

## **Blackfield 56.1**

Chapter 56.1: Business is Tedious (1)

Kang Chan finally got a half day's worth of peace, starting from when he returned from Kim Tae-Jin's room on Tuesday afternoon to Wednesday. He even talked to Kim Mi-Young on the phone and spent time with Yoo Hye-Sook.

Hence, he faced Thursday feeling lighthearted.

However, Cha So-Yeon soon urgently sought out Kang Chan while he was working out with Seok Kang-Ho in school.

“You need to go to the sports field immediately, sunbae-nim.”

“What's wrong?”

Kang Chan went out of the athletics club room with Seok Kang-Ho while wiping his sweat with a towel.

The sports field had a strange atmosphere. Upon going down the stands, he saw the noses of Moon Ki-Jin and Cho Sae-Ho bleeding. They were ninth and tenth graders respectively.

“What's going on?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“They spared against each other. The ninth grader did quite well, but Cho Sae-Ho cowardly punched him as soon as their spar ended, so I involuntarily...” One of the employees answered.

Basically, Moon Ki-Jin won the spar but Cho Sae-Ho punched him when it ended, so the employee hit Cho Sae-Ho in return.

Kang Chan turned his head toward Cho Sae-Ho.

“Hey,” Kang Chan said.

“Yes?”

Cho Sae-Ho was extremely nervous.

To make things worse, Kang Chan had already been feeling apologetic to the athletics club members for bringing the bullies here.

Kang Chan slowly looked at the bullies one by one.

“So fear prevents you all from living in a world governed by strength, and your hatred of rules prevents you from living in a world filled with them. If you're so insistent on doing whatever the hell you want, then don't dirty this place and go somewhere that'll allow you to do just that.”

Kang Chan gritted his teeth while looking at Cho Sae-Ho.

“All of you are to stop coming here starting tomorrow,” He continued.

Kang Chan thought he should suppress his anger in this situation but found doing so quite difficult. He kept getting furious.

Seok Kang-Ho stopped Kang Chan when he approached Cho Sae-Ho.

Kang Chan glared at Seok Kang-Ho, and the latter shook his head with a desperate look in his eyes.

“Whoo.”

Kang Chan heavily breathed twice to cool down his anger, then turned away.

“I’m sorry, everyone. Please let this issue go. I’m going to make sure they never come here from now on,” Kang Chan apologized to the athletics club members, who looked surprised.

Kang Chan returned to the athletics club room like that.

He had lost his will to work out.

Kang Chan sat down on a chair and drank a bit of water. He then wiped his sweat with a towel. As he did, Seok Kang-Ho came in.

“Thanks for stopping me back there,” Kang Chan thanked Seok Kang-Ho.

Seok Kang-Ho sat opposite Kang Chan while smirking, then drank water.

“You did a good job suppressing it.”

“Him fucking around like that angered me. I forced everyone to accept him just to put him in the athletics club.”

“I know that more than you do. Before all this, though, I was actually surprised because they were quieter than expected. Normally, the bullies would’ve immediately rebelled in that situation.”

“Really?”

Kang Chan’s emotions had somewhat calmed down when Cha So-Yeon and Moon Ki-Jin cautiously came inside.

“Is there something going on again?” asked Kang Chan.

“No!”

Cha So-Yeon exaggeratedly shook her head.

Once trained properly, kids like them were perfect as administrative clerks in the army.

“What’s going on, then?”

“Uh, I don’t know how to tell you this.”

Kang Chan smiled lightly at Cha So-Yeon.

“What is it?”

“Um, about you telling the bullies not to come here anymore... Can you take that back?”

The smile on Kang Chan’s face completely vanished.

“Did they say something again? They dare act like this?”

“No. It’s not like that, sunbae-nim.”

Cha So-Yeon frantically waved her hands, and Moon Ki-Jin shook his head as his eyes widened.

“We get that Se-Ho did something wrong, but I think everyone can still become close despite that. I feel bad and a bit disappointed they won’t be able to join us anymore because of this incident.”

When Kang Chan tilted his head, Cha So-Yeon quickly added, “Everyone feels the same way. Of course, there could be one or two that would disagree.”

Kang Chan looked at her for a moment before finally replying.

“Since you guys feel that way, then I’ll reconsider just this once.”

“Thank you, sunbae-nim.”

As Cha So-Yeon thanked Kang Chan, Moon Ki-Jin bowed his head.

“Hey, Moon Ki-Jin.”

“Yes, sunbae-nim.”

“You’ve been practicing hand-to-hand combat for that exact moment, so how come you just stood still when he was about to punch you?”

Moon Ki-Jin scratched his head while smiling sheepishly.

“I can move just fine when sparring, but I freeze for some reason when I’m in a real fight.”

“Jesus.”

Kang Chan extended his hand and tousled Moon Ki-Jin’s head, ruffling his hair.

“Just let your body move reflexively. You won’t ever be able to act on time if you keep thinking about what to do or how to do it.”

“Aren’t you afraid of fights, sunbae-nim?”

“There are times when I’m scared, such as when I’m outnumbered or...” Kang Chan trailed off. Out of all the things he could say, he almost blurted out that he’d feel afraid if his opponents had guns. After they talked a bit more, Cha So-Yeon and Moon Ki-Jin left the athletics club room.

“Those bullies didn’t scare them, did they?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“From my perspective, it seemed like you scared the bullies.”

When Kang Chan glanced at him, Seok Kang-Ho looked somewhere else while pretending not to notice.

They soon ordered lunch, and Kang Chan washed up. Their food had arrived by the time he came out.

Today's lunch was Chinese food.

Kang Chan ordered fried rice.

Kang Chan sat down and had lunch with Seok Kang-Ho and Kim Tae-Jin's employees.

"The kids were very upset," An employee told Kang Chan while putting the fried rice in his mouth.

*Were they really?*

They ate the rest of their lunch in silence. Afterward, Kang Chan had coffee with Seok Kang-Ho in the athletics club room.

"There's nothing else going on, right?" asked Kang Chan.

"Of course. I'm going to teach the afternoon session."

"I'll be going ahead, then. Let's just talk on the phone this evening."

"Okay."

Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho goodbye, then left the athletics club room.

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Kim Tae-Jin opened the door of his room.

"Welcome," Kim Tae-Jin greeted.

"Please come in!" Suh Sang-Hyun exclaimed.

Opposite Kim Tae-Jin's calmness, Suh Sang-Hyun, who was sitting in a wheelchair, looked extremely excited.

"Did something good happen?" Kang Chan asked.

Suh Sang-Hyun looked as if he had won the lottery.

Kang Chan's gaze alternated between the two.

"France has put our company in charge of safety for international events. France's Korean Embassy, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade, and the KOTRA[1] also contacted us. Oh, and we also got a bunch of interview requests from newspapers and press," Kim Tae-Jin explained.

"When did this happen?" asked Kang Chan.

"Barely an hour ago."

Kang Chan sat on the chair beside the bed.

“Lanok probably exerted his influence on this. This won’t only bolster our sales. It also instantly made our company internationally recognized,” Kim Tae-Jin continued.

“Good for you, then,” Kang Chan commented.

“This is all thanks to you. After discussing it with director Suh, we’re thinking of giving fifteen percent of the company’s stocks to you.”

Kang Chan gave Kim Tae-Jin an embarrassed gaze.

What use would he have for stocks he couldn’t even use?

“You don’t need to do that,” Kang Chan replied.

“That’s upsetting. Just take it. The sales we’ll get from France alone will already be over five billion won a year. And we’ll get more orders from the EU. If our sales increase in Korea as well, then it would likely be possible for us to become a listed company within two years. And we want to give your share in stocks rather than liquidate the amount first. Otherwise, I’d just feel dismayed since it wouldn’t be enough.”

“I appreciate the gesture, but please just keep the stocks.”

Kim Tae-Jin smacked his lips as if he was upset. “Alright. The curb market rate<sup>[2]</sup> will soar because of this contract. If we put that price on fifteen percent of the stocks, it’ll be about two billion won. I’ll sell the stocks and give them to you in cash.”

“I just told you not to do that.”

“We were planning on giving Mr. Seok Kang-Ho seven hundred million won in cash, which is equivalent to five percent of the stocks. Anyway, if you keep acting like this, then I’m going to refuse to take orders from France. I don’t want to be the guy that counts profits when you did all the work.”

“Ah, why are you acting like this? This is making me feel uncomfortable.”

Kim Tae-Jin still looked upset despite Kang Chan’s complaints.

“Would you like some coffee?” Suh Sang-Hyun asked Kang Chan.

“I’ll make one myself,” Kang Chan said.”

“Why are you like this? Please wait for a moment.”

Suh Sang-Hyun adeptly turned the wheels of the wheelchair.

Kim Tae-Jin still looked upset. Still, Kang Chan really didn’t want to take the stocks. Why would he accept such a reward when he hadn’t even done anything for them? And he had already received a lot of help from them when Seok Kang-Ho’s family was captured alone.

Amid the awkward atmosphere, the smell of coffee filled the room.

“Take the stocks.”

Kang Chan couldn't help but laugh because Kim Tae-Jin kept insisting like a child.

“Just accept our gratitude, Mr. Kang Chan. The employees are going crazy right now out of sheer happiness. After all, we'll be able to send some of them overseas, myself included, thanks to you. Knowing the president, he's really going to cancel the contract,” Suh Sang-Hyun said.

Kang Chan didn't know what to say in reply to that.

“In situations like this, It's best to just give in,” Kim Tae-Jin told Kang Chan.

Kang Chan didn't know why Kim Tae-Jin kept insisting, but he knew that Kim Tae-Jin was definitely clinging to him with his pride on the line. And he was doing that in front of Suh Sang-Hyun.

“Alright. Then I gratefully accept your offer,” Kang Chan finally said.

Kim Tae-Jin smiled, seemingly satisfied, and Suh Sang-Hyun spilled coffee while he was clenching both of his fists.

Kang Chan also learned something, which was that sharing stocks like this gave the person concerned an enormous sense of belongingness.

“When are you being discharged?” Kang Chan asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“Next week.”

“I'll come again tomorrow if nothing intervenes.”

“Okay.”

“Thank you for the stocks.”

Kang Chan left the room smiling.