

God of Blackfield

Chapter6, Part3: Bullies? (2)

Rattle.

When Kang Chan opened the door and entered, all eyes were on him. Startled, Lee Ho-Jun turned his head around as quickly as possible. Even the female teacher in her mid-thirties couldn't say anything. All she did was walk on eggshells around Kang Chan.

He slowly sat down in his seat and looked at the teacher.

"Ah, let's continue with the class."

The teacher proceeded with the class as if she snapped out of hypnosis. It was a Japanese class, and the discussion was about the story of how Cheol-Su entered a snowy village and provoked the owner by asking about the price of the udon he wasn't even planning on getting. It was much better than math, but Kang Chan was still in a daze.

The class ended.

Screech

When one of the male students in front of Kang Chan stood up, his chair made a loud noise. He hunched over anxiously and glanced at Kang Chan nervously.

Even during the break, everyone was still stiff. Kang Chan smacked his lips and leaned back in his chair. The students going to the bathroom moved around solemnly and somberly, like monks in a monastery.

Just then, Lee Ho-Jun approached Kang Chan. He placed a can of juice and a piece of bread on his desk.

Was this guy truly rotten to the core?

Kang Chan looked at him dumbfoundedly.

"The tenth- and eleventh-graders will swing by to greet you after class."

Despite Kang Chan's gaze, Lee Ho-Jun said what he wanted to say.

"Take those back."

Feeling embarrassed and overwhelmed by Kang Chan's gaze, he took the juice and bread and returned to his seat.

As everyone was looking at them, the classroom was filled with a great deal of tension. Kang Chan felt suffocated as well, so he let out a small sigh.

Noticing the other students' attention had shifted away from him, he subconsciously turned around and found female students staring at him. He recognized one of them due to her swollen left cheek.

"Hey! Kang Chan!"

The girl stood next to him, and three girls wearing childish makeup stood behind her. It was as if they had the word 'delinquent' written all over their foreheads.

"Free up some time after class." The girl demanded.

"Stop fooling around and leave."

"Hey!"

Screech!

Kang Chan got up from his seat and faced her, the smell of the beauty products she used greeting him. The bloodthirsty vibe Kang Chan emitted was on a completely different level from the bravado displayed by the ordinary students, so all the girl could do was look angry. She couldn't even open her mouth.

The girl stared at Kang Chan's right hand, seemingly afraid of being slapped again. This sort of thing happened a lot in France too. Lovers of the men he had beaten up had approached him with concealed knuckle dusters on their hands, and he had also seen finger-length awls hidden in the hair of some women who were undressing.

Problems would always arise when he cut them some slack.

'Do I have to make sure there isn't any trouble later on this time around too?'

He felt strangely soft-hearted when he saw her wearing a school uniform.

'This isn't a battlefield. Wouldn't it be okay to let it slide?'

However, Kang Chan decided not to. He made up his mind. If she were to say one more word...

As if the girl had read Kang Chan's mind, she turned around. The three people behind her looked at him with the same scowl on their faces, but that was it.

'I'm tired.'

Kang Chan smacked his lips, sat down, and made eye contact with the voluptuous Snow White with the bangs.

This was cumbersome. He wanted to quickly go to France and go through the whole process before going to Africa. He had never thought he would ever miss the dirt and bullets in his life.

His classes ended after two grueling hours of hardship.

“Phew.” Kang Chan heaved a sigh of relief.

Ten sloppy-looking students entered the classroom through the front door. They immediately stood in a line, bowed deeply starting from the first person, and greeted Kang Chan.

Kang Chan wanted to cry because the school had students like them, and even more so because they greeted him in such a manner.

“Fuck off.”

“Understood.”

After hearing what he said, the sleazy group of students bid him goodbye in unison and left. Kang Chan missed home. He quickly got up from his chair and slung his bag over his shoulder.

“Let’s leave together.” He heard a cautious voice. Glancing at where it came from, he realized it was Snow White.

“Aren’t you going home?”

Is she going in the same direction??

Kang Chan didn’t say anything. He didn’t know how to use public transport, so he thought this might be helpful. He walked right ahead, and Snow White followed behind.

They left via the back door. The girl that got slapped leaned against the wall with her arms folded and stared at him. The three worthless people standing behind her looked Snow White up and down.

Kang Chan had no reason to pay any attention to them, but Snow White seemed to be afraid of them.

“You’re dead.” The girl threatened Snow White

Kang Chan heard the warning loud and clear. Unable to look up properly, Snow White simply looked at the floor. However, they weren't picking a fight with Kang Chan. He didn't know why the girl that got slapped was following him around like that, but he couldn't just slap her for standing there.

The students that recognized Kang Chan quickly stayed close to the walls and made way for him to pass through. There was even a guy that pulled his friend aside when the latter didn't see Kang Chan passing by, as if Kang Chan had an infectious disease or something.

It left a bitter taste in his mouth, but Kang Chan went down the stairs pretending not to notice. As they walked towards the main gate, Snow White seemingly eased up. Evidently, she wasn't aware that Kang Chan's nerves were on edge.

"I think Eun-Sil likes you."

"Who's Eun-Sil?"

"Eun-Sil! The girl waiting in the hallway."

"Ah!"

"Be careful. I heard she sleeps around."

Is that something to be careful about?

'She's going to faint when she sees the French.'

That was all he had time to think since he saw four big men in black suits staring at him as soon as he turned around to leave the main gate. A child in a school uniform was standing next to them but disappeared quickly in the sea of students.

"Well, this is worse than Africa."

Kang Chan looked at the black car parked on the side of the road before looking at the four men again.

"Oy, come here."

One of them scowled, raised his hand, bent it slightly, and beckoned him with his index finger. Kang Chan then walked up to him. Snow White couldn't move at all, and the other students crowded around them. The man glanced at the students with an annoyed look before returning his attention to Kang Chan.

"Are you Kang Chan?"

“Yeah, so?”

“This motherfucker’s getting smart with me, huh.”

The look in his eyes could destroy a person.

‘Got to be careful of gangsters... Oh, right! There are no guns in Korea.’

Kang Chan felt more at ease.

“We’re going to a nice place. Get in the car.”

The man nodded and pointed to the car.

“Tsk.”

“Motherfucker. Don’t piss me off. Hurry up and get in the car.”

Kang Chan smirked and laughed.

“Oppa!”

Kang Chan caught a whiff of the scent of the beauty products he had smelled twice before. It was the girl named Eun-Sil. Things were bound to be as bad as they were right now since he hadn’t taken care of them properly.

Eun-Sil twisted her hip in a strange way and stood on one leg, showing confidence.

The man pointed to the car to Eun-Sil.

“Get in the car too, you little shit!”

The man snarled at Kang Chan.

1. Classrooms in Korean schools have two doors—one at the front and one at the back.

Chapter 7: You’ve Never Been Given A Good Beating, Have You? (1)

The students crowded around them while the girl named Eun-Sil observed the situation with her arms folded. The guy seemed to be getting irritated.

“Get in the car quick, you bastard.”

Kang Chan glanced at Eun-Sil, who lowered her gaze as though to say, ‘What are you going to do about it?’ But in an instant, Kang Chan saw her mouthing the word ‘dick’.

Kang Chan smirked. Whenever he let things slide, be it in front of the school or because of gangs and girls, things always turned out this way.

These guys were professionals, but they were also disgusting fellas that intervened in students' affairs. That being the case, it was only right for Kang Chan to treat them accordingly—give them a real fight, not a squabble with children in school uniforms.

“Let's do it your way.” He lowered the bag slung over his shoulder and approached the thug.

“Oh?” The guy was startled.

Bam!

Kang Chan landed a headbutt that could have knocked out even the 130kg Dayeru. The thug fell backward, and Kang Chan grabbed him by the chin and the back of his head before delivering a powerful knee strike.

Crrk.

Kang Chan's knee landed on the thug's groin, making a terrifying sound that left all the male students petrified. made all the male students petrified.

Crack.

He then twisted the thug's neck, causing an injury severe enough to put him in a cast for about six months. The thugs didn't expect a mere student would dare charge at them.

“Did you come here to play?”

Another thug had been at the side, observing Kang Chan with a dumbfounded look. Only when they made eye contact did he come back to his senses. Kang Chan knocked away the fist thrown by the guy on the left like he was swatting a fly.

Cha-ak. Pow pow pow.

He then jabbed the guy in the throat, abdomen, and armpit with his thumb.

“*Cough.*”

Clenching his fist and extending his middle knuckle, Kang Chan punched him hard in the jaw.

“*Cough!*”

Kang Chan grabbed the guy by his hair and jaw in the blink of an eye, then twisted his neck, just as he had done to his previous opponent.

Craaack.

“You bastard!”

Nevertheless, even though time was ticking, the guy swung a fillet knife at Kang Chan. Kang Chan quickly twisted his upper body.

Swoosh.

Professionals were indeed different. The knife cut across Kang Chan’s waist fairly deeply, triggering tearful screams from the female students.

“You bastard, I’m going to kill you!”

It didn’t matter how much the other person yelled—Kang Chan only focused on the side of his body. His clothes were torn apart, and blood was oozing out of his wound. Since he was no longer in his original body, his speed and power were no longer at the level they used to be.

“Tsk!” Kang Chan shook his head and expressed his annoyance. But even though those guys could seize the opportunity to win the fight, they didn’t attack him.

‘They probably didn’t see this coming.’

They most likely didn’t think that things would turn out like this when they were simply trying to capture a student. He was so strong that they were forced to use their knives. They checked their surroundings, looking all flustered. Things would take a turn for the worse if the cops were to come.

“You’ve never been beaten to a pulp, have you?”

“The hell did you say, motherfucker?!”

Kang Chan waited for the enemy to let their guard down before taking the opportunity to attack them. It was clear that the guy had experience using a knife. Instead of stabbing him, the guy swung the knife a little to the right. Kang Chan stretched out his left hand toward the hilt as far as possible.

Tok. Pok.

The sound rang almost at the same time. Kang Chan’s left palm had been sliced, but he had curled his right hand and used his index and middle fingers’ second knuckles to stab the guy in the eyes.

Pok.?

“Ack!”

As the fillet knife fell to the ground, Kang Chan quickly grabbed the guy’s hair with his left hand and took two steps back. The last remaining thug could only flinch, unable to attack him.

Regardless of how hard he tried, Kang Chan couldn’t twist the heads of the last two guys, who had witnessed him doing that to their other two colleagues. They had instinctively stiffened—that was their bodies’ way of protecting themselves. If he were to try and twist their necks, they would end up dead or paralyzed. Kang Chan pressed the thug’s head down with his left hand instead and hit his face with his right palm.

Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.

The thug struggled.

“Fuck! Let go of me! Let go!”

Blood clogged the thug’s mouth and nose. He struggled, but Kang Chan, holding his hair, continued hitting him in the face. It sounded gruesome, and Kang Chan menacingly glaring at the last remaining thug only made it even more gut-churning.

Huge drops of blood dripped onto the floor and splattered everywhere whenever Kang Chan hit him.

Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.

The guy he was beating up lost consciousness, and the thug witnessing everything looked utterly terrified.

Finally, Kang Chan stopped. He grabbed the guy’s chin and hair, then twisted his neck.

Crack. Thud!

Blood dripped from Kang Chan’s left hand, making it look as though he was wearing a red glove on his right hand, made from the blood of the thug that had collapsed.

Sadly, a lot of time had been wasted here. When Kang Chan abruptly lunged forward, the guy backed away from him, startled. Kang Chan picked up the knife with his hand that was covered in blood. He then grabbed the right hand of the guy whose neck he had just twisted.

“Hey, you motherfucker!” The last man standing yelled at Kang Chan.

Smirk.

Slice. Kang Chan cut a finger off the hand in his grasp.

“Aaaghhh!” A scream echoed, as though there was a choir harmonizing together.

He only needed a thumb anyway. Even if Kang Chan were to cut any of the other four fingers at the base, this guy would still be able to use a pair of chopsticks, albeit barely, from now on.

“Fuck off.”

“You crazy bastard!”

Gangsters would always be gangsters, even if they were intimidated. The guy swung the knife again.

“Get the fuck out of here before the police come, you imbecile. And bear this in mind—I *will* break your neck.”

Kang Chan meant what he said. He didn't want the police to come and kick up a big fuss, while on the other hand, he absolutely didn't want to let the guy that had attacked him with a knife get away scot-free.

“Hey! Get out of here now!”

The man seemed to have come to his senses the moment he heard Kang Chan mentioning the police. As soon as Kang Chan yelled, the sloppy-looking students looked at his face and moved the guys that had collapsed to the car.

“I'll stab you in the fucking gut!”

“Don't embarrass yourself. Take good care of your neck.”

Meanwhile, the other students continued loading the thugs sprawled out on the floor into the car.

“If you want to work out, you have to do it right, you moron.”

Kang Chan muttered to himself as he looked at the wound on his left palm. It was a mistake that never would've happened before. If Dayeru—no, if Seok Kang-Ho were to see that, he would've laughed at Kang Chan. Nonetheless, Kang Chan still had unfinished business.

Kang Chan approached Eun-Sil as he watched his opponents getting into the car. After seeing the knife and blood, witnessing the guys that had collapsed being beaten up, and meeting Kang Chan's glaring eyes, Eun-Sil trembled and her lips paled.

"I'm warning you."

"Don't do it."

With a trembling voice, she retracted what she had said, while Kang Chan kept telling himself not to twist her neck.

"If you get in my face one more time, you'll get it from me."

"I'm sor—"

Smaaaaack!

It was a full swing. Kang Chan didn't care whether she was terrified or trembling with fear. Instead, he made sure to thoroughly teach her a lesson so he wouldn't have to twist her neck, break her arm, or kill her later.

Thud.

The girl fell to one side, and her skirt rode up, revealing her gray underwear.

"Get her out of here." Kang Chan ordered her three useless friends that were hiding at one side.

The girls hesitated.

"Get moving already."

They flinched and supported Eun-Sil up by putting their arms below her armpits.

"Snow White."

"Huh?" Kang Chan's words seemed to have confused Kim Mi-Young. Naturally, she didn't know what he was talking about.

"Get my bag."

"Huh? Oh!"

Kim Mi-Young quickly walked over and picked up his bag, and Kang Chan headed back to school first. Even though Seok Kang-Ho would be the one left picking up the pieces, Kang Chan had to treat the wound on his hand.

Kang Chan wrapped his left hand with the handkerchief Kim Mi-Young had given him as he went to the nurse's office. The nurse in her forties was bewildered upon seeing his wound.

"We have to disinfect your wound first," the nurse said, not knowing whom she was talking to. She brought a glass bottle containing an antiseptic solution, along with a pair of tweezers.

"Do you have a needle and thread?"

"I'm sorry?"

"I can't even sew, but disinfecting it will open the wound, and it'll take quite some time for it to heal. So, do you have a needle and thread?"

"You have to go to the hospital to get it stitched up after we disinfect your wound."

The hospital? Wouldn't that be cumbersome? At a glance, the wound was approximately ten centimeters long and had to be stitched up since it was deep. It was so big that Kang Chan almost couldn't grip it properly.

Rattle.

Just then, Seok Kang-Ho rushed into the nurse's office.

"What happened?"

Kang Chan showed Seok Kang-Ho his palm.

"Let's go to the hospital."

Unlike how he was like in Africa, Dayeru had become a lot more quick-witted.

"In that case, let's disinfect the wound first before you go. He's bleeding at the waist too."

Kang Chan picked up Kim Mi-Young's handkerchief and wrapped it around his left hand once again.

"Don't do that. We have to disinfect the wound and bandage it," the nurse protested.

"Are you going to use *that* on that little punk?"

As soon as Seok Kang-Ho intervened, there was nothing the nurse could do.

“Are we...going to the hospital?” Kim Mi-Young was gaining on them, so Kang Chan had to be careful with his words.

“We should.”

Kang Chan obediently followed behind Seok Kang-Ho without saying a word. Seok Kang-Ho pointed to an old subcompact car parked right next to the school.

“Go home,” Kang Chan told Kim Mi-Young.

“I’ll go to the hospital with you.”

“It’s okay. Just go home. I heard you have to go to *hagwon*?”

“Yeah, I’ll take care of it, so go home. High school seniors have no time to waste. Run along. Give me his bag,” Seok Kang-Ho chimed in.

Kim Mi-Young looked as though she was about to cry. She didn’t leave. Without saying a word, Kang Chan took his bag from her and threw it into the back of the car.

“Let’s go.”

“Okay!”

Seok Kang-Ho nodded at Kim Mi-Young and got into the car.

“What happened?”

“The gangsters were waiting for me.”

Seok Kang-Ho’s driving skills were questionable. He clumsily drove out of the school gate and noticed a patrol car on one side of the road and two policemen in uniform in a store.

“This might pose a problem,” Seok Kang-Ho muttered as he looked at the police.

“Hey!”

Screeeeech!

That startled a student. They looked even more startled after seeing Seok Kang-Ho and Kang Chan.

“Move out of the way!”

After Seok Kang-Ho gestured to the student to move, the student quickly stepped aside.

“Pay attention!” Kang Chan yelled.

“I was looking at the police.”

Kang Chan wanted to take over the steering wheel, but because of the current circumstances, he cooled off by tying the handkerchief that was wrapped around his hand a little tighter.

“It’ll be okay, right?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“What now?”

“The cops,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

Was this person really the imprudent Dayeru?

“The police came, so I took care of everything and bounced. Those people wouldn’t report to the cops, and I have no intention of reporting it, so it’s not an issue.”

“That seems to be the case.”

“And how would they be able to bring themselves to tell the students that three of them had their necks twisted?”

“You twisted their necks?” Seok Kang-Ho was shocked.

“Yeah.”

“How bad was it?”

“They won’t be able to get into fights for about six months.”

Seok Kang-Ho was relieved.

“We can’t go to the hospital right now. Come to my house first and change out of your bloodstained clothes.”

Kang Chan looked down at his wound. As expected, there was a huge, dark, hideous bloodstain spanning from his abdomen down to the bottom.

“*Tsk*. Do whatever you want.”

Kang Chan stared blankly out the window, leaning his head against the passenger seat. It was a peaceful world, a world that was far from combat or death, but he didn’t feel very happy. How would things be if he were in Africa right now?

1. It's a private academy/cram school for students in Korea.

Chapter8, Part1: You've Never Been Beaten To A Pulp, Have You? (2)

Kang Chan suddenly grew curious about something.

"Did I die?"

"You were shot in the neck and bled to death."

"Fuck! What about you?"

Seok Kang-Ho smiled bitterly. "I think I was shot once in the forehead, but I'm not too sure. I just felt a burning sensation on my forehead. Then I woke up to my wife comforting me and asking if I had a nightmare."

"That must've been nice."

"We had a round to commemorate my survival."

Kang Chan smirked and shifted his gaze to the front once again. The car passed through blocks of fairly old-looking apartment complexes.

"What about the others?"

"Right after you got shot, I was next."

Seok Kang-Ho pulled up in front of the innermost apartment complex.

"You live here?"

"I can't afford anything better on a teacher's salary. This is Gangnam, so even this is rather expensive."

That was none of Kang Chan's concern. He smacked his lips as he got out of the car. Seok Kang-Ho's apartment was on the third floor. After walking down the shabby hallway and up a flight of uneven steps, his apartment was the unit on the right—unit 302.

"Wonder if my wife is home."

Rattle rattle.

The door was locked. Seok Kang-Ho inserted one of the keys attached to his keychain into the lock and turned the doorknob. Even though it was noon, it was very dark inside his apartment.

There was a room close to the entrance on the right, and the kitchen was located by the wall on the right. At the end of the living room, where the sofa and TV were, there were three doors.

Seok Kang-Ho opened the door to the room furthest from the entrance and entered it. He came back out right away with a set of shabby sweatpants and a T-shirt.

“This is the bathroom. Please wash up and change your clothes.”

Kang Chan removed his school uniform and tossed it aside before making his way to the bathroom in his underwear.

The sink, bathtub, and toilet had all turned yellow. After turning on the faucet, Kang Chan washed his hands first before carefully wiping off the dried blood from his waist. Fortunately, the wound wasn't too deep, and some of its parts had more or less closed up due to coagulation.

“I can just leave these parts alone.”

Kang Chan then placed his bloodstained right hand under the running water, and undid the handkerchief tied around his left hand. He carefully washed his left hand.

“*Tsk!*”

Thinking about the guy with a knife in front of the school swiftly filled him with annoyance.

“Motherfucker!”

I should've just killed him. Why did I let him live?

“What's wrong?” Seok Kang-Ho asked loudly, perhaps having heard him cursing.

“Not you!”

Creak.

“What did you say?”

Seok Kang-Ho, who had been leaning on the doorway, popped his head into the bathroom.

“I just lost my temper while looking at the wound on my hand.”

“I thought you were picking a fight with the sink this time around.”

Kang Chan instantly frowned. He hadn't fought those guys because he had wanted to, nor had he been the one to call the gangsters out. He hadn't wanted to fight in his previous life, and he still didn't want to fight in his current life.

Does he think I only know how to fight with others??

Uncontrollable rage abruptly overwhelmed Kang Chan.

Seok Kang-Ho gulped. His eyes looked tense.

"Daye."

"Yes."

"Watch your tongue."

"Yes, sir."

Kang Chan's eyes still looked angry even after chastising Seok Kang-Ho, so the latter lowered his gaze.

"Close the door."

Creeeeaaak.

He closed the door slowly and cautiously, the creaking sound of the door dragging on longer than it previously had.

"Hooo."

Kang Chan lifted his head and looked in the mirror.

It's not my fault I had a father who always hit me whenever he drank alcohol and a mother who was fine with her husband beating her every day.

"I didn't ask to be born into this world."

Kang Chan looked in the mirror and clenched his teeth. He was now the perfect copy of his old self in terms of both his appearance and the intensity in his eyes. Even though he had reincarnated, he was still the same.

He was a guy who had jumped off the roof—after being reincarnated into his body, what else could he have done? Was he supposed to just die after buying those bullies food, giving them money, and getting cigarettes for them?

"Fuck! What am I supposed to do!"

Kang Chan's reflection in the mirror was staring back at him. His eyes gleamed as he pursed his lips.

"Hooo!"

Whatever.?

Kang Chan was always hungry. He wanted to eat pork cutlet so badly, but he would rather die than ask someone to buy it for him or freeload off someone else. He had absolutely never stolen anything from anyone before. On the other hand, he had also never let anybody that looked down on him get away with it, because being born to fucking shitty parents and being disregarded by his father was already enough.

"Tsk."

Kang Chan took a deep breath and got these feelings off his chest. He had the habit of doing this whenever something unpleasant happened, since it made him feel a little better.

By the time he got out of the bathroom, Seok Kang-Ho had made some coffee while waiting for him. After changing into a new set of clothes, Kang Chan sat down at the table with four chairs around it. He took a sip of coffee from a tacky-looking mug.

It was sweet—the instant coffee was really sweet.

"You're not bleeding?"

"Stop looking around and sit down. Let's go after drinking the coffee. Right! Soak the uniform in water."

"Understood."

"Cold water."

"Oh, come on! It's not my first rodeo—I've bled out a lot before."

Soaking bloodstained clothes in hot water would cause the blood to harden, preventing the stains from coming off. In short, the clothes would have to be thrown away.

Kang Chan looked at his left hand, which was pale and stiff.

"Do you have thread and needle here?"

"Don't do anything stupid. Let's go to the hospital."

"You don't have any?"

“We’re going to the hospital!”

Seok Kang-Ho took a deep breath, then gulped the hot coffee in one go. He instantly writhed in pain—the coffee was so hot that he probably felt his esophagus and stomach burning. .

Kang Chan laughed. Maybe things like that remained unchanged from their time in Africa. He only finished half the coffee, and then they left Seok Kang-Ho’s apartment.

After Seok Kang-Ho, who was admiring Kang Chan’s place of residence, had left, the latter sat on a bench next to his apartment complex. His left hand was so thoroughly bandaged that it felt uncomfortable. There was also a long strip of gauze covering the wound on his waist, even though it wasn’t visible.

Kang Chan had been charged a regular patient’s fee, but he was insured. Seok Kang-Ho had organized the bills properly and planned to bring Kang-Chan’s medical insurance card to the hospital the next day in order to get a refund. This reflected how meticulous and frugal he was.

Dayeru looked happy. He was a lonely man, just like Kang Chan, so the latter had developed more of an attachment to him than to his other men. Perhaps he looked happy because he was happy with his wife?

Kang Chan casually glanced at the bandage on his left hand.

“Chan, is that you?” Kim Mi-Young was standing there with her bag on her shoulders.

“Oh my goodness! What should we do!”

“About?”

“Your hand. Oh my goodness. Did the doctor say it was serious? They didn’t say you needed surgery?”

Kim Min-Young said everything in one breath. She walked on eggshells around him as she lowered her gaze and looked at the bandage that was wrapped around his hand. She was annoying.

“Go inside.”

Kang Chan felt as though he was talking to a child... until the outline of Kim Mi-Young’s chest caught his eye. He sat up straight with an annoyed look on his face, acknowledging that she wasn’t a child—at least in the chest department.

“I have some time left before my tutoring class.”

Kim Mi-Young sat down a slight distance away from him. It seemed like she had a tutoring class right after coming back from *hagwon*. For her to need all this extra help with her academics, was she rather stupid?

“I’m sorry. I knew you didn’t take the photo, but I didn’t have the courage to speak up. The more I talk about it, the more it shifts their attention to my chest, and I didn’t want that. I’m sorry.”

Kang Chan almost looked down, but he forced himself to look straight.

“I don’t know who it is either. There was clearly nobody there when I changed into my gym clothes. After you fell from the roof and went to the hospital, I couldn’t do anything for quite some time,” Kim Mi-Young added.

“Forget about it.”

Kim Mi-Young placed her hands between her thighs and sat perfectly still.

“It was very terrifying to watch you hit Eun-Sil,” she continued with her head lowered.

Kang Chan wished she would stop leaning her body forward.

“If hitting me will make you feel less angry, do it.”

Kim Mi-Young quickly turned her body to face Kang Chan. With her hands between her thighs and head lowered, she closed her eyes. Kang Chan clenched his teeth, and his eyes trembled. His gaze kept...

“*Tsk*. I’m not mad anymore so stop talking about this and just go.”

“Really? So you’ve forgiven me?”

“Yes.”

“Chan, in that case, do you want to go to school with me tomorrow onwards?”

‘Did they use to go to school together?’

“Okay.”

“Alright, see you here tomorrow then.”

As soon as Kang Chan nodded, Kim Mi-Young quickly got up and scampered off. She would look a lot better if her hairstyle was less tacky.

Kang Chan sat there for a little longer. Not wanting to continue pondering about those thoughts he had earlier, he got to his feet.

Chapter8, Part2: You've Never Been Beaten To A Pulp, Have You? (2)

As soon as he keyed in the passcode and entered the apartment, Yoo Hye-Sook happily came out to greet him, but she was startled.

She looked at the shabby sweatpants he was wearing and the bandage wrapped around his hand.

"I hurt myself working out, so I went to my teacher's house to change into a new set of clothes before going to the hospital."

"Where? How bad was it? Did the doctor say everything's okay? Is there any problem?"

She was genuinely concerned, but she was overreacting. It was annoying.

As soon as Kang Chan frowned, Yoo Hye-Sook stopped talking.

"They said I'm okay."

Yoo Hye-Sook was a victim as well. She was a victim who had lost her perfectly normal son and had to be nice to a stone-cold man. Kang Chan suppressed his annoyance; he wanted to repay his debt to the owner of his body, even if it was just a small gesture.

"Have you had your dinner?" Perhaps, Yoo Hye-Sook felt hurt by his reaction:— her eyes had turned red as she teared up.

"I haven't."

"In that case, go rest first. I'll call you when dinner's ready."

"Okay."

Kang Chan went into his room and plopped onto the bed.

When Kang Chan jerked awake from his nap, it was already dark in his room. He had slept more soundly than expected, probably because of the shot they had given him in the hospital when they had stitched up the wound in his palm.

"So you didn't get to talk to him about it, huh?" Kang Chan heard Kang Dae-Kyung's voice.

“I think Chan hates me.”

“What makes you say that? He’s probably just a little on edge because of the accident.”

“No, that’s not it. The way he looks at me now is completely different than before. He probably thinks it’s all my fault.”

Yoo Hye-Sook was crying.

“Nonsense! I’ll lecture him later.”

“It’s okay. Don’t do that.”

Kang Chan could hear Yoo Hye-Sook inhaling through her nose loudly.

“Just like what you said, I’m going to just be satisfied with the fact that he survived. Even if he glares at me...or resents me, I’ll be content either way because he’s alive. *Sobs.*”

Kang Chan heard Yoo Hye-Sook’s voice once again. She seemed to have calmed down a little.

“Honey, if Chan didn’t wake up from his coma back then, I wouldn’t have been able to continue living. So I’m going to stop being greedy, like what you said before. Regardless of how good Seong-Hee’s son is, he cannot even be compared to Chan’s toes.”

“Now, now, dear. Seong-Hee’s son has to be better than toes, right?” Kang Dae-Kyung casually remarked. He started to comfort his wife.

“I’ll talk to Chan tomorrow.”

“I told you not to do that. If he ends up hating me even more, it’ll make things even harder.”

“Alright, alright.”

Kang Chan was hungry, but he couldn’t step out of his room. He lay in bed and stared blankly at the ceiling. Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook were completely different from his parents in his past life. Even though a fucked-up son had appeared in their lives out of the blue, they were determined to let go of their greed.

What would have happened if Kang Chan had been born as their son right from the beginning? They had conceived a son because they wanted a child, but they wouldn’t have wanted a son like him, would they?

“What would you want me to do?” Kang Chan asked the owner of his body.

“What exactly do you want me to do?”

The ceiling didn't give him a response.

Kang Chan's new life was very confusing.

It was morning.

Kang Chan hadn't gotten much sleep last night, probably because of the shot he had gotten at the hospital. In truth, he was so used to sleeping on battlefields that he had never had insomnia before. He had the habit of waking up early, and it was still the same now.

Knock knock knock.

“Chan, have you gotten up?”

“Yes.”

As soon as Kang Chan opened the door and left the room, Yoo Hye-Sook trod carefully around him. Like a guilty person.

“Let's eat.”

With the words 'I'll be careful' written all over her body, Yoo Hye-Sook hurried over to the kitchen.

“Did you sleep well?” Kang Chan asked.

“Oh! Yeah, and you?” Kang Dae-Kyung responded.

“Yes, I had a good night's rest.”

“How's your hand? I heard from your mom that you hurt yourself. Was it bad?”

Kang Dae-Kyung was trying his best to hide the worried look in his eyes.

“I hurt myself while working out. The doctor said it will take approximately a month for it to heal.”

“It could've been really bad. Let's dig in.”

“Yes.”

The three of them started eating.

“You said that your teacher lent you some clothes?”

“Yes.”

“Should we pay him a visit as a formality?”

“Just forget about it. It’ll be fine.”

Kang Dae-Kyung said he would lecture him, but it seemed as though he was also trying his best not to get on Kang Chan’s nerves.

They somehow managed to get through breakfast together.

“Let’s go. I’ll give you a ride to school.”

“I’m going to school with Mi-Young.”

Yoo Hye-Sook instantly looked up and tried her best to stay composed.

“You don’t have any plans this weekend, right?”

Kang Chan wondered what it was about. It occurred to him that it was Friday today.

“On Sunday morning, your mom is—”

“Hey! Didn’t I tell you not to say anything!”

Unlike how she spoke to Kang Chan, Yoo Hye-Sook snapped at Kang Dae-Kyung. As soon as she did that, Kang Dae-Kyung smacked his lips and grabbed his suit jacket.

“Drive safe.”

As soon as Kang Dae-Kyung nodded and left the house, Kang Chan went into his room. He grabbed his extra uniform and put it on. He then recalled that he had left his bag with Seok Kang-Ho.

‘Seok Kang-Ho will probably bring it to school and pass it to me.’

“I’m leaving now.”

“Okay. Be safe.”

Kang Chan tried to be nice. However, he felt it was more difficult than fighting ten people armed with fillet knives, so he decided to give it another shot after he had practiced more.

When Kang Chan left through the entrance on the first floor of the apartment complex, Kim Mi-Young, who was tapping the ground with her foot, smiled widely at him.

'No self-respect.'

As soon as Kang Chan nodded, Kim Mi-Young ran over to him.

"How's your hand?"

Kang Chan raised his left hand and simply walked without saying anything. The bus stop was right in front of the apartment complex. There were quite a number of students there, probably because all the students were going to school at this hour.

However, the moment Kang Chan arrived, the students slowly backed away from him, one step at a time. Everybody was avoiding his gaze—no, nobody was making eye contact with him.

Right when Kang Chan smacked his lips, a bus approached the bus stop and the students flocked toward it.

Screech, screeech.

As soon as the door opened, the students got on the bus. Considering the students and Kim Mi-Young were taking that bus, naturally, it was safe to assume it was heading toward their school. Kang Chan confidently got on the bus, but there was a problem—he didn't have any money.

"Are you not going to tap your card?" the driver asked.

Card? What card? As soon as Kang Chan looked blankly at the driver and began a staring contest with him, Kim Mi-Young quickly ran over.

"What's wrong?"

After looking at Kang Chan's facial expression, she told the driver that she would tap her card a second time. She then placed her small wallet on the card reader at the front.

Beep.

'Damn. If I had taken the bus alone, I would've been humiliated.'?

Kang Chan followed Kim Mi-Young to the back of the bus. There were a lot of students on it, but strangely, the aisle was clear of students. Startled, the unpleasant-looking guys in the backseat got up to their feet.

“Please take a seat here, hyung-nim.”

‘What did he just say?’

The other students pretended not to notice them, simply looking ahead. Kim Mi-Young was also staring at Kang Chan with a surprised look in her eyes.

“Stop talking nonsense and just sit down.”

“No, it’s okay. I’m only standing because my legs are numb.”

There were six guys crowding around Kang Chan. As soon as they got up from their seats and stood in the bus that was already filled with students, the rest of the students grimly kept their arms close to their bodies and tried their best not to make physical contact with them, albeit with a lot of difficulties.

These bastards love doing this, huh? Why are they going to school then? Wouldn’t it be better for them to just quit school and go to France or become a gangster??

More students boarded the bus at the next stop.

“Ah! Seriously! Students, move to the back of the bus!”

Even though the driver raised his voice out of frustration, the students refused to move past the middle portion of the bus, where the rear door was, because the six guys standing around Kang Chan looked vicious.

Even if Kim Mi-Young hadn’t been awkwardly staring at Kang Chan, the latter would’ve still felt very uncomfortable.

At that moment...

“Ah, fuck! Hurry up and move to the back of the bus.”

Someone in front swore harshly, and three boys that looked as though they had been beaten up came into view after making their way through by pushing the other students. But that was it.

As soon as they made eye contact with Kang Chan, the boys poked their heads out of the window like enlisted soldiers on trains. For all he knew, they may have been waving their hands too. Judging by how they were wearing different school uniforms, Kang Chan knew they weren’t even from the same school.

He smirked because he saw the look of satisfaction on the faces of the six guys standing behind him.

His bus ride to school was very eventful.

1. 'Hyung' is used by guys to refer to other guys who are older than them, and is also used as a sign of respect, especially among thugs. It is also used by a guy to address his biological older brother. Hyung-nim is a more formal/respectful version.

Chapter9, Part1: Only You(1)

When Kang Chan entered the school gate, Seok Kang-Ho was standing there with a discipline stick. There was no need to acknowledge and greet one another.

Kang Chan went straight to the classroom. He received a lot of attention from the other students on the stairs and in the hallway. Wherever he went, there was silence, as though he was a monster named 'Sound Eater.' The same went in the classroom.

An unusual scene unfolded in the classroom—startled by his arrival, the noisy students chattering away shut their mouths and returned to their seats.

Finding his bag on his chair, Kang Chan put it away and sat down. Perhaps Seok Kang-Ho had brought it to school and placed it there.

At that moment, a group of idiots entered the front door. They formed three lines and stood in front of him.

"Welcome."

It wasn't a one-off greeting. They bowed their heads in order, starting from the front row. Without a doubt, they were mimicking gangsters. Kang Chan let it go the first time around because they were unaware that he didn't like it, but he didn't want to see something like this again.

"Who are you people?" Kang Chan demanded.

"We're 10th and 11th graders."

"Did someone order you to do this?"

"No," the guy standing at the end of the line on the left answered firmly.

"Don't ever do this again."

"I..."

When Kang Chan got up from his seat, the boy flinched. The students sitting at their desks quickly lowered their heads.

“Get out. Never do anything like this again in the future.”

It was nauseating to see them going around in a group like that, flaunting their ‘power’.

Thinking Kang Chan would attack them at any moment, the boy tried his best to win him over, but bloodthirst filled Kang Chan’s eyes instead. The 11th grader was simply way too young to be equipped with the skills to deal with those eyes of Kang Chan’s.

The boys bade him goodbye in a strange manner and left the classroom. Looking more nervous than the day before, the homeroom teacher kept homeroom brief and then left.

It was now time for class.

Most of the teachers that entered the classroom fixated their eyes on Kang Chan’s left hand, which was resting on his desk. And as soon as the bell rang, they hurriedly left out of fear.

It was a grueling time.

‘This is bad for everyone.’

It was seriously hard on the students, who had to go to the bathroom with their heads lowered like monks, as well as Kang Chan, who was forced to sit through the classes as if he had been captured and was being tortured.

At long last, the morning classes had ended, and it was now time for lunch. Even though Kang Chan was hungry, he didn’t like the idea of dealing with the other students’ stares and the suffocating atmosphere in the cafeteria. He agonized about his next course of action.

“Kang Chan.”

At that moment, however, he heard a voice. It was Seok Kang-Ho.

“Come out.”

“Okay.”

Kang Chan happily left the classroom. The hallway and stairs were filled with students, but they automatically made way for Kang Chan to pass through, just like Moses’ miracle. After passing through the hallway and stairs, Seok Kang-Ho finally spoke.

“I did a good job, didn’t I?”

“Thanks for helping me this time around.”

“Hehehe. I went over because I thought you’d be having a hard time. I’m glad I did. What would you like for lunch?”

“Pork cutlet.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked at him without saying anything. It was lunchtime, so the restaurant was rather crowded because of the office workers that worked nearby. Seok Kang-Ho and Kang Chan sat down at a table and ordered two pork cutlets.

When Seok Kang-Ho saw how Kang Chan cut his pork cutlet like he normally did and ate it with his chopsticks, he followed suit.

“So you can eat it like this, too. Chopsticks are really great.”

Since there were a lot of people, they barely spoke to each other, save for Seok Kang-Ho mumbling to himself. The meal ended without any exchange of words.

Needless to say, Seok Kang-Ho paid for the meal. After leaving the restaurant, both of them returned to the school premises. A lot of people stared at them as they made their way to the rooftop of the school building.

Rattle.

There were quite a number of students on the rooftop, but they flinched at the sight of Seok Kang-Ho. And when they saw Kang Chan standing behind him, they quickly left.

The two of them sat down and leaned against the rooftop door, smoking the cigarettes Seok Kang-Ho brought with him.

“Can’t the school keep the rooftop door locked?”

“Of course we’ve tried locking it. Why wouldn’t we after a student fell from here? But no matter how many times we lock it, it keeps reopening as if there’s a ghost at work.”

Seok Kang-Ho slowly exhaled cigarette smoke.

“And if we lock the door to this place, the toilets in school would all be clogged up on the day itself, so we just let it slide.”

That could happen.

“I have a favor to ask you.”

“What is it?” Kang Chan asked.

Seok Kang-Ho threw the cigarette butt on the floor and put it out. He spoke with much difficulty.

“There are four students being bullied here in school. Their situation’s pretty bad. I want you to watch over them.”

Kang Chan held out his hand. Seok Kang-Ho gave him another cigarette.

“Hoo, it’ll become more difficult for them to fend for themselves once I leave in a month and a half’s time. Let’s not overdo it.”

“I’ll help you cut class.”

Seok Kang-Ho gave a very attractive offer that tempted even ‘the great’ Kang Chan.

“I’m thinking of training you to be a school athlete. If you go to college using your practical skills, the teachers would be more than happy to have you, so wouldn’t it be good for everyone?”

Why is this guy going to such great lengths?

“You need to start working out too. Considering you got wounded so easily by a mere knife, you wouldn’t be able to survive in Africa anyway,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

When Kang Chan looked suspiciously at him, Kang-Ho licked his lips.

“After spending my life as a loner, the first person I relied on was you, captain. When I saw blood gushing out of your neck, I thought the world had turned its back on me. But I was reincarnated. I kept thinking about this the entire time you were at the hospital.”

“Thinking about what? Saving those students from being bullied?”

“There’s clearly a reason why I’ve been brought back to life, right? I don’t think I was given this baffling opportunity just to simply live paycheck to paycheck and be with a wife, who’s content with the little things in life, and a daughter, to whom I haven’t developed much of an attachment yet.”

Kang Chan smirked. “Seems like the owner of your body’s thoughts still remain, huh?”

“That seems to be the case. Especially since when I come to school, I remember a list of things to do.”

“Not for me. I have no recollection at all. Neither do I know why I was reincarnated like that. More importantly, I’m taking all these classes, but I know nothing.” Kang Chan flicked off the remaining embers on the cigarette.

“Could the student that got bullied desperately wanted to take revenge?”

“Stop watching so many dramas,” Kang Chan spoke as he scoffed at him.

Seok Kang-Ho grinned in response. At times like these, he was definitely Dayeru.

“Let’s say you and I were reincarnated. A lot of people were killed that day, including troops from the other units. In any case, it was ‘kill or be killed’ for all of us there during that combat, but it would be a different story if somebody had made us walk into that trap. I have to find out who it was.”

Kang Chan looked up at the sky full of white clouds. Even though it hadn’t been long, it was a view he had gotten used to.

“Let’s go. Classes are about to start.”

“Tsk!”

“What’s wrong?”

“How many people did you say are being bullied?”

“Four.”

Kang Chan sighed heavily, while Seok Kang-Hoo looked satisfied.

Keeping Seok Kang-Ho’s promise to let him cut classes from next week onwards in mind, Kang Chan made his way back to the classroom. Lunch wasn’t over yet, so there were still empty seats around.

After entering the classroom, Kang Chan looked strangely at Lee Ho-Jun, whose face had been thoroughly beaten up. Now that he thought about it, he wasn’t at his desk this morning. Startled upon noticing Kang Chan, the guy lowered his head.

‘Oh my, what a pathetic fella.’

Kang Chan went to his seat.

“What did you eat?”

“Pork cutlet.”

Snow White nodded, looking disappointed. Since she was still a young girl, it was possible for her to be momentarily infatuated with Kang Chan's 'bad boy' exterior. Kang Chan felt he should distance himself from her whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Chapter9, Part2: Only You(1)

Now that all the grueling afternoon classes and afternoon homeroom were done, Kang Chan wanted to go home as soon as possible.

He was about to leave the classroom when Kim Mi-Young called out to him.

"Wait for me."

The other students were watching them. If he were to treat her harshly in front of them, Kim Mi-Young wouldn't approach him ever again. However, all of the attention from the other students wasn't the reason why Kang Chan didn't do it.

As much as Kim Mi-Young was comfortable around him, he was starting to feel the distance between them closing. Naturally, it wasn't that important, but he didn't want to lord over her in front of those students.

"Hurry, let's go."

As soon as he agreed to leave the school with her, Kim Mi-Young's face lit up, and the ambiance within the classroom changed dramatically. He wasn't going to be attending classes from next week onwards anyway, so he felt it would be good to leave it at that.

However, Kang Chan's mood was instantly ruined after walking out the back door. It was Eun-Sil and her three worthless minions. Kang Chan calmed himself down and looked at Eun-Sil. She had dark bruises on her face, neck, arms, and just below her skirt.

"Give me a couple of minutes."

She was evidently afraid. It was certain from the fact that she kept her eyes on Kang Chan's right hand the entire time. But what was more important than her fear of him?

Kang Chan glanced over at Snow White first.

"Shall I wait for you in the classroom?"

"You don't have to go to *hagwon*?"

"Yeah."

She was a slow-witted child that lacked self-respect.

'Could she possibly have fallen for me?'

Kim Mi-Young went back into the classroom, looking both anxious and somewhat jealous.

"Let's go to the rooftop."

Kang Chan smirked.

"No, it's really not what you're thinking."

"It doesn't matter what it is, but if it's some bullshit, it ends here."

Kang Chan watched Eun-Sil shake her head vigorously, then followed her up the stairs. The three useless minions stopped in front of the stairs like faithful dogs. The rooftop was as crowded as before, but the students smoking all over the place immediately rushed out.

"I'm Heo Eun-Sil."

Heo Eun-Sil stood by the railing that overlooked the field, and the first thing she announced was her name. Why wasn't she wearing a name tag, though?

"Don't be mad and listen to what I have to say. I'm really not trying to piss you off."

"Okay, so just get to the point."

Heo Eun-Sil took a deep breath and spoke with much difficulty.

"The guys from yesterday... told me to bring you to them."

Heo Eun-Sil quickly looked at Kang Chan's right hand.

"If I hadn't done that, they wouldn't leave Ho-Jun and me alone..."

Tears rolled down her face, which was still caked with makeup.

"They said they would sell me off. They're more than capable of doing that."

She looked absolutely frightened and terrified.

"Report them to the cops."

Heo Eun-Sil looked flustered after hearing Kang Chan's suggestion.

“When you and Ho-Jun bullied the other students, weren’t you relying on those thugs to back you up? Have you ever considered the feelings of those students you bullied? Did you even consider the feelings of the guy that jumped off the building? Cut the bullshit. Regardless of whether you sell your body or get beaten into a pulp, it’s up to you guys to figure it out for yourself.”

Heo Eun-Sil looked desperate. His subordinates used to have the same look on their faces whenever they were completely surrounded by the enemy. She was hoping he would do something about it or give her the solution to her problem.

“If I don’t take you to them within the day... I’ll have to face them all head-on today.”

Kang Chan smirked.

What kind of bullshit is this?

The women that ended up getting entangled with the Sunnites were pitted against approximately fifty men, and they had their noses and ears cut off before being hung on a tree under the guise of committing the cardinal sin of sexually arousing men.

“Please help me. I’m begging you. I’ll do anything you say if you help me.” Heo Eun-Sil clasped her hands together, begging Kang Chan.

“I’ll do it whenever you want to, and I’ll do it with anybody you ask me to. Please don’t let them sell me off. I’ll die if they ship me off to an island. Please.”

This was what happened when one was terrified of violence. They would burn with the desire to escape that very moment and would do anything they could to save themselves, not knowing that there was something more terrifying awaiting them.

Heo Eun-Sil looked at Kang Chan’s cold eyes and slumped down against the parapet wall. At the rate this was going, there was a 70% chance she’d jump off the building.

There had been times when recruits committed suicide. They would die if they lost a battle, and would live if they won. Nevertheless, while there were aggressive guys like Dayeru who yelled and attacked the enemy, there were also recruits that pulled the trigger on themselves in a bid to reduce their suffering after watching the enemy stab his comrades to death countless times.

The battles on Blackfield were vicious, and close combat between a comrade and an enemy was as brutal as could be.

When Kang Chan saw the pink underwear between Heo Eun-Sil’s thighs as she was squatting, he shifted his gaze far away to the field.

What did the owner of his body, or the person that gave him his new life, truly want? Did they want him to put an end to bullying, like what Dayeru mentioned? Did they send a man who had died in Africa thousands of miles away to this place just for that reason?

All of a sudden, Kang Chan desperately craved a cigarette.

“Will you really do what I order you to do?” he asked

Heo Eun-Sil’s eyes sparkled as she fixed her gaze on Kang Chan and got up to her feet.

“Do you want to do it now?”

Heo Eun-Sil didn’t know what the right answer was. She pulled up her skirt, revealing her pink underwear.

Kang Chan raised his hand as though he was going to hit her. “Don’t be stupid and get me a cigarette.”

Heo Eun-Sil stared blankly at Kang Chan with her skirt pulled up.

“You’re not gonna bring me a cigarette?”

“I can! My girls have it. I’ll get it for you right away.”

She pulled her skirt back down and ran off.

“Ugh, I got myself involved in some mess.”

When he looked up at the sky, Yoo Hye-Sook’s face suddenly came to Kang Chan’s mind. He recalled what she said in the living room while she was crying, and the look she had on her face when she looked at him while trying her best to walk on eggshells around him.

Rattle.

Thud.

Perhaps because her skirt was too tight, Heo Eun-Sil fell amid her rush to get up to the rooftop.

What a mess.

“Here you go, oppa.”

Even though she had grazed her knees and palms, and they were bleeding, Heo Eun-Sil took out a cigarette with a happy face and flicked the lighter. It wasn't her first or second time doing this—she was very proficient at it.

Chk chk.

“Hooo.”

What kind of school was this? He was having an equally hard time here as he did in Africa.

Heo Eun-Sil watched him with sparkling eyes as he smoked.

“You smoke, right?”

Heo Eun-Sil nodded in response.

“Give me one more and smoke one too, if you want.”

“Really? Thank you, oppa.”

Heo Eun-Sil placed a cigarette in her mouth and exhaled smoke with ease.

“Where should I go?”

“Huh? Hoo hoo.” Heo Eun-Sil hastily exhaled the smoke. “If you say you'll meet them, they'll tell me the location.”

“Stop calling me ‘oppa’.”

It was giving him goosebumps.

“Then what should I call you?”

“Just call me by my name. Don't call me ‘oppa.’ It's gross.”

Heo Eun-Sil hesitated, but it was not his concern.

“I'm busy this entire week. Can I meet them on Monday?”

Heo Eun-Sil's face fell immediately. Indeed, why would these bastards even listen?

“Oppa...no, I mean Chan... maybe if you call them, they might agree to it.”

It was cumbersome.

As soon as Kang Chan nodded, Heo Eun-Sil hurriedly ran off again. This time around, she returned to the rooftop without falling and with a phone in her hand. She dialed a phone number, looking very nervous. Shortly after, she spoke, her voice shaking.

“Hello? Oppa? It’s me. Kang Chan said he’s busy today...”

The person on the other end of the line started swearing.

Kang Chan grabbed the phone from her and put it to his ear.

— You crazy bitch, you wanna die?...

“I’m Kang Chan.”

Sudden silence enveloped the call.

“I’m busy, so I’ll see you on Monday. Give me the location.”

— You better show up on Monday, then. If you don’t, the students will get seriously hurt.

The person on the other end of the line was unexpectedly more civil than he expected, even though he spoke in an inarticulate voice, just like every other gangster.

“Cut the crap and just tell me where to go.”

— I’ll tell that bitch Eun-Sil by Monday. She’ll let you know.

When Kang Chan glanced at her, Heo Eun-Sil gulped.

Oh my, this poor girl.?

“Fine. And I have a favor.”

Silence ensued once again.

“From today onwards, Eun-Sil will be with me. Text her the location instead of calling her. It ruins my mood.”

The person on the other end of the line started laughing out loud.

— Okay. Pass the phone to Eun-Sil.

Kang Chan handed the phone back to her.

“Yes, oppa. Yes. Yes. I’ll be sure to take care of it. Yes, oppa. No, it’s really Kang Chan. Yes, talk to you soon, oppa.”

It was full of crap.

After hanging up, Heo Eun-Sil seemingly eased up.

“Thank you.”

Perhaps because she was no longer as tense as before, she stumbled. Naturally, Kang Chan didn’t catch her.

“Give me your number.”

Heo Eun-Sil did as instructed.

“Here. If there’s anything you want me to do, give me a call.”

If the womanizer Smithen were still alive, they’d be a match made in heaven.

“Stop talking nonsense, and don’t wear any makeup to school on Monday. That goes for you and those half-witted girls.”

A mixture of emotions could be seen on Heo Eun-Sil’s face. After giving her that order, Kang Chan left the rooftop and went down.

Are they transgender people?

The three worthless minions flinched and backed away.

Kang Chan didn’t know what exactly he was getting from doing something like that.

1. Schools in Korea typically have two homerooms:– one in the morning before classes start, and one in the afternoon, after all the classes are over.

Chapter 10: Only You (2)

When Kang Chan came down from the rooftop, the downcast Kim Mi-Young’s startled face greeted him. He had told her to wait for him in the classroom, but it seemed like she had been feeling uneasy. However, what was there to feel uneasy about?

Kang Chan pondered over what he should do over the weekend. He was planning to make Yoo Hye-Sook feel as at ease as possible, so he pushed his plans to Monday.

Even though he was only her son on the surface, Yoo Hye-Sook would be separated from her son forever in a month and a half’s time. Hence, he wanted to at least leave

her some good memories. He didn't get to share any good memories with his mother from his past life and it hurt so much that he couldn't bring himself to do this to someone else.

"Chan, can we walk home?" Kim Mi-Young suggested as they walked out of the school gate, albeit with much difficulty.

He didn't think it would be a problem since walking a little more wouldn't make much of a difference.

When Kang Chan nodded, Kim Mi-Young smiled and started walking.

"So... are a lot of guys interested in *that*?"

What the hell is she saying?

"And you guys watch porn, too. I heard guys like girls who do that. Is that really the case?"

Even though he didn't know why she was talking about porn, Kang Chan knew what Kim Mi-Young was getting at. He couldn't help but sigh.

"Hey!"

Startled by Kang Chan's exclamation, Kim Mi-Young stared at him blankly. Her face was so red that anybody who'd see them would easily misunderstand the situation.

"Stop talking nonsense. Focus on your studies."

Kim Mi-Young trudged on, looking crestfallen.

"I'm not as charming as Eun-Sil. And my chest is so big that the other kids tease me about it."

'Goddammit!' Kang Chan clenched his teeth.

She was childish and obstinate. She looked physically mature, but she wasn't as mature mentally. Heo Eun-Sil was too shameless, and Snow White was like a child. Something was seriously wrong with this school.

'In any case, why did she even bring that up?'

Kang Chan suddenly remembered Heo Eun-Sil. She hadn't rolled down her skirt when she went to get the cigarette. Perhaps Kim Mi-Young saw that. He had certainly become Smithen.

“Do you like me?” Kang Chan felt goosebumps forming when he said that. But it was a crazy situation. Kim Mi-Young nodded the moment he asked the question, her cheeks and eyes red.

Could this airhead... Am I her first love?

“Whenever I think of you, my heart races and skips a beat, and I can’t help but smile.”

Kang Chan laughed out loud immediately. It seemed like Snow White had gathered her courage to confess her feelings to him. Kang Chan sighed in a way that Snow White wouldn’t notice.

“That’s why it bothers me that you’re seeing Eun-Sil. If it’s because of that, I’ll... I’ll do it too.”

“Gaaah!” Kang Chan unintentionally let out his frustration.

If he were to turn her down coldly, Kim Mi-Young would be extremely upset. She might push him away and resent him for the rest of her life.

“Eun-Sil.”

But Kang Chan accidentally called her by the wrong name. Kim Mi-Young paused for a second and looked back at him. Tears were already welling up in her eyes.

“I’m sorry. That’s not what I meant...”

Kang Chan wanted to give up and forget about it, but he gritted his teeth and held it in.

‘Let’s not get agitated.’

He had made a huge promise to himself, but why were all these kids so extreme? Even more than the people living in Africa, that hellhole.

“There’s nothing between me and Eun-Sil. She only wanted to talk to me because the gangsters wanted to call me due to the fight we had yesterday.”

Snow White didn’t lift her head.

When Kang Chan glanced at her, he realized Snow White was crying.

Goddammit! I’m not equipped to deal with this, and I don’t have an aptitude for it either.?

Kang Chan was a lot more comfortable dealing with the enemy attacking him with knives than with Yoo Hye-Sook or Kim Mi-Young.

“What are you doing tomorrow?”

“It’s okay. You don’t have to force yourself to hang out with me. I know you’re not interested in me.”

Kim Mi-Young was crying as she spoke. Would it be okay to leave her as she was?

However, Kang Chan was bothered by the coldness in her voice and how her eyes were glued to the ground.

“Will you be mine?”

Kim Mi-Young stopped in her tracks, turned around, and looked at him suspiciously. Passers-by were looking at them; a female student in a school uniform was crying in front of a male student with a bandaged left hand.

Kang Chan ignored the gazes of the elderly people that walked past while clicking their tongues.

“Do you love me?”

How old was she exactly? Regardless, if he were to say no, it would mean that everything he said before was a lie. Why did he have to mention Heo Eun-Sil’s name out of the blue? What a useless bitch.

Snow White waited eagerly for his answer.

“Yeah.”

“Really?”

There seemed to be a change of role, but Kang Chan nodded.

“Then, I’ll be yours?” Kim Mi-Young asked.

Kang Chan immediately laughed out loud but hastily said something to cover it up.

“I laughed ‘cause I like you. Because I really like you. From today onwards, you’re mine. You absolutely cannot fall for other guys. You should only have eyes for me.”

“You’ll be the only man I’ll love.”

Goddammit! Don’t say that!

Kang Chan felt he should change Snow White’s nickname to ‘Simpleton’.

It took slightly over thirty minutes for them to walk home. Kim Mi-Young was very talkative the entire time. She asked him, 'Why am I Snow White?' to which Kang Chan answered, 'It's a secret,' and they moved on from that topic. Regardless of how slow-witted he was, Kang Chan couldn't say it was because her bangs were tacky.

They arrived at the entrance of the apartment.

"Mi-Young!" A stick-thin, middle-aged woman called out to Kim Mi-Young. Snow White ran over to her while Kang Chan walked casually.

"Mom, this is Chan. You know Chan, right?"

Kang Chan bowed his head slightly and said a simple greeting.

"Did you not go to *hagwon*?" Her mother questioned her in an angry tone. When Kang Chan glanced at Mi-Young, it was clear she had lied to him about not having to go to *hagwon*.

"Something came up."

"You guys are students! What could've possibly come up? Don't you know you can't live like a proper human being if you don't go to college? You should at least go to a college in Seoul. And you. I've heard bad rumors about you recently."

Her mother cornered Kang Chan in front of the embarrassed Kim Mi-Young. It was as if Mi-Young's mother was chastising her husband for squandering his salary on gambling. At that moment, her gaze shifted to his left hand.

"I'll take my leave now." Kang Chan then made his way toward his house because he felt that he would make everyone feel uncomfortable in the event he lost his temper if he continued standing there.

"Bye, get home safe!"

Kang Chan raised his hand in response without looking back at Kim Mi-Young.

He heard her mother telling her, 'You know what happens when you hang out with someone like him, right? I can't have that happen!' but he didn't care. No, in fact, he hoped internally for that to happen.

'Please stop her from hanging out with me.'?

He felt more relieved thinking that perhaps one of his problems would resolve itself if things went well.

Kang Chan took the elevator and went home.

“Welcome home.”

“Yes.”

Yoo Hye-Sook cautiously greeted Kang Chan. Kang Chan was trying his best to be nice to her. It was something he had promised himself he would do even if it was hard. It would be over in a month and a half at the most.

“Is there anything to eat?”

“Hmm? You want to eat something?”

Kang Chan wasn't hungry—it was just an excuse to strike up a conversation with her.

“We have nothing at home, though. What should I do?”

He just had to pick the wrong question. Yoo Hye-Sook had opened the fridge. Aside from some side dishes, all they had was a slice of cheese.

“Wait here. I'll buy some fruits for you.”

Yoo Hye-Sook looked very happy and grateful. It seemed like she considered him asking for something to eat a good thing.

“Shall we go together?”

She stopped just as she grabbed her purse to leave, looking flustered. Her eyes turned red within a few seconds.

“Let's go together. It'll be heavy to carry back.”

“Is that okay with you?”

“Why wouldn't it be?”

Kang Chan placed his bag down and put on his shoes again. He assumed she was holding herself back from asking questions like ‘You don't hate me?’ or ‘Do you really want to go together?’, but Kang Chan didn't dig deeper.

They got to the front of the elevator.

“I'm sorry,” Kang Chan muttered.

Yoo Hye-Sook's lower lip trembled while looking straight at the elevator door.

“I knew you were just being nice but I was still rude to you. I guess the incident thoroughly shocked me. I’ll try my best to do better from now on. And thank you.”

They were in a small space, so Kang Chan’s voice echoed a little. Feeling sorry for his body’s owner, and both sorry and grateful for Yoo Hye-Sook, who was just being nice to the wrong person, he spoke with sincerity.

Yoo Hye-Sook sniffled and wiped her tears with her long fingers. When the elevator opened, Kang Chan held the door for her and pressed the button for the first floor.

Kang Chan couldn’t say a word because the small elevator was filled with Yoo Hye-Sook’s emotions. As she sniffled, it felt as though the pain and sadness she had been struggling with had left her body through her tears.

Fortunately, the elevator didn’t stop on other floors. After leaving the main entrance and smelling the fresh air outside, Yoo Hye-Sook took a deep breath.

“I’m so happy that I no longer envy anyone in this world.”

Could she really love a son who kept getting into trouble, did nothing but grumble all the time, and did as he pleased?

“Chan! Should we ask your father to buy dinner?”

After asking him the question, she acted as though she had made a mistake. It seemed like she thought she had gone too far.

“Sure.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Yoo Hye-Sook’s eyes widened. She looked beautiful. This was the look of a mother who genuinely loved her child. Kang Chan never thought he would see that look ever in his life.

“Let me call him.”

They stood in front of the apartment complex as she called Kang Dae-Kyung. After saying a bunch of childish phrases like ‘Chan thanked me!’ and ‘My son loves me so much!’, Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Dae-Kyung finally decided on the restaurant.

“Your dad wants us to go to his workplace.”

Yoo Hye-Sook hung up, only then realizing that she was wearing house clothes, which seriously bummed her out. But it was already getting late, so they took a taxi anyway.

“The intersection at Yeongdong Bridge, please.”

After Yoo Hye-Sook gave the directions to the driver, The hidden awkwardness began to surface.

“What are we eating?” Kang Chan decided to try his best to converse with her. He thought 45 days might be too short to create memories that a person would cherish for a lifetime.

Yoo Hye-Sook appeared to be a talkative person by nature or maybe it was just because she was briefly excited, but she didn't stop talking. When she mentioned that if anything were to happen to him back at the hospital, she was prepared to die with him and that she had lost the will to live after seeing his cold eyes, Kang Chan felt emotional.

It had to have been very hard on her.

“Right! Didn't you say you have plans on Sunday?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Hmm? Do you want to come with me? Can you?”

“Of course. Where are we going?”

“You know Aunt Seong-Hee, right? She's always bragging about her son, so I was planning to take all of us to a French restaurant. I'm childish, aren't I?”

There are mothers like her in this world, huh??

Finding Yoo Hye-Sook adorable, Kang Chan laughed.

“You're not childish at all.”

“Thank you, my dear son. Are you really going to go with me?”

“Of course.”

Yoo Hye-Sook teared up even at the littlest things Kang Chan said.

Kang Dae-Kyung's office was located in the same direction as Nonhyeon-dong from Yeongdong Bridge. Shortly after, Kang Dae-Kyung emerged from the building looking happy.

“Honey!”

Kang Chan chuckled softly after hearing Yoo Hye-Sook's voice that was full of aegyo.

"Are you done with work?"

"Yeah! Let's see. Wow! My dear son has brought his mom back to how she used to be."

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at the two of them alternatively with a genuine smile on his face. He was truly happy to see them.

"Hmph. What did I do to deserve this?"

"Yeah, yeah. Let's go."

The three of them headed to a famous restaurant known for its spicy seafood stew. There were quite a lot of people there because it was Friday evening, but the restaurant owner was very happy to see Kang Dae-Kyung, who seemed to be a regular here. Since Kang Chan was already playing the part of a good son, he obediently greeted the owner.

The owner guided them to their seats and Kang Dae-Kyung proceeded to place their order.

"You mind if I have some soju? You can drive us back."

With Yoo Hye-Sook looking happier, and Kang Chan putting in the effort to be a good son, Kang Dae-Kyung also tried to smile at the end of every sentence. It was a sight Kang Chan never could've imagined. Kang Dae-Kyung asking for permission to have a drink felt unfamiliar, but it was nice. Yoo Hye-Sook bragged to Kang Dae-Kyung about how Kang Chan was going to have a meal with her and her friend on Sunday.

After having a pleasant meal, Kang Chan was truly in high spirits. He washed up, returned to his room, and laid down in bed.

"I hope you can see this. I'll be doing my best as well, so don't be too upset about having your body taken away from you. I'll try even harder to be a good son during the remaining time I have left here." Kang Chan muttered to himself while facing the ceiling.

Bzzzzz.

His phone vibrated.

He was too lazy to take his phone around with him and had thought it had died, but it seemed like it was still on.

[I just got done with *hagwon*. Can we meet by the bench for a bit?]

It was a message from Kim Mi-Young. What should he do? It was 9:50 P.M. according to his phone.

[Are you asleep?]

Texting was cumbersome, and he could go for a smoke anyway, so he called Kim Mi-Young.

– Hello?

“Yeah, when should we meet?”

— I’m already at the bench.

Grinning, Kang Chan told her to wait for him, then hung up.

“I’m going for a walk!”

Kang Chan left immediately after hearing an ‘Okay!’ coming from the master bedroom. Snow White was kicking the floor, as usual.

“Chan!”

It was his first time seeing Kim Mi-Young smile so brightly. She ran toward him as if she was going to hug Kang Chan at any moment.

‘Ugh!’

“Shouldn’t you be going home? Your mom is going to get worried.”

“*Hagwon* ended early. I was supposed to do some self-studying before taking the *hagwon* bus, but I decided to come home on my own. I have thirty minutes of free time.”

She looked extremely elated.

“I’m sorry about my mom.”

“It’s okay. Adults can be like that. Have you eaten?”

“I had a sandwich. I can always go home and eat something later. Also, I’m on a diet.”

“You don’t have to lose any weight. You look good.”

“Really?” Kim Mi-Young smiled.

“If you’re hungry, let’s go eat something. I’ll buy you pork cutlets.”

Being with Kim Mi-Young made Kang Chan feel like he was just hanging out with his youngest sibling whom he had a huge age gap with. Hence, he grew more comfortable being around her.

“No, it’s okay. I’m on a diet. I want to be thinner than Eun-Sil.”

“I don’t like girls like her. They’re too skinny. Girls that look healthy like you are more attractive.”

“Really? Is that really the case?”

Is there nowhere to smoke?? Kang Chan looked around, trying to find a secluded place to smoke.

“Let’s...” After hearing Kim Mi-Young speak, Kang Chan suddenly came to his senses.

“Snow White.”

“Yes!”

“I want to treat you right. Let’s go on a 2-day 1-night trip during school vacation. Maybe to a beach. Let’s do that, okay?”

Kim Mi-Young’s cheeks blushed under the scarlet light.

“Instead...”

What now?

“Can we kiss each other? Everyone else is doing it.”

He couldn’t lose his temper.

‘Hold it in. Hold it in.’

Kim Mi-Young seemed to be afraid when Kang Chan’s eyes looked angry.

“I’ll give you a kiss if you come in first place in the final exam.”

Kang Chan secretly smiled delightedly after seeing Kim Mi-Young’s surprised face, delighted with the really good excuse he came up with. He was planning to go to France during the school vacation, after all. He admired his ability to adapt fast.

“I’ve been in first place all along. I’ll come in first place again this time around!”

Up until Kim Mi-Young responded to him.

1. Cute display of affection that is often expressed through a cute voice, changes to speech, etc.