

God of Blackfield

Chapter23, Part1: Things that Couldn't be Imagined (3)

There was nothing more important than getting a good night's sleep before the final showdown.

Kang Chan got rid of all the useless thoughts that filled his head and lay in bed.

'Tsk!

Surprisingly, however, he couldn't fall asleep, which was a first since he had become a soldier.

The worry about Seok Kang-Ho, the sense of betrayal from Smithen...

'It will all end in two days, maximum.'?

After Kang Chan tossed and turned in bed for about twenty minutes, he finally fell asleep.

That was a first since he became a soldier.

He woke up at the same time as usual.

'You're up first, Smithen.'

He didn't feel bad.

After he warmed up, he cut off the bandage on his shoulder and wrist. It was better to warm his shoulder up to prepare for his fight against Smithen. It seemed okay to unwrap the bandages, but the problem was the knife cuts on his left hand.

'It's not like I'm Frankenstein's monster.'

Not only were there six wounds, but the stitches made the areas look even uglier. He decided to re-bandage his hand after he washed up.

Due to his injuries, it had been so long since he had a shower this complete and refreshing. It still stung whenever shampoo and soapy water touched his wounds, but the cold water made him feel reinvigorated.

After he finished showering and applying medication to his injuries, he and Kang Dae-Kyung had breakfast without Yoo Hye-Sook since Kang Dae-Kyung wanted her to get more sleep.

"I'll be back."

If all went well, he might not have to go to France. It wouldn't feel good for Kang Chan to leave while Yoo Hye-Sook was in despair from their difficult situation.

The elevator mirror reflected the fierce look in Kang Chan's eyes.

When class started, the athletic club room became quiet as well.

Kang Chan called the hotel in front of Seok Kang-Ho, who was watching with an expression full of excitement and expectation.

"Please connect me to room 1901."

– Only designated people can call that room... Whom should I say is calling?

"Please say that it's Kang Chan."

On-hold music played for a moment, then someone picked up.

– Hello?

Smithen answered in a greasy voice.

"It's Kang Chan. I'm calling to let you know about tomorrow's appointment."

– Ah! Right. What time is it happening?

"How about 7 pm?"

– One moment, please.

He seemingly discussed it with Sharlan.

– 7 sounds good. Should we meet in the lobby?

"Let's do that. Oh! I also have plans to meet some beautiful ladies there. I thought I should let you know just so you don't get the wrong idea in case you see me."

Seok Kang-Ko grinned.

– I'm jealous. See you tomorrow.

The call ended.

"What's wrong with this fucker?" asked Kang Chan.

"What's wrong? Did he say that he doesn't like women?" Seok Kang-Ho asked in response.

Kang Chan thought about the details of the call for a moment.

"It seems like he's with the Suh Jeong Motors representatives? He hung up when we were talking about women."

"Phew! Don't worry about it. There are probably only two things left in that fucker's mind right now: dinner and women." Kang Chan nodded.

Smithen? was someone who was unable to take his eyes away from female servers even in that short moment. But for him to show disinterest at the mention of women...??

"Maybe he acted that way because he's currently having important discussions with Suh Jeong Motors?" Kang Chan wondered.

"You're probably right. In that case, let's have it out with him after we break his head. If he's the guy that sold off our crew's lives, I have no plans of letting him go easily."

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho smiled bitterly at the same time.

"Will you be okay, though?" Kang Chan asked.

"About what? Are you worried that my neck is going to be twisted by someone like Smithen?"

Kang Chan couldn't answer.

"It's not like I've been doing nothing all this time. You've seen me run with the kids. It's going to be me that twists that fucker's neck."

It wasn't like Seok Kang-Ho would listen even if Kang Chan tried to stop him anyway, and it wasn't something Kang Chan could try to stop either.

When Kang Chan nodded, Seok Kang-Ho took out a card from his shirt's pocket and handed it to him.

"Let's stop worrying about nothing and deal with what's urgent. Pay with this today, and dress nicely since you might go to the club tonight."

"I can just wear what I normally wear," Kang Chan answered.

"Pardon?"

Seok Kang-Ho's eyes widened.

"They won't even let you in if you wear what you wore yesterday. Save yourself from being humiliated right at the entrance... Actually, let's go buy some clothes right now," said Seok Kang-Ho.

"Class isn't over yet!"

"Haha. Aren't I your teacher?"

Seok Kang-Ho went shopping with Kang Chan and bought him a black suit, a well-fitting shirt, and new shoes at a big discount store.

“You look good. When you go out later, get your hair done at a hair salon. Since we’re doing this, might as well not give them any doubt. Isn’t it better that you take care of Smithen today first instead of handling both of them at the same time?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

He had a point. Kang Chan was worried that Seok Kang-Ho might just be pretending to be strong and how strong Smithen would be.

As soon as class ended, Kang Chan headed home.

Seok Kang-Ho planned to contact Kang Chan after he took care of the kids in the athletic club and parked the car by 7 pm in front of the hotel.

When Kang Chan arrived back home, Yoo Hye-Sook was asleep in bed. Kang Dae-Kyung greeted him after letting him know that he and Yoo Hye-Sook had gone to the hospital.

There was still time.

Their plan was still lacking since it was made in a rush, but it was going to be hard to find an opportunity as good as today if they took more time and other things into consideration.

Thinking Yoo Hye-Sook might get anxious if she saw his newly bought clothes, Kang Chan decided to leave early. Kang Dae-Kyung’s expression turned grim when he saw Kang Chan all dressed up.

“I’ll be back,” Kang Chan told Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Is today the day?”

“It’s tomorrow, but there’s someone I need to be introduced to so I’m going out.”

Kang Dae-Kyung let out a deep sigh.

“Don’t overwork yourself, Chan. I’m thankful for your help, but I don’t want you to do something that a high schooler shouldn’t do.”

“I understand.”

“Okay. You look all grown up now that you’re wearing this. Did you buy this online as well?”

Kang Dae-Kyung held Kang Chan’s arms and smiled.

The tight-fitting clothes and shoes felt uncomfortable to Kang Chan.

He went out of the apartment truly hoping today's mission would go according to plan. He also hoped that Smithen and Sharlan had become executives under normal circumstances, which would make him feel bad for cursing and holding a grudge against them. If that were the case, he'd actually consider sucking up to Smithen and Sharlan for Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook's sakes.

He got his hair done at a different hair salon to avoid the chatty woman. He hoped that today's hard work would pay off.

Taking a taxi to the hotel, Kang Chan thought about the last thing he remembered about Smithen that night: the final look in his eyes as he stared at Kang Chan while letting out a big breath.

Had those eyes been a lie? He was about to find out.

Slowly, his heart started beating faster, but it calmed back down when he arrived at the hotel.

The lobby was crowded enough.

Dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and a thin tie, his reflection in the large entrance's glass wall didn't look bad.

Kang Chan went to the lobby and ordered a glass of juice. Soon, a female employee placed his order in front of him in a classy manner as he enjoyed the stunning view just outside the lobby's external glass wall.

Kang Chan found suits uncomfortable, especially when they were so tight-fitting like what he was wearing.

There was a huge possibility that the guys from Suh Jeong Motors went out with Smithen and Sharlan to have fun. If that were the case, then Kang Chan needed to count on Smithen's tendency to not be satisfied with *having fun* just once a day.

He needed to see the outcome today somehow.

If he tried to take both Sharlan and Smithen at the same time, then he and Seok Kang-Ho would definitely be at a disadvantage. He was especially worried about Seok Kang-Ho's old physique.

'I should end it before Dayeru steps up.'

Kang Chan clenched his teeth and braced himself for the fight. As he did, two men in navy blue suits stopped in front of him.

"How do you do, hyung-nim?"

Both of them bowed deeply before he had a chance to stop them.

It was a relief that their voices weren't loud. Kang Chan looked over the lobby, finding the people nearby glancing at them but thankful that he didn't find Sharlan and Smithen among them.

"I'm Suh Do-Seok, hyung-nim. I saw you in the basement that day."

These fuckers were never helpful to him throughout their lives.

"Leave."

"We understand, hyung-nim. If there's anything you need..."

Kang Chan's eyes were already glinting with bloodthirst, and as he glared at them sharply, they grandly bowed and turned to leave.

Fucking gangsters. Why are they at such a fancy hotel?

1. 'Hyung-nim' is a way for men to address other men who are older or of higher social status, and -nim is a suffix that makes it more formal and respectful.