

Blackfield 50.2

Chapter 50.2: I'll do it Properly (1)

When Kang Chan came home, he saw a lot of documents on the table. Yoo Hye-Sook seemed happy.

After hearing her say, "Chan!" about three times, he washed up lightly and went to the table.

"Are those the document from before?" Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Yeah. I think we can support more places now thanks to you, so I'm going to sort them out beforehand."

"Are you sure that you aren't going to regret it?"

Yoo Hye-Sook glanced at Kang Chan, then smiled brightly.

"I don't really fancy luxury bags or clothes like other women. But I do have this as my extravagance. I'm doing this because I want to. Your dad, fortunately, understands me, and I hope you understand me as well, Chan."

"You look really happy. That's good enough for me."

"Thanks, chan. I'll prepare dinner for you after I examine these for ten more minutes."

Not wanting to disturb her, Kang Chan went to his room. When he plopped down onto the bed, his phone rang. It was as if it had been waiting for an opportunity to call him, waiting to eat away his happiness.

"Sharlan."

- Got good news for me?

"I've got a great one. Baseball stadium. How's that?"

- That's excellent, Kang Chan. What's the time and location?

There was a strange excitement to his voice, but it was at times like this that Kang Chan needed to bring this fucker back down to earth.

"I'm not stupid like Smithen, Sharlan. What about the money?"

- What if I hand over the money and you break your promise? Or was that the plan in the first place??

"If you can't trust me, let's pretend this never happened, Sharlan."

- Can you still do that knowing doing so would cause one of your loved ones to disappear from this world?

It surely felt like Sharlan was the one holding the knife by the handle. If he lagged behind even just once, then he'd continue to be dragged.

“Didn’t you say you needed this to eat the entirety of Europe, Sharlan? Shouldn’t twenty billion won be nothing more than pork cutlets compared to that?”

Why did I use pork cutlets as an example of all things? There have got to be a lot of cooler things I could compare it to.

- Hmm, how much time is left until that event?

“Guessing like that isn’t good, Sharlan.”

- I’m trying to transfer the funds through the company. It needs time, so there is a need to schedule a time together.

Someone seemed to be by Sharlan’s side, helping him.

“The money needs to be in my hands by Monday. If I haven’t received it by then, I’m going to assume this deal isn’t happening. And Sharlan...”

Kang Chan only heard him gulp.

“Just know that you’re not far away from my eyes either.”

Kang Chan turned off his phone after he finished talking.

That son of a bitch is going to be a bit irritated.

“Chan! Let’s eat.”

“Coming!”

Kang Chan happily headed to the living room to have dinner.

When he came back to his room and lay down in bed, he felt terribly sleepy. He expected as much, though. After all, he abruptly ran twenty kilometers.

‘Let’s just sleep for a bit!’

It felt like his body was shouting, which was something that Michelle would make him do.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Kang Chan felt somewhat glad. He needed to overcome this limit.

“Yeah! Mi-Young!”

- It’s me! I just got home. Can you go to the beach tomorrow?”

“Yeah. But let’s leave at around 10 am. Does that work for you?”

- Yeah! Huhuhuhu.

“I’ll get a car ready in front of your apartment in the morning, so I’ll see you at the entrance.”

- Okay! Sleep well. See you tomorrow.

“Sleep well.”

His lips curved into a somewhat satisfied smile when he ended the call. Just as he was about to put down the phone on the desk...

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

He was really busy today.

Why is Seok Kang-Ho calling at this hour?

“Hello? Why are you calling?”

- What are you doing?

“I’m just lounging around. What’s going on?”

- I’m in front of the apartment. Let’s have a cup of tea if that’s okay with you.

“That sounds good. I’ll be right down.”

Kang Chan went down the apartment after saying that he was going to come back after having a walk.

Beep beep.

Seok Kang-Ho waved his hand from the driver's seat.

“Aren’t you tired?” asked Kang Chan.

As a matter of fact, Seok Kang-Ho’s eyes were sunken in.

“Not as much as you. But I feel refreshed, which I haven’t felt in a while.”

Kang Chan understood what he meant.

He didn’t feel bad since it reminded him of his previous life as a mercenary, which he hadn’t thought about in so long.

“I’m going to move into the apartment next to yours next week.”

When Kang Chan smiled lightly, Seok Kang-Ho scratched his head.

“My wife said that was her dream, so I just told her to do it,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

“Good job.”

“Thank you.”

“I’m going to go to sleep if you keep saying nonsense.”

“What are you saying? We should have a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette.”

“What did you just say? Didn’t you say that you quit smoking?”

“That wasn’t something a human should do.”

As they laughed, they headed to the coffee shop in Misari.

Kang Chan slowly told him about wanting to use the car to go to the beach with Mi-Young tomorrow, him making his move next Friday, Lanok's bait and Sharlan's reaction, and what happened in D.I.

"You're going out on Wednesday, right?" asked Seok Kang-Ho.

"I should."

"I should go as well."

Kang Chan looked at Seok Kang-Ho with a serious expression.

"Lanok doesn't know I've told you about these matters. He could easily misunderstand that word leaked from my end if things accidentally go wrong. So let me discuss it with Lanok first."

"That could happen."

Seok Kang-Ho nodded while biting a cigarette.

"Ah! You've fired that bitch named Lee Ha-Yeon or something, right?" He asked.

"That's right. Why do you ask?"

Kang Chan also took a cigarette while watching Seok Kang-Ho exhale smoke. He definitely smoked a lot more when he was alone with this fucker.

"I've been asking around. It seems like her popularity is no joke. She appears to have some influence that gets her roles in dramas."

Cigarette smoke blew out with every movement of Seok Kang-Ho's mouth.

"Tsk. I would've knocked her out with a slap if she stayed near me any longer. I'm pretty sure I already said this before, but she's an old Huh Eun-Sil. I feel so relieved."

"That's just like you." Seok Kang-Ho laughed, then extinguished the cigarette.

They spent time talking about their training earlier that day, Seok Kang-Ho's decision to start running every morning starting tomorrow, and how Seok Kang-Ho felt much better because his wife kept sending him hot glances every night after giving her a billion won, even though they had just experienced a kidnapping.

Languid, Kang Chan felt as if he was sitting with Seok Kang-Ho at dinner after finishing training. If the end of a battle left spite, then the end of training left a somewhat refreshed feeling.

Kang Chan dropped Seok Kang-Ho off and parked the car in the apartment's parking lot. He listed it as a guest car, so leaving it there for about a day wouldn't be a problem.

Kang Chan appropriately said goodnight when he came home, then lay in his bed.

Amid his dizziness, he felt terribly fatigued. It was as if he was falling from a high place.

‘Should I run twenty kilometers every day starting tomorrow?’

With his body seemingly turning off his consciousness, Kang Chan fell into a deep sleep.

It was already morning by the time he woke up, but he felt like he had only dozed off for a moment.

Kang Chan got up and stretched, feeling as light as a feather.

He then went outside in a light outfit, warmed up a bit more, and ran out of the apartment.

His muscle pain and fatigue seemed to be disappearing. And the pain he felt while running approached him like a strange, pleasant sensation.

Naturally, he only ran ten kilometers. Running twice the distance he was used to in one go was far too dangerous. The best thing he could do was split the distance between morning and afternoon running sessions, then finally run for twenty kilometers all at once after he had become fully accustomed to the distance.

He also had Lanok’s affairs to attend to on Wednesday, so he had to keep his body in top condition.

“Phew. Don’t you find that difficult?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“But you work in a company, which is just as difficult, if not harder.”

Kang Chan’s profuse sweating seemed to frighten Kang Dae-Kyung.

Kang Chan had breakfast with his parents after he took a shower and remitted money five times to the D.I’s law firm’s bank account. He needed to increase the transfer limit.

“Why don’t you go to the Sang-Jeong orphanage tomorrow?” asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Sure. I’ll come with you guys.”

“We’ll finally get to go somewhere together after so long.”

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed as happy as Kang Dae-Kyung.

“What are your plans for today, Chan?”

“I’m thinking of going to the beach with Mi-Young. She also said she wants raw fish.”

“With Mi-Young?”

“Yes. Why?”

Yoo Hye-Sook quickly hid her surprised reaction and smiled awkwardly.

“That sounds fun. Do you have an allowance?” Kang Dae-Kyung quickly butted into the conversation to make the atmosphere comfortable.

“I have enough. I still have money left that I previously received from interpretation.”

“You’re seeing her properly, right?”

Kang Chan smiled lightly at Kang Dae-Kyung’s cautious question.

“She’s my friend. I’ll be sure to tell you both upfront if I find someone I like. But there’s no one like mom. I want to be with a woman as pretty as she is.”

Kang Dae-Kyung smiled with a look in his eyes that said, ‘You got better at it! It looks like it worked well on your mom.’

“Oh my! You should find a woman much prettier than I am,” Yoo Hye-Sook said, but she couldn’t hide her smile.

When Kang Chan left after having breakfast, Yoo Hye-Sook placed tea in front of Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Are Mi-Young’s parents weighing on your mind?”

“You’re only asking that because you don’t know mothers that well. If Mi-Young’s grades drop at this rate, then Channy will get all of the resentment.”

“That won’t happen. I’m not saying this because he’s my child, but if I were Mi-Young’s father, I would never reject our Channy.”

Yoo Hye-Sook blinked at Kang Dae-Kyung.

“He speaks French like a native, has been invited to study in France as a government-funded scholarship student, and exerts his influence on Gong Te automobile better than most ministers or vice ministers in Korea. Most importantly, when I see the look in his eyes, I feel like he’ll do things right, regardless of what he does.”

Kang Dae-Kyung showed a pleasurable smile after seeing Yoo Hye-Sook’s expression, which made her look like she was dreaming.

“I still vividly remember the look in Channy’s eyes during our first meeting with Gong Te automobile. I think he said that he’s doing it for you, who was waiting back here at home. At that moment, I thought I probably didn’t need to worry about you for as long as he’s here.”

Yoo Hye-Sook covered her mouth with her hand, then stood up from the chair and hugged Kang Dae-Kyung tightly.

“But you need to stay beside me no matter what,” Kang Dae-Kyung continued.

“I’m always going to be by your side. Let’s watch Channy grow together.”

When Yoo Hye-Sook hugged him tighter, Kang Dae-Kyung lifted Yoo Hye-Sook.

“That’s okay, right?”

Yoo Hye-Sook quickly nodded.