

Blackfield 52.2

Chapter 52.2: You betrayed me? (1)

Right after he ended the call with Michelle, his phone immediately started vibrating.

When Kang Chan gestured at Seok Kang-Ho with his eyes, Seok Kang-Ho nervously looked around their surroundings.

“Hello?”

- It's Sharlan. I'm about to tell you the bank account and its password. Get something to write it down with.

When Kang Chan imitated writing with his hand in the air, Seok Kang-Ho quickly brought him paper and a pen.

“Go ahead.”

- Alright, here goes. The account number is 13765-golden-33255, and the password is 888-sprteu-2010. That's it. I'll give you ten minutes to check its balance, then I'll call to get Lanok's schedule.

“Okay.”

Sharlan ended the call.

“What's wrong?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“Why is that fucker so confident? Honestly, I can just secretly transfer this money elsewhere, right?”

“That's true. Perhaps he has someone to back him up?”

“Let's think about it after telling Lanok about this.”

Kang Chan called Lanok and handed him the account and password that he received.

“Mr. Ambassador, I find it suspicious that Sharlan is handing over these bank details so easily. Please take this suspicion into consideration when you investigate the account. Sharlan said he'll call back in ten minutes, at which point I'll be giving him the time and location of your appointment.”

- Understood. I'll give you a call if, by any chance, something new emerges.

The call ended with Lanok's polite voice.

Kang Chan became very annoyed when he hung up the phone.

“What's wrong? Did he tell you to stand by?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

Shoot! Seok Kang-Ho didn't know French.

“That's not it—I'm just annoyed because I had to rack my brain out while exchanging the account numbers. This would all be over if we just knew where

that son of a bitch was. The dynamics of Europe or some other bullshit is none of my concern”

“Phuhu. I did notice you were doing your best to hold back your anger for some reason. How about we go to the roof after your call with Sharlan? We haven’t been there in a while, and from what I can see, you’re lacking nicotine.”

Am I too obvious?

Kang Chan licked his lips while discreetly looking down once at his chest.

“We only need to wait two more days. Even if it doesn’t happen then, wouldn’t Sharlan still make a move this week?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“I also have nothing to be afraid of since we’ll be fighting side by side. I’m just worried those fuckers would act like cowards and take hostages.”

“Let’s kill him this time, no matter what it takes,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“Let’s do that.”

His phone rang with the call from Sharlan as they were smirking together.

“Sharlan, are you ready to write it down?”

- Get on with it, Kang Chan.

“It’s the Municipal Baseball Stadium in Yongin, at 3 pm.

- You’re sure, right?

When Kang Chan didn’t say anything, Sharlan left behind an unpleasant laugh, then hung up.

That fucker is definitely hiding something!

“You’re doing that again. Let’s go to the roof quick,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

Seok Kang-Ho got up first, then gestured to Kang Chan.

“It’s not there. Here! Let’s take the path near the eleventh graders’ classrooms.”

When Seok Kang-Ho came out of the athletics club room, he pointed to the building for the eleventh-graders.

“Almost all of the twelfth-graders show up to school because they have to self-study. This is better since the kids stressed from studying go to that place to relax.”

Seok Kang-Ho was a teacher, so he definitely knew a lot.

Since when did this fucker become this considerate, though?

Kang Chan silently followed Seok Kang-Ho to the building for the eleventh-graders.

More eleventh-graders came to school than he had expected. The kids loitering on the stairs and the hallway still lowered their eyes or moved out of the way when they saw Kang Chan.

They finally reached the roof.

When Kang Chan opened the door and entered, a male student and a few female students turned away, startled.

The girls looked familiar.

Where did I see them from?

He remembered. They were the bitches that acted as Heo Eun-Sil's worthless minions.

Kang Chan found it suspicious that female twelfth-graders were on the roof of the eleventh-graders' building, but was there anywhere bitches with legs couldn't go to?

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho sat and smoked lazily while leaning against the door.

He felt better.

"Did you know that the faculty office had asked if they could not let you graduate?" asked Seok Kang-Ho.

What's he saying?

"Phuhu. Why do you look so surprised? Because of you, the bullies no longer cause trouble, and there's been a decrease in the number of victims of bullying. That's what the teachers that think that way say amongst themselves."

"If I could go to a training center, I would rather be there than in school. I'm already bored to death right now."

Kang Chan shook his head.

They want me to continue playing a role that I don't fit into? This doesn't make sense.

Smoking and chatting with Seok Kang-Ho made Kang Chan feel better.

Everything would come to an end this Wednesday.

If it didn't, then it would still probably end this week, considering how things were going.

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho laughed when their eyes met.

Screech.

Kang Chan went down from the roof feeling refreshed, which he hadn't felt in a while.

However, before they could reach the bottom of the stairs, they found Eun-Sil's three worthless minions and two male students—whom he didn't know—standing there.

Did they wait until Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho left the roof?

Kang Chan kept heading down the stairs with a smirk.

"Can you talk for a moment..."

Unfortunately, one of the worthless minions made Kang Chan stop walking as she mumbled the end of her sentence.

They're so annoying. I'm already so busy yet they're still bothering me.

When Kang Chan sharply glared at them, the two guys lowered their heads.

“It's because of Eun-Sil and Ho-Jun.”

What was worse was that it was lunchtime. Starving a person that followed a regular meal time made them even more violent.

“We'll take a minute of your time.

The three worthless minions each said something, then the girl at the very right side glanced at Kang Chan.

“Please go on ahead. I'll follow after hearing what they have to say,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Hmm. Okay.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked at the kids up and down, then went down the stairs.

“What is it?” asked Kang Chan.

“We'll tell you at the roof.”

These bitches practiced communication every day. Otherwise, it would be difficult for them to take turns saying something.

Kang Chan went up to the roof after a shallow exhale.

Smirk.

It had become a habit to keep an eye on the people behind him by monitoring their shadows reflected through the rear window in case they were trying to ambush him.

When they arrived, one of the two male students brought out a drink, and the other took out a cigarette. They then handed both to Kang Chan. They were like human vending machines.

“Stop it. Just be quick and tell me what you guys want to say,” said Kang Chan.

When Kang Chan raised his gaze, Worthless Minion #2 spoke, which was as expected.

“Come to the group of bullies with us, just this once.”

What is she saying?

For Kang Chan, it sounded like she was asking him to slap her in the face or break her arm.

“The students from our school all keep getting beaten up as soon as they see us because of what happened at Tron Square recently. Eun-Sil and Ho-Jun go out to the group of bullies every day,” Worthless Minion #3 explained.

Kang Chan focused and glared at Worthless Minion #1 again.

“Word got out that the strongest member got his arm broken when he got beaten up that day, and the other bullies unluckily got caught as well back then, even though you actually didn’t take care of them.”

That was true.

“Their retaliation’s making it impossible for us to even go outside. The eleventh-graders also get called to go there once a week, so they either do as told or run away from them.”

Kang Chan extended his hand to the male student.

“Give me a cigarette.”

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

“Son of a bitch! I’m going to fucking hit you. If you call me hyung-nim one more time, I’m going to rip your mouth apart,” warned Kang Chan.

“Yes, hyung...”

The title sounded strange, but it wasn’t like he called him hyung-nim.

After lighting up the cigarette, Kang Chan looked at the worthless minions with a frustrated expression.

“I’m curious. Why do Heo Eun-Sil and Lee Ho-Jun keep going there if they know they’re just going to get beat up? asked Kang Chan.

“Because if they don’t, the moment they go outside, the bullies will gang up and beat them up badly.”

Worthless Minion #3 couldn’t talk properly because she kept hastily changing the jargon to refined words.

“What do you guys want me to do when I go there with you guys?” Kang Chan asked.

“Please just tell them not to mess with the kids from our school from now on.”

Kang Chan smirked when he heard Worthless Minion #1’s urgent reply.

“You guys tormented your fellow classmates until they committed suicide, but now that you feel bad, you guys want me to do something? Do you even understand the feelings of the kids that jumped down from the roof, transferred to another school, or got tormented until they were forced to starve throughout lunch?”

Enraged, Kang Chan stopped talking.

These kids were just selfish animals. If they thought someone was weaker than them, they would form a pack and rip them apart. If that didn't suffice, they would then hide behind someone stronger.

“We were going to cut ties with them at Tron Square that day. Unfortunately, our plan was ruined, which led us to this situation.”

Worthless Minion #2 hurriedly lowered her head when Kang Chan glared at her.

“Stop the bullshit and just live diligently while getting beaten up for the rest of your life. And don't forget to think about how the kids you guys tormented probably felt whenever you guys get hit,” said Kang Chan.

Just as Kang Chan was heading to the door of the roof while shaking his head...

“If you stop the group of bullies from beating us whenever we go outside, then we'll get rid of the bullying, the kids that force others to run errands for them, and the kids that steal money.”

Their offer was tempting, so Kang Chan turned his head around and glanced behind him.

“Amongst the kids that got injured on the roof last time, there are kids that are coming to school after the break ends. If it's them and Heo Eun-Sil, then they can keep the promise of what we just said. It's true.”

The three worthless minions nodded with sparkling eyes.

Could he trust these bitches? His heart was telling him 'no.'

But he still wanted to give them a chance for the sake of making their school a place where Cha So-Yeon wouldn't be bullied even if he wasn't around.

“Where are they?” Kang Chan asked.

“They're at a place that's twenty minutes away by car.”

Kang Chan's heart sank coldly.

That was a typical line from someone who had set up a trap. It was no different from “It's not that far,” or “getting to that place is easy.”

He calculated whether he could get caught up in this bullshit. After all, there was a chance he'd have to stay up all night at the baseball stadium tomorrow.

“Let's go.”

Kang Chan smirked while nodding.

Trap? I'll make it so they'll never be able to even think about things like setting up a trap ever again.