

Blackfield 25

Chapter 25: It Went Well For You, Right? (1)

“Repeat what you just said,” Kang Chan said.

“Sharlan...”

“Not that!”

They were talking in French, preventing the gangsters from understanding them. One of them was looking at Kang Chan in awe, though.

“Drugs, it’s drugs. It’s in the cars that will be imported this time,” Smithen said.

“Your words don’t add up. I heard that the cars were going to Suh Jeong Motors!”

“We were planning on giving fifty cars to Suh Jeong Motors with the condition that we’ll receive the remaining balance later. The other condition was that we’ll hand over the cars every time Kang Yoo Motors sold them, and we planned on retrieving the drugs before handing the cars over.”

Kang Chan couldn’t understand everything Smithen said, but he was certain that Kang Dae-Kyung would be in danger.

Crunch.

“Gah.”

Kang Chan violently stabbed Smithen in between his left shoulder and chest with the broken bottle.

Considering the broken bottle left many pieces stuck in Kang Chan’s hands, words wouldn’t be able to describe Smithen’s injuries. However, Kang Chan still couldn’t leave him like that due to how strong he was. Smithen still had his right arm, which was more than enough for him to attack Kang Chan.

“Huh? What’s this?”

The gangsters found a strange-looking knife in the Serpents Venimeux member they were moving.

Kukri.

It was a bladed weapon commonly used to slash through necks and body parts. It had a slight recurve from the tip to the middle part of its blade.

He should’ve taken that out sooner. If I had that in my hand I wouldn’t have been injured from the bottle.

“Give me that.”

The gangster quickly handed the Kukri to Kang Chan.

“The left is for Dayeru. This one’s for me,” Kang Chan said.

Stab!

“Agh! Arrgh!”

The knife hit the part where Smithen’s right shoulder met his chest. He wouldn’t be able to put strength on his right arm from now on.

“Move this fucker to the hospital,” Kang Chan ordered.

“Understood, hyung-nim.”

Kang Chan’s side hurt so much that he couldn’t even feel pain from his right hand, which was covered in glass shards. Nevertheless, he followed the gangsters and crossed the kitchen that was in the hall. When the small metal door opened, he saw a big van blocking the door and shielding them from prying eyes.

A doctor was already waiting when they arrived because the gangsters had contacted the hospital beforehand. The doctor let out a deep sigh as he watched patient after patient being brought inside. Now that Kang Chan thought about it, he didn’t even know the doctor's name.

“What happened to Seok Kang-Ho, the one that arrived here earlier?” Kang Chan asked the doctor.

“We’ll have to wait and see.”

Son of a bitch. He survived.

Kang Chan suddenly felt drained with all the tension seemingly leaving him.

The doctor followed Smithen and the gang members while the nurse in charge of Kang Chan this whole time removed each shard of glass in his hand with a tweezer. Having finished, the nurse looked awkwardly at Kang Chan because if he were to bandage Kang Chan’s right hand as well, it would look like he was wearing mittens.

“Let’s remove the bandage on the left hand,” Kang Chan told the nurse.

“Sure.”

“But what’s the name of the doctor here?”

Before Kang Chan had finished his question, the doctor came into the room.

“I’m Yoo Hun-Woo.”

His entrance made Kang Chan laugh bitterly. Doing as Kang Chan requested, the nurse removed the bandage, then left the room.

“Are you okay?” the doctor asked as he looked over Kang Chan.

When Kang Chan tried moving his upper body, he grimaced in pain as he held his ribs.

“Let’s see that.”

The doctor pressed Kang Chan’s side with his hand. Each time he did, Kang Chan couldn’t help but groan.

“We’ll need to take an X-ray,” the doctor told him.

Kang Chan agreed to an X-ray when he was told they would get the results immediately.

“Do you see that? Three of your left ribs are broken. Forget fractured—they’re on the verge of being shards. You walked here and asked for my name in this state?”

“Since I can’t see my insides, I just considered myself very injured,” answered Kang Chan.

The doctor’s eyes looked at Kang Chan as if he was looking at a monster.

“You should be hospitalized. If you overexert yourself, your bones will break and stab your organs,” Yoo Hun-Woo replied.

“Just bandage me, please.”

“Mr. Kang Chan.”

There was still Sharlan left. He wasn’t as stupid as Smithen, and he wouldn’t mess things up even if a woman seduced him. On top of that, there might be more Serpents Venimeux members.

“Please bandage me as tightly as possible. If I get confined, the two people you saw before will be in danger.”

“Hmm,” Yoo Hun-Woo sighed, his expression somber. “There’s a high possibility the small bone shards are already digging into your lungs or organs. Without using complicated medical terms, this basically means you’re the one in danger right now. Do you want to come back here dead?”

“If that happens, then take all my organs out and sell them.”

“Who’s going to buy organs with punctures all over?” Yoo Hun-Woo retorted to Kang Chan’s rare joke.

“Please just bandage me up,” Kang Chan repeated.

“Why are you like this? I don’t know what you’re trying to do, but you might faint on the way there.”

Kang Chan understood that Yoo Hun-Woo was frustrated, but he had to get to Sharlan. Plus, if Smithen was right, then there was a chance that Kang Chan could make things right with Kang Dae-Kyung’s business.

“If I don’t go, everything will go wrong. My mother might pass away as well,” said Kang Chan.

Yoo Hun-Woo pursed his lips then nodded.

“Okay. However, even if it’s uncomfortable, don’t take off the bandage, and come to the hospital as soon as possible when you’re done.”

Yoo Hun-Woo left for a moment, came back with a chest brace that looked like a breastplate, and tied it on Kang Chan. He'd probably end up catching more attention than Michelle due to it.

“Don't even think about taking this off,” Yoo Hun-Woo warned.

‘How did he know?’ Kang Chan couldn't help but wonder.

Still, though it looked ugly, it made moving and breathing more comfortable.

When Kang Chan left the treatment room and went to the fifth floor, the guys that Oh Gwang-Taek sent lined up along the hallway and greeted him with their usual tiresome greetings.

Kang Chan first went to Seok Kang-Ho's room.

Perhaps hoping for the best, he thought Seok Kang-Ho would complain and ask for a cigarette the moment he entered. However, he found Seok Kang-Ho unconscious and had a cervical collar around his neck.

Kang Chan stood next to Seok Kang-Ho's bed and looked down at him.

“I'll be back after I'm done,” Kang Chan told him.

Stupid bastard. But thanks, you fucker.

Seok Kang-Ho should've just backed off even a little bit if his strength was lacking, but all he had left of Dayeru was his personality. Afraid they would've attacked Kang Chan if he didn't, he rushed in vigorously.

From drugs to the Serpents Venimeux, things had gotten more out of hand than Kang Chan had expected.

With the two new variables in play, ending it clumsily or quietly was no longer an option.

“You idiot, you better be awake when I come back.”

Kang Chan suddenly felt lonely. He felt like stroking Seok Kang-Ho's head but left the patient room instead, finding the idea gross.

Smithen and the Serpents Venimeux members were in the room next to Seok Kang-Ho.

The two gangsters guarding the door jumped up to greet Kang Chan. There were a total of four beds inside, each side having two beds separated by a small gap. Bandages completely covered Smithen's face and body, while the gang members had at least their faces and hands uncovered. The gang member—whose nose Kang Chan had broken—smiled menacingly and shook his head, conveying that Kang Chan had messed with the wrong person.

The gang member remained relaxed even though he saw Kang Chan smirk.

“I admit that we let our guard down, but you and your family won't survive.”

He even ‘threatened’ Kang Chan.

This always happened whenever he didn't end things properly.

Kang Chan looked at the two gangsters in the room.

“Go and get the Kukri,” ordered Kang Chan.

“Pardon, hyung-nim?”

“I’m talking about the knife these fuckers had.”

“Understood, hyung-nim.”

One of them quickly left.

Kang Chan really didn’t want Oh Gwang-Taek’s help to this extent. But he needed it to monitor these people and protect Seok Kang-Ho.

Falling into a ditch? The only thing that changed was that the battle he had been prepared to die in was now in Seoul instead of Africa. These guys were different from high school bullies or the gangsters in the basement parking lot, and he needed to deal with them accordingly.

When the gangster returned with a Kukri, the Serpent Venimeux members’ smiles vanished. Perhaps they remembered how it was used to burst Smithen’s eyeball and stab his shoulders at the end of their fight.

Kang Chan grabbed the Kukri’s handle and unsheathed it.

He felt bad for Doctor Yoo Hun-Woo, but stabbing these bastards with a beer bottle wouldn’t keep them down for long. The moment Kang Chan let his guard down, the two guys watching this room and even Seok Kang-Ho in the next room would have a hard time surviving.

“Do you really want to get your family killed?!” yelled one Serpent Venimeux member.

Smirk.

“We’re French people that came here for business!” another exclaimed.

“You should say that at the embassy,” Kang Chan replied.

The other two gang members’ expressions soured, seemingly having expected this outcome.

“Who do you think we are…”

“Tais-toi! (shut up!)” Kang Chan yelled.

The Kukri wasn’t carried around for combat.

It was mostly used to cut the necks of those who had been immobilized by being shot near their knees. It was more effective when used in front of families or other people, and even if there wasn’t anyone around, it brought more shock than being shot to death.

If these gang members had guns, then Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho would’ve already died with bullets in their thighs or knees and their necks slit open.

From now on, it was a fight to protect what was theirs.

Being faithful to the basics brought better results in more difficult fights. And the basics of the basics started from a perfect finish.

“Putain Merde!” one gang member yelled angrily as Kang walked closer to them.

If it was to be forcefully translated, it would be mean along the lines of ‘Fuck.’

Stab. Stab. Slice! Slice! Stab. Stab.

Kang Chan stabbed the shoulder and armpit of the gang member that raised his head and threatened him. Kang Chan then sliced his shoulder muscle. The Kukri’s large blade brought better results than expected.

The two gang members lying beside the first gang member glared at Kang Chan.

It was to hide their fears.

Stab. Stab. Stab. Stab.

Despite their actions, Kang Chan didn’t plan on going easy on them. He repeated what he did to the Serpent Venimeux member that threatened him to the other two. In doing so, he lowered the chances of incidents happening in the hospital.

“Move these fuckers to another room,” he ordered.

The two gangsters called for the others that were outside, then dragged the beds outside.

He heard a nurse’s shocked cry, but that wasn’t important.

“Smithen, you fucking traitor,” Kang Chan said.

For as long as this fucker’s legs were working, he was still dangerous.

“I didn’t know! Sharlan came with the rescue team after confirming that even our unit had been annihilated, but I was still alive. That’s it!” Smithen exclaimed.

“But why did you look after Sharlan’s back? You should’ve told everyone that he betrayed us.”

Smithen didn’t say anything. If Kang Chan let this guy loose, something would happen for sure. Kang Chan was thinking of ending it.

“Diamonds. Sharlan sold us for the diamonds. The Serpent Venimeux members were there when I regained my bearings, so I had no other choice.”

“Then you should’ve said he was the traitor the moment you were saved in the hospital!” Kang Chan yelled.

Slice.

Kang Chan sliced Smithen’s left hip muscle.

“Arrgh!”

Smithen’s upper body jerked upward.

“How many more are there other than Sharlan?” Kang Chan asked.

“Two! Two!”

“What weapons do they have?”

“Glock 19s!”

They did bring guns, after all. If Kang Chan hadn't taken care of Smithen in the club and instead met him on Tuesday, there was a high possibility that they would've brought guns.

Slice!

Kang Chan made sure to end it properly and left the patient's room. The nurse that was going into the next room looked at him with eyes full of fear and disdain.

Kang Chan planned on going to the hotel first.

He was going to finish everything by today. No matter how thoughtless Sharlan could be, he still wouldn't be dumb enough to open fire in a fancy hotel..

“Mr. Kang Chan!”

Yoo Hun-Woo walked toward Kang Chan with a very angry expression.

“If you keep acting like this in here, then we can no longer provide you with medical services,” Yoo Hun-Woo warned him.

He was just being faithful to his job, but so was Kang Chan.

“They're members of an infamous gang in France. If I left them as they were, they probably would've killed Seok Kang-Ho, the idiots in the hallway, you, and the nurses. Should I still pretend that I didn't see them and leave?”

Yoo Hun-Woo gulped.

“I didn't kill them. Nobody died. I simply refused to leave them alone knowing other innocent people could die. Just say the word and I'll never set foot in this hospital again,” Kang Chan continued.

It was the truth. Kang Chan didn't want to stay in a place that didn't want him anyway, and he didn't want to live with regrets because he didn't finish things properly.

“Are there any gang members left?” the doctor asked.

“There's still three, and two of them have guns.”

For some reason, Kang Chan didn't want to lie to Yoo Hun-Woo even though the gangsters in the hallway would understand their conversation because they spoke in Korean.

“Are they part of the gang that tried to escape prison using a helicopter?”

Kang Chan smirked.

If Yoo Hun-Woo were to hear the horrible murders they had committed, he'd probably spearhead selling their organs himself.

“I can't just let go of a patient that frequently pays me without relying on medical insurance. I'll be waiting. No need to go to a different hospital,” Yoo Hun-Woo

told Kang Chan, then went into Smithen's room. He seemed tired but didn't have any intention of giving up.

"Always keep your guards up around the three guys over there," Kang Chan ordered a gangster.

"Understood, hyung-nim."

The answer seemed rote and careless.

The problem was how to handle Sharlan and the two gang members. Simply going up to their room didn't feel right, and Kang Chan thought Sharlan and the others most likely wouldn't come out even if he blindly called them.

Kang Chan needed to finish things one at a time.

Smithen, that fucker, probably went down to the club after talking about Kang Chan. Kang Chan needed to sort things out quickly, but he urgently had to go return to the hotel.

Kang Chan stopped walking momentarily to think.

Smithen knew all of Sharlan's secrets, so it was only right for Sharlan to be anxious.

How worried did Sharlan have to be to hire three gang members to watch Smithen, a guy that said he was going to the club to meet women? Who was more desperate? Solidifying his decision, Kang Chan went into Smithen's room again.

Yoo Hun-Woo and the nurse turned back to look at him while they were stitching up Smithen's side.

"Smithen," Kang Chan called out.

Smithen felt a special type of fear due to his eyes being covered. He tried his best to figure out what was going on by shaking his head back and forth.

"What did you do with the money that you earned from selling diamonds?"

Kang Chan couldn't see Smithen's expression since his face was bandaged up.

"Don't try to play tricks in front of me."

When Kang Chan spoke in French, Yoo Hun-Woo and the nurse looked at him in shock.

"It's in a swiss bank," Smithen replied.

"Then why did he let you live? If Sharlan killed you earlier, then it would've been over."

"We shared the password to the bank account so that I would get half, and Smithen would get the other half. If he kills me, he'll never find the money..."

Smithen wasn't this smart.

"You're not this smart. This is my last warning, don't try to play tricks on me. Why did Sharlan let you live?"

“I’m not making this up! Sharlan made it this way after visiting the hospital so that I keep my mouth shut! There are still ten million euros left!”

It can't be a diamond that's as big as a human's head...

“Blackhead?”

“That’s right! Channy! Blackhead!”

Blackhead was the rough diamond that appeared every twenty or something years in the African diamond mine. Rumored to be cursed, one would apparently feel desire upon looking at it, and it would lead them to their death if they couldn’t overcome that desire. Even Kang Chan had never seen it before.

“What about the drugs?” asked Kang Chan.

“Sharlan only has the sample.”

Damn it! If things go south, then I'd have to take care of the drugs as well.

“Who’s buying them?”

“I don’t know, Channy. I really don’t know.”

“What’s the bank password?”

Smithen didn’t reply, as if he tried to not let go of his last lifeline.

“Doctor, please step out for a moment,” Kang Chan said.

“Mr. Kang Chan, please. This patient will die if you continue.”

“I won’t kill him.”

When they spoke in Korean, Smithen turned his head from side to side, seemingly anxious. Kang Chan didn’t want the money. If Sharlan didn’t tell him the password then there was no way Kang Chan could find it with only half the password. However, he needed to have at least the smallest proof as bait to completely bring the bastard down.

“Smithen, tell me the password,” Kang Chan repeated.

The look in Kang Chan’s eyes made Yoo Hun-Woo sigh and walk away.

“Smithen... Smithen 0702 of 0913 Africa.”

This son of a bitch!