

Blackfield 45.1

Chapter 45.1: What the Heart Wants (2)

“Why are you staring at me?” Kim Mi-Young asked Kang Chan.

“Because looking at you makes me happy.”

“Hmph.”

Kang Chan couldn't help but smile when she looked embarrassed.

She had been spouting nonsense for so long but dramatically matured in a flash. Is it because she's a woman?

“Snow White.”

“Yeah?”

Kang Chan called Kim Mi-Young, who was looking at their surroundings.

“You could meet someone really amazing when you go to college.”

Kim Mi-Young smiled brightly first.

“That's mean,” She then retorted.

“What do you mean?”

“That also implies there's a chance you'll meet a prettier and better woman than me in the future.”

“That's not what I meant.”

“Then why do you think that I'll meet someone better?”

Would you look at that.

Kang Chan felt like he got hit.

“I'm not good at anything else other than studying,” Kim Mi-Young continued.

That shouldn't be said in front of someone that was bad at studying.

“That's why I decided to study abroad. We'll be able to stay together in France. If my parents disapprove, then I'm going to live there permanently. I've been taking online French classes.”

Kim Mi-Young frowned.

“The classes have proven to be very difficult, but they brighten me up since they make me feel like we're together.”

Kang Chan couldn't properly understand any of what she said afterward.

‘This certainly feels different from Africa.’

Kang Dae-Kyung, Yoo Hye-Sook, and Seok Kang-Ho.

Those people would find it hard to live on properly if something unfortunate happened to Kang Chan. There was also Kim Tae-Jin, who had dropped the honorifics and spoke casually to him, even though Kang Chan had heard he found doing so difficult due to the painful memory of losing his subordinates.

“What?” Kim Mi-Young asked Kang Chan.

“Nothing. Seeing you makes me happy.”

“Thanks. Huhuhu.”

Even her unique laugh sounded great.

They spent time talking about what happened at Kim Mi-Young’s hagwon and about the TV program that she said she had watched two days ago.

They then enjoyed dinner at the Baekban restaurant, which Kang Chan had visited with Seok Kang-Ho.

Kim Mi-Young seemed bemused when Kang Chan paid the bill with a card.

“You have a card as well?” She asked.

“I’m just using money that’s in my bank account.”

After paying for their meal, he received the details of the transaction via text. It was hard to determine how much money he exactly had since his remaining balance had too many zeros.

He felt like he needed to split up his bank account.

“Let’s return the car to Mr. Seok Kang-Ho together,” Kim Mi-Young said.

That sounded tedious, considering about two employees from Kim Tae-Jin’s company should be following her around even at that moment.

After Kang Chan dropped off Kim Mi-Young at the apartment, parked the car in a public parking lot, then took a cab home.

His heart fluttered when he went on the elevator of the apartment.

He then inputted the code on the keypad and opened the door, finding Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Dae-Kyung together.

“Chan!”

“I’m back,” Kang Chan greeted.

Yoo Hye-Sook hugged him, then checked his condition.

“I guess my workout was a bit excessive,” Kang Chan explained.

“Your face has become so thin. Is there anything you want to eat?” Yoo Hye-Sook offered.

“I actually ate before going home. What are those, though?”

Kang Chan looked at the documents on the table.

“Yeah. It’s the list of orphanages and refuges that your dad and I are planning to support.”

Kang Chan went to the table since he liked seeing Yoo Hye-Sook, whom he hadn’t seen in such a long time, and because he was curious about the places they were going to support.

“Are you hurt anywhere?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“No.”

Kang Dae-Kyung now finally found the opportunity to strike up a conversation with Kang Chan. He still wouldn’t have been able to say anything if Yoo Hye-Sook hadn’t left the table to warm up the herbal medicine for Kang Chan.

“Their situations are a lot worse than we thought,” Kang Dae-Kyung said.

“May I see?”

“Of course.”

Kang Chan looked at the documents.

Each place needed six million won monthly for expenses, but the ones that had received a total of four and a half million won from the support and subsidy funds combined looked better compared to the others.

Can they really live properly in such situations?

“They’re all suffering from the same situation. They told us that things had gradually become more difficult for orphanages and refuges recently, but there’s a limit to our capabilities. There isn’t a place that doesn’t weigh on our minds,” Kang Dae-Kyung told Kang Chan.

“Drink this first, Chan,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

She placed the medicine in front of Kang Chan.

“Did the two of you drink this?”

“She’s been taking it sparingly because you’re the one who bought it for her, but if I didn’t stop her, she would’ve drank it all up, the plastic pack included,” Kang Dae-Kyung quipped.

“You always tease me!” Yoo Hye-Sook exclaimed.

When Yoo Hye-Sook side-eyed Kang Dae-Kyung, he ducked his head.

It was great to see them like that. Kang Chan wanted to live this if he ever started a family of his own in the future.

“We’re thinking of going to the Sang-Jung orphanage on Sunday. Do you want to go with us?”

“I do, but I’d probably have to meet with Mr. Seok Kang-Ho that day.”

“Alright. Then we can just visit it when we’re all free,” Kang Dae-Kyung replied.

Kang Chan went into his room after spending about an hour with them.

Cozy.

Upon entering his room, comfort swiftly embraced him.

After taking the medicine he received from the hospital, Kang Chan surfed on the Internet, which he hadn’t done for a long time.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—

Kang Chan picked up his phone, realizing that he had completely forgotten about Sharlan.

“Hello?”

- What did you do to get discharged from the hospital so quickly?

The bastard sounded like he had been trailing and keeping an eye on Kang Chan. Realizing he momentarily let his guard down, Kang Chan returned to his senses.

- I heard you had a great time.

“Call me again when you actually have something to say aside from this nonsense.”

- Whoa whoa, Kang Chan.

Even though he tried to appear laid back, Sharlan sounded like he was lacking in energy again. This was already the second time his strength had been depleted during a phone call. It served as evidence that he hadn’t completely recovered from his injuries yet.

- You caught me off guard for a moment there, but I called you because I recognize your skills. You should give my offer some thoughts.

“Just tell me what you want, Sharlan.”

- Help us with our work for twenty billion won.

What is this fucker trying to say now?

- I already know everything, Kang Chan. Kill Lanok. You’re fully capable of that, aren’t you? You just need a fitting strategy to do it, or you can just tell me where he’d surely go to, and the twenty billion won will all be yours.

Kang Chan smirked.

- Think about it carefully, but there’s not a lot of time. If you accept our condition, then you won’t need to hire those worthless bodyguards anymore.

How much does this fucker actually know?

- If we find out Lanok's appointments first, then you'll never see one of your most precious loved ones ever again. Apparently, all it takes is a billion won for a car accident or an unexpected robbery to occur. Would those sloppy security guards be able to prevent that as well?

"Sharlan."

- You have until tomorrow to decide. There's only ten days left, Kang Chan. If you can't decide before then or if we solve the problem ourselves, then you're going to lose someone before you even get the chance to go crazy this time. Oh! It'll probably be a female.

After Sharlan had finished talking, Kang Chan heard him breathing heavily. The call then ended, but it felt as if someone had taken the phone and dropped the call.

It wouldn't be wise to call Lanok right now.

Sharlan saying that Kang Chan had about ten days left matched perfectly with Wui Min-Gook's plan to leave Korea with the ship they chartered.

Kang Chan laid in bed after he had the medicine that the hospital gave him.

Sharlan asking him to kill Lanok didn't anger him.

But him saying one of Kang Chan's female loved ones would disappear forever?

Son of a bitch.

No matter what happens, I'm going to stab a knife into your heart or neck.

When Kang Chan went to school the next morning, he found Seok Kang-Ho exercising with the tenth and eleventh-graders. His spite had increased to the point where he had quit smoking and especially focused on combat techniques.

Seok Kang-Ho was a gym teacher and showed talent in his movements, but he had clearly gotten old.

"What are they doing, Mr. Kang-Ho?" asked one of the students.

"It's self-defense."

"Please teach us as well."

Bored of working out using the exercise equipment, the kids crowded around him. Seok Kang-Ho nodded to their request.

Close combat techniques were difficult exercises to memorize in this way. There wasn't a problem with him teaching those to them, though, since it wasn't like he was secretly giving them classified information.

Seok Kang-Ho first taught them the basic stance in hand-to-hand combat.

The kids seemed to have thought he was teaching Taekwondo. As they tried to follow his teachings without understanding the meaning behind his movements, they ended up in very odd positions.

After Seok Kang-Ho finished teaching them the basics three to four times, Kang Chan called him over in the middle of the lesson by gesturing at him with his eyes.

“Sharlan had called me,” Kang Chan said.

“It’s already been four days? Ah, that’s right. What did he say?”

Kang Chan told him the exact details of the phone call.

“That fucker think he’s a big shot,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“What are you saying?”

“Aren’t I right? That bastard sold off his subordinates just for a diamond, then smuggled drugs, and now he’s saying he’ll give you twenty billion won if you kill the ambassador! I said that because the dickhead’s acting dramatic and silly, which is absurd! It’s as if he’s in a position so important he can determine the future of France.”

It was a refreshing evaluation, enough for Kang Chan to feel like a load had been taken off of his chest.