly attack me since I’m with the kids. I don’t think that fucker Sharlan’s the type to order another person to kill us, after all. Nothing big is going to happen until his body heals.”

Kang Chan shook his head toward Seok Kang-Ho.

“Don’t let your guard down. If that fucker is gnashing his teeth in anger, then this won’t be an easy fight.”

“Jeez! I suddenly don’t want to go to the retreat now.”

“Don’t go.”

“Tsk!”

Seok Kang-Ho imitated Kang Chan and made a displeased sound.

“Someone has to go in my stead, but there’s no one suitable for that right now. I’ll be careful, so be extra careful in the meantime. If it makes you uncomfortable, then just don’t come out of your room until I come back.”

Seok Kang-Ho wasn’t the type to listen, and it was also hard to tell him to ignore school schedules.

“What are you going to do in the evening?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“I’m going to be at home.”

“Okay. I’ll stop by your place in the evening after I’m done preparing for the trip. Let’s have a cup of tea at Misari.”

“Alright.”

Kang Chan headed home after their conversation ended.

After arriving home and taking a simple shower, Kang Chan searched the internet about the drama production company that Michelle talked about.

‘She said that an actor was affiliated with that company, which means that they work together and do something called management.’

Now that he was on the topic, he looked into the actor named Eun So-Yeon.

There were no eye-catching roles other than the fact that she was in the recent daily drama, *This Time, I’m Going to Do What I Want*. as the youngest daughter.

Kang Chan also looked into the ‘D.I. Family’, which was written as Eun So-Yeon’s entertainment agency. There were no male actors, and they only had three female actresses.

“What’s this?”

Kang Chan was dumbfounded.

Michelle didn’t seem like she would try and soothe him with something like this.

‘I’ll ask her later.’