

Blackfield 49.1

Chapter 49.1: My Person (2)

It wouldn't be wrong to say everything they did after their tiring running session was almost completely a product of willpower since they could no longer use their strength properly—not with their hands.

After getting enough rest, Kang Chan began the combat techniques class on the sports field, which had six mattresses laid a good distance from each other. Since some students came to school to self-study on the weekdays or because they were a part of the athletics club, there were quite a lot of kids in the stands.

“How about you perform a demonstration first, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho?”

On Kang Chan's suggestion, Seok Kang-Ho stepped forward while cracking his neck.

“Before we begin, we need two volunteers,” Kang Chan said.

As soon as he finished his sentence, the security company employee with an angular chin smirked. He then approached Seok Kang-Ho head-on with a disdainful look in his eyes.

Accidents always happened with this kind of fucker.

Step onto the mattress." Kang Chan instructed.

Swish.

The guy showed signs of displeasure toward Kang Chan.

“Didn't you hear me? Get moving before I kill you,” Kang Chan ordered.

The atmosphere's temperature instantly dropped. It could be felt even from the stands.

The employee glanced sideways, and Kim Tae-Jin only stared at him calmly, as if telling him to do as he pleased.

“Let's spar,” the employee told Kang Chan.

It seemed like the employee had gained confidence.

Smirk.

Kang Chan walked toward him.

The guy raised his hand while putting his right foot back. He seemed to have learned martial arts.

Dickhead!

The fucker had confidence in his martial arts. If only he knew how much slower the foot was compared to the hand, he wouldn't have recklessly taken such a stance.

Sure enough, when Kang Chan took two more steps forward, the guy lifted his right foot.

Pak!

Stepping on the fucker's shin to push it away, Kang Chan stabbed his opponent's side with his thumb.

The guy bent forward upon getting hit on the shin, then held out his left hand to block Kang Chan.

Pow. Pow-pow. Pow.

However, Kang Chan had already pulled his fist back. He struck his enemy's chin with his right elbow, then violently stabbed the guy's neck, stomach pit, and side again with his thumb.

“Cough! Cough!”

Screaming in pain, his opponent collapsed to the ground and rolled around from side to side.

The employees that seemed unsatisfied quickly lowered their gaze when Kang Chan looked at them.

“Why do you think we practice combat techniques? If you just came here to play, go kick a ball on the side then leave. Don't mess around while others are practicing.”

Kang Chan looked at the employee still holding onto his neck and writhing, then raised his gaze again.

“Combat is all about life or death. How dare you guys act arrogant when you struggle and can't even win against one bare hand?”

“Isn't that just because you depleted our strength when you made us run excessively on purpose and because you attacked without warning? Don't belittle our skills.”

One of the employees strongly opposed Kang Chan, seemingly becoming conscious of Kim Tae-Jin and the students.

Kang Chan looked straight at the guy.

“How about the five of you try sparring against me all at once? How's that? I'll face you all alone.”

The guys exchanged glances, then got up and stepped forward while dusting off their butts.

“Don't hold back. And don't ever run away like cowards unless you really want me to kill you all,” warned Kang Chan.

He felt exactly the same as when they had gotten new recruits in Africa.

The guy that had collapsed barely managed to get up, step away from the training ground, and shamble to the stands.

Kang Chan looked at his opponents after cracking his neck.

“I'm going to start.”

Aside from the one guy that had learned boxing, their postures showed they had learned a variety of martial arts.

As the five employees surrounding Kang Chan hesitated, Kang Chan turned to the guy on his right in such a precise manner that it may as well have been: obey the command, ‘right face!’.

Ta-ta. Pow-pow-pow.

Kang Chan deflected his target's fist as if he was swatting a fly away, then immediately stabbed his neck, stomach pit, and armpit. He then turned sharply to the left.

Crunch!

Kang Chan swung his left elbow as he turned, hitting the man behind him on the nose.

Tatatata.

He then continuously punched away the arms of his other opponents while taking a step forward.

Bam!

The guy complaining earlier got hit in the pit of his stomach with a sharp fist, causing him to collapse backward with his eyes and mouth wide open.

Three down. Two to go.

Ta-dak.

After swatting away an arm, he charged at the guy to his right as if he was running into his arms.

Pow-pow-pow-pow-pow-pow.

Kang Chan stabbed him so fast Kim Tae-Jin flinched.

When Kang Chan rapidly thrust both of his thumbs into his target's armpit, neck, stomach pit, side, and his side again, his target pitifully rolled around the floor as if he got shot.

Unable to go on the offensive against Kang Chan, the last employee standing just looked at his fallen colleagues in an awkward stance.

“I'm warning you. If you can't come at me right now, you'll never be able to throw yourself at the enemy. If you're afraid of knives, and of being beaten and stabbed, then leave this industry and look for a new job now.”

The guy pounced forward with a sloppy punch.

Kang Chan lifted his opponent's arm, put it over his shoulder, and turned around.

If he pulled the guy's wrist downward from here, he'd break his elbow.

Swish!

Crunch!

“Gaaaaaahhh!”

Having had his arm twisted, the guy screamed eerily while holding onto his elbow. The fucker was exaggerating his pain.

Thud.

Kang Chan grabbed onto the man's collar and looked straight into his eyes.

“Be quiet.”

“Ugh. Urrrggghh.”

“You showed cowardice in the end. You didn’t fight even as your colleagues collapsed to the ground. What do you think will happen if people entrusted their backs to someone like you in an actual battle? Put some careful thought into that until your arm gets better, but please don’t stay in this industry if you can’t stop yourself from acting that way.”

The guy nodded.

The sports field stayed quiet even though Kang Chan had let go of the guy’s collar.

“You seem tired.”

Kim Tae-Jin broke the silence. His blood seemed to be boiling, considering he was looking at him sharply despite having asked a question.

“I ran about ten kilometers this morning.”

Kim Tae-Jin nodded.

The employees that had barely calmed down and the terrified kids breathed loudly as if they were freed from magic.

“What do you think? Are they worth teaching?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan.

“They’ve got potential. Three of them have a natural talent for hand-to-hand combat.”

Kim Tae-Jin looked at Kang Chan with a smirk. He understood what he meant.

Since Kang Chan said only three of them had talent, all five of them would cling to Kang Chan and put their lives on the line for him from now on. It was a method that the special unit instructors liked to use after beating up new recruits.

“What should we do with him?” Kim Tae-Jin asked again.

“I only broke his arm a little, so it should heal in three months. If he still wants to train after he recovers, then I’ll take responsibility and teach him.”

“I’ll do it!” the employee yelled, holding onto his arm. He shed tears as he tried to overcome his pain.

“You. Come here,” Kang Chan ordered.

The employee wiped his tears with his left forearm and stepped forward.

He didn’t avoid Kang Chan’s eyes, even though Kang Chan approached and stood so near him their noses almost touched.

“This is your last warning. If you show cowardice again, then I’m going to break your arm so that you’ll never be able to use it again,” warned Kang Chan.

“Understood.”

“Do you still want to proceed?”

“I do!” The employee answered him while his mouth was full of saliva.

Smiling, Kang Chan nodded.

“Your arm will get better in three months. Walk whenever you have time—whether ten or twenty kilometers, walk. That will speed up your rehabilitation.”

“I’ll do that!”

“You may go back now.”

“Thank you!”

As the employee walked away proudly, Kim Tae-Jin looked at Kang Chan with a strange smile.

“How about we continue this after lunch?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan.

“Should I?”

Moving only his upper body, Kim Tae-Jin turned and looked at the students sitting in the stands. There were about fifty people, including the athletics club members.

“Can I buy lunch for the students here?”

The kids stirred.

“Fifteen Tangsuyuks [1] would be enough for us all, wouldn’t it?” Kim Tae-Jin continued.

In response, a boy in the middle yelled, “Thank you for the meal!”

They then immediately sent the employee with the broken arm to the hospital.

Afterward, they decided to put Moon Ki-Jin in charge of ordering Jjajangmyun, Jjamppong[2], and fried rice[3]. Those who needed to wash up then did what they had to do.

Just as Kang Chan headed to the sports field after using a faucet to wash up, Cha So-Yeon brought Kang Chan’s phone to him and told him it was ringing.

“What, Michelle?”

- we announced that we’re going to produce a drama on an online newspaper today for now, Channy.

Her voice didn’t sound bright for some reason.

“Thank you for your hard work. But what’s wrong?”

- As soon as the article got released, I received a lot of phone calls from reporters I’m close with. They asked about what happened because of a rumor going around about it being a scam. And...

“Go on.”

- Lee Ha-Yeon is making a fuss. She's asking how we could announce we're producing a drama with Eun So-Yeon and without her. She threatened to move agencies or refuse TV appearances if we don't take down the article immediately.

“Didn't you say her contract doesn't end until next year?” - There are bound to be companies that would willingly offer to pay the contract infringement penalty because our investment isn't that high. She warned she won't just let things go if you don't apologize, and I think she's the one who told the reporters that this is a scam as well.

“Then let her leave. We'll be paid the contract infringement penalty anyway, which is good.”

- If we let her go, Eun So-Yeon and the two rookies will all be fired from their supporting roles, and they'll also lose their roles in the next drama they'd be starring in because of Lee Ha-Yeon.

Kang Chan nodded. Rather than the fact that she quit her job to work for him, Michelle worried about the loss he could suffer. However, if they let her worry drag them around, those actresses would just do the same thing again.

“Michelle.”

-Yes, Channy.

“Fire that bitch, and call me after you do.”

Michelle failed to respond to Kang Chan's firm command.

“I apologize for saying this after telling you I'd entrust the company to you, but I don't care if I suffer a loss for as long as I get to deal with this properly. So jdo as I say.”

- Okay, Channy.

When Michelle hung up the phone, Cha So-Yeon seemed surprised and curious. Nevertheless, Kang Chan walked to the sports field, pretending not to notice.

Over sixty people ate lunch together, including Kim Tae-Jin and his employees.

When Kang Chan asked Kim Tae-Jin if he was going to go into the athletics club room, he shook his head, saying he preferred to eat with them.

Kang Chan, Seok Kang-Ho, and Kim Tae-Jin sat in a circle and ate fried rice.

“Have they made their next move yet?” Kang Chan asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“They haven't set a firm departure day, so we've been checking hourly. I'll let you know when they've decided on a date. And when they do, let's work together on that day.”

“Alright. Should we take care of the Neck Ghost before then?”

“Mmm.”

Kim Tae-Jin’s response came out weird because his mouth was full of fried rice.

“Are you teaching in the afternoon as well?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan.

“Why do you ask?”

“I want to get warmed up, but I’m afraid you’ll break my arm..”

When Kang Chan smiled lightly, Seok Kang-Ho responded to Kim Tae-Jin, “You should do it with me.”