

## **Blackfield 53.1**

Chapter 53.1: You betrayed me? (2)

Kang Chan tilted his head while coming down from the eleventh-graders' building.

Would they have asked him for this kind of favor if he hadn't run into them on the roof? If they wouldn't have, then that just meant they only clung to Kang Chan because he appeared when he could be of use to them.

'Tsk! That's nothing.'

Everything would come to light once he had gone there.

The next problem was lunch, which he could do nothing about. If the kids scattered while he ate, it would be hopeless.

"Stay here for a moment," Kang Chan told the students.

Kang Chan went into the athletics club room and briefly told Seok Kang-Ho about what happened.

"Ah, that. Those dickheads always do this when we're busy. This will only tire you out at this rate, especially if they also reveal what happened at Tron Square recently," Seok Kang-Ho said.

"Still, they did say they're going to put a complete stop to the bullying."

"You believe that?"

"Do you think I'm stupid?"

"Then let's just ignore them. You're only acting like that because you have no idea how they torment powerless kids—it's no joke. Sure, they'd stop bullying the kids in this school, but we wouldn't know about it if they ever used your name to torment kids in other schools instead."

"I have to go since I already told them that I'll come with them, but I'll be back. Ah, right! There's a chance I'll leave immediately when I get there, so let's talk on the phone when I'm done," Kang Chan said.

"Alright. Please be careful."

Kang Chan left the school right after his conversation with Seok Kang-Ho ended.

The kids said that they needed to take a taxi. Since there were six of them, Kang Chan and the two male eleventh-graders rode in the same taxi.

"Please go to the main gate of Ulsan Park."

These fuckers had a wide range of places for their activities.

They reached their destination in about 17 minutes.

As Kang Chan paid the fare and got out of the taxi, the three worthless minions got out of the taxi that was right behind them.

“This way.”

As they walked from Ulsan Park’s main gate, they looked to the right.

The three worthless minions walked toward the second of the four buildings connected with a long iron pipe.

The second building was smaller than the other buildings because there was a parking lot in the front.

*They can blatantly enter this place? How can students use this building so openly when the construction company isn’t on break?*

Nevertheless, Kang Chan went inside the building for now.

A bunch of unusable resources and paint buckets occupied the first floor. He had to use the stairs to go up because the elevator wasn’t working.

The dark plastic covering the glass dimmed the second floor’s interior.

Kang Chan slowly looked around coming in through the entrance.

Heo Eun-Sil and Lee Ho-Jun were kneeling at the innermost side of the second floor, their heads and faces unsurprisingly a mess.

By that point, just looking at them tired him out.

Next to them stood a guy that was in the same class as Cha So-Yeon. He was with other men and women that didn’t look unscathed either.

There were about twenty people in there, five of which were female.

“You two, get up,” Kang Chan ordered.

Heo Eun-Sil and Lee Ho-Jun looked at Kang Chan, then hesitantly stood up.

“I’m pretty sure I told you guys I’d break your arms if I ever catch you meeting up again while yapping about bullies?”

Kang Chan looked past the students that were standing.

“Don’t talk informally to me when you’re also young, you fucker. You just need to take them.”

A guy with sharp, snake-like eyes glared at Kang Chan with distaste. Kang Chan just thought of him as vulgar, not tough.

“You guys get out,” ordered Kang Chan.

The eleventh-graders all hastily stood behind Kang Chan, and Heo Eun-Sil and Lee Ho-Jun slowly came behind him while warily observing the Snake Eye.

“Hey you punk, snake eye. Don’t ever call the kids from our school or mess with them from now on,” Kang Chan growled, then turned to the students. “Why are you guys still here? Didn’t I tell you all to go?”

He glared at the entrance for a moment.

Now that he thought about it, the Three Worthless Minions weren't at Tron Square last time, and now, they still stood quite a distance from him. Moreover, he couldn't even see the two guys that came with him in the taxi anywhere, possibly because they went downstairs.

Kang Chan nodded, then looked at Heo Eun-Sil.

"Is the snake eye's father a gangster?" asked Kang Chan.

"That sunbae's father owns this building."

*What a dumbass. Does she think he's a real estate agent?*

"That's right. We were told he's the boss of the Shin Yeon-Dong gang," Lee Ho-Jun quickly added.

"So you guys can't go downstairs right now because those fucking gangsters could be there?"

"Yeah," Lee Ho-Jun quietly answered.

Kang Chan looked at the three worthless minions with a dumbfounded face.

"So after you three bitches saw me on the roof, you guys called here and thought of selling me?" asked Kang Chan.

"You forced us to do it. We used to be popular at the group of bullies."

Kang Chan laughed, finding them absurd.

"Were you guys lying about putting a complete stop to bullying at our school?" Kang Chan asked again.

"Things will really change when the kids that were hospitalized last time return to school."

"Tsk."

Kang Chan's face reddened.

He would've been less embarrassed if he had been fooled by kids that had a brain, but he had been completely fooled by the lure of these empty-headed bitches.

"Then is Snake Eye over there the higher-up of the fucker that got his arm broken at Tron Square?" asked Kang Chan.

"Don't mess with me, motherfucker. I'm two years older than you," said Snake Eye.

Kang Chan looked back at Heo Eun-Sil and Lee Ho-Jun.

"Then who's that fucker's superior?" asked Kang Chan.

"The president of the student body."

Kang Chan frowned because he didn't know what they were talking about.

“Stop talking nonsense and decide quickly. If you guys are going to get rid of bullying, taking money from other kids, and forcing kids to run errands, then come with me. Otherwise, just stay here if you like this,” Kang Chan told the kids from his school.

“Are you going to protect us until the end if we follow you right now?”

Heo Eun-Sil of course had better guts. That was evident despite her swollen face and having to lean on one foot.

“Sure. But in return, don't ever pull crap at school ever again,” Kang Chan replied.

“I can do whatever I want with those fucking bitches, right?” A kid fiercely glared at the three useless minions, enough for Heo Eun-Sil to go, ‘Oh?’

Well, it wasn't like those bitches were good people.

“Do what you want,” said Kang Chan.

“I'll get rid of them with Ho-Jun and the eleventh-graders. But make it so that they can't touch us outside, and,” Heo Eun-Sil said, “that the fuckers you injured on the roof won't be able to mess around when they get discharged.”

*Is this bitch calculating in advance?*

Heo Eun-Sil had such an amazing look in her eyes. It was fierce enough to make the sloppy guys unable to defy her.

“Okay.”

When Heo Eun-Sil glared at the three worthless minions while tightly clenching her teeth, the three worthless minions sent Snake Eye a sad glance.

Now that they roughly come to a decision, it would be best to finish things quickly.

Kang Chan began walking toward the snake-eye.

“What are you doing?! Get your asses here quick!” Snake Eye yelled while urgently climbing up the wall. Soon, guys with big builds rushed up the stairs.

Finding them absurd, Kang Chan laughed. Only one of them looked like he could fight. The rest all looked like swines that were fed with pig food.

Kang Chan found this fight somewhat questionable.

He was certain they were of his fight with the parking lot gang. If so, then why did they still send seven weaklings to fight him?

When Kang Chan tilted his head, one of the pigs lifted a baseball bat.

*Bam! Pow!*

As soon as the guy raised his arm, Kang Chan curled his fingers halfway, then stabbed the guy's armpit with his now-pointed fist.

“Cough!”

*Pow. Pow. Pow.*

As his target crouched down and clutched his armpit, Kang Chan hit his armpit, philtrum, neck, and stomach pit. The pain sent the guy writhing on the ground.

This was too easy. He could take his opponent seriously when they could at least fight back a little.

Kang Chan suddenly pounced on the rest of his opponents and knocked them out by stabbing their necks, stomach pits, and sides.

These fuckers didn't even arm themselves with filet knives.

At any rate, it ended too easily.

Kang Chan walked to Snake Eye like that.

“Don't come closer!”

His shout echoed inside the building.

*Tok.*

Kang Chan grasped the guy's hair and jerked him forward as if to hug him.

*Crrk.*

Kang Chan then headbutted his opponent right on the very center of his forehead.

Kang Chan quickly supported Snake Eye just as he was about to collapse from being beaten to a pulp. He then hung Snake Eye's right arm over his shoulder and supported his weight.

As Kang Chan looked around him, Snake Eye's lackeys avoided his gaze. Eventually, his eyes landed on the three worthless minions.

*Crack.*

*Thud.*

When Kang Chan let go of his arm, Snake Eye sprawled out onto the floor in a weird position.

“If any of you fuckers still want to continue this, go ahead. I'll just keep breaking your arms. As I said, don't mess with these kids. From now on, I'll break all of your arms if you ever gather in this place again,” Kang Chan warned, then left the building.

When he went outside of the building after finishing that absurd street battle, it made Kang Chan mistake his surroundings for a holiday destination. The kids followed him outside.

Kang Chan felt hungry, but only expensive-looking pastry shops and restaurants were nearby. He turned to look at the kids behind him.

“Is there a place that serves pork cutlets here?”

“Yes! We just need to turn into that alley,” Lee Ho-Jun answered with difficulty.

It shouldn't be a problem since he had decided to protect them just this once and there was something he needed their determination on anyway.

“Let's eat pork cutlets before we go. But if any of you need to go, feel free to do so,” Kang Chan told the kids.

It wouldn't be wrong to say that these dickheads had trouble making their own decisions. They just blindly followed whatever a person would say for as long as they were afraid of them. If he told them to eat poison, they would reply with, “it's bitter.”