

# God of Blackfield

## Chapter 22: Things that Couldn't be Imagined (2)

Sitting on the bench, Kang Chan felt much more comfortable as he stared at the people walking about. Strangely, he even laughed as well.

Gong Te automobile? Vice President? Executive?

He truly hoped they obtained their positions through normal means after barely surviving. If that were the case, he'd be able to shake their hands, smile, greet them while bumping shoulders, and say that he was also alive but in this form. There wouldn't be any need to worry about his pride or be greedy.

He was thinking of accepting the reality if asking them to be considerate and avoid negatively affecting Kang Dae-Kyung's Kang Yoo Motors wasn't possible. But there were hints of dirty deeds in Sharlan and Smithen's faces.

Their faces and the look in their eyes were similar to when they were beaten up almost to the point of death as a punishment and forced into a corner after they had assaulted and beaten a 16-year-old African girl.

*'Smithen, that fucker.'*?

After he had sworn never to taint the name of their crew, it was never brought up again. Kang Chan had actually lived with the thought that the look he had seen in Smithen's eyes at the last moment was a debt that he had to repay.

Kang Chan realized that his eyes were glinting.

*Beep Beep.?*

Raising his gaze, a familiar car came into view. However, his thirst for blood that had already been roused didn't disappear so easily.

When Kang Chan went into the car, Seok Kang-Ho looked him over with surprised eyes.

"Let's go somewhere where we can smoke and talk openly."

"Who is it?"

Kang Chan smirked in response.

"I don't know who that asshole is, but I feel really bad for him," said Seok Kang-Ho.

"Smithen."

Seok Kang-Ho was surprisingly calm, but only for a second. Soon, his face turned towards Kang Chan.

“Watch the road.”

*Screech.*

They almost got into an accident while trying to merge onto the main road, but Kang Chan continued smiling with a murderous look in his eyes.

“Smithen’s alive?”

After noticing Kang Chan’s expression, Seok Kang-Ho became curious about where and how he found out.

“Sharlan was with him.”

“Haha. Hahaha.”

“Those two fuckers appeared together as Gong Te automobile’s Vice President and executive.”

“Pardon?”

“I told you to watch the fucking road!”

“Fuck. I got a ticket.”

*Swish.*

They passed by a camera that was hanging above the road.

“Where are they?”

“Namsan hotel.”

“Let’s go.”

Kang Chan smirked.

“I decided to give them one night.”

“You should’ve just blown off their necks instead!”

“Our priority is to figure out how they survived. It would be depressing if we barge in and everything goes wrong.”

Tilting his head, Seok Kang-Ho asked, “Since I died right after you did, let’s assume they survived. Regardless, isn’t it harder to believe that they were able to become the Vice President and executive of an automobile company than being able to come back to life right after death? Especially Smithen. That fucker’s stupider than me.”

In all honesty, Dayeru was more stupid, but that wasn’t important right now.

“There’s got to be something we’re not aware of.”

“Ha! Let’s just go.”

Kang Chan shook his head.

“We need to prepare. We can just ignore it if we understand it after looking into it. If not, we’ll just twist their necks completely.”

Seok Kang-Ho laughed suspiciously.

He saw the old Dayeru that he hadn’t seen in a while.

They arrived in Misariafter driving for about 20 minutes.

Upon leaving the main road and taking the curvy lane, they saw a coffee shop with tables outside. They sat down at one of the tables with a view of the nearby river.

“We’ll get two coffees!”

The employee walked toward them but quickly went inside.

“What happened?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

While grabbing a cigarette from Seok Kang-Ho, Kang Chan explained the situation in detail up until the point where he arrived at and left the hotel.

This fight couldn’t be forced upon Seok Kang-Ho and wasn’t something Kang Chan could ask of him. It had to be decided by Dayeru himself, considering he couldn’t throw him aside and tell him to step out either. When he finished explaining, the strange feeling of excitement they always felt before battle rose within them.

“Those fuckers...”

“You think the same, right?”

“Let’s be sensible. If Smithen—that stupid fucker—is an executive for Gong Te, then I should be the Minister of France or something.”

It seemed Seok Kang-Ho truly believed that Smithen was more stupid than him.

“When are we doing this?”

“We need a plan and a quiet location first.”

They needed to prepare a place where they could hide from people’s eyes.

Seok Kang-Ho groaned while clenching his teeth. Regardless, those two also survived death, but while Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho now had the body of

a high schooler and a middle-aged man, Smithen and Sharlan had their original bodies. They had to be prepared for the fact that it could be Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho's necks that could be blown.

"What do you think about getting Oh Gwang-Taek's help?"

Kang Chan already thought about that, but if they got help from gangsters because they were in a hurry, then how could they handle school bullies when kids like Cha So-Yeon and Moon Ki-Jean were bullied?

"Tsk!"

Kang Chan solidified his decision. What's wrong was wrong; you can't justify wrongdoings.

"Let's do it ourselves."

"Understood. Then the biggest problem would be finding a suitable place."

"Let's search around first. If we can't find any, we'll stuff them in a car and go out to the outskirts."

"Huhuhuhu."

Seok Kang-Ho's eyes were glinting so much that if other people saw them, they might be mistaken for planning a murder.

"I'm currently thinking we can do it on Tuesday."

Seok Kang-Ho's lips curved bitterly. It was Dayeru's smile, which only appeared during battle, especially when facing fights that required him to take out his dagger to survive viciously and fiercely.

"I'm excited."

"So am I."

Both of them smiled like idiots at the same time.

*Swish.* Just after Seok Kang-Ho had wiped his mouth with his sleeve...

*Brr. Brr. Brr.?*

Kang Chan's phone vibrated.

It was Michelle.

"Bingo!"

Kang Chan had a sudden thought.

"Hello!"

– Channy! I'm assuming that your family issues worked out!

“No! It’s a bit screwed up.”

– Sorry, your voice sounded bright so I assumed it went well.

“It’s fine, where are we meeting tomorrow?”

– Should we meet at the hotel?

“Sounds good!”

– It’s weird that you’re so assertive.

“Come over, I’ll buy dinner.”

– Bien! What hotel? What time?

“Namsan, tomorrow at seven.”

– Okay, Channy! I’m hot already! See you tomorrow!

Kang Chan grinned after placing his phone on the table.

Naturally, Seok Kang-Ho seemed curious. Since he started telling him already, Kang Chan explained exactly how he ended up meeting Michelle.

“I’m guessing you now have the female luck that you didn’t have in your previous life?”

“Are you jealous?”

Seok Kang-Ho smiled with a “Huhuhu.”

“Bring the car to the hotel tomorrow.”

“Didn’t you say that it was happening on Tuesday?”

“I’m planning on spending time at the hotel lobby tomorrow evening. Michelle’s friends are very eye-catching so Smithen will definitely come if he sees them.”

“Oh!”

Seok Kang-Ho seemed amused.

“After all, he isn’t someone to stay in his room even if he comes back late. He’ll definitely lurk around clubs. So let’s park the car nearby and drag him with us if things don’t go well.”

“Understood.”

“I’ll make an appointment for Tuesday night since we might spend time at Suh Jeong Motors tomorrow. But if Smithen takes the bait then we’ll grill him. *Tsk!* If it doesn’t work out, then we can twist all of their necks on Tuesday.

“I’m looking forward to it.”

*Did he always have such a cruel expression?*

“What’s wrong?” Seok Kang-Ho asked him curiously.

“Lighten up. You look like you’re about to twist someone’s neck right now.”

“Speak for yourself. Your eyes look like you’ll arrest someone if they’re caught during an inspection,” Seok Kang-Ho responded.

Kang Chan didn’t have anything to say. Even though he tried, he couldn’t hide his glinting eyes.

“Let’s try to find a solution for your father’s work.”

“That would be ideal, but that’s an entirely different issue.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked at Kang Chan while biting on a new cigarette.

“Our priority is to unlock the secrets behind the deaths of our crew. If we try to fix my father’s work instead, then it will all go downhill. For a guy that looks at trophies first…”

“No one ended up surviving.”

Kang Chan nodded.

However, when battles were won, trophies always followed.

“Change that look in your eyes. I’m hungry. There’s a place that makes really good doenjang jjigae baekban. Let’s go there,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“You need to loosen up as well.”

Seok Kang-Ho blinked.

“Let’s eat. Hopefully, it’ll disappear while we eat,” Kang Chan added.

“Let’s do that.”

What made his heart freeze became something that excited him as soon as he met Seok Kang-Ho.

*‘Am I feeling happy because I’m going to be in a bloody fight?’*

Kang Chan shook his head.

He decided to think that it was because he was given an opportunity to live life again without the burdens that always weighed down his shoulders. He also was honestly excited about the possibility that the situation with Kang Yoo Motors might turn out well.

Failure? Poverty? None of that scared him.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook weren't people that would change with those things. However, he sincerely wanted to see Yoo Hye-Sook smile brightly after Kang Dae-Kyung's work went well. Throughout dinner, the conversation revolved around Sharlan and Smithen, but they made no progress.

As Seok Kang-Ho dropped Kang Chan off, he said that he would search for a suitable place as soon as he got home and then inform Kang Chan once he found one. It didn't matter if he couldn't find a suitable place as they could just pick a quiet place that was along the way. Regardless, Kang Chan thought it would be great if they could grill Smithen first.

He was a simple guy. He felt fear when he was alone, and there would be no time for him to plan what to say.

"I'm back."

When Kang Chan entered the house, Kang Dae-Kyung was stirring something in front of the stove with a rice paddle.

"Your mom isn't feeling well."

"Shouldn't she go to the hospital?"

"I was thinking of going with her tomorrow."

It looked like Kang Dae-Kyung had made porridge before.

"I'll see her after I change my clothes."

He probably smelled like cigarettes. Kang Dae-Kyung wouldn't say anything, but Yoo Hye-Sook was different. Kang Chan also didn't want to see her in clothes covered in dust when she wasn't feeling well.

When Kang Chan walked into the master bedroom after changing and lightly washing his face, he saw Kang Dae-Kyung placing a small table in front of Yoo Hye-Sook.

"I'm back."

"Have you eaten?"

Yoo Hye-Sook looked tired as if all of her energy was sucked out of her.

"I had doenjang jjigae baekban with my teacher."

Kang Chan moved the side table's chair closer and sat down beside Yoo Hye Sook's bed.

“Have a bite.” Kang Dae-Kyung placed porridge, water, and a side dish on the table.

“I’m sorry.” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

“I should be the one apologizing.”

“What for?”

“This is all my fault. I’m sorry. So eat even just a little for me. Please?”

Yoo Hye-Sook had just raised the spoon and looked at Kang Chan when Kang Dae-Kyung continued.

“Channy was amazing today. He bought us some time. The two executives were at a loss for words.”

Kang Dae-Kyung perfectly and positively interpreted the day’s events and told the story. Of course, it was hard to say that he lied because the ending remained the same. Yoo Hye-Sook looked like she wanted to hear more.

“The Vice President and the Executive in charge of Asian affairs for Gong Te automobile company, a French company, were there. Our senior managing director and the managing director were having a hard time with the interpreter but Channy spoke eloquently.”

Yoo Hye-Sook kept her eyes on Kang Dae-Kyung as she ate the porridge.

“The conversation started with the Vice President and the executive in a surprised state, and the interpreter was busy passing on their words. Unfortunately, the directors were at a constant loss for words.”

Yoo Hye-Sook glanced at Kang Chan.

*Is she really that happy about such trivial talk?*

When the story ended with Kang Chan buying one week of time, Yoo Hye-Sook’s expression was a perfect mix of happiness and worry.

“I might be able to get in touch with someone who can help tomorrow or the next day.”

Kang Dae-Kyung sent a look to Kang Chan that said not to overdo it and to limit their lying.

“Don’t get your hopes up. We will know the outcome by Wednesday at the latest.”

The two of them seemed confused.



“The person I was chatting with was very close to Sharlan. He decided to contact us. They’ll let us know the results by Wednesday.”

*Could we trust that?*

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook’s faces seemed to be asking him that.

“We have to try something. We can try our best, but if it doesn’t work out, we will have to live according to what we have. Get better soon. Seeing you like this saddens me.”

“I’m sorry, Chan.”

Yoo Hye-Sook stretched her hand toward Kang Chan, wanting to hold his hand. Kang Chan leaned in and hugged her.

“You brought me back to life in the hospital. All that matters is that the three of us are together, so get well soon.”

“Okay, I’ll do that. Thank you, Chan.”

Kang Chan patted Yoo Hye-Sook’s back and forced himself to look at her tear-ridden face. Yoo Hye-Sook laughed, seemingly embarrassed.

“You heard that, right? How can we lose strength when Chanie is holding on like this? I’m sorry, but cheer up.” Kang Dae-Kyung said after Kang Chan left the room.

“I’m sorry.”

“What do you keep apologizing for?”

Kang Dae-Kyung also gently held Yoo Hye-Sook and comforted her.

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Kang Chan had returned to his room and turned on his computer when his phone rang.

“Hello?”

– It’s me.

*Took him long enough.*

“What?”

– I found a suitable place to fight.

*Phew! This stupid fucker!* Kang Chan didn’t have anything to say.

– It’s not far from the hotel. It won’t take long if we can drag them into the basement and get them in the car. I’ll prepare the knife myself.”

“Understood.”

– Will you be okay fighting them in that body of yours?”

Now that he thought about it, Seok Kang-Ho’s inquiry made sense.

“We need to end it soon somehow. If we take too long and Sharlan calls the police, then things will go awry in many ways.”

– It would be weird if he came into my room at night.

*Is this guy really smarter than Smithen?*

“It’s still better to be careful.”

– Understood. I’ll also give you my card so use that in the meantime.

“Let’s talk about that tomorrow when we meet.”

– Sleep well.

The call ended soon after.

“Tsk!”

He didn’t feel good about this.

Smithen was as strong as the previous Dayeru. Kang Chan felt worried about Seok Kang-Ho’s well-being in one part of his heart.

1. Misari is the name of a neighborhood in South Korea