

## **Blackfield 57.1**

Chapter 57.1: Business is Tedious (2)

Friday.

The kids arrived while Kang Chan was getting changed in the athletics club room.

They no longer hesitated around Kang Chan now that they had gotten close to him. On the contrary, they were always very glad to see him.

All the kids normally arrived around this time.

*Rattle.*

As Kang Chan was about to go outside, he tilted his head while looking at the kids that were coming into the athletics club room. Heo Eun-Sil, Lee Ho-Jun, and Cho Sae-Ho entered with them.

Kang Chan ended up smirking.

*Is he thinking of killing me because I told him to not come here starting today? If so, he better brought a gun or something with him.*

Kang Chan was blankly staring at them when Cha So Yeon, Moon Ki-Jin, and other athletics club members all came into the athletics club room.

“I was wrong.” Cho Sae-Ho was the first to speak up.

Kang Chan only observed for now.

“I apologized to Ki-Jin and the entire athletics club, and they forgave me. That’s why I’m here. Please allow me to work out with you all again.”

“Sae-Ho has admitted to his mistake and promised he’d never do something like that ever again. Please let the incident go,” Heo Eun-Sil said when Cho Sae-Ho finished talking.

*Damn it.*

He got strangely soft whenever he saw kids wearing school uniforms.

When Kang Chan remained silent, Cha So-Yeon spoke up next.

“We told him that you’re going to accept him again if he sincerely apologizes. And since we really do want to work out together, I suggested I go with him to apologize.”

Cha So-Yeon’s voice was trembling as she spoke. Afterward, she lowered her head.

*Do I really need to forgive him?*

Kang Chan thought for a moment.

“I’m willing to get hit for what I did. Hitting Ki-Jin that day was a huge mistake.”

Cho Sae-Ho took a step forward.

Now that Kang Chan had thought about it, this fucker was in the same class as Cha So-Yeon.

“The hyungs outside invited me out to dinner yesterday, where they told me a lot of things.”

Cho Sae-Ho seemed to be talking about Kim Tae-Jin’s employees.

“They said I should work hard and become a security guard. They were right. I really want to do that.”

Kang Chan also wanted to trust him again—to give him one last chance.

“Do you guys really think this way?” Kang Chan asked the students.

“Yes. Please forgive him just this once.”

Kang Chan looked at Heo Eun-Sil.

She didn’t look like she disagreed.

“Cho Sae-Ho,” called Kang Chan.

“Yes.”

This guy didn’t seem to have any defiance left in him either.

Cho Sae-Ho had lost this fight fair and square.

“This is your last chance.”

Cho Sae-Ho and Cha So-Yeon’s heads popped up. They looked as if they had just received consent for marriage from a stern father.

“Thank you!”

‘Does Cha So-Yeon like Cho Sae-Ho?’

The kids profusely thanked him before leaving.

Kang Chan heard loud noises outside, making him think things were going well in their own way.

Looking closely, he realized Heo Eun-Sil was the bullies’ leader, and Cha So-Yeon led the athletics club.

Pretending not to notice, he devoted himself to his workout.

After Kang Chan worked out to his heart's content and drank a cup of water, he went outside to see how things were going. He hung a towel on his neck since he thought of washing up right after.

The sports field had a very serious atmosphere. It had a mattress laid out, and the kids practiced hand-to-hand combat in pairs under the employees’ guidance.

They looked extremely serious, but watching them was really funny. Kang Chan had to grit his teeth to hold in his laugh. There was a kid that looked like he had quite a bit of talent, but there was also a guy that looked like he was just flapping around.

Kang Chan left to wash up while shaking his head.

\*\*\*

After having lunch and watching the kids study from the athletics club room, Kang Chan taught the five employees hand-to-hand combat for about an hour, then washed up again and left the school.

When he arrived at the apartment, Yoo Hye-Sook wasn't at home.

Kang Chan sat comfortably and searched on the internet for things related to drama production, then thought about how he could find his corpsmen if any of them were still alive.

He went out to the living room upon hearing the sound of keys rattling rang throughout the house from the entrance.

"Channy, you're home already?" asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Yes."

Kang Chan took the paper shopping bag that Yoo Hye-Sook was carrying.

"I bought a shirt for your dad to wear on Sunday since his clothes are very old. I also got you a cotton shirt."

"You didn't buy anything for yourself again?"

"I have a lot of clothes, so it's fine."

Kang Chan smiled wordlessly while thinking that he should buy a suit of clothes for her someday. He then went back to his room and sat at his desk again. Aside from a call with Kim Mi-Young, nothing else happened that day. Seok Kang-Ho called him in the evening, his voice sounding really tired. Kang Chan slept after that, ending his day. It was so peaceful it was almost boring.

\*\*\*

Saturday.

Kang Chan worked out in the morning and had breakfast, as usual. He then returned to his room and wondered what he should do today. However, he soon thought he shouldn't spend time like this.

Now that the issues related to Sharlan had been dealt with and he had gotten used to his current life, Kang Chan wanted to spend his days properly.

He thought of studying again, but he wanted to study a more systematic and practical subject instead of clinging to one he couldn't even understand right now. Hence, he searched on the internet again. Kang Chan searched through English, Chinese, and Japanese, then thought about what he had been interested in since his past life.

He came up with nothing.

'I shouldn't say anything about studying to bullies.'

Kang Chan was embarrassed enough for his face to be quickly flushed.

'Tsk! Since my life turned out this way, should I start working earlier than others?'

It wouldn't be a bad thing to earn money and help the kids in difficult situations, like what Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook were doing.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Seok Kang-Ho called at just the right time.

- What are you doing right now?

"I just ate, so I'm currently loafing around. Why don't you rest for a bit? You're probably tired."

"My wife became a complete angel[1] after we moved to the apartment. She told me to go out for the day because she was going to clean up by herself. Let's go to Yangpyeong[2] today."

"Yangpyeong?"

It was a suggestion welcomed enough for Kang Chan's ears to nearly perk up. Using Seok Kang-Ho as an excuse, he went outside. It only took 10 minutes for them to meet since Seok Kang-Ho now lived in the apartment right behind Kang Chan's.

Kang Chan got into Seok Kang-Ho's car at the entrance of the apartment.

"This is such a nice advantage to living so close to each other," said Kang Chan.

"Agreed. I think I also feel somewhat reassured. Here, take this."

Seok Kang-Ho handed him a cup of iced coffee.

As they left, they enjoyed coffee and cigarettes together.

Kang Chan told him about what happened with the kids yesterday before anything else.

"We should also go to a retreat somewhere," Seok Kang-Ho commented.

"Michelle also suggested the same thing. Should I combine those two outings? Going to two separate events is too much of an inconvenience."

"If you're fine with that, then it's not a bad idea. Things like retreats are more fun with more people."

"I'll talk to her about it."

"Sure. In any case, if we're going to reserve lodging and rent a bus anyway, it's better to do it in one go. If this pushes through, let's avoid doing it during the weekends since we're on break."

"I'll let you know as soon as I discuss it with her."

"Sure."

The road gradually became congested, perhaps because it was a Saturday.

“I think I should be doing something for D.I. too. Starting next week, I’m going to look into drama production work,” Kang Chan said.

“Isn’t your aptitude a better match for security companies?”

“I thought about that too, but the idea of following someone around made me realize I couldn’t do that even if it would mean the death of me.

“That’s also true. There’s even a chance you’ll have to stay in a car all day if you’re unlucky.”

Luckily, the traffic became a bit lighter out in the suburbs. Soon, they arrived at a restaurant that specialized in grilled duck.

They sat on the wooden bedstead and happily ate grilled ducks, then had kalguksu[3] and drank makgeolli[4].

“Don’t worry too much about it. I know you can be great at anything you put your mind to,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“I actually don’t know how to do anything, except for things related to warfare. I’m still going to go for it, though, since I don’t want to act like a coward.”

Seok Kang-Ho smiled after taking his time exhaling cigarette smoke.

“The drama production industry is going to be in an uproar for a while,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“Why?”

“I doubt you’re going to work quietly.”

“Hey! I already told you I will! I’m just working for the sake of working, gaining experience!”

While Kang Chan was talking, his phone rang.

It was Michelle.

Seok Kang-Ho glanced at him, then laughed while saying, “The world isn’t going to let that happen.”

“Yeah, Michelle.”

- Sir, I’m calling you because Alion, the second-best production company, and the Director of Programming of a broadcasting station’s drama department suddenly asked to see us both tomorrow. Does 1 pm at Namsan Hotel work for you?

“Haa.”

- Why? Do you have an appointment?

“No, but is Namsan Hotel slathered in honey?[5] I can’t figure out why people keep holding appointments there. Can’t we meet somewhere else?”

- It’s already been decided. It’s difficult for us to change the location.

“Alright. 1 pm tomorrow, right?”

- Yes! Thank you, sir. We should meet about 30 minutes prior to that appointment.

“Sure. I’ll be at the lobby.”

- Yeah. See you tomorrow.

Kang Chan sighed loudly after the call ended.

“Namsan Hotel again, huh?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“According to her, yes. It’s not like there’s only one hotel in downtown Seoul.”

“You’re learning how to do your job, aren’t you? This is work! Please do it properly.”

“You want to get hit?”

Kang Chan frowned, but they laughed like idiots immediately after.

On their way up to Seoul, Seok Kang-Ho’s phone rang.

“Hello? Ah, Mr. President. How can I help you?”

As if he had been expecting it, Kang Chan looked straight ahead.

“Yes. Yes.”

Seok Kang-Ho gave Kang Chan a glance.

“Pardon?”

Seok Kang-Ho sounded startled. Kang Chan looked at him while wondering what was going on.

“Ah, yes. It’s a bit flustering. Yes, I understand. I’ll discuss this with the captain and drop by the hospital either today or tomorrow. Yes.”

After he hung up the phone, Seok Kang-Ho quickly looked at Kang Chan.

“That was President Kim Tae-Jin. He asked for my bank account number, saying he’s going to put seven hundred million won in there,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“So that was what the conversation was about.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked dazed.

“I can’t wrap my head around it. All the financial talks I’ve been in lately always involve huge amounts of money.”

“I feel that way too.”

Seok Kang-Ho focused on driving for a moment, then quipped up once more. “Just so you know, I’m going to send this money to you.”

“I got the money in stocks, and I already have more than enough. So stop talking nonsense and just give it to your wife too.”

“Ugh, why did he have to say something as bothersome as that? It’s making me feel unsettled. Let’s go smoke a cigarette,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“Sure.”

They lowered the windows all the way and drove on the highway that ran through the entire country.