

Blackfield 101

Chapter 101.1: Who Would be Quicker? (2)

Since the dinner on Thursday, the atmosphere had been overwhelming.

Everyone Kang Chan met spoke about the Eurasian rail. Even the news kept talking about things relevant to it, including stock prices being likely to surge and properties on sale were being cancelled and taken off the market.

People were quite quick.

Kang Chan shook his head while watching the news, which was reporting that the size of the remittances that were being brought in from foreign countries one by one was several times greater than normal or whatnot.

The people remitting money at times like this likely already had enough money to live on. Why were they still making so much fuss over making even more money?

Starting Saturday morning, the news that turned the entire nation into an expert in the Eurasian rail changed course. It started to competitively report about the people that are expected to attend the announcement on Thursday.

What was funny was that Kang Chan didn't know anyone aside from Lanok, but it wasn't a big deal.

While thinking of going out to have lunch with Seok Kang-Ho, Kang Chan's phone vibrated.

“Hello? Mr. Manager!”

- Mr. Kang Chan, can you talk right now?

He sounded as if he had recovered at least some of his energy.

“Yes, but you sound exhausted for some reason.”

- All the employees of the National Intelligence Service feel the same way. What do you think about having delicious jjampong for lunch today?

“That'll be great! As a matter of fact, I was already thinking about jjampong before you asked.”

- Please come over, then. I'll call Mr. Seok Kang-Ho as well.

“Alright!”

Kang Chan left the house after telling Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook that he was going out for lunch.

He arrived at his destination twenty minutes later, then immediately headed up to the fifth floor.

Click!

As Kang Chan stood at the entrance, Kim Hyung-Jung opened the door for him.

“Welcome, Mr. Kang Chan. Mr. Seok Kang-Ho is already here. He arrived just a moment ago.”

Kang Chan walked inside and headed into the room with Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Welcome,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“This is great—I was bored so I was debating if I should call you and have lunch together. The jjamppong here is amazing,” Kang Chan said.

Kim Hyung-Jung smirked, then ordered three servings of jjamppong. In the past few days, the pain in his eyes had significantly decreased and the wounds on his face had healed up.

Kim Hyung-Jung started to talk about the operation in Mongolia little by little, showing that he was overcoming his wounds faster than they had expected.

Kang Chan only listened.

Was it because they were the National Intelligence Service or was it because they were in Samseong-dong? Either way, the jjamppong was delivered quite fast after they ordered.

“Phew! This is amazing!” Seok Kang-Ho exclaimed about ten times before they finished eating.

The trio then bit on a cigarette with a cold iced drink in front of them. Only then did Kim Hyung-Jung bring up what he had been meaning to say. “Europe’s Intelligence Bureau has expressed that they hope you will attend this event.”

Kang Chan recalled the faces of the people he met at Loriam.

“That’s why the French embassy sent you an invitation. They’re trying to use it to get you to attend. The Prime Minister has told me to pass on that he hopes you will accept it.”

“Won’t that open up the possibility of me being shown on TV?” Kang Chan asked.

“That won’t happen. The people in charge of the countries’ Intelligence Bureaus attending this event always follow a closed-door policy for meetings. You’re going to be moving separately from them.”

If that was the case, then it wouldn’t hurt to come.

“Alright, but does Lanok also know about this?” Kang Chan asked again.

“The suggestion came from France's DGSE.”

Lanok was clearly the one who suggested it.

It didn’t really matter, though. Kang Chan just had to attend the event to meet Ludwig or Vant, whom he saw at Loriam.

“This event is surprisingly complicated. Since the heads of the attending countries’ Intelligence Bureaus will all be gathering here, we’ll be facing

problems with security and agents that will be difficult to sort out,” Kim Hyung-Jung added.

That was certainly a possibility.

After about thirty more minutes of talking about different topics, Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho left the building.

Parting ways like this would be upsetting, so Kang Chan thought about having another cup of tea with Seok Kang-Ho first.

“Let’s go somewhere else for now. It’ll be uncomfortable for everyone if we run into someone we know while we’re uselessly lurking around here,” Kang Chan suggested.

“Let’s do that.”

The two headed to the main street and got in a taxi...

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Seok Kang-Ho’s phone rang.

“Hello? Ah! Mr. President. Pardon? Right now? You’re working even though it’s a Saturday? Ah, that’s right. One moment please.”

Seok Kang-Ho put down his phone and looked at Kang Chan.

“The real estate agency says that a building near Misari was put on the market as a distress sale, so let’s drop by for a bit.”

He’s already doing this even though it’s not an urgent matter?

“We’re on our way,” Seok Kang-Ho said, then hung up while Kang Chan still looked puzzled. Seok Kang-Ho then told the taxi driver the address of the building in Teheran-ro.

“Real estate prices are going crazy right now because of the Eurasian rail announcement. The building is currently priced for urgent sale on the market, so we should definitely buy it. A bank loan they took will pull it from them anyway, so I was told that the landowner is willing to do the contract signing today if we buy it at the previous market price, which would be less upsetting for the landowner. Let’s check it out for ourselves first, though, then decide after.”

“You go there and take a look. I’ll be at a nearby specialty coffee shop. You just have to sign the contract, then send over the payment, right?”

Kang Chan wasn’t busy, but he didn’t want to sit in a place like that if he had a choice.

“Hmm, let’s do that, but—”

Seok Kang-Ho glanced at the taxi driver, then whispered in Kang Chan’s ear, “The land costs two billion won.”

Two billion won? They were going to spend that much just to exercise and to drink coffee a bit more comfortably?

Seok Kang-Ho shook his head when he saw the look Kang Chan was giving him. "Jeez! Let's just buy it. It's up to the seller how much he'll sell it anyway. If it doesn't work out, then I'll just give back the money to you even if I have to sell my stocks."

Tsk!

Then again, what Seok Kang-Ho said also made sense. Why would Kang Chan keep money in his bank account that he wasn't even planning on using for a long time?

Preparing a place where Kang Chan could exercise without worry and comfortably stay with Seok Kang-Ho in the second semester would be a hundred times wiser than that.

Kang Chan stared outside the window. It was a Saturday, so the traffic was quite heavy.

While thinking the signboards around them were very flashy, he suddenly saw large letters that said 'Suh Jeong - Best Value!'

That was right! The Suh Jeong group's company was in Teheran-ro.

'There are so many fucking people.'

For some reason, sturdy men in suits were standing around the front of the building.

"What are you looking so intently at?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

"That." Kang Chan gestured with his chin. Seok Kang-Ho leaned over and looked up at the building.

"Huh? That was here?" Seok Kang-Ho asked again.

"Apparently."

Seok Kang-Ho followed Kang Chan's gaze, then saw the group of people as he moved his head from side to side to get a good look.

"I heard that there's a picketing^[1] because of their female employee that committed suicide. Is that why they're crowding that place?"

Kang Chan looked back at him, seemingly asking what he was talking about. Seok Kang-Ho continued, "There was a short news report about the deceased's family claiming that the police concluded it as suicide even though there's evidence that she died unjustly."

"Would picketing even make Suh Jeong bat an eye?"

"Phew! What else could they do? Don't you think they're doing that because that's their only option?"

Amid their conversation, they arrived at their destination.

"Go sign the contract. I'll be in the coffee shop over there," Kang Chan said.

“Alright.”

Kang Chan ordered a cup of coffee and brought it to an unoccupied table. Sitting comfortably, he smoked a cigarette.

After about forty minutes, Seok Kang-Ho entered the coffee shop. “Phew! What kind of place doesn’t let people smoke inside?”

He sat on the other side of Kang Chan while complaining. He then took out a cigarette and bit on it.

“We decided to deposit the initial payment of a hundred million won today and repay the one billion and six hundred million won bank loan on Monday. We’ll then pay the remaining balance excluding the overdue interest, which might have to be deducted from the three hundred million won,” Seok Kang-Ho explained.

“What’s your account number? I have my card with me, so I can go to the bank and deposit the money now.”

“I paid with what I have for now. This is the contract.” Seok Kang-Ho took out an envelope that had the company name of a real estate agency stamped on it, then placed it on top of the table.

“Hey! Is it okay for us to buy land worth two billion won when we haven’t even seen it in person yet?” Kang Chan asked.

“Hey now! That property is valuable enough for the bank to lend us a hundred and six billion won. They can’t fool us because everything about the land—even satellite photos—is on the internet these days, so don’t worry about that. Since it’ll be on its third auction next week, we also got a discount of five hundred million won. It’s not easy to find land like this.”

Kang Chan felt uneasy for some reason, but he just let it pass because Seok Kang-Ho was so confident.

“Anyway, make sure you come to school on Monday,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“Stop spouting nonsense. I’m not going. Why should I get shamed in front of the kids?”

“Don’t be like that—just come to school on Monday. That way, the school will send the Seoul university acceptance letter to your house. If that also blows up later on, then it’ll become tiring. Just attend and think of it as a graduation ceremony.”

Why is this fucker acting like this?

“You’re hiding something, aren’t you?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m your teacher, am I not? Please just attend. Think of it as you helping me out.”

Kang Chan couldn’t help but laugh. “Did the school really say that they’re giving me a certificate of commemoration?”

“I’ve already stamped everything before coming here.”

“I don’t even remember anything about the school other than breaking kids’ arms, yet they still want me to accept a reward for being a good student and whatnot?”

Seok Kang-Ho laughed with a ‘Phuhu,’ and then quickly wiped his nose. “Regardless, you still have to come. It’s only for a day anyway. We decided to broadcast you receiving the reward in the principal’s office. Let’s do that, at the very least.”

The conversation ended with both of them grinning.

“Let’s go get a hamburger,” Seok Kang-Ho suggested.

“It hasn’t even been two hours since we had jjamppong.”

“So? We should eat if we’re hungry.”

Kang Chan forgot to buy and feed this fucker anthelmintics.

After having dinner with Seok Kang-Ho, Kang Chan came home and ordered chicken while watching a movie with Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook late at night.

Spending time like this with just his family was very nice.

Chapter 101.2: Who Would be Quicker? (2)

Sunday morning.

“Channy! Let’s have breakfast!” Yoo Hye-Sook called.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook had told Kang Chan that apart from going to the supermarket after lunch, they would stay at home all day.

With so many National Intelligence Service agents guarding them, Kang Chan didn’t really lose sleep over his parents going to the supermarket.

Kang Chan wasn’t too worried since his parents seemed thankfully satisfied with the new employees.

After eating, Kang Chan went into his room and turned on his computer. While browsing, he remembered the scene that he saw in front of the building yesterday.

However, no matter how hard he searched for what Seok Kang-Ho told him and how many search words he used, he found no news articles about the picketing aside from the one titled ‘Miss Lee suicide’ and the one that stated she suffered from depression

“What the? Did this fucker do something to get rid of the evidence?” Kang Chan asked himself.

It wasn't impossible. Considering even the knife fight on the national road in Yongin was kept secret, there was no way a chaebol like Yang Jin-Woo wouldn't be able to stop the spread of articles about an employee committing suicide.

In the afternoon, he went to the supermarket with his parents.

He couldn't believe that this mundane kind of life gave him happiness.

He was in a highschooler's body, but since he was quite mentally old, he also thought that it wouldn't be bad if he married a bit earlier than others.

Whom should he marry, though? Kim Mi-Young? She hadn't even graduated yet.

Kang Chan shook his head while smirking to himself. He decided to wait at least until she graduated from university.

After a simple lunch at a restaurant, they headed home. Looking for an opportunity, Kang Chan then brought up the subject of his schedule on Wednesday while pretending that nothing was wrong.

"Do you two remember the Ambassador of France? His name is Lanok," Kang Chan told his parents.

"Yes. What about him, Channy?" Yoo Hye-Sook peeled off the skin of the yellow melon on the tray, then sliced them and placed them neatly on a plate.

"He told me there's someone that he wants to introduce to me among the people that are visiting Korea, so he asked what I thought about attending as the French interpreter at the presentation hall," Kang Chan explained.

"Really?" Yoo Hye-Sook first looked at Kang Dae-Kyung, surprised.

"That's a good opportunity. What do you want to do?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan.

"I want to attend if the two of you are okay with it. I also want to know how that type of event progresses."

"It's going to be a good experience for you," Kang Dae-Kyung sent him a worried glance as he answered. He seemed to be asking if it wouldn't be uncomfortable.

"Right! Channy, you're going to get the certificate of acceptance from a national university in France tomorrow, right?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

"Yes. I'll receive it at school tomorrow. I think I'll be going to the French cultural center starting the day after that."

"Is that okay with you?"

"I'll decide once I've received the special admission letter to a Seoul university and after I see how everything goes. I'm still not sure whether a university in Seoul or France would be better."

Yoo Hye-Sook burst into tears again.

“Why are you crying?” Kang Chan asked.

“I just remembered when you were hospitalized. I decided back then to forget about you going to college like what your dad had said, so I’m thankful that you got accepted to a university that everyone wants to get into.”

While Kang Chan was looking down at the oriental melon, not knowing what to say...

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

His phone rang.

“Go. You should answer it,” Kang Dae-Kyung said and gestured with his eyes. Kang Chan went into his room.

“Hello?”

- It’s me. Let’s go check out the land that we bought yesterday if you don’t have anything special going on.

That wasn’t a bad idea.

After giving a plausible excuse, Kang Chan immediately left the house and found Seok Kang-Ho already waiting for him in the car.

He immediately got in the passenger seat.

“Your family doesn’t complain?” Kang Chan asked.

“About what?”

“Why don’t you go to Gapyeong with your family for a day?”

“Don’t even get me started. It seems they want me to go out of the house because I’m a distraction to my daughter when she’s studying.”

“... How big of a ruckus do you cause at your house?”

Seok Kang-Ho shook his head when Kang Chan looked at him. “We couldn’t send her to a hagwon or get her private lessons before because we couldn’t pay for them with a school teacher’s salary. But now that we have some money left over after moving to an apartment, they’re both going crazy.”

“Your daughter’s not mad?”

“The weird girl likes to study. She also can’t stand falling behind the other kids.”

“Why would you call your daughter a girl? And why would you act like that—isn’t it good if she’s studying hard?”

Seok Kang-Ho smirked. “She’s dumb. We sent her to hagwon, paid for private lessons, and she’s studying so much that she’s sacrificing her sleep, but she’s barely fifth in her class.”

“Being fifth in her class is excellent!”

“How could you say that? It takes so much money for her to study! I would’ve saved up that money instead and sent her to study abroad. Their eyes blaze up with fury as they glare at me if I just so much as turn on the TV!”

Kang Chan had to change the subject because the displeased Seok Kang-Ho kept grumbling.

“Hey! I searched online, but there wasn’t any article about the picketing anywhere. Where did you see that?” Kang Chan asked.

“Huh? Oh, I’ll look for it later and call you.”

There was no point in him reading the news article. After all, there was nothing he could do about it. He was satisfied that it changed the subject, though.

They reached their destination after a while. The land was in a fairly good location. It had a view of the river, and it wasn’t far away from the roads.

But before them was an eyesore of an incomplete building that had ‘Foreclosed’ written in red on white fabric in three different locations.

“What’s this?” Seok Kang-Ho asked, finding themselves in an unexpected situation.

Seok Kang-Ho immediately took out his phone and pressed the screen to call someone.

“Hello! I’m Seok Kang-Ho, the person that bought the land in Misari yesterday. Yes. I’m here now, and I see that it’s under a property lien. What’s this?”

Kang Chan perched somewhere nice and smoked a cigarette as Seok Kang-Ho’s voice got louder and louder.

No wonder he was so confident.

“When did you say something like that!”

Right after Seok Kang-Ho yelled, two men with big builds approached them from the other side of the building, dragging their feet on the ground.

When Kang Chan tilted his head and looked at them, he noticed a small container tent behind the building. It was positioned in a way that seemed to hide it from view.

They were annoying him in so many ways.

“What brings the two of you here?” One of the men asked, sounding raspy. His head, which was about twice as big as Kang Chan’s, alternated between Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho. “I heard that this land was bought yesterday. Are you two the new owners, by any chance?”

“Alright! The people that you told me about just came. I’ll call again once I’m done talking to them!” Seok Kang-Ho said, then hung up. He looked at the guy with the big head. “I bought this land yesterday, but I didn’t know about the property lien. What happened?”

Kang Chan smirked when he saw the man spit on the ground. The guy behind the big-headed man stared at Kang Chan, looking uncomfortable.

“You two bought good land. The landowner went bankrupt while this building was being built, and he didn’t pay for the construction costs. If you two just pay us what we’re owed, we’ll be out of your hair by tomorrow,” the big-headed man replied.

“And how much is that?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

The guy smiled sleazily. “Just two billion won.”

Kang Chan laughed dryly.

Seok Kang-Ho was happy for getting a five hundred million won discount for a land that was worth two and a half billion won. Unfortunately, that led them to his situation where if they exchanged blows, the two men would shift the blame on them and make them pay one and a half billion won.

“Let’s go,” Kang Chan said, and then stood up.

They got fooled because they were stupid. It was their fault for impulsively buying the land without checking out the site first and for thinking the price of land would absolutely increase because of the Eurasian rail.

If it was just the hundred million won initial payment, then they got away easily.

“Go! I’ll send you a hundred million won tomorrow, so be more careful next time,” Kang Chan insisted, then walked to the car while dusting off his butt.

“Those sons of bitches completely treated me as if I’m an idiot!” Seok Kang-Ho yelled.

“This happened because we were greedy. Didn’t you also expect this land to become several times more valuable once the Eurasian rail is connected? Just shake it off and move on. The Gong Te stocks that you own are going to increase in price a lot. In just ten days, I heard they will increase from twelve billion won to twenty-four billion won, so just think of this as an opportunity to learn a good lesson.”

The two men gave them a blank look. It seemed they thought that Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho would cling to them because otherwise, they would regret the lost deposit.

~

Sitting at the cafe that they always went to, they smoked and drank coffee. Seok Kang-Ho got angry multiple times, his eyes burning.

“Stop it. We won’t be any different from gangsters if we beat up people just because we got fooled because of our own stupidity. Or do you want to take this to court? Sue for fraud? Just let it go,” Kang Chan said.

It wasn’t as if Kang Chan didn’t understand how Seok Kang-Ho felt. He also knew how big a hundred million won was. However, it would be best to stop pursuing this matter further.

“Right! The fifty billion won that I told you about last time has been deposited into my brokerage account. I’ll take it out soon and send you some,” Kang Chan added.

“Why would you send that to me? I received money from Lanok.”

“See? When did we ever get greedy about money? We suffered this loss because we were uselessly greedy, so just shake it off and remember never to do this ever again. Anyway, I’ll send you some money.”

“That’s not it—”

“Daye.”

Seok Kang-Ho flinched when he heard Kang Chan briefly call him.

“Let it go. How many times do I have to say that this happened because we were greedy before you understand? Yes, those fuckers did act dirty. Still, there’s no way to get that money back. So just move on,” Kang Chan said.

“Alright. I’m sorry.”

When Kang Chan drank coffee with a smirk, Seok Kang-Ho exhaled. “Phew!”

He had finally gotten rid of his lingering anger.

“Sons of bitches. They took a hundred million won in the blink of an eye,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“It’s a relief that you only sent a hundred million won as a down payment because yesterday was Saturday. Imagine what would you have done if it was a weekday and you could pay off the money owed to the bank and the remaining balance.”

“That’s true.”

“Yeah. We still have luck remaining on our side. Let’s be careful from now on.”

“Alright.”

Sunday passed like that.

Chapter 102.1: Die or Kill Someone (1)

The second semester had begun.

Kang Chan felt as if everything was unfamiliar, including the school that he was leaving early for, the students crowding in front of the school gate, and even Seok Kang-Ho, who was giving the students a sharp look while holding a training stick.

Kang Chan went to school with Kim Mi-Young. She didn't seem aware that he was getting the acceptance letter today.

"I'm going to drop by the athletics club, so you go up first," Kang Chan told Kim Mi-Young.

"Okay! Let's watch a movie later. I have some time to spare since it's the first day of school."

"I'm not sure if I can. I might have to go home first before going anywhere else, but I'll let you know after seeing how things go."

"Sure!"

After saying goodbye to Kim Mi-Young, Kang Chan headed to the athletics club room.

Click

"Hello!" the kids greeted.

The athletics club room was packed to the brim with kids.

"What's going on? Why aren't you in your classrooms?" Kang Chan asked.

"We had a morning meeting to get rid of bullying, and to put a stop to people taking money from other kids, and forcing them to run errands. We'll start today," Heo Eun-Sil answered from inside the room.

She had removed her makeup and looked different, but more importantly, the look in her eyes had changed. Now that Kang Chan had thought about it, the look in Moon Ki-Jean's eyes was quite lively. The same went for Lee Ho-Jun, Cho Sae-Ho, and Cha So-Yeon.

"You're all in the athletics club, so don't ever act out in the bullies' stead," Kang Chan told the kids.

"Alright, sunbae-nim."

"I'm fine with you guys helping kids that are having a difficult time, but I'm not okay with you 'helping' irrelevant kids and fostering a scary atmosphere by attacking in groups. Got it?"

"We'll be careful, sunbae-nim."

This should be enough.

But when did the look in their eyes change?

Kang Chan smirked as he sat in an empty seat and listened to the kids' discussion.

After a while, Seok Kang-Ho opened the door with a click and poked his head.
“Go to your classrooms now.”

As instructed, the kids headed to their respective classrooms.

“Let’s go,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

The atmosphere made it seem as if Kang Chan was being dragged away. Unfortunately, he had no choice but to follow Seok Kang-Ho to the principal’s office.

The door was wide open.

The lights in the office were on, and there was also a camera inside that would broadcast the moment Kang Chan received the awards.

“Mr. Principal, I brought Kang Chan, the senior student,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“Oh!”

The principal patted Kang Chan’s shoulder with a broad smile on his face.

After the commotion that came with greeting Kang Chan, an employee from the teacher’s office gestured to the principal.

“Ehem! We will now begin the opening ceremony for the second semester in the year 2010.”

His loud voice rang out from the speakers all over the building.

With the principal’s speech over, the time had come to give out the letter of acceptance, the scholarship certificate, and the certificate of commemoration.

“Kang Chan, a senior student, has been given a full scholarship to a national university in France. We hereby present to him the letter of acceptance, the scholarship certificate, and the certificate of commemoration.”

“Wow!” exclaimed the people listening from the entire building.

The awarding ceremony ended on that note.

“Sunbae-nim! Congratulations!” the kids greeted Kang Chan when he returned to the athletics club room. They had run over to him as if they were flying. Kim Mi-Young was with them, looking full of worry. Hence, Kang Chan smiled lightly.

“What happened? I didn’t know!” Kim Mi-Young asked.

“I was notified rather suddenly too. I’m thinking of going home and giving this to my parents. I’ll come back here after. What do you want to do?”

“Can I come with you?”

“Of course. Cha So-Yeon, tell the teacher about this. When I get back, lunch is on me. Let’s eat together.”

Thinking that today was his last day at school, Kang Chan wanted to at least have a meal with them. After instructing Cha So-Yeon, he headed home with Kim Mi-Young.

“You’re really not going to France?” Kim Mi-Young asked.

“I already told you that I’m not!”

“You can’t go alone!”

“Even if I do want to go, we have decided to go there together once you’re ready.”

“Yeah! But if you end up going to the military, I’ll write you a letter every day and visit you every week.”

She was taking this too far.

Kang Chan walked with Kim Mi-Young, which he hadn’t done in a while. After some time, they arrived at the apartment.

“Don’t just stay here. Come with me,” Kang Chan said.

“You want me to go to your house with you?”

“Yeah. I’ll just give these to my parents. We’ll leave right after.”

Though hesitant, Kim Mi-Young followed Kang Chan and went on the elevator.

Ding.

When they arrived at the seventh floor and opened the front door, Yoo Hye-Sook noisily ran over. However, she hesitated when she saw Kim Mi-Young.

“This is Mi-Young. I decided to buy my friends lunch at school to commemorate these rewards, but I didn’t think it would be right to go home alone, so I took her with me,” Kang Chan explained.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Kim Mi-Young greeted Kang Chan’s parents.

“Come in. Stay for a bit.”

Kang Dae-Kyung gestured for them to come inside. The four of them sat at the table.

“Here you go, Mother.”

When Kang Chan saw Kang Dae-Kyung giving him a look, Kang Chan held out the letter of acceptance, scholarship certificate, and certificate of commemoration. Tears suddenly welled up in Yoo Hye-Sook’s eyes, but she cried a little less because Kim Mi-Young was with them.

While they were having a simple cup of tea, Kang Chan got changed.

He no longer had to wear his school uniform ever again.

Kang Dae-Kyung offered to give them a ride to their school on his way to work, so the four of them headed to the basement parking lot.

During the entire drive, Yoo Hye-Sook's phone never stopped ringing, not even for a moment.

How did the older ladies learn that Kang Chan had received the acceptance letter?

"Enjoy your lunch. Ah, right! Channy, do you have money?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

"I still have plenty of allowance. I'll call you at dinner."

After waving them goodbye, Kang Chan went past the school gate, finding the kids running in the sports field.

'Would you look at them?'

Just like what Seok Kang-Ho had said, they were in better shape.

It looked as if they would be able to properly play their part if they just kept practicing persistently like that for a little more than a year.

"Can we watch a movie after lunch?" Kim Mi-Young asked Kang Chan.

"Do you have time?"

"The schedule of my hagwons

matches the school's regular class schedule, but since we have no classes today, I just have to go home by 5 pm."

"Okay."

It would be nice to watch a movie.

Kang Chan wanted to comfort Kim Mi-Young anyway since she was tired from studying.

While sitting in the stands, they saw Seok Kang-Ho walking toward them with a grin, but it was soon replaced with a more dignified expression when he saw Kim Mi-Young.

"Let's have lunch. My treat!" Seok Kang-Ho exclaimed, then took out a white envelope and smacked it two times with his hand. "Phuhuhuhu, the school gave the teachers a bonus. Let's have meat today."

This fucker shouldn't have pretended to be serious. What was even the point of changing his expression if this was how he was going to act?

Kang Chan worked out a bit, then headed to a BBQ restaurant with the kids.

"Sunbae-nim, when are you going to start attending the French cultural center?" one of the kids asked.

"Tomorrow."

"Huh? Does that mean you won't come to school anymore starting tomorrow?"

"That's right."

The kids looked jealous and upset, but that didn't stop them from eating a lot of meat.

Kang Chan parted ways with the kids in front of the school, then headed to the movie theater with Kim Mi-Young. The first movie they ever watched together was a romantic comedy, but it wasn't that funny. They had patbingsu afterward.

Before parting ways, Kang Chan asked her not to study so much that she'd tire herself out.

Kang Chan called Seok Kang-Ho before he went home.

- Where are you?

"I'm at the movie theater in Cheongdam-dong. You?"

- I just left the school. Let's have a cup of coffee.

"Sure."

Kang Chan met Seok Kang-Ho at the specialty coffee shop in the intersection where he frequently saw him at.

"What were you up to?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

"I watched a movie."

"Was it good? If it is, I'll watch it with my wife as well."

"I wouldn't if I were you. It's just about an idiot who keeps wavering because of a woman. He cried in the end, which made the girl fall in love again," Kang Chan said. He then shook his head.

"Ah! I got a call from the real estate agency. Thursday is the auction day. They also said that they'll give us some discount on the property lien if we want," Seok Kang-Ho said.

"Forget about it. If we get involved with those fuckers that way again, it'll just tire us out."

Seok Kang-Ho smacked his lips, perhaps because he still couldn't give up the building since he was the one who showed it to Kang Chan. Even if so, Kang Chan would never change his mind.

"Have you heard anything from Smithen?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

"No. Since we have made up our minds to kill Yang Jin-Woo anyway, let's take our time planning it out."

"I agree."

"Now, then. Let's go home."

"Alright."

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho headed home, ending Kang Chan's Monday in a good mood.

Tuesday.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook had gone to work when Kang Chan received a call from Lanok to tell him that they should meet at the hotel after lunch.

Kang Chan had been meaning to meet him anyway to thank him for the acceptance letter and discuss their schedule on Wednesday and Thursday.

They decided to meet at 2 pm.

Kang Chan thought about having a sandwich for lunch, so he went to the hotel a bit earlier. He was already sitting in the lobby by 1 pm. Just as he was ordering coffee and a sandwich, Joo Chul-Bum appeared out of nowhere.

“Are you having lunch here?” Joo Chul-Bum asked.

“Yes. I have an appointment at 2 pm. Just like last time, I’ll be using a room, so prepare one for me.”

“Understood, hyung-nim.” Joo Chul-Bum went to the front desk.

Kang Chan took his time finishing his sandwich. He then looked all around him while drinking coffee, but he didn’t find Lee Ji-Yeon.

“Here is the key to the room,” Joo Chul-Bum brought over a card key. It was around 1:40 pm when Kang Chan thanked him and received it.

After about fifteen minutes, Lanok arrived at the hotel.

Chapter 102.2: Die or Kill Someone (1)

Once Lanok arrived at the hotel, he and Kang Chan headed up to the hotel room.

The first thing Kang Chan did was thank him for the acceptance letter.

Having sat in comfort, they started smoking and drinking tea. However, Lanok brought up something unexpected. “Mr. Kang Chan, if you come out to the venue tomorrow, Louis will hand over a pistol to you.”

“A pistol?”

“The Intelligence Bureaus’ heads have all decided to guard themselves. Likewise, my friends and I are planning to put our security in your hands. All five of my friends that you met at Loriam have agreed to this.”

Kang Chan was confused. Why did he have to do this?

“Mr. Ambassador, from my understanding, doing the meetings in South Korea means that you’re entrusting your safety and the way things will proceed to the South Korean government. Are you asking for a separate security detail?”

“Officially, that’s how it would go. However, meetings with the heads of the Intelligence Bureaus aren’t that easy. That’s why my friends and I are asking you to take responsibility for our security,” Lanok said.

“Think about the agents’ pride.”

Lanok glanced inside the room and nodded. “Louis has recommended you. He said he isn’t sure how it would go if you were only guarding me, but no one is better than you when it comes to security and managing even the agents of the other Intelligence Bureaus.”

Kang Chan sighed quietly.

All he ever had to think of for the past two days was seeing familiar faces. Now, he suddenly had work to do—one that was going to put a lot of pressure on him, no less.

“If I and my friends give you leadership over the agents, then even the heads of the Intelligence Bureaus of Russia and the other countries will have no choice but to follow. Although you’re rumored to be an agent I and the South Korean government created, it will still be better for everyone to have a South Korean agent in control of the situation,” Lanok added.

Kang Chan felt bitter.

Controlling the agents was totally different from being in combat. Although Kang Chan had experience patrolling the outer perimeters and escorting people at close range, professional security details were still different.

“We plan to hold the event at one of the international building and international hotel. The exact schedule will be released on Wednesday morning. It’s best to keep that in mind.”

Lanok spoke as if everything had actually been confirmed.

“The thirty-fifth brigade and the Korean 606[1] will be in charge of guarding the outer perimeter. I heard that the National Intelligence Service will oversee general security, and the presidential security service will handle close-range security. Ah, that’s just for the official meeting. Guards are not allowed during the unofficial meeting except at the outer perimeters. It’s a distinct characteristic of the meetings involving the heads of Intelligence Bureaus,” Lanok continued.

Kang Chan couldn’t help but laugh out loud.

There was no way that this sly and wily person would call anyone for no reason. Kang Chan thought Lanok had something in mind that required making him represent their security.

“Will you take on the role?” Lanok asked.

It was difficult for Kang Chan to decline right now, considering Lanok was asking him so seriously.

“I will, Mr. Ambassador, but is there another reason you’re telling me something this the day before the event?”

Lanok smiled as if he didn’t expect such a question. There was certainly something that he didn’t tell Kang Chan.

“One of the Intelligence Bureau’s heads will likely seek asylum. If they do, the worst-case scenario will be a gunfight occurring. We need a person that can explain the situation to the presidential security office and the South Korean National Intelligence Service and make them understand it immediately, and no one fits such a job as well as you do.”

See? Although Lanok kept telling him good things in the beginning, he was clearly hiding something.

“Can I tell the National Intelligence Service about this?” Kang Chan asked.

“You can’t, Mr. Kang Chan.” Lanok adamantly shook his head. “If evidence is found that the South Korean government prepared for such a situation, the people concerned will certainly be killed. That’s how Intelligence Bureaus normally operate. Moreover, there’s a chance nobody will actually seek asylum, so it would be best for you to be the only one to know about this.”

Damn it! I shouldn’t have asked the real reason why I had to take this role.

“Come to the embassy at 10 am tomorrow. We can head out together. I prepared everything—from your suit to your equipment—so all you have to prepare is yourself,” Lanok said.

“Understood, Mr. Ambassador. I’ll get the schedule at that time as well, right?”

“Yes.”

Now that Kang Chan had decided to help Lanok, he decided to do it properly since there was actually something that he wanted from Lanok as well.

“What are you planning on doing to WuYang Jin-Woo?[2]” Lanok asked, almost as if he read Kang Chan’s mind,

“I’m planning to wait for an opportunity until the end of this month, and if I don’t get any, I’ll probably get help from France’s DGSE. I’m thinking of using a satellite to track his location, then kill him when he’s staying out overnight.”

“It’s certainly possible to cooperate with the DGSE to execute that plan.”

The DGSE had no reservations when it came to assassinations as well. Accustomed to such things, Lanok had no qualms with Kang Chan’s intentions at all.

“He will be a huge and recurring burden to South Korea, and we still have no idea what his plans are even though the Eurasian rail has already been announced. That’s why taking this opportunity to remove him isn’t such a bad idea,” Lanok said, then lifted his cup of tea. However, he suddenly looked at Kang Chan as if he just thought of something. “WuYang Jin-Woo is a pervert—a pedophile. If he can’t satisfy that desire, he would rape a very young-looking

female employee. He has shown extreme tendencies multiple times before whenever he can't satiate his carnal desires. It would be beneficial for you to use this information in the future."

"You investigated him that deeply?"

"Mr. Kang Chan, we investigate almost everyone that's in the top 0.1% in more than the one hundred thirty countries that we're competing with. Even my country confidently remembers WuYang Jeon-Woo because he satisfies his perversion by periodically going out to Africa and Southeast Asia."

That son of a bitch really was going around shaming the country.

"WuYang Jeon-Woo can lose his position because of the operation in Mongolia and the announcement of the 'Unicorn' project. Just watching someone that dangerous isn't wise, which is why I'm supporting your plan," Lanok added.

Kang Chan felt bitter, but he already planned to twist Yang Jin-Woo's neck anyway for Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Mr. Ambassador, there's something that makes me curious."

"Go on. I don't keep secrets from my friends."

What he said was just as unreliable as Kang Chan saying that he learned French on the internet, so he just decided to ask what he was curious about.

"Is there another reason why you're insisting on doing the announcement of the Eurasian rail in South Korea?" For his own sake, Kang Chan would never say something like this ever again just to benefit the position of the South Korean government.

"Hmm, there are two, actually. The first reason is to send a strong warning to China, Japan, and North Korea, and the second is to figure out what the United States and the United Kingdom. are doing."

"The United States and the United Kingdom?"

"I already told you this before, but we're trying to figure out why the United Kingdom is looking for the Blackhead, why Sharlan still hasn't given up hope, and what relation Sharlan has to the Blackhead. Moreover, the United States is silently watching the United Kingdom while also searching for the Blackhead through a different organization. Why do you think they're doing that, Mr. Kang Chan?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you think the United Kingdom and the United States are persistently trying to find a diamond even though the international economic power and roles

they've been maintaining until now are about to be taken away by France and Russia?"

Would I be asking if I knew?

"I'm not sure?" Kang Chan asked.

It was something that was difficult for Kang Chan to even guess.

"The key is going to be in you... if you believe that a person can die and reincarnate into a different person's body, that is. The United States and the United Kingdom can't take that into account. That's only natural, though, considering it took even me a considerable amount of time to be convinced about it as well."

Kang Chan's question ended in vain. The only thing he got out of it was a headache. He decided to just think about tomorrow's schedule.

"Once the Eurasian rail is announced, the United Kingdom and the United States are going to start making moves in full swing," Lanok added.

Why would Kang Chan pay attention to the United States and even the United Kingdom when he wasn't even an international figure?

Kang Chan drank tea to get rid of his complicated thoughts.

"Do you really not want to become naturalized in France?" Lanok asked.

Lanok had said quite a lot of things today that Kang Chan hadn't even thought about.

"South Korea is a cramped place to stay in for someone who possesses abilities like yours," Lanok continued.

"Are you telling me to join the Foreign Legion?"

"No way," Lanok said and laughed, seemingly amused. "I'm just asking because I think it would be in your best interest to do work that is a bit more active. Honestly, I want to turn you into a powerful person in the DGSE."

Kang Chan shook his head while smiling lightly. He didn't want to live the rest of his life worrying about a bullet flying at him at any moment.

"I can't help but wonder what you would have been like if you had just a little bit more ambition or greed," Lanok added.

"If I was like that, you wouldn't have accepted me as your friend."

"Do you really think so?"

The two gave knowing smiles, then stood up from their spots.

"I'll see you at 10 am tomorrow," Kang Chan said.

“I’ll send a car to your apartment. Be out at front by 9:10 am.”

“I’ll just go there by taxi.”

“The weight that you’re carrying in this event isn’t light. Respectful treatment like that is a matter of course.”

Kang Chan couldn’t refuse anymore when Lanok insisted.

Kang Chan sent off Lanok to the basement parking lot after they left the hotel room. Since the announcement was right around the corner, they entered and left the hotel using different entry points as a precaution.

Did I take on an unnecessary job?

There was no point in regretting it now. It had already been decided, so there was nothing he could do about it.

Kang Chan took the elevator up to the first floor so he could take a taxi home.

As he headed toward the exit, he walked past the front desk and the lobby to the ride. Glancing into the lobby, he saw Lee Ji-Yeon. She had her hands politely clasped in front of her as she listened to what the female manager was telling her.

Was she late? Or did she go absent from work without prior notice?

She looked very haggard, but everyone was going through their own situations. Kang Chan didn’t have to know about all of them.

The moment Kang Chan turned his head toward the entrance... the man standing beside the entrance suddenly caught his attention.

‘Who’s that fucker?’

The man felt intense.

It would be ridiculous to think such a person was just an ordinary civilian. The look in his eyes was different.

Kang Chan quickly examined the guy.

‘Serpent Venimeux?’

He was Asian and had the head of a snake tattooed on his left hand—the Serpent Venimeux had agreed to get rid of it because it was too eye-catching, but it held its ground because it was tradition.

‘What is that fucker waiting for, though?’

The man was looking at the lobby.

Considering he came here from France, he probably wasn’t doing that because he didn’t have enough money to buy coffee.

‘Does he have a crush on someone in the lobby?’

Kang Chan couldn’t help but smirk. That was nonsense.

‘Ah! That fucker is fucking bothering me.’

While Kang Chan was shaking off his annoyance, Lee Ji-Yeon headed out of the lobby. The man’s eyes followed her.

Chapter 103.1: Die or Kill Someone (2)

Honestly, it would’ve been possible that the man liked Lee Ji-Yeon if she were attractive enough for her to really stand out. However, she was skinny and looked so young she would seem like a child at first glance.

Actually, considering Cha So-Yeon and Cho Se-Ho were dating, could it be possible?

At any rate, the guy at least seemed to be clearly following Lee Ji-Yeon when she headed to the entrance.

Damn it!

The Serpent Venimeux wouldn’t follow Lee Ji-Yeon just because they were bored.

Kang Chan ended up trailing the man.

Considering she had left the hotel and was walking outside, Lee Ji-Yeon was probably going to take the bus.

“Miss Lee Ji-Yeon!” Kang Chan called out.

Son of a bitch! He would’ve been surprised.

Startled, Lee Ji-Yeon turned around to look behind her. She momentarily blanked out, but she soon urgently bowed her head.

Why does she look like that?

“Hello?” Lee Ji-Yeon’s face was thin, and she looked at Kang Chan with frightened eyes.

“Aren’t you working today?”

Lee Ji-Yeon hesitantly approached Kang Chan.

She probably thought of him as a gang leader because of how Joo Chul-Bum treated him and the things that the female manager likely told her.

“Uh, I came here to inform the hotel that I won’t be able to come to work.”

“What’s wrong?” Kang Chan carefully looked at her.

“My family’s going through something bad.”

All Kang Chan could do was nod to matters like this. He couldn’t just ask her questions like ‘What exactly is happening?’ and ‘What’s wrong?’ After all, he had made her stop walking in the middle of the street even though he wasn’t a stalker.

However, he still had to look into why the Serpent Venimeux was following her around.

“Where do you live?”

“At Sanggye-Dong[1].”

Kang Chan suddenly thought of an amazing idea.

“This is good—I’m headed there as well, so let’s go take a taxi together. Going there alone would be boring.”

“But I’m not going home right now, sir.”

Damn it! Now I have to go to Sanggye-Dong for no reason.

While Lee Ji-Yeon was looking at Kang Chan, who was at a loss for words, she said goodbye and bowed her head, implying that she was leaving.

“Where are you going now?” Kang Chan prodded further.

The doorman at the entrance looked at Lee Ji-Yeon as if he felt bad for her. It definitely looked as if Kang Chan was flirting with a powerless female employee.

“I’m going to Suh Jeong’s company building at Teheran-ro.”

“Why?”

“I’m protesting alone because my unnie died unjustly,” Lee Ji-Yeon replied daringly, perhaps because she didn’t like how Kang Chan kept bothering her. She then dropped her gaze, seemingly realizing she was a bit too bold.

She was protesting alone? At the company building of Suh Jeong?

“I’m sorry to say this, but can you spare me some of your time?” Kang Chan asked.

“Sir, please just let me go.”

Kang Chan could feel people looking at him, but that wasn’t important right now.

“I just think I might be able to help you. It’ll only take a minute.”

Lee Ji-Yeon looked hesitant, but she answered with an “alright” a moment later.

“Let’s talk inside.”

Kang Chan looked at the Serpent Venimeux member, who was reflected on the glass, as he walked through the entrance. He had to be in an awkward position.

Kang Chan entered the lobby, and the female manager came toward them as she glanced at Lee Ji-Yeon, seemingly confused about what was going on.

“I’m here to have a cup of coffee,” Kang Chan told the manager.

“Alright.”

“Please call Joo Chul-Bum over for a moment.”

“I’ll do that.”

Kang Chan recommended a seat to Lee Ji-Yeon, then sat across from her.

“Do you want to drink something?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’ll drink coffee.”

As Kang Chan ordered two cups of coffee, Joo Chul-Bum approached them.

“You were looking for me?” Joo Chul-Bum asked while glancing at Lee Ji-Yeon. For some reason, it sounded as if he was asking ‘Did this bitch do something wrong?’ Kang Chan even saw Lee Ji-Yeon flinch.

“Have a seat.”

“Alright, hyung-nim.”

Kang Chan got very annoyed because he called him hyung-nim, but that wasn’t important right now.

“Listen, and don’t look behind you.”

“Yes, hyung-nim.” Joo Chul-Bum brought his head closer to Kang Chan.

“A member of the French gang Serpent Venimeux is on the sofa on the opposite side of the lobby. I’m going to talk to that fucker and take him to your office. You remember the room that I smoked a cigarette in last time, right? Empty that room, and—don’t look behind you!”

Joo Chul-Bum was about to turn his head, but he flinched.

“I’m going to beat him up if he defies me, so clean up the mess.”

“Understood, hyung-nim. I’ll be waiting in front of the front desk, then.” Joo Chul-Bum stood up and walked toward the front desk.

Kang Chan spoke to Lee Ji-Yeon again. “I don’t know why, but someone is trailing you. That’s why I called you. If your... unnie? You said that she was your unnie, right? If she died unjustly, then I can probably help you, so let’s talk after I take care of that man. Will that be okay?”

Having heard Kang Chan’s conversation with Joo Chul-Bum, Lee Ji-Yeon’s eyes widened in shock when she learned someone was trailing her.

“Yes.”

An employee approached them and placed coffees in front of Kang Chan and Lee Ji-Yeon.

Back when Kang Chan beat up and caught Sharlan, the Serpent Venimeux told him that they owed him a favor, but he didn’t save their number.

Rather than dealing with this using troublesome means, it was better to just use his name.

Kang Chan checked one more thing before he stood up. “I’m sorry to ask, but can you think of any reason why someone would tail you?”

“No,” Lee Ji-Yeon shook her head, but she seemed to have suddenly remembered something. “Would someone tail me because I protested in front of the Suh Jeong company building?”

“An organization like Suh Jeong will find it difficult to make a move because of something like that.”

“I see.”

After getting an answer, Kang Chan immediately stood up and approached the gang member.

What a fucking child. He was pretending not to know Kang Chan even though they both knew each other.

“Serpent Venimeux, let me ask you for a favor,” As Kang Chan spoke in French, the gang member sharply glared at him. “I don’t know who it was, but someone from the Serpent Venimeux told me they would do me a favor if I say my name. Call your superiors for me.”

“You seem aware of our organization. If so, then are you not aware of the horrible outcome that this act of yours will bring?”

Kang Chan looked straight into the gang member’s eyes while smirking. “Why don’t you behave while I’m being polite? Otherwise, you’ll end up like the ones who came before you, which means you’ll be leaving this place with broken limbs.”

The gang member, who appeared to be around his early thirties, cocked his head. “What’s your name?”

“God of Blackfield.”

“What do you want?” the man asked after they bluntly answered each other’s questions.

“Tell me why you’re following that woman around.”

Doubt flashed across the gang member’s eyes. He seemed to think, ‘Can I do that?’

“There’s a quiet office inside this hotel. Why don’t we talk there over a cigarette?” Kang Chan offered.

When Kang Chan nodded toward the office, the gang member stood up as if he had no other choice.

Bam!

However, in an instant, the gang member closed in on Kang Chan and tried to stab his eyes.

Bam! Pow! Pow! Pow!

Kang Chan swatted away his hand and hit his neck, the pit of his stomach, and his armpit with all his might.

“Kyaak!” someone screamed.

As Joo Chul-Bum came over, Kang Chan draped the gang member's arm over his shoulder.

The employee at the front desk and the employees in the lounge immediately headed to the commotion and reassured the customers. Meanwhile, Kang Chan saw Lee Ji-Yeon looking at them with a surprised and scared expression.

"Miss Manager, please tell Miss Lee Ji-Yeon to wait for me."

"As you wish, Mr. Kang Chan."

Kang Chan quickly headed to Joo Chul-Bum's office.

"It's this one, hyung-nim." Joo Chul-Bum opened the door slightly and waited for Kang Chan to enter.

"Bring over coffee and an ashtray," Kang Chan ordered.

"Okay, hyung-nim."

Joo Chul-Bum had left by the time the gang member lying on the sofa briefly tousled his hair while frowning. He seemed to be coming to his senses.

"I will only cut you some slack once. If you do something unnecessary again, I'll break your arm. You better keep that in mind," Kang Chan said.

"Ugh, so you're doing this despite knowing who we are?"

"Why were you following Lee Ji-Yeon?"

Kang Chan took out a cigarette and handed it over to the gang member. When the gang member took it obediently, Kang Chan took out a lighter and lit up the gang member's cigarette and the one Kang Chan was biting.

"Can I make a call before I give you an answer?" the gang member asked.

"Do whatever you want."

As the gang member took out his phone and called someone, Joo Chul-Bum brought over two cups of coffee and placed it on the table.

"You can stay outside. I'll be heading to the lobby as soon as this ends anyway," Kang Chan said.

"Alright, hyung-nim."

The gang member explained the situation to someone on the phone. When the call ended, he put his phone on top of the table.

"I was told that they'll check and call back within five minutes," the gang member told Kang Chan.

"Have some coffee."

The gang member silently massaged his neck and his side while glaring at the coffee that Kang Chan had pointed to.

Five minutes passed uncomfortably. Neither of them said a word.

It would be alright even if nobody called back. After all, Kang Chan had at least confirmed that they were following Lee Ji-Yeon. Hence, he was thinking of making it impossible for the gang member to keep following her. If he had to, he would even break one of his arms.

Kang Chan was leaning back against the sofa and lighting up his second cigarette when the gang member's phone rang. He said "oui" about three times, then held out his phone to Kang Chan.

"Ello," Kang Chan answered the phone while looking at the man sitting in front of him.

- It's been a long time since we talked.

The man's voice was insidious enough for Kang Chan to clearly remember the one phone call he had with him.

- I did say that I'll do you a favor if you ask for it using your name. What do you want, God of Blackfield?

Thinking he wanted to slap the caller's face just once someday, Kang Chan answered, "Why is this man in front of me following a woman? Is it related to Yang Jin-Woo?"

A short silence came from the other end of the line, but he soon got an answer.

- Hey. How close are you to Lanok?

Kang Chan told him to answer, but the caller asked a question instead. From his voice, Kang Chan felt as if he was strangely looking forward to his answer.

"He calls me his friend."

- A friend of Lanok...

He sounded worried, but it was difficult for Kang Chan to know what the guy was worried about.

- There's something called luck in life. Luck always offers opportunities. The ones who succeed are those who know how to quickly take that opportunity, and the ones who fail are the idiots who blow it away out of stubbornness and reckless bravado.

"I wish you'd stop the life lesson now and just answer my question."

Kang Chan heard the caller laughing out loud when he said that.

- It would be difficult for us to become enemies with Lanok. If you promise to keep the Serpent Venimeux out of what will happen afterward with the information that I give you today, then I'll give you valuable information.

Kang Chan glanced at the man sitting across from him, finding him still massaging his neck. Kang Chan only asked him why he was following Lee Ji-Yeon, so he naturally got suspicious of why Lanok was mentioned and why the guy on the phone was asking to leave out the Serpent Venimeux from this, which was something difficult.

- We received thirteen million euros from WuYang Jeon-Woo.

How much is that? Twenty billion won? It has to be around that much.

He was using such a large sum of money just to follow Lee Ji-Yeon around?

- The man in front of you is Phillip. Excluding him, we have recently sent over four people to South Korea and handed over a total of one hundred pounds of C4 to WuYang Jun-Woo.

Kang Chan's mind momentarily blanked out.

Damn it! That crazy son of a bitch!

One pound of C4 was 1.3 times stronger than a grenade.

The bomb could be transformed into any shape like clay, so detectors also had trouble finding it.

If they were all detonated at the same time...

An entire floor of the international building would explode and disintegrate.

Chapter 103.2: Die or Kill Someone (2)

Kang Chan was shocked to hear about how much C4 was there.

“Who is it? Tell me exactly who you guys handed the C4 over to so I'll have something to say to Lanok.”

- Whoa! Calm down. I said calm down, my friend.

If this guy were near Kang Chan, Kang Chan would have already broken his arm or ruptured his eyeball.

- We don't reveal the person directly concerned about things like this. I just did business, and I betted on your luck while risking my loyalty. I already told you this much, so you should be able to solve the rest.

Kang Chan took a deep breath.

Since the event hadn't started yet, what the caller was saying also made sense. If they used bomb detection dogs, they might be able to find it immediately because of the nauseating plastic smell of the C4. It had a fishy smell as well.

- It seems like the sister of the woman Phillip has been following knew about it. Since she could've placed evidence of that anywhere in her house, we were thinking of finding them.

“Were you the ones who killed her as well?”

- That was of course part of the contract. The woman was already dead when we arrived, though.

Kang Chan felt as if he had to act quickly.

It was a hundred pounds of C4. Even if they were to start looking for it now with eyes blazing with fury, they still wouldn't have much time before the event tomorrow morning.

Ten pounds of C4 was approximately four and a half kilograms.

Unless a bomb detection dog went into the venue, if just five people placed the C4 around their waists and pressed a switch, the explosion would be powerful enough to guarantee the deaths of everyone in attendance.

Yang Jin-Woo! You crazy fucking son of a bitch!

- Please pass on our sincerity to Lanok.

“How about you guys stop following that woman around starting today?”

- What’s the point of following her when we have already gotten caught? Put Phillip on the phone. Oh! And...

Kang Chan cocked his head.

- I wish you luck, my friend.

Son of a bitch. How could he say that after selling that many bombs?

Kang Chan handed over the phone to Phillip.

The gang member answered twice, then dropped the phone call. Looking dissatisfied, he stood up. He had no business here now.

However, just as Kang Chan turned toward the door...

Whish.

The gang member whipped out his hand.

Bam.

Kang Chan grabbed the gang member’s wrist with his right hand. He then twisted it and hooked his own left hand around the gang member’sr elbow.

What an idiot. He’s surprised even though he’s the one who attacked first!

Crack.

“Urgh!”

This was what happened if people acted based on their useless pride.

As Kang Chan opened the door and walked out of the office, he heard the gang member swearing in French while sobbing inside.

Kang Chan opened the door in the hallway, finding Joo Chul-Bum waiting for him.

“I broke the man’s arm. Send him to the hospital and end things there. Don’t pay for his medical expenses,” Kang Chan said.

“Understood, hyung-nim.”

As Kang Chan was headed to the lobby, he immediately called Kim Hyung-Jung.

- Mr. Kang Chan, it’s Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Mr. Manager, I was told that Yang Jin-Woo has brought in a hundred pounds of C4. The seller is the French gang Serpent Venimeux. There might be evidence, so I’ll go to look for that for now.

- Mr. Kang Chan, did you just say a hundred pounds of C4?

Kim Hyung-Jung naturally sounded as if he couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“It would be difficult to get more details, so please just figure out if there’s anything weird around Yang Jin-Woo’s surroundings for now and check if anyone like Yoon Bong-Sup has returned from a foreign country or received cargo by ship or plane. I heard two of them are now here. I’ve broken the arm of a Serpent Venimeux member in the Namsan Hotel just now, and I was told that four more people aside from him had come into the country, so please check the list of names that have entered the country as well. I was told that the man whose arm I broke is called Phillip.”

- Just a moment! Just a moment, Mr. Kang Chan.

Kim Hyung-Jung called Kang Chan, perhaps because Kang Chan spoke so quickly.

“Mr. Manager, please start looking into it for now. Let’s talk again once we have the results.”

Kang Chan entered the lobby, approached, Lee Ji-Yeon, and sat down.

“Who was that man from a moment ago?” Lee Ji-Yeon asked. She looked flustered.

It was difficult to be honest in situations like this.

“We handed him over to the police, so we should find out once they have investigated him.”

“Alright,” Lee Ji-Yeon answered and nodded.

“I’m sorry to ask this, but you’re saying that your unnie died unjustly, but the police concluded that she committed suicide, right?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yes.”

With fidgety fingers and her head down, Lee Ji-Yeon started to tell Kang Chan about her life.

There were three people in her family: their single mother, her unnie Lee Ji-Eun, and Lee Ji-Yeon.

Her unnie was three years older than Lee Ji-Yeon. She was specially appointed to the Chairman’s secretary’s office because she caught the attention of Cho Il-Kwon, the chief secretary, while he was inspecting one of the subsidiaries of Suh Jeong Motors. However, she committed suicide not even a month since she started working there.

Lee Ji-Eun did have a hard time when she started to work in the Chairman’s secretary’s office, but Lee Ji-Yeon had never even heard of her being depressed. Lee Ji-Yeon also told Kang Chan that

recently, her unnie told her that she was just going to work at the Chairman's secretary's office until she got a job with a full-time position and that she was already looking for another job.

However, despite being so determined, Lee Ji-Eun committed suicide.

As Kang Chan was looking at Lee Ji-Yeon's worn-out sneakers, jeans, and her stretched-out cotton shirt, he suddenly remembered something.

"Does your unnie also look young like you?" Kang Chan asked.

"Yes. She actually looked even younger than me."

Could it be? That can't be, right?

Frowning, Kang Chan looked outside the window. What Lanok had told him crossed his mind. If he had killed that son of a bitch just a bit more quickly, this would have been prevented.

Kang Chan should have run over to Yang Jin-Woo after beating up Cho Il-Kwon.

He collected himself for now.

"Do you have something that you can submit as evidence?" Kang Chan asked.

"I have my unnie's notes."

"Notes? What do they say?"

"Things like, 'I need to endure everything for my mom and sister,' and, 'I figured out a scary fact.' My unnie was never the type to commit suicide."

"I get what you're saying. Anyway, I'll contact you later. Go home for now and make sure to keep the notes safe. Oh, one more thing. Don't ever visit the Suh Jeong company building for now."

Lee Ji-Yeon seemed to suspect something when she raised her head. Looking into Kang Chan's eyes, she answered, "Alright."

After sending Lee Ji-Yeon home, Kang Chan sat back down his seat earlier.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Kang Chan held up his phone, which was ringing. It was Lanok.

If Lanok didn't call him, Kang Chan would've been the one to call.

"Yes, Mr. Ambassador."

- Mr. Kang Chan, have you been to the United States recently, by any chance?

Why is he spouting nonsense this urgently?

"That's impossible. You're also quite aware of my schedule, aren't you?"

- That's weird. The United States' Intelligence Agency seems certain that someone related to the Blackhead is in South Korea. Your name was even mentioned. I can't figure out who handed

information that even France's DGSE doesn't know over to the United States. Do you have any guesses?

"I really don't know. That aside, Mr. Ambassador, I met the Serpent Venimeux earlier in the day at the Namsan Hotel."

Kang Chan told Lanok about the C-4 that had been brought into the country.

- I can't believe they would leak out information again after selling everything that they could. As expected, they're cunning. They always get away with things by doing things like this. If it wasn't for you, they would've made the same offer to the DGSE. The Serpent Venimeux are known to specialize in trading with matters related to weapons and drugs.

This sly person was still spouting nonsense even though there was a bomb that could explode in the event at any given moment?

- Mr. Kang Chan, if we think about how important the Eurasian rail announcement is, then your discovery is just a part of it. The DGSE has discovered and removed three terror organizations so far. Moreover, Ludwig and his people have also blockaded two locations. Vant has done the same.

Kang Chan suddenly felt drained. All the tension seemed to have left him while listening to Lanok.

- The reason we didn't discover those bombs even though the Serpent Venimeux did something like that is that the DGSE and all of the Intelligence Bureaus of Europe are focused on preventing terror attacks. This announcement is that important.

After hearing Kang Chan sigh, Lanok explained the situation to him as if he was teaching someone who would be doing things like this often in the future.

- With that being the case, our problem now is figuring out how the United States even knew your name.

You sly person! That's not important right now! We have a hundred pounds of C4 on the loose in South Korea!

"Mr. Ambassador! I requested a biopsy in the past when I learned that I have a physical constitution so rare it's in the top one percent in the world. I don't know if the samples were sent to the United States, but I've sent some overseas."

- Oh no!

Lanok sighed, disappointed.

- Understood, Mr. Kang Chan. Since we have an outline of the situation for now, I'll have to sabotage them as much as I can and find out what they really want. Please keep this in mind—now that the United States knows about you, the United Kingdom will also find out within a week.

Considering you already know about it, what does that make you?

- France's DGSE is ahead of them by about a week. In this world of information, that's a tremendous amount of time.

Lanok's answer made it seem as if he read Kang Chan's mind. It made Kang Chan look around his surroundings.

- In any case, let's discuss the rest tomorrow in person.

The call ended.

Did that sly person really just think such an enormous bomb was something that could just be discussed tomorrow?

As Kang Chan sighed, the female manager approached him in a sophisticated manner and changed his coffee to a new one.

Chapter 104.1: Did people really need to do this? (1)

Feeling calmer when he had a sip of the fresh coffee that the female manager had brought over, Kang Chan made the phone call that he had to put off for a moment.

- Mr. Kang Chan.

Kim Hyung-Jung sounded as if he was in a rush.

- I checked, but we haven't found anything yet. The National Intelligence Service's branch in the airport's customs in the National Intelligence Service are immediately deporting suspicious arrivals right now, and we have also gotten a report about the movements of the people on the blacklist of the National Police Agency's foreign affairs division. However, we haven't noticed anything strange so far. Are you sure that the information is trustworthy?

Kang Chan briefly explained what he had talked about with Lanok.

- We have also figured out three different ways that Europe will act. The problem is that we can't figure out the circumstances around the C-4 and the circumstances around the enemies being smuggled into the country.

"Mr. Manager, I'm sorry for the trouble, but can you include Seok Kang-Ho among the security guards for tomorrow? He'll have weapons for protecting people at close range. I would also like to see the security plan if you have access to it."

- I can't make a decision about this on my own since this concerns the president's security service, so I'll contact you as soon as I have spoken to the director.

After dropping the call, Kang Chan leaned toward the window.

The attack had already happened.

He thought that they could finally put a stop to Yang Jin-Woo with the event tomorrow.

A moment later, Kang Chan's phone rang.

- Mr. Kang Chan, the Director has granted me permission to support you in any way you please. Fortunately, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho has the qualifications of an agent. If he has any pistol preferences, I'll be sure to get it.

"He would want two pistols—the Beretta M9[1] and the Glock 19. He will also need four mags and a walkie-talkie. That should be enough."

- Mr. Seok Kang-Ho will be using all of that?

“Yes. Lanok said that he’ll prepare weapons for me, so I’ll get my weapons from him. Prepare two bayonets as well, please. I want to secure them on my ankle.”

- Understood. Regarding the security plan, you may only see it in the office in Samseong-dong.

“I’m currently at the Namsan Hotel, but I’ll head there now. Is that okay?”

- Of course. I’ll call Mr. Seok Kang-Ho.

Kang Chan hung up and looked at the time. It was 5:30 pm.

He couldn’t help but sigh. What kind of life was this? Why didn't he have any days that didn’t require him to have a weapon in hand?

Was it really true that Yoo Hun-Woo had requested a biopsy to be done in the United States?

Kang Chan went out of the hotel and got in a taxi. As they left, he called Yoo Hun-Woo.

- Mr. Kang Chan, I’m out at a gathering right now, so it will take about an hour for me to get to the hospital. Are you severely wounded?

“I’m not wounded, Mr. Director. I called you because I want to ask you something.”

- You’re not wounded?

Kang Chan smirked because Yoo Hun-Woo sounded disappointed.

“It’s about the biopsy we talked about a while ago. Did you request that to be done in the United States, by any chance?”

- Yes. I sent it to the Sampleton Research Institute in Washington. It’s the most prestigious research institute in the world, so we can trust its findings, regardless of what it says.

Damn it! Lanok was right!

- Why do you ask? What is this about?

“I was just curious if you accidentally sent it somewhere inappropriate.”

- Their services are expensive, but they’re trustworthy.

Yoo Hun-Woo quietly laughed.

“I just used that as an excuse to call you. I just wanted to talk with you for a bit.”

After they exchanged a few more words, Kang Chan hung up.

The taxi came across traffic when they passed the Hannam Bridge, forcing them to slow down.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

“Hello?”

- It’s Seok Kang-Ho. What’s going on? Manager Kim asked me to come, but he sounded strange.

“It’s not something we can talk about over the phone, so let’s meet up first. Can you come?”

- I’m on my way to Samseong-dong right now. Have you had dinner yet?

“No, I haven’t.”

- Great. Come over and let’s eat together.

Kang Chan hung up the phone. Twenty minutes later, he arrived in Samseong-dong.

He went up to the fifth floor. When Kim Hyung-Jung opened the door, they headed straight to his room.

“Welcome,” Seok Kang-Ho greeted Kang Chan with a grave expression, perhaps because he had heard what was going on.

After they ordered three bibimbap, Kang Chan told them everything, including his meeting with Lanok earlier in the day, the Serpent Venimeux incident, and what happened to Lee Ji-Yeon. He was already done talking when the food arrived.

This neighborhood had a really fast delivery service.

After their meal, which they finished in five minutes, Kim Hyung-Jung brought over and placed three drinks on the table.

“Let’s go over the schedule first,” Kim Hyung-Jung said, biting on a cigarette. He walked over to the desk, brought over a pile of documents and floor plans, and placed them on the table. “Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, please take a look at this. The ones marked with a ‘V’ are the segments of the event that the President is attending. Since the announcement will be made with the other countries, Ambassador Lanok is expected to announce it with everyone gathered around him.”

Kang Chan skimmed through the entire schedule. It wasn’t as tightly packed as he was expecting.

“Our problem lies in the private meetings that the heads of the other countries’ Intelligence Bureaus hold among themselves in between the segments. They decide when to conduct those on the spot, making those moments especially bothersome when it comes to guarding them.”

“I was told that they’ll take care of their own security during those meetings,” Kang Chan commented.

“That’s also driving us crazy. The building and the hotel we’ll be using for the event use the same passage, so more than a hundred armed agents will be in the building next to the hotel. Some people complained about it, but since we’re very pressed for time and the announcement has a strong symbolic meaning, everyone just let it slide and accepted it.”

Kang Chan started to think that the other countries just passed the headache onto South Korea.

Instead, he could feel his nervousness disappearing..

“Mr. Manager, assuming the worst-case scenario happens and we find ourselves in the middle of a gunfight between the Intelligence Bureaus, what would your contingency measure be?”

The room momentarily fell silent.

“Shouldn’t we assume the worst since all the foreign Intelligence Bureau agents will possess a gun? I’m just curious about the standard procedure for situations like that.”

“Hmm, the security office will focus on guarding the VIPs, and the National Intelligence Service will step in to stop the gunfight. We will also deploy the 606 members to the scene.”

“Can C-4 be brought into the event?”

Cocking his head, Kim Hyung-Jung spread out the floor plan on the table. “We had placed an inspection sign in the ventilation, the joint, and all of the doors. The 606 have been stationed in those locations, and they’re expected to remain on stand-by there until the event starts. That would make installing C-4s in the building difficult.”

“If so, then that means that they’re going to bring in the C-4 in the middle of the event, right?”

“Assuming they do, they’ll have trouble smuggling it in since the 606 members will be watching everyone for the next two days, including those working in the kitchen. All the attendees will also have to pass through security and bomb detection dogs.”

“Do we have the entire building under our control?” Kang Chan asked again.

“Unfortunately, that’s impossible. If they didn’t decide to hold this event on such short notice, we honestly wouldn’t even have to prepare things separately like this. We wouldn’t have even used one of the internationally owned buildings and hotels.”

Kang Chan looked up from the map, his gaze landing on Hyung-Jung. “Why are you telling me this?”

“We can’t control all the people within the building. Even if we assume that we can somehow stop anything from happening on one floor, it’s basically impossible to contain any more than that. Plus...” Kim Hyung-Jung stopped and sighed mid-sentence. “There’s an unimaginable number of reporters interested in this event. According to the press center, ninety journalism companies and nearly four hundred people have officially requested the right to cover this event

already. Even variety programs are doing all sorts of lobbying to try and butt into covering this event in one way or another, so it's absolutely torturous."

"It seems I accepted a useless offer simply because I wasn't aware of things like this." Kang Chan wasn't being sarcastic, but he didn't regret his decision either.

"That's not true, Mr. Kang Chan. You shouldn't think about things like that." Kim Hyung-Jung leaned back against the chair and picked up a cigarette. "Even though we weren't originally a part of the 'Unicorn' project, the announcement is an opportunity for South Korea to be properly recognized as one of the main contributors of the Eurasian rail along with Russia and France. That's why the government happily accepted this offer despite all of the uncertain elements that come with this event."

Kim Hyung-Jung lit up the cigarette. Looking straight at Kang Chan, he then continued, "The Director said a moment ago that he feels extremely apologetic for having to borrow your power for this event right after the operation in Mongolia. I feel the same way. You have no idea how thankful I am to you for seizing this opportunity. If the conference was done without South Korea, I would've led the specialized team again so they would include us."

Kang Chan smirked. Seok Kang-Ho and even Kim Hyung-Jung smiled as well.

"Whoo! Let's sort things out one at a time for now, Mr. Manager," Kang Chan suggested.

"How should we do that?"

Kang Chan began to reveal the ideas he had thought of. "I'll take charge of Lanok's safety and the agents from the five countries. In the event of a gunfight against the Intelligence Bureaus' agents, I'll try to suppress them by myself first, and if that proves impossible, I'll request help. If that time ever comes, I need to have authority over the operation."

"That's completely possible, considering even the Intelligence Bureaus' agents will be mixed in with everyone," Kim Hyung-Jung said while extinguishing the cigarette.

"Secondly, that operational authority will be a problem if the enemy manages to infiltrate the event or a bombing incident transpires. In such a situation, the foreign Intelligence Bureaus' agents will prove to be a problem as well. You need to choose someone to have the operational authority. Then, I think that I can tell the Intelligence Bureaus' agents that the person is going to take control.," Kang Chan said.

"I'll discuss things with the Director at 10:00 am tomorrow. I'll give you a name after that. The Director will probably discuss it with the chief officer of security first before giving me an answer."

“I think this should be enough. If we get into a gunfight with the Intelligence Bureaus’ agents, make sure you stop at nothing to follow my decisions when it comes to the deployment of foreign military strength.”

“Roger that. However, Mr. Kang Chan...” Kim Hyung-Jung hesitated. There was only one reason why he would behave this way.

“If I’m attacked, everything will still work out for as long as the National Intelligence Service accepts Seok Kang-Ho and Louis gets the authority over the operation,” Kang Chan said.

“Understood.”

Even though it wasn’t anything special, Kang Chan felt more relieved now that he had a general outline of what to do.

It was now way past 10 pm.

“The Chinese are subtly offering their hand to our government. The people who led the latest terrorist attack might also make a last desperate attempt,” Kim Hyung-Jung added.

“For some reason, I suspect China would also support the terrorist attacks until the very end.”

“It’s possible. If the terrorist attack fails, China will just apologize through a diplomatic channel and try to maintain a good relationship.”

Kang Chan also made sure that Kim Hyung-Jung would make the right authorities investigate the case of Lee Ji-Yeon’s unnie again. Afterward, he left Kim Hyung-Jung’s office with Seok Kang-Ho.

Chapter 104.2: Did people really need to do this? (1)

“Can we have a cup of tea?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“Did you think we’ll head home without doing that first?”

The two went to the specialty coffee shop at the intersection.

Seok Kang-Ho grinned. Their conversation now would be different from the one with Kim Hyung-Jung.

Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho about what he had heard about the United State’s Intelligence Bureau, which was something he didn’t tell Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Can you guess what that’s about?” Seok Kang-Ho asked afterward.

“I don’t know what’s going on, but it could be somehow related to us being reincarnated into these bodies.”

“Phew, let’s just leave it at that. It’s something we’ll learn about when the time comes anyway. Shouldn’t we focus on the event tomorrow?”

“What about the classes that you teach?” Kang Chan asked.

“I have already discussed it with Manager Kim before you arrived. He said that he’ll take care of it himself and told me to not even worry about things like that. Aside from my face appearing on TV, I’ve got nothing to worry about,” Seok Kang-Ho said, then chewed and ate ice again.

“Tsk! Combat aside, I’m a bit uncomfortable. Security detail operations aren’t our expertise.”

“That’s true. Agh!” Seok Kang-Ho exclaimed.

“What’s wrong?”

“I bit my tongue while chewing on ice. Wow!”

Kang Chan couldn’t help but smirk.

“Would my tongue get paralyzed if I eat ice?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Don’t overdo it.”

Seok Kang-Ho stuck out his tongue a couple of times, then picked up a cigarette. “I’ve been thinking about visiting the hospital sometime.”

Seok Kang-Ho was going to the hospital?

When Kang Chan looked at him, Seok Kang-Ho continued, “I realized I’ve been strangely going crazy about food. My body has been getting so hot as well. It’s as if I’m constantly angry about something. I thought it was just the summer at first, but after some time, I concluded that wasn’t the reason, so I’m thinking of getting myself checked up.”

“In all honesty, you have been going a bit crazy over food lately.”

“Even though I have just eaten, I’ll still eat two or three pastries at home before I sleep.”

“Aren’t you eating that much because you have started working out?” Kang Chan asked.

“You think so?”

From a glance, Seok Kang-Ho looked healthy. There wasn’t anything different or strange about him.

“The official schedule starts at 11 am tomorrow. I’ll be inside with the National Intelligence Service agents, so I’ll see you when we arrive. What’s your gut feeling about this?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“I don’t feel anything yet.”

“Everything will be alright, then.”

Kang Chan decided to think of it the same way.

“Let’s smoke before we go home,” Kang Chan suggested. He then took out a cigarette and lit it.

Kang Chan felt calm yet strangely uncomfortable at the same time. However, there wasn’t anything he could do. He could only act once he had encountered it.

He arrived home at around 11 pm.

Yoo Hye-Sook greeted Kang Chan. Kang Dae-Kyung was already asleep, and Yoo Hye-Sook looked as if she was forcing herself not to fall asleep perhaps because she had to go to work at the foundation.

“Why are you still awake?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“I was just about to head to bed. I can sleep in peace now that you’re home. You’re going to the event tomorrow, right?”

“Yes. You should go to bed quickly.”

“Okay, Channy. Sleep well.”

Kang Chan lightly washed up and went to bed.

Just like any other day, Kang Chan lightly warmed up as he went down the stairs the next morning.

The morning air was now cold and brisk.

“Phew!”

Kang Chan controlled his breathing, then started to run around the apartment complex.

Although he still had some difficulties, he was in much better condition than when he was in Africa. He couldn’t help but wonder whether he should run a marathon.

He would be running for about twelve kilometers if he went around the apartment complex from the entrance. He controlled his pacing for the first 11 kilometers, then sprinted at full speed for the last one. Regardless of his condition, he always did feel pain during this last kilometer.

“Huff. Huff. Huff. Huff.”

Kang Chan caught his breath in front of a bench, then cooled down by doing easy bodyweight exercises. Afterward, he went up the stairs again.

Even though it wasn’t even 7 am yet, he could already see students in their school uniforms and people going to work.

“Channy! Did you go out to exercise? You should rest on days like this,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

“It’s okay. If anything, I’d feel heavy if I skip this.”

If Kang Chan skipped working out for every day with a big event just as Yoo Hye-Sook suggested, then he wouldn't have even just thirty days to work out in a year. Comments like that would've annoyed him if he heard it before, but it made him happy now.

He had breakfast with Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook.

"You're staying with everyone else at the hotel today, right?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"Yes. After the official announcement has been made tomorrow, I'll drop by the French embassy before coming home. I'll probably come home really late."

"I heard that the entire schedule of this event will be broadcasted live on TV. A lot of people are saying that everyone should gather around and watch it together as if it's some kind of world cup game. Some are even looking forward to what the President will say during his welcome speech at tonight's dinner."

"People are looking forward to things like that?"

When Kang Chan enjoyed the kongnamul guk[1], which he found was to his liking, Yoo Hye-Sook happily brought over more kongnamul guk.

"Everyone's obviously interested in that. After all, we're told that this event will make South Korea rich. We couldn't even imagine that happening."

"What do you think about this?" Kang Chan asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

"I'm not sure. I don't know about anything else, but I don't want anything else for as long as your mom is healthy and I have someone as dependable as you by my side. What do you think, honey?"

"Me? I also want the same thing as you," Yoo Hye-Sook answered.

Kang Chan had gotten used to talking while eating.

While thinking that he wanted to finish this event quickly so he could return to his everyday life, he finished eating breakfast.

Since Yoo Hye-Sook was currently heading to work every day, they had breakfast about twenty minutes earlier than before. After all, it took that much more time for her to put makeup on.

Even then, they always left around five minutes late.

"Don't overwork yourself. Just get good some experience, then come home, okay?" Kang Dae-Kyung advised.

"Channy! Be careful."

"Yes, I'll do that."

After sending off his parents that morning, he sat in the living room. He was told that the car would arrive at 9:10 am, so he still had about forty minutes to spare.

During moments like this, he didn't have to rush to do something.

He acted like this in the past as well.

The morning before a battle, Kang Chan wouldn't do anything special other than washing up and eating.

One of his subordinates always wrote a will, and another neatly organized his personal belongings. There was also a guy who noisily—or devotedly—prayed to God.

Kang Chan just comfortably laid down among them. Whenever he did, Dayeru or Gerard would always bring over coffee.

Kang Chan absently picked up the TV remote that was next to him, thinking about watching the news channel that Kang Dae-Kyung watched every morning.

Click.

When he pressed the power button, the blue LED light flashed from under the tv as it turned on.

[We're in front of the international hotel, which is where the representatives of different countries will be going to for the announcement of the historic Eurasian rail. With the specialized team of the military currently guarding the hotel rigorously, the rail will be announced tomorrow after delegations from each country have gathered here and signed a written agreement.]

[Alright. Reporter Huh Min-Young, how are the citizens reacting to this?]

[We can't see a welcoming crowd, perhaps because it's a weekday and because it's morning rush hour, but all citizens are happy about this event. They're expecting a lot from the Eurasian rail. Just take a look at these interviews.]

The screen suddenly changed.

Yoon So-Ra (university student)

[This is something that I could never have imagined! I'm going to be thirty-seven in ten years, and they're saying that the national income per person will be two hundred thousand dollars by then! I'm also really proud that this historic announcement will be done in South Korea! Hooray South Korea! Way to go!]

Jung Hyun-Tae (business owner)

[I don't think I've ever been this proud for being born in South Korea. It's not because we're going to get a lot of money but because South Korea is at the center of this historic event. I can't believe there will come a time when the United States, a country that China and Japan have to be wary of, will entrust South Korea with distributing resources. Way to go, South Korea!]

[Now! It's about 8:50 am local time. Let us check out how each country is reacting to the announcement of the Eurasian rail. Reporter Joo Sang-In.]

[Joo Sang-In reporting in.]

[How are foreign countries reacting before the important announcement tomorrow?]

[First, in the midst of rising excitement in Europe and Russia, Japan and China's reactions are strangely different...]

Beep.

Kang Chan turned off the TV. It was time for him to get ready.

He wore a shirt and a suit.

When he saw his school uniform, which was hung up on one side of his closet, Kang Chan couldn't help but laugh. He suddenly thought that he wanted to go to school even though there wasn't anything for him to do there other than to stay in the athletics club room, have lunch, glare at the textbooks with a strange gaze, and listen to classes that he had trouble understanding.

It was time to leave.

Kang Chan subtly looked into the master bedroom and closed the door. He then went out of the entrance after checking if the window of the veranda was closed properly.

Ding.

The elevator door opened.

Chapter 105: Did people really need to do this? (2)

Kang Chan arrived at Lanok's office at around 9:40 am.

"Mr. Ambassador, I apologize for getting here a little earlier than expected," Kang Chan said.

"That's actually even better. How do you feel?" Lanok stood up from his desk, then pointed to the table that was in the middle of the office. "Since we still have time to spare, would you like to have a cup of tea with me?"

Lanok ordered something by giving a look to someone, then guided Kang Chan to the table.

Lanok tilted the silver kettle and poured out some tea onto cups, the strong scent of black tea permeating the room.

Kang Chan lifted the cup and took a sip, then carefully put the cup down.

"I need to smoke a cigar. Would you like a cigarette?" Lanok asked.

"I brought my own." Kang Chan took out a cigarette as Lanok cut the end of a cigar with a cutter, then bit on it.

"We've confirmed that C-4 has been brought into the country this morning, and we also got an intelligence report from more than three organizations that people are going to attempt a terrorist attack at the event venue. However, we are yet to find out who the key force behind this is," Lanok said.

People wouldn't purchase C-4 just to enjoy fireworks. They were obviously going to attempt a terrorist attack.

"It's going to be a very difficult event," Lanok continued.

"Alright."

“I ended up being the face of the event, Mr. Kang Chan, which means you might be shown on TV as well. Moreover, if a problem arises at the event tomorrow...” Lanok continued while looking straight at Kang Chan, “You have to guarantee Anne’s safety.”

Why would Lanok say this?

Kang Chan cocked his head.

“Mr. Ambassador, if you have speculations, it would be best to tell me about them. I don’t know much about being a security guard, but there’s a huge difference between knowing and preparing for what could happen and getting attacked while oblivious to the dangers present.”

“That’s not it, Mr. Kang Chan. I simply told you about the dangers that come with this kind of gathering because, naturally, many variables come into play when multiple Intelligence Bureaus gather to meet.”

Kang Chan took another sip of his tea. He doubted the sly Lanok would say anything even if he pestered him.

Tsk!

Kang Chan was so absorbed in talking about Anne that he couldn’t even question his face appearing on TV.

When would I be able to win against this sly person in terms of pure conversational skills?

Knock. Knock. Knock.

As Kang Chan thought about something unnecessary, Lanok’s assistant came in and said, “Mr. Ambassador, it’s time.”

“Everything you require is in the room next door. We’ll leave whenever you’re ready,” Lanok told Kang Chan.

“Got it.”

Kang Chan stood up and followed the assistant to the room next door.

“Bonjour, Monsieur Kang.”

Louis and one agent were waiting for him.

“You can change into this, then prepare whatever weapons you want,” Louis told Kang Chan.

“Will do.”

Kang Chan got changed as soon as Louis and the agent left the room. He then examined the weapons on the desk.

‘What are they telling me to choose?’

The pistol options he had were only the Beretta 93R[1] and two kinds of Glocks.

Kang Chan took two gun holsters and sheathed Glock 19s into them. He fastened one of them on the right side of his waist and the other on his left ankle. Afterward, he put magazines in four magazine pouches and fastened them on the back of his belt. Unfortunately, they didn't have any bayonets prepared for him.

'Is Lanok saying that any fights we'll get into are a product of information warfare, so we should be able to end them quickly using pistols?'

Smirking, Kang Chan opened the door. Louis, who was waiting for him outside, handed over a walkie-talkie.

Damn it! If you were going to give something like this to me, you should've done so before I put on my jacket.

Kang Chan took off his jacket and hung the walkie-talkie at the left side of his waist, the microphone on his sleeve, and the earphone on his ear. He then put on the jacket again.

Whoo! I'm done preparing.

"We're the only ones going inside the venue. We were told that they limited the number of agents allowed inside to two agents per Intelligence Bureau," Louis said.

Kang Chan nodded.

On the contrary, for events like this, having fewer people in there could be better.

As Kang Chan headed to the office, Lanok walked out of it.

"Are you ready?" Lanok asked.

"Yes. We can leave whenever."

Lanok walked through the hallway while smiling like a European mask.

Crowds of reporters had already swarmed to the yard of the embassy.

The shutters of the reporters' cameras kept going off from every direction. Lanok waved at them and turned from side to side a couple of times, then immediately got in the car.

Kang Chan sat next to Lanok, and Louis sat in the front.

When the car left, a van followed behind them.

"When we arrive, ten agents will look for you. Your codename for today is God of Blackfield. Is that okay?" Lanok asked.

"Sure."

"Mr. Kang Chan."

Kang Chan turned toward Lanok.

“A meeting with the Intelligence Bureaus is similar to a gathering of immature boys. Overpower them, and they will no longer be able to exercise their power. After all, it’s difficult to speak up in a situation where they can’t protect themselves. I believe you understand what I’m trying to say here.”

Kang Chan turned his gaze toward the front while laughing out loud, and Louis, who was glancing at them, quickly looked forward.

[One by one, the representatives of all countries in charge of the Eurasian rail are now coming into the presentation hall. They are either going to stay at their respective embassies or will be at the international building for the first meeting, which will be at noon in Korean time. Ah! The Head of Russia’s Intelligence Bureau has just entered.]

“Honey, I’m strangely nervous,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

“Why? I know this will be a historical event, but you don’t have to be nervous. Just watch and enjoy it.”

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook were sitting on a chair. Employees were around them, some having brought over their own chairs and some just standing in front of the TV.

Nearly all of the salespeople had either their morning appointments canceled or didn’t have any to begin with, so they decided to watch TV together today. Their office was quiet enough for even the female employee of the foundation to be able to watch TV with them.

[The Ambassador of France is now coming into the presentation hall as well. He’s the key figure of the Eurasian rail, having taken on the role as its Founder and the first Operation Committee member. The Ambassador of France is this project’s real decision-maker.]

A car stopped on the screen, and as Lanok got out of it, the door on the right opened as well.

“Oh! Honey! That’s our Channy!” Yoo Hye-Sook exclaimed.

“Huh? It really is!”

When the camera zoomed in on Lanok waving his hand toward his surroundings as if he was waiting for Kang Chan.

“Wow!”

A roar loud enough for the Shinmuk High School to reverberate rose from the school.

Since the event was happening at the same time as the start of the second semester, the students were watching the broadcast instead of having class.

Having heard the news that Kang Chan had been admitted to a national university in France as a full scholarship student, the students were already watching the entrance of the Ambassador of France with interest. Hence, when they saw Kang Chan, they screamed as if they had gone crazy.

[It seems Ambassador Lanok is currently accompanied by an Asian. However, we don't know who he is yet.]

“He's a student in our class!” a male student yelled.

“That's right!” the students chorused. Unable to hold in their excitement, some of the kids even smacked their desks.

Kim Mi-Young watched the screen with her hands tightly clasped in front of her chest.

Kang Chan looked so cool that she felt as if she was having trouble breathing.

The other kids in their class looked as if Kang Chan had bewitched them as well.

Wearing a form-fitting suit, Kang Chan didn't seem to shrink down even as he stood next to Lanok.

The kids felt deeply touched when they saw Lanok waiting for and entering with Kang Chan despite being the Ambassador of France, the Founder of the Eurasian rail, and the first Operation Committee member.

“Wow!” The students exclaimed when the camera focused on Kang Chan's face as he looked at a French person, who the students didn't know the name of, get out of the car.

Kang Chan smirked.

“Wow!”

“He still smiles like that despite where he is right now!”

The kids kept yelling while watching Kang Chan smirk.

Lee Ho-Jun, who was sitting at the very back, tightly clenched his fists while looking as flushed as Kim Mi-Young. He wanted to become a man like that.

“Oh my! Oh my! Oh my! Our President is so cool! I can't handle this!”

Aside from the wardrobe employee who had yelled in excitement, all of the D.I. employees were spellbound as they focused on the TV.

It would've only been natural for anyone to be intimidated in that situation, but when they saw Kang Chan smirk at the last moment, the expressions of the female employees and the trainees were almost similar.

Michelle looked as if she could no longer hide the emotions brimming in her heart. Seeing Michelle's reaction, Eun So-Yeon lowered her gaze to her tightly clasped hands.

As they were walking toward the venue, Lanok turned and leaned his head toward Kang Chan.

“Aren't you nervous?” Lanok asked.

“Should I be?”

Lanok lifted his head and walked onward. His expression seemed to say, ‘As I expected.’

Following the direction of the sign that said ‘main conference room,’ they arrived at a spacious area the size of a sports field.

Circular tables were all over the place. The guide by the entrance confirmed Lanok’s identity and led them to their seats, which were the closest to the platform.

Since the four Intelligence Bureau Heads each had two of their own entourages sitting with them at each circular table, the tables were big enough for all twelve people to sit at.

“Mr. Kang Chan!”

Ludwig and Vant, who were already sitting at the table, stood up from their seats and exchanged cheek kisses with Kang Chan. Two people came over from the table right next to them and happily greeted Kang Chan as well. As a result, the people naturally started paying attention to him.

“Let me set the frequency of the walkie-talkie,” Louis approached Kang Chan as if he was Kang Chan’s subordinate, then set the walkie-talkie’s frequency.

“There are only twelve people tuned in to this frequency. If you want to change the channel, press this button,” Louis explained.

Kang Chan nodded, then looked at the people sitting at the same table as him, including the agents across him.

They all looked unique—one of them was bulky, another had fierce and sharp eyes, and another looked nimble. However, none of them gave off an eerie feeling similar to the man he ran into at the hotel.

Looking around the vast hall, Kang Chan finally understood what Lanok meant.

‘This is why Lanok wanted to bring me here with him.’

Unlike the eleven people that had said that they would follow Kang Chan, each table had one or two agents that gave off an eerie feeling.

Only those who were born with a natural talent and had gone through a lot of battles could have the same look in their eyes.

Regardless of whether they had natural talent or not, it wasn’t easy surviving on awful battlefields for ten years since they were twenty-one years old.

And leaving the battlefield and becoming an agent again and gaining experience was a different story. Plus when they were over thirty years old, their senses and strength decreased.

Kang Chan understood at least a little bit why Lanok strongly recommended becoming a citizen of France.

Click. Click.

When the two exits closed, employees in uniforms placed two plates—a salad and a steak—in front of the attendees.

There were eight circular tables. According to basic math, that would mean there should be a total of ninety-six attendees.

Despite that many people inside, it was quiet.

The eyes of those at the other tables, as they glanced at Kang Chan, showed they were being cautious, but Kang Chan didn't really care.

As the food was being prepared, Lanok stood up and took the microphone in front of the stage. He then greeted, "Hello, everyone. Thank you for coming. I'm Lanok."

Three or four people wore the headsets hung on their chairs, but most people were just listening to Lanok speak French.

"I welcome everyone that gathered here for this historic moment. After our meals, we will be moving to the main conference room. I hope we can create a cooperative framework for the peaceful establishment and operation of the Eurasian rail."

Even though there were close to a hundred attendees, only occasional coughs could be heard. The rest were just the sounds of people putting down their food.

'The eyes of the elderly are fucking fierce,' Kang Chan thought as he looked at his surroundings.

Some of the people were overweight and had a lot of wrinkles. One of them had thick glasses, but his eyes glinted so much that it looked as if he wouldn't lose to anyone.

Kang Chan's eyes kept going to the three nimble-looking men sitting two tables diagonally away from him.

They had pale skin, thin faces, and firm physiques.

They seemed to be from Russia, and they all had extraordinary impressions.

The atmosphere made Kang Chan feel as if he had gone back to after he applied to be a mercenary in Africa. He was sitting with those who passed through the first round of training, and some of their competition had already been eliminated and sent home.

The current atmosphere was the same as back then—it made Kang Chan feel as if someone like Dayeru or Gérard would suddenly jump out from somewhere and glare at people. The only thing different from that time was that they were currently wearing a suit and had a steak in front of them.

"As stated in the schedule that was given to everyone, we will all head to the main conference room together at 2 pm," Lanok said. He looked around his surroundings, then raised the glass in front of him. "Let's have a toast to the establishment of the Eurasian rail."

Following him, everyone raised the wine glass in front of them.

"For the Unicorn," Lanok continued.

“For the Unicorn,” everyone else repeated.

The meal progressed after Lanok’s speech.

Ludwig and Vant took turns talking to Lanok about nonsensical things, but considering that throughout their conversation words such as ‘elderly’ and ‘treasure’ were seemed to be jokingly mixed in, those terms were probably something that only made sense to them.

Kang Chan ate in a way that followed formal table etiquettes.

It didn’t taste bad, but honestly, he was bored.

Unlike being in the battlefield, sitting as if they were Lanok’s mercenaries made him feel irritating nervousness spreading out to the entire room. When Kang Chan thought about this gathering continuing until tomorrow, he felt like writhing.

‘This isn’t something that a person should do.’

Acting as a security guard at the golf club suffocated him, and feeling his opponents' energies subtly beginning to tighten like a noose around his neck was also exhausting.

Kang Chan couldn’t help but smile faintly to himself when he thought that he would do a really good job if he was told to complete the operation in Mongolia three or four more times instead of doing this.

What would Seok Kang-Ho be doing right now?

Kang Chan just wished Seok Kang-Ho wouldn’t say ‘fuck’ on the walkie-talkie.

There wasn’t even one guy that didn’t get beat up among the guys that pounced on Kang Chan after seeing him do well.

Since he was bored, Kang Chan kept having so many unnecessary thoughts.

After he ate, he smiled a bit at the jokes Vant made every now and then and the jokes he heard from across the table.

“Mr. Kang Chan, please be careful around the Russian Intelligence Bureau. Almost everyone here is watching you right now. It wouldn’t be wrong to say that half of the people that are here already know about the operation in Mongolia,” Lanok told Kang Chan as he pretended to look somewhere else.

“A lot of the people here can also lipread, which is why most people cover their lips like a habit when they talk,” Lanok explained.

They lived quite uncomfortable lives.

Kang Chan nodded to let Lanok know he understood.

“Lanok!” An elderly fat man at the table furthest away from them slightly raised his right hand.

“It seems like the elderly man wants to boast about what he did,” Lanok commented.

Lanok wiped his mouth with a napkin and stood up. Louis stood up after Lanok while looking at Kang Chan.

Should I just stay here? No, I shouldn't be thinking about this. What benefits would I even gain from bringing shame to Lanok here?

Kang Chan wordlessly followed Louis and walked next to Lanok.

Everyone's eyes, including the Russian agents', blatantly followed him.

“Long time no see, Jean-Jacques.” As soon as Lanok reached the elderly man, an agent stood up and excused himself.

What on earth is happening?

Listening to what the elderly man was saying appalled Kang Chan.

The man was praising himself and said that Lanok shouldn't forget about his contributions even though he had become the Founder of the rail and the Operation Committee member.

Damn it. This isn't a meeting with elementary school students.

The people gathered here were all Heads of the Intelligence Bureaus of France, Russia, Germany, and Switzerland—some of the most powerful countries in the world—yet they were acting like this.

Lanok didn't show his dissatisfaction while talking to the elderly man named Jean-Jacques. Rather, he pacified him while smiling peculiarly like a European mask, but he didn't give a definite answer about the things that the elderly man wanted.

Just what kind of person was Lanok?

“I'll set a separate meeting for us later, then,” Lanok said. He stood up and shook hands with Jean-Jacques, then walked somewhere else.

It was funny, but the atmosphere prevented anyone from laughing. After all, the pride and honor of every country were at stake here.

If the official representatives would be writing the agreement with the fixed framework in the building next door, then this was where they sat down and unofficially made the practical decisions.

There were still a lot of things in the world that Kang Chan had to learn and master.

“Lanok.”

As Lanok walked somewhere else, a Russian that Kang Chan had been carefully observing raised his hand.

“Vasili(ВАСИЛИЙ)!” Lanok walked to the table, then happily shook hands with the man named 'Vasili.'

“Just because the rail is finalized doesn't mean you should keep your distance from me too much,” Vasili said in fluent French.

“How could I ever disregard you when I have to be in the good graces of the next chairman of operations so I can survive and resign from that position?”

“Hmph, your sharp tongue never changes. Is that man with you the one called your secret weapon?”

“If I attracted your attention, then it’s an honor. Let me introduce you two to each other. This is Mr. Kang Chan, whom I have accepted as my friend. Mr. Kang Chan, this is Vasili, a friend of mine who came from Russia’s vicious KGB.”

Vasili held out his hand, his expression seemingly saying he thought Lanok was absurd.

“I’m Vasili.”

“I’m Kang Chan.”

They tightly grabbed onto each other’s hands and shook them.

Vasili was very competent, but that was it.

When they returned to their seats, Louis looked less nervous.

Kang Chan somewhat got used to the atmosphere.

Now there were only two things left to do—continue this tedious schedule, which had only been going on for two hours, and keep an eye out for the terrorist attack that could happen within that time.

Chapter 106.1: End it Quickly (1)

Even after lunch, the Kang Yoo Motors employees were still in front of the TV. They had even locked the doors to the office on the second floor and refused visitors.

[Reporter Lee Sang-Min? I heard that the Asian that was with the Ambassador of France was a South Korean high schooler?]

[Yes. The student accompanying the ambassador of France this morning is revealed to be Kang Chan, a senior student at Shinmuk High School. People say that he’s such a remarkable student that he was invited two days ago to become a full scholarship student at a national university in France. Here’s our interview with the Principal of Shinmuk High School.]

The screen changed to a video of the principal saying that Kang Chan ‘served as a good example for other students’ and that this was the ‘result of the school’s project to bring up talented people’ as if he was reading a book.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook were showing mixed emotions.

They started to get calls when Kang Chan appeared on TV, and by the time they had finished lunch, they were even getting calls from people that they no longer remembered. Visitors swarmed into their office as well, ultimately making them lock the doors.

The principal’s interview was now being broadcasted.

[We’re guessing that the father of Kang Chan—Kang Yoo Motors president Kang Dae-Kyung—introduced Kang Chan to the Ambassador of France in the process of bringing the distribution rights of Gong Te automobile, but for a country that doesn’t have a representative for the Eurasian rail yet, it’s the same thing as gaining a valuable, talented student who will go into the international world.]

Before the reporter was even done talking, all the phones in Kang Yoo Motors had already started to ring.

[The Shinmuk High School is currently substituting all classes by watching the coverage of the Eurasian rail event until tomorrow. The Ministry of Education has told the high school to decide if students should watch TV according to the principal's discretion. This was Lee Sang-Min on the scene.]

After the report, an advertisement was shown.

The new female employee carefully approached Yoo Hye-Sook and asked, "Mrs. Chief Director, would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Thank you."

"It's my pleasure. What about you, Mr. President?"

"I'd like one as well."

"Alright."

The female employee turned around. Meanwhile, the sales department employees were yelling on all the phones in the company. There were even people knocking on the door to the office, which was closed.

"It's probably best for you not to go to the foundation office, right?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"Yes, honey. I'm thinking of staying here today and quietly going home."

"Sure." Kang Dae-Kyung nodded. As he did, the executive director approached them.

"Mr. President, Over a thousand customers have expressed their desire to order a 'chiffre' today. At this rate, we'll have five hundred more car orders by the end of the day."

"Mr. executive director, taking orders when we don't have the stocks to complete them isn't right. Please don't take them."

"We're already doing that, but we can't stop the customers who are asking for queue numbers."

Kang Dae-Kyung sighed quietly when the executive director turned around while looking awkward.

Kang Dae-Kyung didn't want to sell cars like this. It felt as if he was selling his son.

Four large TVs facing different directions had been installed in the middle of the conference room, creating a square with two rows of seats facing each side in a circle. The back row was about fifty centimeters higher than the front row to give everyone a clear view of the TVs.

In front of all the Heads of the International Bureaus was a desk with a mic and a headset. The room was prepared so that if any material was put on the scanner on the desk, it would appear on the TVs. However, nobody was taking out the materials.

Ludwig, Vant, and Lanok's friend were sitting in the front, and at the back sat Lanok. Sitting beside him were two people whom Kang Chan had seen at Loriam.

Kang Chan, Louis, and all the other countries' agents guarded both sides of their country's Intelligence Bureau Heads, creating quite a strange atmosphere.

"I'm Vasili."

Vasili clasped his hands and draped them over the desk, then leaned forward toward the microphone. His raspy voice was heard across the room through the microphone and the look in his eyes really suited him.

"Since the Founder and the first operation committee member has been decided, let's now decide how to form the organizations before taking a break. Even though the organizations will be formed by the vice-chairman and the operation committee, it'll be good to first decide how many people will be in the committee."

When Vasili finished talking...

"Vasili."

The overweight man sitting in the middle of Vasili and Lanok slightly raised his hand.

"Shouldn't the vice-chairman and the operation committee come from a country like Romania, where the rail hasn't been immediately connected?"

Vasili's eyes looked as if he was disgraced.

Why is that fucker acting like that?

"Romania and Ukraine use the Soviet Union's railroad construction company. The Head of an Intelligence Bureau should be able to accurately read a situation. Europe shouldn't be cut off from gas because of something worthless, should it?"

The atmosphere turned cold. The threat was perfect.

'Why is this fucker bullshitting?' Kang Chan thought as he looked at Vasili. At that moment, his eyes met the gaze of the man sitting to Vasili's left.

When Kang Chan smirked, Vasili looked at him with dissatisfaction.

Kang Chan's eyes wouldn't fall out just because Vasili was glaring sharply at him. Hence, he didn't break eye contact.

"I doubt you understand what we're talking about because this is your first time attending this kind of meeting, so let me explain to you how things work here."

Don't you ever look at me in that manner, especially when I'm speaking," Vasili continued.

At that moment, everyone except for Lanok looked at Kang Chan.

If Kang Chan backed down in moments like this, he would've already become a powerful executive in the Foreign Legion.

"I'm not your agent, Vasili. So don't tell me what to do," Kang Chan replied.

The Romanian representative's gaze alternated between Vasili and Kang Chan.

Vasili's snort was clearly heard through the microphone.

"Lanok, did you incite this kind of fight?" In the end, Vasili looked away first.

"Mr. Kang Chan is my friend, and I don't have the right to order or stop anyone here, Vasili. Not even Ludwig and Vant."

"This is appalling." Vasili leaned back into the chair, then turned his head toward the agent.

"If that's the Founder's stance, then there's nothing I can do," Vasili continued while glancing at Kang Chan. "Russia will have no choice but to back down."

The agent's cheek moved, seemingly gritting his teeth. He was still glaring straight at Kang Chan.

The agent's eyes showed his strong pride yet also extreme patience.

"With this happening, why don't we send the agents out so only the core members would be here, Lanok? Ah, of course, Mr. Kang Chan isn't an agent, but I would love for him to leave as well since he isn't even an official member yet. Will you request that?"

Kang Chan naturally understood Vasili's French.

When Kang Chan glanced beside him, he found Lanok showing mixed emotions.

"I'll be outside," Kang Chan told Lanok.

"Thank you, Mr. Kang Chan."

Lanok and Kang Chan smiled at each other, then Kang Chan slowly got up from his seat.

The two Russian agents had already stood up and were walking toward the entrance.

"Will you smoke a cigarette, Monsieur Kang?" Louis asked.

As soon as they left the main conference room, Louis gave Kang Chan a look while pointing outside.

Why would I refuse that?

The other countries' agents were also scattered in groups of three or four in the designated smoking area.

From far away, Kang Chan saw the two Russian agents glancing at him while smoking.

Chk chk.

“Whoo.”

Kang Chan breathed in deeply, then asked, “The meeting ends at 5 pm, right?”

“That's correct. The Ambassador will be going to the presidential dinner afterward.”

“What about the others?”

“This evening, the Director of the National Intelligence Service will be hosting a dinner where we ate earlier.”

Kang Chan deeply exhaled cigarette smoke. He then thought about asking Louis who Lanok was but decided against it.

“It seems like they're giving people coffee.”

In the direction where Louis had turned his head toward, employees in uniforms had set up a table and were handing out coffees.

“Would you like one?” Louis asked.

“Sure.”

Louis walked toward the table. He was being polite, but it looked as if he was trying not to step out of the designated line.

Soon after, he handed over a mid-sized paper cup to Kang Chan. “Almost all of the Intelligence Bureaus' Heads heading back to their countries tonight.”

“Isn't this event supposed to continue until tomorrow?”

“They schedule another day to follow customs. All the actual decisions are made at the current meeting, so it wouldn't be wrong to assume nearly everyone will be heading home after the Director of the National Intelligence Service's dinner.”

“Living like that must be tiring.”

Louis smiled awkwardly.

What Michelle had told him suddenly came across Kang Chan's mind.

“How is it going with Anne?” Kang Chan asked.

Startled and flustered, Louis spat out coffee. He moved the paper cup away from his mouth, then looked at Kang Chan.

“Why are you so surprised?” Kang Chan asked again.

“You know about it? Does the Ambassador also know?”

“I don’t think he does.”

Kang Chan couldn’t help but laugh out loud.

It wasn’t like Anne was the third daughter of Mr. Choi. [1]

Kang Chan sipped on his coffee because it seemed Louis didn’t want to say more on the matter. As he did, he saw Kim Hyung-Jung walking out from the glass door that led to the meeting room and looking around.

“Mr. Manager!”

Kim Hyung-Jung quickly approached Kang Chan when he raised his hand.

“The walkie-talkie wasn’t working, so I ran over,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

“We changed the frequency to a special one. I was going to change the frequency after this meeting since I’d be joining you then anyway. What’s wrong?”

“Can we talk in private for a moment?”

Kang Chan excused himself to Louis after noticing Kim Hyung-Jung’s expression, then walked to one side of the building.

“It seems like the bomb hasn’t been brought into the building yet, but I’m worried. This is a hotel, after all. The group of Chinese tourists right above us is also weighing on my mind,” Kim Hyung-Jung urgently told Kang Chan when they reached the marble flower bed.

Kang Chan only listened.

“If you tune in to channel two, you’ll connect with me, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, and everyone else on the security team. I’ve already designated the channel, so you just have to connect. I went with Mr. Seok Kang-Ho’s opinion and unified your codename as ‘God of Blackfield.’”

“Alright. That aside, is something bothering you?”

“You’ve been talked about way too much on the news. You seem to be gathering a lot of national interest and reaction because South Korea doesn’t have a representative here.”

Kang Chan naturally frowned.

“I also can’t help but think about the fact that the construction company that built the international building and international hotel is Suh Jeong Constructions.”

“They built this building?” Kang Chan asked.

“That’s what I’ve been told. I was also informed that the Rutu’s hotel’s management team is the one managing it.”

Perhaps because he had seen Kang Chan’s abilities in Mongolia, but Kim Hyung-Jung told him everything, even the little details. In fact, if he didn’t feel that way, it wouldn’t have been easy to even put Seok Kang-Ho on the security team.

“Mr. Manager, why isn’t a South Korean representative in the meeting with the Heads of the Intelligence Bureaus?” Kang Chan asked. He had been curious about it since he listened to Lanok earlier.

“South Korea wasn’t a part of the establishment process. However, if the committee launches today, we’ll have a seat by the next meeting. Will you be staying here until the meeting ends?”

“Yes. I should be loyal to Lanok.”

“Understood. On another note, the chief officer of Presidential security knows about the operation in Mongolia. If there’s something that you want, then feel free to make demands.”

“Alright.”

Kim Hyung-Jung soon left, and Kang Chan returned to Louis. Nothing tense had happened so far since then.

Chapter 106.2: End it Quickly (1)

Kang Chan just drank coffee on one side of the international building in a suit. Honestly, he was becoming less nervous.

“Would you like a cigarette?” Kang Chan asked.

Louis accepted the offer. Soon after, they both lit up their sticks.

‘Being a security guard is fucking hard.’

They had to stay alert even when faced with dull mundanity.

Kang Chan shook his head as he sat on the marble of the flower bed.

“Monsieur Kang, what do you think about Anne?” Louis asked with a serious expression.

“Louis, I already like another woman. And Anne is just interested in me because she needs someone she can depend on while shaking off the sadness she’s been holding inside since that incident. That’s all there is to it.”

Kang Chan took a sip of the cold coffee, then put the cup down beside him. “I would rather go to Mongolia one more time if I was told to go. I really can’t do things like this.”

Louis forcibly gritted his teeth as if he was holding in his laughter.

“You should act comfortably when you’re with me. I don’t know if smiling in front of the Ambassador is rude, but to me, it isn’t.”

Louis smiled awkwardly, then perched on the marble beside Kang Chan.

The fucker had really long legs.

“We have prepared everything.” Yang Jin-Woo told someone in the second meeting room. “As soon as it’s out, Lee Ji-Yeon’s case will be closed as her hanging herself because she was pessimistic about her unnie’s death,” the man told Yang Jin-Woo.

“I heard that there’s also an elderly in her family?”

“She’s undergoing dialysis for kidney failure. They’re undergoing a lot of financial difficulties because the unnie who bore the cost of the hospital fees died.”

“I don’t want any loose ends.”

“Understood.”

“Go.”

The man bowed his head and stood up. Yang Jin-Woo went somewhere as well.

The first meeting room.

Straightening his large physique, Kwak Do-Young, the assistant of Chairperson Huh Sang-Soo, greeted Yang Jin-Woo.

“Have a seat. How did it go?” Yang Jin-Woo asked.

“We’ve finished our preparations.”

Yang Jin-Woo leisurely looked around the large meeting room, then leaned toward Kwak Do-Young. “We aren’t giving our work to them after we put all that effort into this, are we?”

“The Chairperson, the Assemblyman, and the Chairman have basically raised the Minister of the Ministry of Economy and Finance.”

“How are we supposed to know what’s going on inside someone’s mind?”

“There’s nothing for you to be worried about. The chairman even called him yesterday and had dinner together,” Kwak Do-Young quickly added when he saw Yang Jin-Woo’s expression. “He didn’t say anything else.”

“Whoo, we should be very careful. Look at chief secretary Cho right now—didn’t he directly show our situation after the Eurasian rail was announced? The current regime is committing cruel things that we couldn’t have imagined. They’re even saying that South Korea is freeing itself from the influences of

China and the United States. This is why people who have nothing to offer aren't enough. This world has hierarchies, even in schools.”

Yang Jin-Woo clicked his tongue, then leaned toward Kwak Do-Young again. “Where’s the chairman and the chairperson?”

“They’re in the meeting hall and the private office.”

“Didn’t they go abroad?”

“Only tourists came into the country from China. What would they go abroad for?”

“Hu, Hu, hu, hu.”

Yang Jin-Woo laughed breathily, then looked at Kwak Do-Young. “I met the chairman and chairperson Huh when they were still young, but they weren’t as magnanimous as you. I’m really curious about how far you’ll go.”

“I’m only following orders.”

“Phew, that’s right. That kind of mindset is important. People gain standards according to what they have. Know that a world will soon be created where you’ll be able to spread your wings properly. Never lose your personal connections in China.”

“I’ll keep that in mind, Mr. Chairman,” Kwak Do-Young answered while bowing his head.

The meeting ended at exactly 5:30 pm.

Kang Chan was outside for over two hours, during which he spent some time talking to Louise about different topics and Kim Hyung-Jung came over two more times.

Kang Chan realized two things. One was that he would never become a security guard again even if it cost him his life, and the other was that Choi Jong-Il was going through a really hard time.

“Mr. Kang Chan, I’ve kept you waiting for far too long. My friends would like to greet you,” Lanok said. He had a bright expression when he came out of the main conference room.

Five people including Ludwig hugged Kang Chan and noisily kissed each other’s cheeks.

“I hope we see each other a lot more, Mr. Kang Chan. If it’s okay with you, please drop by our country someday as well,” one of them said.

“I’ll visit it in the future. Until next time.”

They exchanged greetings for about five minutes while a man who looked like a National Intelligence Service agent was waiting for them on one side of the building.

“Good luck to you.”

Kang Chan felt as if he had finished one assignment.

Lanok, Kang Chan, and Louis headed to the international hotel while following an agent of the National Intelligence Service.

“Vasili has been elected as the vice-chairman, and Ludwig and Vant are now part of the operation committee along with two more people. The result is satisfactory,” Lanok told Kang Chan.

Kang Chan didn't know what Lanok was talking about, but he wasn't particularly interested either.

They soon headed to the international hotel by following the National Intelligence Service agent. On the way, Kang Chan became worried about how boring the dinner would be.

“Only the Ambassador and Mr. Kang Chan are entering the official meeting.” The employee standing at the entrance blocked Louis' way.

Honestly, Kang Chan didn't want to go in either. He wouldn't gain anything by having his face repeatedly shown on TV. Even if they were in a situation where he would have to stop a terrorist attack, just rashly standing up during the dinner would still be burdensome.

“I'm sorry to say this, but I'm thinking of staying outside as well,” Kang Chan said.

“The President has invited you himself. We ask you to attend if you don't have special circumstances that prevent you from doing so.”

The employee's remarks made Kang Chan feel as if he had to go in.

“I'll inspect you two for a moment.”

The agent stopped the employee from raising the detection stick.

“These two are exceptions to inspection.”

Surprised, the employee urgently apologized after checking the computer.

“Please go in, Mr. Ambassador.”

Kang Chan headed inside with Lanok, who had been looking at them because he was wondering what was going on.

“This way.”

The employee in charge of guiding people to their seats approached them and led them to a table near the front, where a podium was, and the middle of the room.

The broadcasting companies' cameras were lined up along the walls of the room.

Before he sat down, Kang Chan briefly greeted those sitting at the same table as him. Rather than being sharp, they politely greeted Kang Chan and Lanok with stern looks in their eyes.

The table had a variety of cups, plates, and utensils on the white tablecloth covering it.

Lanok leaned in and whispered in Kang Chan's ear, "I also can't digest food properly when I'm eating in places like this, but it would be best to loosen up your expression a little bit since we're being broadcasted."

"That's why I said that I don't want to come in here a moment ago."

Lanok turned his head to listen to what Kang Chan was saying, then turned to whisper again, "That would have made this boring meal lonely as well."

When Kang Chan smiled slightly, Lanok smiled like a European mask.

[It seems the South Korean student Kang Chan is talking about something funny with the Ambassador of France right now, but we don't know what they're talking about exactly.]

The screen was filled with Lanok and Kang Chan talking to each other and then smiling.

[Although the President hasn't entered yet, the dining room is already filled with excitement. The people eagerly wait for the time to commemorate the establishment of the historic Eurasian rail.]

Kang Yoo Motors was already on the verge of closing the doors to the showroom on the lower floor, but calls were still flooding in.

"The President is out on the field right now. If you leave a message, then I'll relay it to him. Yes. Yes. Yes, I understand."

The employees kept hanging up the calls that were looking for Kang Dae-Kyung.

"Honey, our Channy is going to be okay, right?"

"This happened so suddenly, which is why everyone's reacting this way. Everyone is going to forget about this soon, so don't worry."

Kang Dae-Kyung stroked Yoo Hye-Sook's back, who looked gaunt even though only half of the day had passed. He became worried as well when he noticed all broadcasts were competitively reporting about Kang Chan and the office was being flooded with calls, though.

"Honey, why did Channy hang something like that on his ear?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

"Huh?"

The screen was showing the entire dining room again.

"You didn't see? Channy was wearing a gray earphone on his ear?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked again.

"He's probably wearing that because it's needed for the event," Kang Dae-Kyung decided to overlook the truth for now.

"Everyone, please welcome the President."

Following what the host said, everyone stood up and welcomed President Moon Jae-Hyun and the First Lady with applause.

Moon Jae-Hyun waved as he entered. Behind him, two security guards guarded each side of the entrance.

When Moon Jae-Hyun reached the podium, everyone sat down.

“I sincerely welcome everyone who visited South Korea for the establishment of the Eurasian rail.”

When Moon Jae-Hyun started his speech, Lanok hung the earphone beside his chair on his ear.

Kang Chan listened to Moon Jae-Hyun’s speech while looking as comfortable as possible.

This was better than being in classes that he couldn’t understand.

The speech lasted for about twenty minutes. Moon Jae-Hyun then walked to the very front seat and proposed a toast. People gave another round of applause afterward, and the meal course consisting of Korean cuisine started.

After that, today’s schedule would be over.

Chapter 107.1: End it Quickly (2)

Kang Chan sat in room 503 in the international hotel. He threw his jacket and tie on the bed and then unbuttoned his shirt.

“Whoo! This feels good,” Kang Chan said.

“Phuhu, I’m going to order coffee. Do you want yours hot or iced?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Iced for me.”

“What about you, Mr. Manager?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kim Hyung-Jung.

“I’d like iced coffee as well.”

While Seok Kang-Ho was calling room service, Kang Chan and Kim Hyung-Jung bit on a cigarette.

“It must’ve been difficult,” Kim Hyung-Jung commented.

“Please don’t even mention it—nobody should even have to go through that,” Kang Chan answered as Seok Kang-Ho came over to the table and picked up a cigarette.

Chk chk. Chk chk.

“Whoo, but isn’t it great that everything went smoothly today?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“That’s true.”

With all the official schedules done, the Intelligence Bureaus' Heads went into their rooms. Kang Chan could relax to a certain extent since the 606 members were guarding all entrances from the fifth to the seventh floor.

"How do you feel about this?" Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

"I'm calm."

As Kang Chan expressed how he felt, they heard the doorbell ring.

"Room service," someone said.

Click.

With a pistol in hand, Seok Kang-Ho walked along the wall and carefully opened the door.

Creak.

The male hotel employee, who had stiffened with nervousness, placed the tray with coffees on the table. He then left the room as if he was running away.

"The announcement is at 11 am tomorrow. It's expected to be broadcasted live all over the world on news channels, including CNN. The President and the Prime Minister will be attending it, of course," Kim Hyung-Jung said.

"According to the original plan, wasn't Lanok the one doing the announcement?" Kang Chan asked.

Kim Hyung-Jung urgently swallowed coffee, which was full of ice. He then coughed profusely, almost as if he was choking.

"Why not answer a bit slower? Here," Seok Kang-Ho reached out to pull out two tissues, then gave them to Kim Hyung-Jung.

"Cough! Cough! It's very strong," Kim Hyung-Jung looked at Kang Chan with a flushed face after coughing.

"As I was saying, wasn't Lanok the one doing the announcement?" Kang Chan repeated.

"Ahem! Ahem! The announcement should... Ahem! Hmm. Lanok is still the one doing it. The President and the Prime Minister are just attending to congratulate the announcement."

Kim Hyung-Jung discreetly checked Kang Chan's expression.

What's going on?

"Will you tell Ambassador Lanok to make the President look good? I know the event is run by the establishment committee of the Eurasian rail, but it would be very disappointing for him to just be standing there, considering it's going to be broadcasted live to the entire world," Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

“Do I really have to?”

“There’s been a lot of discussions about it, but many people voiced that the President should attend and are hoping that he doesn’t look like just another audience at the very least.”

Kang Chan exhaled softly. Doing things like this was really just the underlings going over the top.

“I know you’re in an awkward position. We should be the ones asking him, but unlike how he treats you, Ambassador Lanok is very logical when dealing with business. It’s like he turns into a completely different person.”

Lanok did have such a side.

“That’s exactly why we wanted an unofficial workplace relationship that badly. Hearing him refuse us without batting an eye or seeing his cold expression is enough for us to wonder if he actually has emotions,” Kim Hyung-Jung added.

Was Lanok that cold?

Kang Chan remembered his first impression of Lanok.

“I’ll talk to him about it tomorrow morning,” Kang Chan said.

“Thank you.”

Kim Hyung-Jung left the room after spending about ten more minutes with them.

“You packed a bayonet, right?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“I placed an extra bayonet in the closet.”

“Good job.”

After they took turns washing up, Kang Chan slept on the twin bed.

Sleeping properly whenever he could during an operation was a lesson that he had learned in Africa.

If they survived, then he’d have a lot of time to think.

Kang Chan woke up at 5:30 am, warmed up lightly, and did a few bodyweight exercises. He then had a shower.

Everything would be over today.

At 11 am, the announcement would be made in the grand ballroom on the international hotel’s second floor.

Kang Chan felt at ease because, unlike the operation in Mongolia, he wasn’t in charge of this event. However, he also felt frustrated. It was as if he had just butted into something that he didn’t even know much about.

When Kang Chan went out of the bathroom, he found Seok Kang-Ho drinking water at the table.

“Did you get a good night’s sleep?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Yeah. go wash up quickly.”

“Alright.”

Kang Chan took out and put on the clothes he wore yesterday. They hadn’t even been washed.

It wasn’t a big deal to him, though. It was nothing compared to when he was in Africa.

Seok Kang-Ho had come out of the bathroom and was changing when Kim Hyung-Jung pressed their room’s doorbell. Seok Kang-Ho opened the door, and Kim Hyung-Jung came into the room with someone unfamiliar.

“Mr. Kang Chan, this is Jeon Dae-Geuk, the section chief of the presidential security service,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Jeon Dae-Geuk held out his hand.

His prominent cheekbones, the sharp look in his eyes, and his hair, which was slicked back using oil, reminded Kang Chan of military officers.

“I’m Kang Chan.”

“I came so early because I wanted to see you and to familiarize myself with how you look before the event today.”

It seemed Jeon Dae-Geuk was already acquainted with Seok Kang-Ho, considering he lightly greeted him with his eyes.

“I’d like to have breakfast with you here. Will that be alright?” Jeon Dae-Geuk asked.

“Sure. I don’t mind.” Kang Chan answered.

At that moment, Kim Hyung-Jung opened the door and nodded.

Drrrrr.

An employee dragged in a long box with wheels and opened the serving cart, forming a square table. Four plates came up from below, all containing foods such as toast, bacon, and eggs.

There were also coffee, water, and even juice.

They started eating.

Jeon Dae-Geuk ate without hesitation even though he had just met Kang Chan.

Who would refuse to eat with him?

Within five minutes, the foods on all four plates were consumed as if they never existed in the first place.

“You smoke, right, Mr. Kang Chan?” Jeon Dae-Geuk asked.

“Yes.”

“I’m glad. I’ll smoke before I go.”

Kim Hyung-Jung took out a cigarette, and Seok Kang-Ho opened the electric window as wide as possible.

Jeon Dae-Geuk held a cigarette and had a sip of coffee, then looked straight at Kang Chan. “I went into the security service after working in the special forces brigades.”

Jeon Dae-Geuk immediately extinguished the cigarette, which was unexpected. “I’ve heard about the operation in Mongolia. The official position of our government is that it never happened, but personally and as a representative of the South Korean specialized team, I’d like to thank you.”

Kang Chan just smiled awkwardly, finding the compliment embarrassing.

“What I’m jealous about is not the capabilities of the Foreign Legion’s specialized team, but the intelligence capabilities and flexibility of France’s Intelligence Bureau, which accepted your request. If similar problems occur in the future or situations arise where you have to make a move, then I ask that you call me first before anyone else.”

Kim Hyung-Jung looked as if he didn’t know that Jeon Dae-Geuk would say something like this.

“Manager Kim Hyung-Jung here and Kim Tae-Jin from Yoo Bi-Corp are both juniors to me by two years. I’ll interfere if there’s something that they can’t do for you. Consider this promise as my way of saying thank you for making the South Korean specialized team look good as well.”

When Kang Chan laughed out loud, Jeon Dae-Geuk smiled widely.

“Section chief, you don’t really smoke, do you?” Kang Chan asked.

“It’s been about ten years since I quit. I have to care about how I smell since I’m protecting higher-ups at close range. Going somewhere else just to smoke isn’t ideal either, so I just quit.”

This person seemed okay.

Kang Chan especially liked the look in Jeon Dae-Geuk’s eyes, which was bright even though he was already old.

“The director called and told me to just wholeheartedly follow what you want regarding security. Although I normally would’ve flatly refused, I now think doing as he instructed is the right decision. You ate like a soldier, and one who had gone through a lot of fieldwork at that. France probably realized that early, and our National Intelligence Service did so a little late. Anyway, I look forward to working with you today,” Jeon Dae-Geuk continued. He suddenly stood up, then held out his hand.

Jeon Dae-Geuk was the type of person to push things through even if it drove other people crazy, but that didn't seem like a bad thing. At the very least, he was considerate of Kang Chan and smoked a bit even though he had already quit just so Kang Chan would feel at ease smoking.

“Let's meet a lot more from here on out,” Jeon Dae-Geuk told Kang Chan as they shook hands.

“Alright.”

Jeon Dae-Geuk smiled strangely, then shook hands with Seok Kang-Ho.

“You're going to stay here for a bit longer, right?” Jeon Dae-Geuk asked Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Yes.”

The two left the room...

“It's been a while since I've seen eyes that bright. You must not lose him to a country like France, no matter what,” Jeon Dae-Geuk said.

“Understood.”

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho couldn't help but laugh out loud because of the conversation they heard in the hallway—it sounded as if Kim Hyung-Jung had a difficult time replying to Jeon Dae-Geuk.

“Phuhuhuhu!”

Seok Kang-Ho burst out with laughter as Kim Hyung-Jung returned to the room. Kim Hyung-Jung closed the door and sat at the portable table again while shaking his head.

It felt as if a huge storm had just swept past the room.

“Despite how that gentleman acts, he's the commanding officer that the members want to do an operation with the most,” Kim Hyung-Jung commented, then lit up a cigarette. He looked at ease. “Ever since he received data and intel about the operation in Mongolia from the National Intelligence Service, he had been looking forward to meeting you. He's also the only person that Kim Tae-Jin can't defy.”

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho burst out with laughter again because Kim Hyung-Jung spoke as if he was making excuses for the conversation in the hallway.

Chapter 107.2: End it Quickly (2)

“Jeon Dae-Geuk's nerves are on edge because there's information that you're being managed by France's DGSE. He strongly believes that to develop as a country, we have to accept and raise the talented people that we find,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

The carefree atmosphere calmed down to a certain degree.

“All of the foreign reporters are going to attend the event. There are going to be three lines of security. The security service will be in charge inside the grand ballroom, the National Intelligence Service’s specialized team outside it, and the 606 on its outskirts.”

The atmosphere changed when they went back to business.

“I’m going to support everyone from the outside. We designated Mr. Kang Chan to sit next to Ambassador Lanok in the guest seats, and Mr. Seok Kang-Ho will be near the back of the guest seats. Anyway, I’ll get going now. Let’s finish strong today, then have a drink.”

When Kim Hyung-Jung left the room, Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho took their weapons.

“How do you feel today?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“I’m not sure, but I do feel a bit uncomfortable. Anyway, stop asking me questions like that over and over again. I’m not a fortune teller.”

“I keep asking you because it hasn’t just been once or twice that we survived thanks to your gut feelings.”

Kang Chan strapped the bayonet to his right ankle, then wore the earphone of the walkie-talkie on his ear.

For some reason, he sighed loudly when he put on the jacket.

Everything would be over after this meeting.

The security was thorough. Jeon Dae-Geuk was in charge of it, and the 606 and specialized team were standing by at the event’s venue. Although this historic event was enormous since it would change the dynamics of the world’s economy, committing a terrorist attack here would be difficult.

Kang Chan saw Seok Kang-Ho taking weapons. It felt as if he was wearing clothes that didn’t suit him.

“I’ll see you later,” Kang Chan said.

“Yeah.”

Kang Chan left the room at around 9 am.

Lanok’s room was about three times bigger than Kang Chan’s.

Kang Chan heard that Lanok had nonstop interviews until late at night with the people in charge of the countries that stayed at the same hotel as him, but he didn’t look tired.

“Mr. Kang Chan, how are you?” Lanok asked.

“I don’t feel great today. What about you?”

“I feel the same way. It seems I need black tea and a cigar.”

As Lanok's assistant prepared black tea for them on the table, Lanok bit on a cigar and lit it.

"There's only the announcement left," Lanok commented.

"That's right, Mr. Ambassador."

Kang Chan exhaled loudly as he put down the teacup he drank out of. He had so much trouble breathing that his chest started to tighten.

"Mr. Ambassador."

"Yes, Mr. Kang Chan?" Lanok looked at Kang Chan, perplexed.

"I don't have a good feeling about this. I don't know about anyone else, but I think you'd believe me, so I thought I should tell you that. I hope you follow all my decisions at least for today even if it seems impractical."

It was going to be difficult for Lanok to believe him, but Kang Chan thought at least Lanok should be aware of this.

"Alright," Lanok answered after looking at Kang Chan for a moment. "Is that why your expression is different than usual, by any chance?"

"Did my eyes glint a bit?"

"I was starting to wonder if I've done anything to displease you," Lanok answered while smiling like a European mask.

"This has happened before. I already had a bad feeling about what was about to happen before we got ambushed and before unexpected danger could even come close to us. Even if my guts aren't always right, it doesn't hurt to be more careful in moments like this."

"That's fascinating."

This was also something that couldn't be explained.

"Right—Mr. Ambassador, I was told that the President and the Prime Minister are planning to attend the event today, so..."

Kang Chan stopped. Lanok's expression had changed.

Would Moon Jae-Hyun and Go Gun-Woo attending this event something that could surprise this sly fox this much?

"Mr. Kang Chan, did you just say that the President and the Prime Minister are attending?"

"Yes. I heard about it loud and clear. I was even asked to tell you that they're asking you to make the President look good before the announcement today."

"Whoo!" Lanok sighed loudly.

“What’s wrong, Mr. Ambassador?”

“Since I’m hosting this event, I requested yesterday for the Prime Minister to not attend the President’s dinner, and I’ve only invited the Prime Minister to the presentation today because of South Korea’s regulations.”

Kang Chan couldn’t understand what Lanok was saying.

“Mr. Kang Chan, the Eurasian rail will rock the world’s economy for the next hundreds of years. If France was left out of this plan, then I would have committed terrorist attacks even if it meant getting the Foreign Legion killed.”

Kim Hyung-Jung also said something similar.

“In South Korea, if the President suffers an accident, then the power will be transferred to the Prime Minister. If the Prime Minister fails to do their work, then the power will be transferred to the Minister of Economy and Finance,” Lanok added.

Kang Chan had never thought about things like that.

“Lee Min-Woo, the minister of South Korea’s Ministry of Economy and Finance was basically raised by Huh Ha-Soo, the chairman of the national assembly, and WooYang Jeon-Woo[1]. The current regime has handed over that position instead of approving the legislative bill because they lacked the number of seats.”

“In that case, if the C-4 was to explode here, then...?” Kang Chan asked.

“Until the next President is elected, Huh Ha-Soo and WooYang Jeon-Woo can operate the government however they want. I don’t know why the South Korean government acted so impulsively like this—my country’s DGSE has even secretly leaked information because of things like this.”

This was appalling.

“Since Huh Sa-Soo is the chairman of the National Assembly, he definitely would’ve put some kind of condition to force the President and the Prime Minister to attend. It’s probably along the lines of the opposition party keeping quiet and no longer asserting that the Director of the National Intelligence Service and the Prime Minister should be replaced. After all, they know how much the current President values his people,” Lanok continued.

There was something that Kang Chan didn’t understand. “Mr. Ambassador, if this goes wrong, then it would be difficult for Huh Ha-Soo and Yang Jin-Woo to survive. Can they really be desperate enough to put their lives on the line?”

“WuYang Jeon-Woo is an American citizen, and China and Japan wouldn’t abandon those two anyway. Taking that into consideration, it would be difficult for

the South Korean government to find evidence. It's the same as knowing that you commanded the operation in Mongolia but having no evidence to complain about it publicly."

Looking slightly flustered, Lanok continued, "What would you do if you were in charge of stopping this meeting today no matter what? Would this meeting really proceed as planned if you handle it completely prepared to die?"

What would happen if that really was the case?

"We decided to hold this event here in South Korea because it's difficult to get weapons here and its President and Prime Minister share the same goals. Go Gun-Woo would support the Eurasian rail even if the President dies."

Kang Chan breathed out deeply, then held up a cigarette and lit it.

"Cancelling this event now will be difficult," Lanok added while looking grim.

"Can I tell the security service or the National Intelligence Service about what you just told me?"

"It doesn't matter., but it would be best to be as careful as possible before the meeting progresses."

It was already 9:40 am.

Kang Chan immediately pressed the talk button on the walkie-talkie.

Chk.

"Mr. Kim Hyung-Jung, it's Kang Chan."

Kang Chan received a response the moment he extinguished his cigarette.

Chk.

"It's Kim Hyung-Jung."

Chk.

"Something urgent came up. It would be best to meet up as soon as we can. I'm in Ambassador Lanok's room right now."

Chk.

"I'm on my way. I'll be there in ten minutes."

Chk.

"Please get here even faster. We need you here as soon as possible, even if that's just a minute quicker."

When Kim Hyung-Jung said that he understood, Kang Chan pressed the button on the walkie-talkie again.

Chk.

“Mr. Jeon Dae-Geuk, it’s Kang Chan. You’ve probably been listening to our conversation and already know what’s going on. Can I see you as well?”

Chk.

“Alright.”

Kang Chan put down the walkie-talkie’s microphone, which was attached to his sleeve.

“You can tell them to come into this room,” Lanok said.

Jeon Dae-Geuk and Kim Hyung-Jung formally greeted Lanok. Listening to Kang Chan’s explanation, their expressions hardened.

They seemed to have thought they shouldn’t have any doubts because Lanok was sitting right there and because Kang Chan was adding his own opinions as he interpreted.

“Can the President and Prime Minister cancel their plan to attend?” Kang Chan asked in Korean.

“It would be difficult to cancel that for this kind of reason. Even the Ambassador is probably going to say that he’ll attend. It doesn’t matter what type of event it is. If people stop attending just because of the circumstances, there won’t be any events that VIPs can attend.”

Kang Chan passed on what Kim Hyung-Jung said, and Lanok said that he shared the same sentiments on that part.

“We’ll return to our posts for now and push back the reporters a bit more so we’ll have more space. Afterward, we’ll check if there’s no other way to stop the terror attack. It’s already past 10 am, so even if we do this, we’ll still be extremely short on time. Anyway, we’ll contact you about the rest of the matters through the walkie-talkie,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

When Jeon Dae-Geuk and Kim Hyung-Jung left, Lanok looked at Kang Chan as if he was wearing a European mask.

“This alone is no different from stopping half of the terrorist attack, Mr. Kang Chan.”

When Kang Chan smirked, Lanok poured out more black tea for him.

“The dice have already been cast,” Lanok continued, “Since they got attacked in Mongolia, China will try their hardest to get revenge. We have to stop them.”

“Aren’t you afraid?” Kang Chan asked out of genuine curiosity.

“This is what our lives are like. A lot of people quit because they couldn’t overcome this fear and nervousness, but we won’t gain anything if we keep

fearing death.” Lanok tightly pressed the half-smoked cigar on the ashtray.
“Have you ever been afraid before heading into battle?”

“I haven’t thought about it.”

With a nod, Lanok said, “I’m heading into battle today, Mr. Kang Chan.”

All Kang Chan could do was nod in response.

Chapter 108.1: Let's Kill Everyone (1)

10:15 am.

It was now time for them to go out to the event location.

Badum-badum. Badum-badum.

Kang Chan’s instincts started to tell him that this was dangerous.

“The look in your eyes changed again. Is this how you immediately knew something dangerous was about to happen at the golf club as well?” Lanok asked.

“Yes. Back then, I felt something like this as well.”

“Mr. Kang Chan,” Lanok called with an intense look in his eyes. “We’ve done our best, so let’s now humbly accept the results, no matter how it turns out. That being said, I’m glad you’re with me as I head out to the event venue.”

Lanok lived with so much determination. Even though his wife was shot to death and his daughter had injured her leg, he lived on to participate in this kind of event all the time.

Kang Chan smirked, then breathed in loudly. “Let’s go. I met a great man today.”

“You must be talking about the chief officer of security.”

“Yes. With such a strong ally on our side, fighting our enemies will be worth it. We’re also very lucky to have you in events like this.”

Lanok smiled widely in response.

“Now!” Lanok stood up, and the agents and his assistant headed out to the waiting room.

“Let’s start our war,” Lanok said.

“Let’s go.”

Europeans always had a cool way of saying those kinds of expressions.

Two agents opened the door and examined the hallway. Louis and Kang Chan went out of the room in order. Lanok followed behind them.

Badum-badum. Badum-badum.

Kang Chan’s nerves were on edge.

As Louis moved quickly according to Kang Chan's glances, the different agents nervously inspected the hallway and the front of the elevator.

A member of the 606 was at the end of the hallway by the elevator.

They were on the fifth floor.

Ding.

The elevator opened. Louis got in first, then Kang Chan, then Lanok.

Someone pressed the button for the second floor. The door closed and the elevator, which was filled with a strangely nerve-wracking atmosphere, descended.

4... 3... 2... *Ding.*

When the door opened, an enormous amount of flash, the sounds of camera shutters, and blinding lights shone onto Lanok and Kang Chan.

[Finally, Lanok Belmonde Pardieu, the Ambassador of France, Founder of the Eurasian rail establishment, and first Operation Committee member has appeared for today's historic announcement. Beside him is Kang Chan, the Shinmuk High School student who has been with Lanok since the start of this event. He does not seem dispirited at all, which is praiseworthy and something that we're proud of. Everyone! This is one for the books. We're honored to be able to broadcast the moment South Korea will confidently position itself as a key player in the world's economy that will lead for the next several centuries.]

"Wow!" the kids exclaimed loud enough to shake the Shinmuk high school's glass windows. Even the teachers looked flushed with excitement and had both of their hands tightly clasped in front of them because the announcer's excited shout was instigating them.

The military band performed Arirang[1] with discipline at the same time Lanok entered. The representatives from each attending country all stood up and greeted Lanok and Kang Chan with applause.

Kang Chan quickly examined their surroundings, noticing the five security guards in charge of Lanok's safety adjusting locations according to Lanok's movements.

The second floor was spacious.

The distance that they walked after they stepped out of the elevator and went to the grand ballroom was long enough to be over twenty meters.

One, two, three, four, five.

Kang Chan instinctively measured the distance.

He could hear the sounds of his own breathing, which showed just how nervous he was.

The sounds of shutters and flashes kept bursting out from the cameras as they followed Lanok.

“Move!”

“Don’t push!”

“Those in the front—duck down a bit!”

The reporters who went up the foldable ladders and the reporters that blocked them grappled against each other. In between them, the agents paved the way for Kang Chan and Lanok.

The grand ballroom’s door was completely opened.

If it weren't for the two 10-meter walls on either side of the room, the entire second floor would have seemed like an open-space area.

Kang Chan’s eyes briefly met Seok Kang-Ho’s, who was standing at the wall on the right.

They immediately looked away from each other, but that short moment was enough for Kang Chan to read Seok Kang-Ho’s expression. He looked surprised by the look in Kang Chan’s eyes.

An agent guided Lanok to the seat at the front and center, then gestured to the seat next to it to Kang Chan.

Lanok turned from side to side with his hand raised in greeting and while smiling like a European mask to his heart's content.

In front of their table was a platform, and to the side of where Seok Kang-Ho was standing were a man and a woman who looked like the hosts. They were standing in front of the small podium and were quickly checking their scripts.

Badum-badum. Badum-badum.

Kang Chan's heart seemed to be yelling at him, ‘Get out. Get out of here. Please get out of this place.’

After quickly observing his surroundings, Kang Chan looked at Lanok.

I’ve already decided to join this battle anyway, so I might as well fight them with everything I’ve got.

Kang Chan smirked, having strengthened his resolve.

“Oh my! What should I do? What should I do? Our president’s smile even appears in my dreams! A D.I. employee exclaimed.

The screen was showing Kang Chan, who was smiling.

The event would come to a close after the announcement at 11 am.

With the majority of people in front of the TV watching the announcement, the businesses in South Korea came to a halt. D.I. was no exception.

After canceling their morning shoot, all the employees, including Michelle and their accountant Choi Yoo-Jin watched TV.

[President Moon Jae-Hyun and Prime Minister Go Gun-Woo have decided to attend today's event and are expected to arrive soon. If the President and our government are the ones leading the Eurasian rail, then we're sure that the next generation like Kang Chan will raise up South Korea and put it at the top of the world. My fellow citizens! You are currently bearing witness to an event that will go down in South Korea's history forever.]

[The President and the Prime Minister are making their entrance now.]

The male host spoke in Korean, while the female host quickly interpreted it in English and French.

Bam-ba-baba, bam-ba-baba, bam-ba-la-ba-ba.

The military band performed Arirang again as Moon Jae-Hyun and Go Gun-Woo went up the stairs.

As the foreign countries' delegations all stood up and applauded, Kang Chan quickly examined their surroundings.

The scene was chaotic—filled with flashes, shutters, and voices of foreign reporters.

Jeon Dae-Geuk, who was also quickly looking over their surroundings, met Kang Chan's eyes.

He looked nervous.

Jeon Dae-Geuk's eyes were glinting, and he was so full of spite that it looked as if he would shoot anyone who'd block him immediately regardless of who they were.

Badum-badum. Badum-badum.

Kang Chan's heart was beating so quickly that it made him feel as if he was running around his apartment complex like he always did during mornings.

Whoo. Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.

Kang Chan could hear his own breathing.

The sounds from the military band, cameras, reporters, and applause sounded so far away, and everything seemed to be flowing slowly.

Kang Chan was now in perfect combat mode. In this condition, he was confident he could defeat anyone he would run into.

Whoo. Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.

Kang Chan examined his surroundings again from left to right, then observed those who were close to him and then those far away. He looked at the hosts, the agents, and the person in charge from Europe, who was sitting at the very right.

He also looked at the platform again, the security guards in the grand ballroom, the reporters, and the National Intelligence Service agents positioned far away.

As Kang Chan looked at those nearby again, he noticed Lanok's pinky finger slightly trembling.

Lanok was smiling as if he was wearing a mask and was looking at his surroundings with an arrogant gaze, but he couldn't suppress his pinky finger from trembling.

Kang Chan remembered Lanok saying that he was going out to battle as well.

Moon Jae-Hyun and Go Gun-Woo reached their seats, which were to Lanok's left.

Moon Jae-Hyun stood beside Lanok and shook hands with him, then unexpectedly held out his hand to Kang Chan as well.

Kang Chan politely shook hands with him.

[In front of the first operation committee member of the Eurasian rail, South Korea's present and future are shaking hands with each other. This historic scene hints toward South Korea's further development.]

Kang Dae-Kyung held Yoo Hye-Sook's trembling hand tightly.

They didn't know why, but Yoo Hye-Sook had a nightmare and started trembling the moment she sat in front of the TV. It only got worse whenever Kang Chan was shown on TV.

Kang Dae-Kyung reached around her shoulder and hugged her.

They didn't go to work today.

Their phones were on silent mode, they closed the door to their apartment, and they even unplugged the power cord of their home phone.

"It's okay, it's okay. You should trust and watch Channy. He's doing so well. Why are you so scared when it's about to end in a few hours?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"Honey, I'm trying not to be, but..." Yoo Hye-Sook, who looked pale from fright, tightly held Kang Dae-Kyung's hand.

"Our Channy shouldn't work at high places."

Kang Dae-Kyung's eyes were also trembling despite making a joke that sounded forced, but Yoo Hye-Sook didn't notice.

"He's going to do a good job. It's okay. Everything is going to be okay," Kang Dae-Kyung mumbled as if trying to reassure himself.

Would it be okay, though? As he kept repeating that it would be okay, Kang Dae-Kyung remembered the look in Kang Chan's eyes when he begged him to be okay.

On TV, Kang Chan shook hands with Go Gun-Woo, then sat down.

Chapter 108.2: Let's Kill Everyone (1)

[We welcome everyone to this historic event.]

[Ladies and Gentlemen.]

The sound of camera shutters rang throughout the event venue.

The male and female announcers took turns saying their lines, signaling the start of the event.

Meanwhile, Kang Chan's eyes met Seok Kang-Ho's about two times, then he clearly conveyed his intentions to Jeon Dae-Keuk.

The look in their eyes made sense for people who had fought and experienced life on battlefields. Only those who were in a nerve-wracking matter of life or death could understand their gazes.

'I trust you. Do what has to be done.'

Kang Chan felt reassured, but trust didn't stop accidents from happening.

"It's time to announce the Eurasian rail."

The host's line made the noisy performance, applause, and camera shutter sounds erupt again.

"Beforehand, we would like to welcome to the stage Lanok Belmonde Pardieu, the chairman of the Eurasian rail establishment, for a congratulatory message."

While the female host was interpreting, Lanok stood up from his seat and greeted Moon Jae-Hyun with a nod, then turned his head toward Kang Chan.

As Lanok smiled, his glinting eyes conveyed his thoughts to Kang Chan.

'I trust we'll win this war, but if we lose, I ask that you take care of Anne.'

Lanok meant that, at the very least, Kang Chan had to survive. His eyes also showed he believed that Kang Chan had the ability to do so.

Kang Chan responded to Lanok's fake smile with his peculiar smirk.

"Mr. Ambassador," Kang Chan said after standing up as well.

Being prepared to die wasn't good. The will to survive until the very end was far more important.

"Do you know my codename?" Kang Chan asked.

The sound of camera shutters rang throughout the event venue.

"God of Blackfield."

In front of the President, the Prime Minister, numerous cameras, and the countless people watching him on TV, a high schooler was stalling the event while shaking the hand of the Founder of the Eurasian rail.

"My enemies created that codename. It means 'a god of Africa who brings death.' I'm going to win the war today, so please take care of Anne yourself," Kang Chan continued.

An honest smile appeared inside Lanok's mask, but it disappeared quicker than it appeared.

'Did you read the look in my eyes?'

'Of course.'

Things like this didn't have to be said.

Lanok and Kang Chan smiled brightly at the same time.

“Sounds good. We’ll need to confuse our enemies,” Lanok said.

“We should do that. I have your back.”

[This is surprising. South Korea’s high schooler and Lanok are talking to each other before his congratulatory speech. Lanok’s expression is completely different from how he usually looks. I have been working on CNN as a reporter for politics for ten years now, but this is my first time seeing such a smile from him. Considering Lanok always places political meaning in all of his movements, even if he’s just moving a finger, it’s safe to say that his smile is passing on a definite message.]

The foreign reporters beside or in front of the cameras quickly passed on the situation using their microphones.

“To the honorable President of South Korea, his fellow citizens, and the representatives of every country connected to the Eurasian rail that has attended this event for this historic moment,” Lanok said, and the female host quickly and accurately interpreted his words into Korean.

Kang Chan’s heart sank coldly.

Badum-badum. Badum-badum. Badum-badum. Badum-badum.

The pulsation of his heart had changed.

This had only ever happened a few times to Kang Chan. It felt as if the enemy’s gun was pointed at his neck or forehead from somewhere.

Not even a word of the speech was coming into Kang Chan’s head.

He would die the moment he missed the sound of his own breathing.

Where were they? Who was acting suspiciously around him? Was one of the involved countries’ attending representatives going to take out their gun?

Kang Chan once again scanned his surroundings from left to right, then from close by to the far distance.

At times like this, the one he could trust the most was Dayeru.

‘We’re almost there. Get ready.’

‘Alright.’

‘Kill them no matter what.’

‘No matter what?’

Dayeru briefly nodded after receiving a glance from Kang Chan.

Kang Chan saw everything—from a foreign reporter with a microphone gulping to a reporter’s finger pressing a button on a camera.

Kang Chan exhaled quietly, then tilted the pistol holster to the back.

The security guards instantly looked at Kang Chan.

‘What are you doing?’ Jeon Dae-Geuk glared at Kang Chan as if he was going to draw his gun at any moment.

‘I’m doing what I want to do.’

Jeon Dae-Geuk tightly gritted his teeth, then quickly looked at the nearby security guards.

They were thinking, ‘Figure out their locations. Figure out the situation. Be on the lookout for danger.’

Badum. Badum. Badum. Badum.

“What I’m the happiest about regarding the connection of the Eurasian rail to South Korea is the chance I’ve been given to eat Korean food nonstop,” Lanok commented, causing laughter and applause to erupt.

“South Korea’s President and Prime Minister attended this honorable event today. This is a sudden request, but as the Founder, I would like to ask the President to give us a congratulatory message.” Lanok looked behind him.

Badum. Badum. Badum. Badum.

‘You shouldn’t be standing with the President.’

‘The Prime Minister is far away, so it’ll be fine. We just have to protect the Prime Minister.’

When Moon Jae-Hyun stood up, people clapped again.

There were so many people crowded outside the hotel cheering and applauding that it seemed as if they were listening to a coverage of a soccer game.

Lanok and Moon Jae-Hyun shook hands.

Do it quickly!

Kang Chan’s nerves were so on edge that the pit of his stomach began to feel hot.

Badum. Badum. Badum. Badum.

Lanok and Moon Jae-Hyun patted each other’s shoulders. Lanok then walked to Kang Chan’s side.

As if he had gone crazy, Jeon Dae-Geuk’s gaze alternated between the reporters, the foreign countries’ representatives, and the security guards.

When Lanok sat next to Kang Chan, Moon Jae-Hyun started to speak on the microphone. “To our honorable citizens of South Korea, our foreign guests who visited South Korea for the establishment of the Eurasian rail, and Founder Lanok Belmonde Pardieu, who is responsible for it. Today, I’m...”

Kang Chan examined Lanok after pushing back the pistol holster. Lanok's right pinky finger was still, but when Lanok walked over, it started trembling again.

"Now, we're going to be the leader of this great era," Moon Jae-Hyun said as he held out his right hand to the front, seemingly to emphasize what he was saying. A loud roar and applause were heard from outside the hotel.

Will this event really end so peacefully?

They were in South Korea.

Was something actually going to happen here?

It wasn't like a missile could be fired from the outside...

Kang Chan's cheeks felt as if they were burning. He quickly looked at the right side of the grand ballroom.

It was blocked by a cement wall, yet they could still clearly hear the shouts of the people outside?

Kang Chan raised his left hand and pressed the button on his walkie-talkie.

Chk.

"Mr. Manager, the right side of the grand ballroom is blocked from the inside. Is a wall also blocking it from the outside?"

Jeon Dae-Geuk, the security guards, and Seok Kang-Ho quickly looked at Kang Chan upon hearing him through the walkie-talkie.

Chk.

"I'm in the car of the situation room right now to find out. The grand ballroom's external wall is a glass window, but panels are blocking it from within to stop any shootings."

Kang Chan tightly gritted his teeth.

Moon Jae-Hyun's congratulatory speech was about halfway done.

Chk.

"Is there a building built by Suh Jeong Constructions or owned by Suh Jeong Group across from the hotel?" Kang Chan asked again.

Chk.

"Mr. Kang Chan, all of the buildings across the hotel are being controlled by the 606 and the thirty-fifth brigade."

Really? Am I overreacting again?

Chk.

“Mr. Manager, does the building behind the one across from the hotel have a clear view of the hotel’s second floor? The Mistral[1] or the Igla[2] has an effective range of up to five kilometers,” Kang Chan questioned.

Jeon Dae-Geuk’s head popped up. He had thought about the possibility of a gunfight, but he didn’t take into consideration that their enemies could launch a surface-to-air missile.

Mistrals and Iglas could fire a missile as long as an arm with a launcher that was as tall as a human.

Kim Hyung-Jung couldn’t answer immediately.

Chk.

“Mr. Kang Chan, we couldn’t calculate that far.”

Badum. Badum. Badum. Badum.

Kang Chan's heart raced like crazy.

People had come in and sat on the second floor of the hotel, so it was now tightly packed.

If there were special operation forces members prepared to die just to fire an Igla, no one would survive, especially considering the situation inside the hotel was being broadcasted on TV.

Kang Chan pressed the button on the walkie-talkie while quickly meeting Jeon Dae-Geuk’s eyes.

Chk.

“It’s the God of Blackfield. The snipers on the roof of the hotel are to check all of the buildings that are on the other side of the event venue. The target is a portable anti-air missile. If you see anything of the sort, you are to shoot on sight. Report afterward.”

Chk.

“It’s the chief officer of security. Follow the orders of the codename God of Blackfield.”

Jeon Dae-Geuk looked at Kang Chan while gritting his teeth.

Moon Jae-Hyun was about to end his congratulatory remarks quicker than Kang Chan had thought.

Where are they going to use the C-4? How can they kill Moon Jae-Hyun and Go Gun-Woo at the same time?

Chk.

“Mr. Manager, what facilities are on the third floor?” Kang Chan asked.

Chk.

“A buffet restaurant and a normal restaurant. We emptied both of them.”

Chk.

“What about the fourth floor?”

Chk.

“Empty guest rooms.”

God damn it!

Chk.

“Send the 606 to check the guests on floors eight to eleven. The enemies can break the glass with the C-4 and rappel down. There’s a chance they’re armed,” Kang Chan commanded.

After listening to Kang Chan’s commands, Jeon Dae-Geuk looked at him with an expression that said, ‘Could it be?’

Moon Jae-Hyun’s speech ended.

There was no answer. Everyone heard Kang Chan’s codename, but they couldn’t follow his command toward the guests.

Badum. Badum. Badum. Badum.

Kang Chan felt as if time had slowed down.

“Mr. Ambassador, if I shout, then please do whatever it takes to run over to that man,” Kang Chan said.

Lanok stood up from his seat. He briefly nodded while looking at Seok Kang-Ho.

France had recognized Kang Chan’s abilities, but South Korea was unaware of it.

When Kang Chan turned his gaze, Jeon Dae-Geuk brought his left hand to his mouth after seeing Lanok nod.

Chk.

“It’s the chief officer of security. 606, search through the hotel immediately! If you keep refusing to follow the God of Blackfield’s orders, I’ll hold everyone accountable.”

Chk.

“The 606 is moving in. We don’t have enough people. Requesting permission to send in the thirty-fifth brigade as well.”

Jeon Dae-Geuk sent a fierce look at Kang Chan.

Chk.

“Send in the thirty-fifth brigade.”

Chk.

“The thirty-fifth brigade is moving in.”

Lanok and Moon Jae-Hyun shook hands in front of the podium, and camera shutters noisily rang out.

Badum-Badum-Badum-Badum. Badum-Badum-Badum-Badum.

Kang Chan gritted his teeth to overcome the warning his heart was telling him.

At that moment...

Chk.

“We have discovered the missile. We have discovered the missile. Open fire. I repeat. Open fire,” someone urgently reported on the walkie-talkie.

Chapter 109: Lets go and Kill Everyone (2)

“Move!” Kang Chan yelled.

The moment Kang Chan sprang to his feet, Jeon Dae-Geuk and a security guard threw themselves at Moon Jae-Hyun.

Whoosh!

Meanwhile, Seok Kang-Ho and the agents threw themselves at Lanok.

“Stick to the wall!” Kang Chan yelled again.

Grumble! Bannng!

A powerful explosion reverberated, sending intense vibrations through the building.

It wasn't a missile. The C-4 had exploded on the floor above.

A scream then echoed. It was loud enough to overcome the commotion inside the hotel.

They had to stick to the wall if they wanted to live.

“Go to the back! The building is crumbling! I said to go to the back!” Kang Chan yelled as if he was crazy.

The security guard and the National Intelligence Service’s specialized team pushed the reporters away, and Kang Chan shoved the attendees sitting nearby to the area that was diagonal to the window.

Rumble!

The C4 exploded on the fourth floor.

“Escape to the back!”

Detonating just fifty pounds of C-4 on the fourth floor would’ve made enough rubble fall to make the second and third floors collapse, since they didn’t have pillars.

Rumble.

The third floor crumbled.

Chk.

“Missile! Missile! Run away!” Someone yelled into the walkie-talkie.

Jeon Dae-Geuk and Seok Kang-Ho, who were basically carrying Moon Jae-Hyun and Lanok respectively, were slammed into the corner.

“Go inside!”

Kang Chan shoved away a European who had frozen up.

Chk.

“Missile!” someone yelled on the radio again.

We get it already, you son of a bitch! You should have shot them before they could launch the missile!

The security guards threw themselves on Moon Jae-Hyun, Go Gun-Woo, and Lanok, one over another.

Rumble!

The second floor began to collapse.

Damn it!

“Cover your ears! Your ears! Cover your ears!”[1] Kang Chan ordered.

Kang Chan threw himself down, covering the foreigner that he saw in front of him.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The ceiling crumbled down, followed by the sound of an explosion loud enough to tear their eardrums and for them to feel shockwaves.

BANG!

Swoosh! Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow! Swish!

As heat, wind, and fragments bounced off the buildings, cement powder swept across Kang Chan.

Whoosh.

Kang Chan had become so numb it was as if he was seeing everything unfold from underwater.

Fuccckkk!

Kang Chan had gone through countless experiences like this.

He couldn't even feel the backside of his entire body.

Among the pile of what seemed like dead bodies covered in cement powder, some of the people twitched.

Ta-da-dang! Ta-da-da-dang! Ta-da-dang! Ta-da-dang!

“Kyaa!”

Swish! Swish! Swish!

From outside the window, black lumps dropped to the ground.

Those crazy fuckers!

They were prepared for a war. That's why they even rappelled down to the second floor.

Forcing himself to turn around, Kang Chan took out his pistol from the holster on his waist.

Crack.

Black lumps flew into the second floor.

Kang Chan aimed at his opponents without hesitation.

Ta-ang!

The gunshots quickly returned him to his senses.

Ta-ang. Ta-ang. Ta-ang.

He shot four times, each one causing one of his enemies—who were wearing black clothes and dangling on the ropes like monkeys—to fall to the ground.

Honestly, he didn't even know if they were his enemies or not.

Ta-ang. Ta-ang. Ta-ang.

“Phew!”

Kang Chan instantly knew that was Dayeru shaking his head, even if he didn't see it.

Ta-ta-ta-ta-tang. Pow! Pow! Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-da-da-dang.

Gunshots stirred up the dirt inside the building. Red lights from laser scopes could now be seen everywhere.

Ta-da-da-da-dang. Ta-da-da-dang. Ta-da-da-dang. Tang.

Continuous gunshots rang from the floor above and outside the building.

Rubble had blocked the bottom half of the windows and the right side of the entrance.

Kang Chan bent down to move quickly.

‘Urgh!’

He felt horrible pain from his waist and the back of his neck.

Dayeru! Shoot them!

Tang! Tang-tang! Tang!

That had to be Seok Kang-Ho—that fucker always fired pistols that way.

Tang! Thud. Tang!Thud.

Gritting his teeth, Kang Chan raised his head and found one of the enemies' laser scopes pointed at Seok Kang-Ho's forehead.

Click! Ta-ang!Thud!

Kang Chan swiftly shot down the enemy and moved forward.

Clank!

He then picked up a rifle. As he did, he felt as if his entire backside was being ripped apart.

Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!

After taking the rifle, he looked at Seok Kang-Ho.

The C-4 was wrapped around the waist of a corpse.

Swish! Clank! Swish! Clank!

Kang Chan threw two rifles toward Seok Kang-Ho and Jeon Dae-Geuk, then went up the mountain of rubble while holding onto the back of the dead enemy's neck.

“What are you doing?!” Jeon Dae-Geuk yelled.

Ta-da-dang! Ta-dang. Tang. Ta-da-dang!

At that moment, they heard gunshots from the entrance.

Swoosh!

Seok Kang-Ho and Jeon Dae-Geuk leaned against the wall to the left of the entrance and aimed at their opponents.

Meanwhile, Kang Chan was still dragging the deceased enemy.

Why is this son of a bitch so heavy?

He felt as if he was being ripped apart, but he couldn't stop now.

Ta-da-dang! Pow! Tang! Pow! Ta-ang! Tang! Ta-dang.

As piles of dirt splattered at the front of Kang Chan's feet, Seok Kang-Ho and Jeon Dae-Geuk kept up the cover fire.

‘Urrgh!’

Swish!

“Kyaaaaaah!!”

They heard a scream when the dead body fell outside the building.

“Mr. Kang Chan!”

As Kang Chan pulled the second corpse by the neck, Lanok forcibly stood up, tousling his hair.

“Please don't come here! There's C-4 wrapped around the enemy's waist!” Kang Chan warned.

Ta-ang! Tang! Ta-ang! Ta-da-dang!

Seok Kang-Ho and Jeon Dae-Geuk quickly looked at Kang Chan.

They needed to ignore the pain, because at one point, they might get used to it like Kang Chan right now.

Swish.

When he threw the second dead body outside, they heard a louder scream.

Beep.

At that moment, they heard a beep.

Damn it!

“Lie down on your stomach!” Kang Chan yelled.

Seok Kang-Ho and Jeon Dae-Geuk braced themselves against the wall, and Kang Chan threw himself behind another dead body nearby.

Whoosh!

They heard another loud explosion.

Rumble.

What remained of the ceiling collapsed.

“Whooh!”

His ears had been rendered completely useless, so he didn’t hear anything.

Where is Lanok?

Kang Chan didn’t see him, but he couldn’t even think right now.

He saw four red lights by the entrance, all coming from laser scopes.

The window was almost completely blocked.

Kang Chan had been slammed into a corner, and the enemies couldn’t even see him because he was hidden by a pile of rubble.

Kang Chan took out the pistol that he had attached to his ankle.

From his position, the enemies looked like they were standing in line.

The red light from the laser scope headed toward Seok Kang-Ho and Jeon Dae-Geuk...

Four guys standing in a straight line, huh?

Shooting people exactly in the forehead or the heart with a Glock that had a really strong recoil?

Kang Chan would feel outraged whenever he failed to save people.

He straightened his back and pulled the trigger.

Ta-tanng! Tang. Tang.

Thud. Thud. Thud. Thud.

The four men in front of the wall to the left of the entrance dropped to the floor.

Still unable to hear properly, Kang Chan felt as if he had shot them while wearing a headset.

With difficulty, Kang Chan then crawled toward their enemies.

At some point, he started faintly hearing his knees dragging against the ground.

He didn't know if the walkie-talkie was still intact, but if it was, he needed proper hearing to use it.

Kang Chan first thought about taking the rifle of the man who had fallen closest to him, but...

Damn it!

A red light flickered from the waist of the third enemy that Kang Chan had taken down. He also had a C-4 belt wrapped around him.

As Kang Chan raised himself up to crawl, he looked at Seok Kang-Ho, who had collapsed.

If the C-4 exploded now, Seok Kang-Ho and Jeon Dae-Geuk would be ripped apart.

They were too busy to even crawl away, so they wouldn't have time to do anything else.

Kang Chan gritted his teeth as he looked at Seok Kang-Ho.

You idiot! You think I'd let you die?!

“Urgh!”

Kang Chan dragged Seok Kang-Ho away.

The ceiling in the hallway had collapsed, and the entrance of the elevator had been blown away.

Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

The red light started to flash quickly, and the laser scopes beeped.[2]

Kang Chan continued to drag Seok Kang-Ho.

Beep-beep. Beep-beep. Beep-beep.

Kang Chan dropped Seok Kang-Ho in front of the crumbled hallway. Thanks to the wall, he had at least saved Seok Kang-Ho.

Thud.

Kang Chan was completely exhausted, but he still had to crawl. That was the only way to win in this fight.

Hence, Kang Chan kept crawling.

Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep. Bee-eeep.

Bang!

The screen shook hard as people screamed.

“Urgh,” let out the reporter amid their lines.

[An explosion happened from the second floor again.]

The cameraman, whose head and face was covered in dust, pointed the camera at the cloud of dust rising up from the second floor.

[Having failed their suppression tactic, the 35th brigade and the 606's special operation members are now tightly surrounding the building. We still can't confirm the terrorist organization behind this or if there are any survivors.]

The Shinmuk High School fell silent.

It was already past lunch time, but no one could move.

One of the children had become pale with fright while another cried profusely.

On TV, the international building had been completely destroyed, and foggy smoke and a cloud of dust was rising from the second floor.

Kim Mi-Young sat there unmoving, staring blankly, with an ashen face. She was so scared that she couldn't even cry.

It felt as if the world and everything in it had stopped.

"Honey! Honey!" Kang Dae-Kyung yelled. He urgently wet the towel with water and rubbed it on Yoo Hye-Sook's face and neck.

Yoo Hye-Sook had turned so pale with fright that she seemed dead. However, when water dripped down from the unwrung towel to her upper body, she managed to open her eyes, albeit barely.

"Honey, what should we do? Our poor Channy... I have to go. He'll be waiting for me there," Yoo Hye-Sook said.

"Okay, let's go, but you need to gain energy first. You need energy to get there!"

"I'll be fine, honey. We have to go."

"Okay, I got it. I got it, so please pull yourself together, okay?"

Kang Dae-Kyung eventually burst into tears as well.

He wasn't supposed to cry.

But no matter how much he tried to hold in his tears, he couldn't stop his tears from falling.

"Hmm."

Yang Jin-Woo sat alone in the lounge, his right fist tightly clenched as he looked at the building with smoke rising from it.

"Whoa!"

Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack.

He breathed out loudly, then smacked his left breast a few times.

"Hahaha."

It wasn't time to laugh yet, but no matter how hard he tried to look serious, he couldn't stop laughing.

Kang Chan twitched and barely moved his index finger.

"You thought I was going to die, didn't you?" Kang Chan asked.

Lying on his stomach, Kang Chan tapped his ear.

"Damn it! Now, I won't be able to answer phone calls anymore. Urgh!"

They were very lucky that the wall hadn't crumbled.

Kang Chan gritted his teeth. With difficulty, he lifted and planted his right palm on the ground.

Just as Kang Chan was about to push himself up, Seok Kang-Ho grabbed and lifted Kang Chan's left arm, which was on the ground.

Kang Chan smirked. The dust had completely covered the area around Seok Kang-Ho's eyes, which were so red they looked like a ghost's.

"Please wait for a bit. I'll stand up and help you sit," Seok Kang-Ho said.

"I can't hear you."

"What are you saying? Ugh! I said I'll raise you up."

"I said I can't hear you."

Gritting his teeth, Seok Kang-Ho helped Kang Chan up.

"Ugh! If we get out of here alive, then—urgh! Let's twist the necks of all of those sons of bitches. Urgh," Seok Kang-Ho said, dragging Kang Chan with him.

After helping Kang Chan sit and lean against the wall, Seok Kang-Ho sank to his knees with a thud.

Kang Chan smirked once more.

Seok Kang-Ho grinned.

"We survived again," Seok Kang-Ho commented.

"Sure. Let's go and kill them."

"No, that's not what I said—I said we didn't die."

"I already said I got it. I'm going to kill everyone, and I'll start with the fuckers who planned this and the fucking friends of those fuckers, so prepare accordingly."

"Phuhu."

Dumbfounded, Seok Kang-Ho laughed. At the same time, Jeon Dae-Geuk twitched and moved his head.

Chk.

“We’re re-entering in three minutes! I repeat! We’re re-entering in three minutes!”

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Kim Hyung-Jung put down the walkie-talkie and smacked the table like a crazy person.

When the explosives were detonated, the entry team that had been waiting at the entrance retreated again.

The hallway was blocked.

If they approached it incorrectly and the bomb went off, the team would be written off as casualties.

All they could do now was make the bomb explode from where they were. However, that could seal the fate of those still inside the building.

Chk.

“Mr. Kang Chan!”

Chk.

“Mr. Section Chief!”

Chk.

“Mr. Seok Kang-Ho!”

They shouldn’t have hesitated.

They shouldn’t have hesitated when Kang Chan told them to search through the guest rooms.

Kim Hyung-Jung couldn’t get rid of his stereotypes, even though he was already aware of Kang Chan’s capabilities due to the operation in Mongolia.

He couldn’t believe he thought about what to report to the higher-ups while sitting in the situation room and got worried about the diplomatic friction that could result from messing with Chinese tourists before a terrorist attack.

Chk.

“Plant the explosive,” the officer-in-charge of the 606’s intrusion said over the walkie-talkie.

Chk.

“Mr. Kang Chan!”

Chk.

“Mr. Kang Chan! Please answer me!”

Chk.

“You’re the God of Blackfield, aren’t you?! Is that nickname all there is to you?!”

Kim Hyung-Jung glared at the walkie-talkie while gritting his teeth. He was having trouble breathing, even though he was only sitting in the situation room.

“Fuck!”

Bang!

The agents beside Kim Hyung-Jung couldn’t even stop him.

“Whoo! Mr. Kang Chan, I’m going to get revenge for this no matter what! I don’t care if that means having to quit my job in the National Intelligence Service!”

Kim Hyung-Jung’s glare switched to the screen that was showing the smoke rising from the building...

Chk.

“It’s the God of Blackfield.”

Kim Hyung-Jung froze.

Chk.

“Cease the entry operation.”

Kim Hyung-Jung, who had blanked out for a moment, raised the walkie-talkie to his mouth so quickly that his hand seemed to teleport.

Chk.

“Entry team, cease all operations! I repeat! Entry team, cease all operations!”

Chk.

“The entry team has stopped,” someone responded to Kim Hyung-Jung.

Chk.

“It’s the God of Blackfield. All of the VIPs are safe. I repeat. All three VIPs are safe. The hallway is dangerous, so prepare a ladder truck to the window.”

Chk.

“Understood, God of Blackfield,” Kim Hyung-Jung replied.

“Arrgghh!” Kim Hyung-Jung shouted as if he had gone crazy, having put down the walkie-talkie and tightly clenched his fists.

[There has been a rapid change in the situation! The entry team has retreated, and a ladder truck is urgently being connected to the second floor. The space we see is barely big enough for a person or two to pass through. We haven’t been able to confirm if the President or the Founder is alive! While

the armed members are guarding the building, the ladder truck has now reached the window on the second floor.]

As the reporters yelled, the members aboard the truck's aerial lift headed to the second floor.

[They're clearing up space from inside the building. We still haven't confirmed if the President or the Founder of the establishment is still al—!]

“Wow!”

The people nearby and the citizens watching the situation from a building kept shouting as if they had gone crazy.

[It's the President! Surrounded by the specialized team, President Moon Jae-Hyun is currently coming down the ladder!]

“Please go next, Mr. Ambassador.” With difficulty, Kang Chan smiled at Lanok while leaning against the mountain of rubble piled up in front of the window.

“When are you going to come down?” Lanok asked.

“If I appear on TV one more time from here, I won't be able to take revenge for this.”

Whoosh.

“Mr. Ambassador! Please come out quickly!” Someone yelled.

Lanok looked outside, then looked at Kang Chan again. “Mr. Kang Chan, I'll mobilize everything I can to support this revenge.”

Kang Chan smirked. Lanok briefly nodded, then went out through the hole.

“Wow!”

An uproar and loud applause followed.

Kang Chan struck his chest with his right arm.

“What's wrong? Are you having trouble breathing?” Seok Kang-Ho asked, looking surprised.

“Cigarettes—I was checking to see if I had cigarettes.”

The wounded Go Gun-Woo was lying down on one side of the room. Meanwhile, those that could move among the representatives used the ladder and went down first.

“Urgh, please tell them to send over a cigarette first. Manager Kim is great, but he's too square,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

“Wow!”

Before Seok Kang-Ho even finished talking, an enormous uproar erupted from outside the building.

Chk.

“Manager Kim.”

Chk.

“Mr. Kang Chan! Ambassador Lanok has just said that the Eurasian rail isn’t going to submit to any kind of threat and announced the establishment, then shook hands with the President!”

At any rate, the gentleman also had amazing showmanship.

Chk.

“Manager Kim.”

Chk.

“Please go ahead, Mr. Kang Chan!”

Chk.

“Please give us cigarettes and a lighter. And contact my family—they’re probably worried right now.”

Chk.

“The paramedics are heading in right now. I’ll send over the cigarettes and the lighter right after they go in, and I’ll contact your parents immediately once I’ve located them through the security guards assigned to them.”

Rattle.

Two men who looked like army surgeons came in through the hole.

“Here!” When Jeon Dae-Geuk raised his hand, the two army surgeons ran toward Go Gun-Woo.

A moment later, Jeon Dae-Geuk approached Kang Chan with difficulty.

“How did you realize they were going to launch a surface-to-air missile?” Jeon Dae-Geuk sounded as if he was imitating Seok Kang-Ho.

“If I was going to attack this place, that’s what I would’ve done.”

“You would’ve used C-4 as well?”

“I would’ve done even worse things than that.”

Thud.

Jeon Dae-Geuk sank to his knees and leaned against the wall across from Kang Chan.

Rustle.

A member urgently came into the room and looked at Jeon Dae-Geuk. “Manager Kim told us to bring these.”

He was holding cigarettes and a lighter.

“Give them to him.”

Jeon Dae-Geuk looked very tired.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

“Mr. President! It’s me, assistant manager Kim! We heard that your son is safe! Mr. President!”

The assistant manager knocked on the door.

Rattle!

Kang Dae-Kyung opened the door with wide eyes. “What did you just say?”

“They contacted the company because you didn’t answer your phone. They said that your son is safe and that they’ll contact you when he has been transferred to a hospital! I ran over immediately because they told me that you’re probably very worried and I should tell you quickly.”

Thud!

Kang Dae-Kyung sank to his knees at the entrance.

Chapter 110.1: Where is He Right Now (1)

Five members entered the room and checked their surroundings.

In any other situation, they would have stuck to the plan. However, taking Moon Jae-Hyun, Lanok, and Go Gun-Woo out of the building was far more important.

Right now, they had to rescue the wounded as quickly as possible and avoid any further collapse or attacks that could happen.

Small rocks and powder fell down from the ceiling in a flurry.

Appalled, Jeon Dae-Geuk looked at Kang Chan. He then looked around their surroundings again.

Seok Kang-Ho put a cigarette in between Kang Chan’s lips, then flicked the lighter.

Chk chk. Chk chk.

“Whoo!”

Kang Chan’s back and waist hurt so much that moving even just a bit proved difficult.

A few more agents entered and took care of the wounded. With help, those who could move descended the ladder from the event venue.

The broken wall was basically blocked, and the light permeating through the drilled holes drew long lines that illuminated dust particles.

“Mr. Section Chief, I’ll accompany you outside the building,” someone said.

Jeon Dae-Geuk looked at Kang Chan.

“Please go first. I probably need the medical team’s help to get out of here,” Kang Chan said.

“Let’s talk later.”

“Alright.”

Jeon Dae-Geuk was trying hard to accept their current situation.

As a commander who mainly worked in the field with special forces, Jeon Dae-Geuk saw today’s incident as a painful defeat.

When Kang Chan extinguished the cigarette, he felt languid.

“Can you move?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“Are you asking me that because you’re thinking of catching Yang Jin-Woo?”

People who could easily read people’s mind like this fucker was rare.

“Doing that now would be hard. We can certainly kill him, but why should we die with him? Hold your anger in for now. We’ll kill him in the best way possible,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

Damn it!

Kang Chan straightened his back while gritting his teeth, then looked around his surroundings, which were a mess.

It was so unfair that he had to leave Yang Jin-Woo alone.

Yang Jin-Woo got them three times already—starting from the ambush on Kang Dae-Kyung, the operation in Mongolia, and even today.

Barely stopping his attack didn’t satisfy Kang Chan.

If Yang Jin-Woo would do anything to stop them, then they also wouldn’t refuse to fight.

Patients kept being carried outside.

Chk.

“Mr. Kang Chan, we have contacted your parents. Please come out now,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

Chk.

“Mr. Manager, take care of the other patients first. Seok Kang-Ho and I will go to the Bang Ji hospital.”

Chk.

“Understood. I’ll tell the others.”

Yoo Hun-Woo cut all of Kang Chan’s clothes with scissors, then showered him with disinfectants.

Three doctors rushed toward Kang Chan, who was lying on his stomach. Meanwhile, a nurse washed his hair with a strange medicine.

They removed the foreign objects embedded in his skin with tweezers, disinfected his wounds, applied medication, and wrapped bandages again. They then did an x-ray and a CT scan on him, checking some of his body parts including his waist, spine, neck, and back.

“Whoop, we don’t have to worry too much. Please head up to the patient's room—I’ll visit you this evening after checking on Mr. Seok Kang-Ho in the room next door. If you feel sick, even in the slightest, tell us immediately,” Yoo Hun-Woo said afterward.

Not only Kang Chan, but even Yoo Hun-Woo was tired.

After being moved to his room, Kang Chan blankly sat on his bed...

Rattle.

“Channy!” Yoo Hye-Sook, looking pale with fright, ran toward Kang Chan. “Are you okay? Are you really okay? Aren’t you severely wounded?”

“I’m okay. I’m sorry for making you worried.”

As Yoo Hye-Sook checked and examined his face and body, Kang Chan made her sit on the bed and held her hand.

“See, Mother? Nothing’s wrong with me.”

“Sob, okay. That’s a relief. Sob.”

“Please don’t cry,” Kang Chan said.

Yoo Hye-Sook cried for quite a while. Kang Chan held her hand until she breathed out with a “whoop.”

Afterward, Kang Chan looked at Kang Dae-Kyung, who appeared to have aged ten years in a day.

This was what a child meant to the parents.

Kang Chan found the deep love that he couldn’t feel during his previous life in Kang Dae-Kyung’s aged face and Yoo Hye-Sook’s cries.

“Aren’t you hungry? Did you have lunch?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

When Kang Chan smiled slightly, Yoo Hye-Sook felt as if she was becoming a little bit calmer.

“I’m sorry,” Kang Chan apologized.

“Why are you sorry, Channy?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked again.

“Father, please sit here.”

“Okay.”

Kang Dae-Kyung brought over a chair as if suddenly regaining his bearings, then sat next to the bed.

Kang Chan massaged Yoo Hye-Sook's hand, which was icy cold.

"This must be difficult for you to do, Channy!" Yoo Hye-Sook exclaimed.

"I'm okay."

Kang Chan wished doing this would warm up Yoo Hye-Sook at least a little bit.

"It seems like your mom is returning to her senses now," Kang Dae-Kyung commented, looking a little relieved.

"Mother, are you okay now?" Kang Chan asked. When he looked at her, Yoo Hye-Sook breathed loudly while wiping her remaining tears.

"You won't be able to go abroad to study," Kang Dae-Kyung said.

"You think so too?" Kang Chan asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

For some reason, Yoo Hye-Sook couldn't refute it.

"Ah! Mother has finally smiled!"

"Oh my!"

When Kang Chan extended his hand, Yoo Hye-Sook hugged him from the side, and only their shoulders touched.

"I'm sorry," Kang Chan apologized again.

"It's fine. You didn't do anything wrong, and I'm just glad and okay now that I'm sure you're safe."

Kang Chan could tell Yoo Hye-Sook had softened up because of the warmth that he felt on his shoulder, the way she spoke, and the look in her eyes after she straightened her back and gazed at Kang Chan.

"Are you sure you don't have any critical injuries?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

"My back's a little hurt, but I was told that it's not serious."

"How bad is it?"

"They really said it isn't serious. You know the director here, right? So please don't worry."

Yoo Hye-Sook sighed in relief, finally letting go of her worries. She felt fine now.

Rattle!

Crying, Michelle opened the door to Kang Chan's room.

"Channy!"

“Michelle?” Kang Chan asked.

Michelle quickly ran over and hugged Kang Chan.

“I was so worried. I thought things were going to go wrong! You have no idea how anxious I was just thinking about not being able to see you again!” Michelle unconsciously yelled in French, using the language she was most comfortable with.

She was crying so hard that Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook looked at each other in surprise.

“It’s okay. I’m really okay,” Kang Chan said.

“Honey, let’s buy some fruits and something to drink,” Kang Dae-Kyung suggested.

“Sure, honey.”

When Kang Dae-Kyung gave her a look, Yoo Hye-Sook got off the bed. Michelle cried that profusely.

Damn it!

Michelle hugged him so tightly that the wound on his back throbbed.

Rattle.

After about five minutes since Kang Chan’s parents discretely went out of the room, Michelle stopped crying and look at Kang Chan.

“Are you okay now?” Kang Chan asked.

Michelle nodded as her blond hair fluttered. She was still teary-eyed.

“Channy, don’t work. I’ll work hard to make money.”

“Phuhu.”

Perhaps it was because he was spending too much time with Seok Kang-Ho, but he laughed in a similar way.

“I’m being serious. Do what you want, but stop doing things like this, Channy.”

European women normally wouldn’t say things like that.

Michelle was thinking like an Asian.

“What about the people in the company?” Kang Chan asked.

“They’re at today’s afternoon shoot. They all looked grim because you got injured.”

“Shouldn’t you be there?”

“I’ll stay here for a bit longer.”

Rattle.

The door carefully swung open, and Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook peeked inside the room.

Kang Chan burst out in awkward laughter, and Michelle quickly got up and politely greeted them.

“I’m sorry, Father and Mother,” Michelle apologized in Korean.

“You shouldn’t be sorry for worrying about our Channy. It’s okay, it’s okay. Please sit. Would you like a cup of coffee?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“It’s fine. I-I’ll make it.”

Michelle persistently made them sit, then went over to the water heater.

“Your Korean has improved a lot,” Yoo Hye-Sook commented.

“Thank you, Mother.”

Michelle quickly made four cups of coffee and brought them on a tray. She offered one to Kang Dae-Kyung first.

“Father.”

“Ah! Alright.”

“Channy, tell your father to speak comfortably to me,” Michelle spoke in French, making Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook look at Kang Chan.

“Aren’t you overreacting?” Kang Chan asked in French.

“Channy!”

“She’s saying that you two should speak comfortably to her,” Kang Chan told his parents.

“Wow! How can you have really amazing ways to take care of others?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“Mother, please have coffee as well.”

“Alright. You should have a seat as well. Thank you for coming here—you must be tired because of work.”

Michelle handed Kang Chan some coffee, put the tray down on one side, then sat in a chair.

Kang Chan felt tired for some reason.

They talked for about thirty minutes, then Michelle stood up from her seat.

“Why are you getting up? Are you thinking of going already? Have dinner with us first,” Yoo Hye-Sook suggested.

Michelle asked Kang Chan to interpret for her, then said, “Please stay here comfortably today. I’ll treat the two of you to a meal once Mr. Kang Chan gets better. I looked into a delicious and comfortable French restaurant.”

“Father, I’ll see you next time,” Michelle said. When she extended her arm for a handshake, Kang Dae-Kyung awkwardly hugged her instead like a stern father hugging his cute daughter.

“Mother, it’s a relief that he’s okay.”

Yoo Hye-Sook hugged Michelle like they were close friends and even stroked her back.

Soon after, Michelle left.

“Channy, how old was that young lady again?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“Huh? I’m not sure. Why do you ask?”

“She’s so pretty and gentle.”

There was something strange with the look in Yoo Hye-Sook’s eyes, but Kang Chan pretended not to notice.

Chapter 110.2: Where is He Right Now? (1)

Rattle.

The door soon opened again.

Kang Chan thoughtlessly looked toward it. A thin middle-aged woman came in, followed by a stern-looking middle-aged man and, lastly, Kim Mi-Young.

“Hello?” the woman greeted.

Kang Chan remembered! She was Kim Mi-Young’s mother.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook stood up and greeted Kim Mi-Young’s parents. Kim Mi-Young was standing at the very back, and her eyes were swollen because she had cried so much.

“Forgive us. It’s our first meeting, yet we’re already being rude. I’m Kim Gwan-Sik. We came here after looking into where Kang Chan was in many ways, even though we knew that everyone would be uncomfortable because our daughter was crying so much.”

“Thank you for coming,” one of Kang Chan’s parents said.

They awkwardly greeted each other.

“Come here quickly and see Channy—you’ve been crying so much,” Kim Gwan-Sik told Kim Mi-Young.

“Ugh!”

Kim Mi-Young loudly burst into tears, each one filled with relief and embarrassment.

Kim Gwan-Sik smiled bitterly, and the gaze of Kim Mi-Young’s mother alternated between Kang Chan and Kim Mi-Young. She looked uncomfortable.

“I’m okay. Did you worry a lot?” Kang Chan asked.

“I thought you’d get injured while I was watching the broadcast. Sob.”

“Look at me! I’m fine. So stop crying now, okay?”

Kim Mi-Young’s eyes were very swollen, and her nose was red.

“Please have a seat for a moment,” said Kang Dae-Kyung.

“It’s fine. Despite being a father as well, we did something rude because she was crying so hard she couldn’t even attend her hagwon class. I’d be grateful if you can think of this as me becoming soft-hearted for my daughter,” Kim Gwan-Sik said.

“Raising a child is certainly difficult.”

In front of Kang Dae-Kyung and Kim Gwan-Sik, Kim Mi-Young looked as if she barely calmed herself down.

“You aren’t severely wounded?” Kim Gwan-Sik asked.

“That’s right.”

Kim Gwan-Sik nodded, looking at Kang Chan. “I heard on the TV that you got hurt. I know that your father introduced you to that position, but please don’t get mad at him or resent him. You didn’t get hurt because of him. Please just think of this as you getting hurt while serving your country.”

“I’ll do that,” Kang Chan replied.

Kim Gwan-Sik really looked like a stern father.

Kim Mi-Young looked at Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook. “Hello.”

“Welcome. Thank you for worrying about our Channy.”

Kim Mi-Young hung her head in embarrassment, unable to answer.

“Ah, why are we just standing around? Please, let’s have a cup of tea.”

Kim Gwan-Sik looked at Kim Mi-Young, then said, “We’re in your care, then.”

Yoo Hye-Sook stood up, and Kim Gwan-Sik looked at Kim Mi-Young’s mother with fierce eyes.

“I’ll help you,” Kim Mi-Young’s mother offered.

“It’s okay. You came here to see Kang Chan, so please just take a seat. I’ll handle this,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

Kim Mi-Young’s mother pretended that she couldn’t win against her and just sat next to Kim Gwan-Sik.

“To think he did something like this for the country... Having such a dependable son must make you happy and proud,” Kim Gwan-Sik told Kang Dae-Kyung.

“That’s not necessarily true. Seeing him get injured makes me wish he was a pretty daughter instead.”

“Hahaha, I heard that boys are like that. Ah! Thank you.” Kim Gwan-Sik politely accepted the paper cup.

“You said that you’re going abroad to study in France?” Kim Gwan-Sik asked Kang Chan.

“I’m thinking of going to university in Seoul instead.”

Kim Gwan-Sik’s gaze alternated between Kim Mi-Young and Kang Chan, seemingly asking what Kang Chan was saying. Kang Chan decided to treat him a bit more politely for Kim Mi-Young’s sake, who likely cried and frantically begged her parents to come here.

“I changed my mind because I think I can get special admission to a university in Seoul. I’m thinking of deciding whether I should study abroad after learning a bit more of the basics,” Kang Chan explained.

Would you look at that?

Kim Gwan-Sik cocked his head as he looked at Kang Chan. Funnily enough, Kim Mi-Young’s mother no longer seemed to have any complaints.

“What are you thinking of doing in the future?” Kim Gwan-Sik asked.

“I want to become a diplomat,” Kang Chan blurted, remembering Kim Mi-Young’s old wish.

“Hmm.”

Kim Gwan-Sik nodded with a strange expression, then gave Kim Mi-Young a subtle glance. “Are you a bit relieved now?”

“Yes.”

“We’re probably making his parents uncomfortable. Why don’t we leave now?” Kim Gwan-Sik asked.

Kim Mi-Young disappointedly stood up, her eyes still puffy.

“You’re going home already?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“We have already inconvenienced you three far too much.”

“Not at all.”

Kim Gwan-Sik shook hands with Kang Dae-Kyung, then wordlessly patted Kang Chan’s shoulder.

“Goodbye,” said Kim Mi-Young.

“Bye. Thank you, Mi-Young,” Kang Chan’s parents said.

Kim Mi-Young’s mother bowed her head, looking less displeased, then headed out of the patient room.

“Was that Mi-Young’s father?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“This is my first time seeing him as well.”

“He seems like a good guy.”

“Right? Honey?”

Kang Chan and Kang Dae-Kyung both knew that the backbiting comment Yoo Hye-Sook didn’t say at the end was, ‘But her mom...’

A moment later, Yoo Hun-Woo came into the room with a nurse. He greeted Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook, then stood in front of Kang Chan. “How do you feel?”

“I’m okay.”

“If you vomit, feel any tingling sensation, or if you think there’s anything wrong at all, then you have to tell us right away.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Yoo Hun-Woo nodded, then turned. “After dinner, we’re going to use IV medication that’s a bit stronger. He’ll go into a deep sleep, which is the best thing for him right now. I’ll monitor him as closely as possible, so you two should head home after dinner. There’s nothing more important than creating an environment where the patient can sleep soundly.”

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook looked disappointed, but they seemed to agree with what Yoo Hun-Woo had said.

As expected! If Kang Chan had to choose a sly fox that could go up against Lanok, Yoo Hun-Woo was the only one he could think of.

The three of them ordered bossam for dinner.

Yoo Hye-Sook had calmed down and smiled every now and then, and Kang Dae-Kyung seemed to have relaxed as well.

They talked about Michelle, Kim Mi-Young, and how proud and worried they were as they watched what happened on the TV.

Rattle.

At around 8 pm, the nurse handed over the medication and inserted a needle in the IV line.

“It would be best for you to go home now,” the nurse said.

The two stood up from their seats at the nurse’s kind suggestion.

“Sleep well, Channy. I’ll visit you again in the morning. Do you want to eat anything?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“No, I’m okay. Please don’t worry.”

Behind Yoo Hye-Sook, who was hugging Kang Chan, Kang Dae-Kyung nodded.

Approximately five minutes after Kang Chan's parents left, the door opened, revealing Seok Kang-Ho.

He was dragging an IV pole with him as he walked so stiffly it was as if he felt uncomfortable all over.

"Have you recovered a bit?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan laughed out loud. "How do you feel?"

"Don't even get me started. My back hurts so much it's hard for me to even move an inch! Anyway, I asked the director to make your parents leave. Phew!"

Seok Kang-Ho frowned as he brought over a chair and sat down.

"Here. I got cigarettes," Seok Kang-Ho said afterward.

Kang Chan swung himself out of bed.

"Huh? Why are you getting out of bed?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

"Stay seated. I'm going to the bathroom."

It didn't matter how much he moved. His back, waist... everything hurt whenever he did. Kang Chan made coffee after coming out of the bathroom.

"I'll make it," Seok Kang-Ho suggested.

"It's fine. I'm already up anyway."

After making two cups of coffee and putting them on a tray, Kang Chan dragged the IV pole and walked to the bed.

Chk chk.

Ah! As expected, instant coffee and cigarettes were the best when hospitalized.

"We were really lucky. There were a total of three Iglas, but because we shot down two of them, the enemies detonated the C-4s first. I was told that they fired the remaining Iglas between the first and second floors. However, since the second floor crumbled first, it acted as a barrier," Seok Kang-Ho said.

When Kang Chan looked at him, Seok Kang-Ho exhaled cigarette smoke. "Manager Kim dropped by earlier today. Your parents were here, so he told me to tell you that he'll drop by again later instead. Anyway, are we just going to leave the people who did this alone?"

When Kang Chan smirked, Seok Kang-Ho smiled suspiciously and added, "Ah! Oh Gwang-Taek called multiple times. He kept throwing a fuss because you weren't answering your phone, so I told him you had reasons preventing you from doing so. I've said this before, but that fucker cares more than he seems."

Now alone with Seok Kang-Ho, Kang Chan started to remember the things left undone and pushed back.

“How many of our people died?” Kang Chan asked.

“Huh? You don’t know even though it was on the news? There were no fatalities. Five people are severely injured, but they already announced that their injuries weren’t life-threatening. Manager Kim confirmed that as well.”

If so, then that was really a relief.

“Let’s meet and get some information from manager Kim tomorrow, then use that to plan our next move. We’re going to return what we received to those sons of bitches,” Kang Chan commented.

“Let’s do that.”

The two of them spent time together.

The next morning, Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook dropped by the hospital and, looking disappointed, went to work at around 10 am. They had no choice but to go to work despite the current situation since they had already gone absent yesterday.

“I’m sorry, Channy,” Yoo Hye-Sook apologized.

What should she be sorry about?

“It’s okay. I’m really fine, so please be at ease when you work.”

“I’ll visit again in the evening.”

“Alright.”

Yoo Hye-Sook was so gaunt it was as if she was sick, but her eyes looked lively.

The very first person to visit Kang Chan after his parents left the room was Kim Hyung-Jung.

They called Seok Kang-Ho over as well and sat together.

“We still haven’t identified the terrorists. We’ve searched everything—their fingerprints, how they look, the wounds on their bodies, and their tattoos, but all we can do is believe that they were from the Chinese special forces; we haven’t discovered anything else,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

That was a matter of course.

“It’s difficult to confirm since the Iglas and the firearms’ serial numbers have been erased as well. Yang Jin-Woo and Huh Ha-Soo seem to have had a central role in the attack, but they both left the country this morning. Right! Mr. Kang Chan...”

Kang Chan looked at Kim Hyung-Jung as he extinguished his cigarette in the paper cup.

“About Lee Ji-Yeon, the lady that works at the Namsan Hotel...”

Kang Chan wordlessly waited for Kim Hyung-Jung to continue.

“She was found dead this morning, having hung herself. We couldn’t pay attention to her since everyone, including Choi Jong-II, had been mobilized at the event yesterday, but while tracking her down, we eventually confirmed her death. She’s in the mortuary right now. I’m sorry.”

Crack!

When Kang Chan clenched the paper cup, the remaining coffee, which had turned black since the cigarette ash had mixed with it, spilled out to his hand.

“Yang Jin-Woo, that son of a bitch! Where is he right now?” Kang Chan asked.

Raising his head and looking at Kang Chan, Kim Hyung-Jung answered with a grim expression, “He’s in New York, United States. He’ll probably stay at his property in Las Vegas starting tomorrow.”

Kim Hyung-Jung then exhaled deeply.