

Blackfield 26

Chapter 26: It Went Well For You, Right? (2)

Kang Chan realized his phone was missing after he came out of Smithen's room. He thought it went missing in the club during the fight.

“Contact Gwang-Taek for me,” Kang Chan ordered.

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

The fight had already started, and Kang Chan planned on winning.

Kang Chan took the phone the gangster respectfully handed to him.

– What's up? You speak a foreign language as well?

Oh Gwang-Taek's voice was filled with surprise. Kang Chan moved to a corner to keep the gangsters from hearing their conversation.

“I was told there's a drug sample in the Namsan hotel. Do you know anything about it?”

- What?

Could this fucker be the one buying the drugs?

Kang Chan sharply glared at the men that stood along the hallway with the thought that they could become enemies at any moment.

- Speak clearly. There are drugs in the Namsan hotel?

“It's a sample!”

- That's the same thing! Which fuckers did it? Which sons of bitches are fucking around in someone else's business without permission?

Kang Chan felt slightly relieved, but he couldn't let his guard down.

- Hey! Which bastard did it? What kind of fuckers are they?!

“Three French guys have the sample, which means there's someone buying it.”

- And those fuckers don't know who?

“Are you even listening to me? Like I said, they don't know. And those bastards are part of the Serpents Venimeux, a French gang. Two of them apparently have guns.

- Seito?

To Kang Chan, it sounded like a Japanese gang.

“I'm thinking of ending it today. Find a suitable location for it, then I'll call them out. If they don't come, then I'm thinking of going to the hotel.”

- Hey! I barely managed to patch things up at the club. It's a relief that it's open right now or else I would've been in deep trouble. Let's drag them outside. There's a quiet villa near the riverside of Namyangju[1]. You can do it there. I'll also send a car to both the hospital and the hotel, so use that.

“Okay. The French aren't pushovers, though, so be careful. If they decide to take revenge, things will get out of hand.”

- Shit! What makes you think I'd bow down on my own turf? Stop the bullshit and tell my men what you need. I'll be going as well but to where? The hotel? Or should I be at Namyangju?

Oh Gwang-Taek didn't seem like he would listen if Kang Chan told him to stay out of this.

- It's really weird, though. Regardless of who it is, I should've heard about it if someone was dealing drugs. Should I investigate the fucking drug addicts?

“Don't complicate things.”

- Fine. Let me know where you're going once it's decided.

Kang Chan called over a gangster with a gesture of his chin after he ended the call.

“Find out the hotel's number,” Kang Chan ordered.

“I know its number, hyung-nim.”

It was about 10 am.

A gangster quickly dialed the number and handed it to Kang Chan.

– This is the Namsan hotel, how can I help you?

“Please connect me to Mr. Sharlan in room 1901 and tell him that Kang Chan is calling.”

- Please wait.

Kang Chan heard the on-hold music.

‘Pick up, Sharlan.’

- ‘Ello.

It wasn't Sharlan's voice.

“Please connect me to Mr. Sharlan.”

- He can't take calls right now. I'll pass on your message if you tell me what you want to say to him.

Kang Chan could feel that things had gotten messed up a little.

“Understood. Then I'll ask that you memo what I say. Are you ready to write it down?”

Kang Chan momentarily heard rustling sounds.

Is Sharlan really not there?

“Pass on the message that the God of Blackfield is waiting along with swiss bank and drugs.”

There was no answer from the other end.

Kang Chan then turned off the phone.

The man in front of Kang Chan looked at him with a strange expression. These fuckers’ eyes turned respectful the moment they heard him speak in French.

“Do you know Suh Do-Seok’s number?” Kang Chan asked.

“Pardon, hyung-nim?”

“I asked if you know Suh Do-Seok’s number in the Namsan hotel?”

The gangster found the phone directory and handed over the phone after pressing the call button.

- What!

“It’s Kang Chan.”

- Hyung-nim! Suh Do-Seok speaking.

His arrogant voice suddenly turned polite. That had to be a skill.

“Is there a French man named Sharlan near the lobby?”

- Well, a person has come down to the club looking for the whereabouts of a foreigner named Smithen.

“What did you tell them?”

- I told him Smithen visited the club before it opened and then left.

“How many are left from the people that first came with Sharlan?”

- I’ll call you after I check, hyung-nim.

“Since you’re looking into it, find out where that bastard Sharlan is right now and how many people visited him today. And if there are any, find out who they are and let me know through this number. Oh, right! Was my phone not left in the club?”

- I’ll look into it, hyung-nim.

That fucker didn’t clean up the club himself, so it would be hard for him to know where his phone was.

“Do you have cigarettes?” Kang Chan asked the gangsters.

Strangely enough, Kang Chan had been asking other people for cigarettes a lot these days. The most annoying thing was when people didn’t give back the lighter after they asked. After Kang Chan handed over the phone to the gangsters, he opened the metal door at the end of the hallway and went to the stairs outside.

Click. Click.

“Whoo!”

It was hot and humid, and yet, it was also pleasantly cool.

How many people were aware that things like this were happening in the middle of Gangnam?

Leaning on the stairs’ handrails, Kang Chan got lost in his thoughts for a moment.

He was unhappy that Seok Kang-Ho wasn’t here.

Was this the reason Seok Kang-Ho tried to eat with him at least once a day?

When Kang Chan let out a long exhale after extinguishing the cigarette, a gangster opened the door and handed over the phone, telling him it was Suh Do-Seok on the line.

“How’d it go?”

– The French man named Sharlan is currently talking to a Korean customer in the restaurant. According to the restaurant’s manager, the Korean seems to be an official from an automobile company.

Sharlan is meeting Suh Jeong Motors this late at night? Then who were the people he met when I called in the morning?

– There are two foreigners left, and they’re currently down at the restaurant with Sharlan.

They could be down there to pass on the memo Kang Chan left a little while ago.

“Good job.”

- Oh, also, I couldn’t find your phone.

“Okay.”

Kang Chan was certain that Smithen wasn’t lying at this point. Smithen was aware of his personality, after all. Smithen wouldn’t have mixed in lies unless he was planning on living without women for the rest of his life.

Kang Chan ended the call and took some time to himself.

Now the odds were in his favor.

“Call Suh Do-Seok again,” Kang Chan ordered.

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

The gangster politely handed over the phone.

- What?! I’m busy—

“It’s Kang Chan.”

- Yes, hyung-nim?

It really was a skill. Anyhow.

“Let me know when those bastards return to their rooms. I’m going to call them to get them out, then do a thorough search of their rooms. You should have plenty of time.”

The response came after a short pause.

- I can’t search their rooms with my authority, hyung-nim. It’s probably going to be difficult even if Gwang-Taek hyung-nim orders it. It’s only possible in urgent situations such as death, long unpaid stay, and fire.

That seems logical.

“I see. Then just let me know when they return to their rooms.”

Kang Chan received the call when he pulled out another cigarette and smoked about half of it.

- They’ve gone up to their rooms, hyung-nim.

“Got it.”

Kang Chan continued to smoke the rest of the cigarette after calculating the time it took them to take the elevator, then called the hotel.

- ‘Ello?

It was Sharlan.

“It’s Kang Chan.”

For a moment, Sharlan stayed silent.

“I called because I thought you needed it, but I’ll hang up if you’re not interested.”

- I assume that you heard it from Smithen, but stop blabbing around when you don’t even know what the God of Blackfield means. Just tell me where Smithen is. Do that, and I’ll give you the exclusive rights to import the cars.

What’s he saying? Is he perhaps..?

Sharlan seemed to have misunderstood that Smithen betrayed him. After all, that was more rational than assuming that Kang Chan reincarnated into another body.

In this case, it wouldn’t be bad to match what Sharlan was saying.

“Kang Yoo Motors doesn’t have the money to pay the initial payment.”

- Don’t worry. I’ll handle the initial payment for fifty cars, so stop meddling already and tell me where Smithen is.

“The confirmation of the contract comes first.”

- There’s an organization involved in this situation—one you’d be surprised to know about. So stop acting cute and tell me where Smithen is.

“The contract comes first, Sharlan. If you say anything else, you might as well assume Smithen will be gone forever.”

When Sharlan didn't answer, Kang Chan thought 'oh shoot' to himself.

Sharlan wasn't the type to crumble even if Kang Chan acted like this.

‘Tsk!’

What else could Kang Chan do? That was his personality.

- How can you guarantee that we'll get Smithen after the contract has been signed?

Nonetheless, the bait he used proved to be quite effective.

“I'm not the one that's at a loss here, Sharlan. I saw quite a lot of money in Swiss bank.”

- Hmm.

It was quite a long groan.

- It will take some time to attest and announce the contract even if I have the right to make an arbitrary decision.

“That type of excuse isn't like you, Sharlan.”

- And you really seem like the Kang Chan I knew in the past.

This time it was Kang Chan who remained silent.

If Kang Chan obstinately said 'God of Blackfield' in a weird moment, Sharlan would obviously think Kang Chan was trying to insist on having his way based on what he heard from Smithen.

- Is Smithen with you?

“How could I have found out about Blackhead or the Swiss bank otherwise?”

- Okay. Then come to the hotel business center by 10 tomorrow. Let's conclude the contract and finish this.

This was the frightening part about Sharlan. He definitely noticed some things yet didn't recklessly act up despite how desperate he was. He didn't plan on leaving any evidence behind.

- Why aren't you answering?

Wouldn't Yoo Hye-Sook also be in danger if people start following Kang Dae-Kyung?

“Understood. 10 am, at the business center.”

- Let me see Smithen first before we sign the contract.

The call ended with that.

That was very much like Sharlan. He had responded to Kang Chan's bait by throwing a really delicious bait himself, ensuring Kang Chan would have to take Smithen to the hotel. He was suspicious of Kang Chan, but ten million euros was too big for Sharlan to give up. On the other hand, Kang Chan was desperate for that automobile contract.

It was already 10:30 pm.

Not only wasn't it good to take Smithen to the hotel now, but he needed to let Kang Dae-Kyung know about the contract quickly. However, Kang Chan had bruises all over his face, a breastplate on his chest, and bandages on his right hand.

He had no other choice but to call Kang Dae-Kyung.

"Hello?"

"It's me, Channy."

- Channy? Where are you? Why haven't you been answering your phone?

Kang Dae-Kyung's voice sounded like he was trying to keep his anger down. Kang Chan also heard "Is that Chanie?" from Yoo Hye-Sook nearby.

- Your mom's been so worried. You're coming home now, right?

"I'll get going now."

Kang Chan decided to head home first. If Kang Chan hadn't heard that Yoo Hye-Sook's health was deteriorating, he wouldn't have gone home tonight and would've just told Kang Dae-Kyung about the contract on the phone.

There was still time left until 10 am tomorrow.

Kang Chan first ordered the gangsters to bring some clothes, then called Suh Do-Seok. Kang Chan told him to confirm if there was a reservation at the business center for 10 am tomorrow, and to contact him if Sharlan goes outside or if he has more visitors. He also made sure to call Oh Gwang-Taek.

Kang Chan told Oh Gwang-Taek that he'd figure things out tomorrow since he planned on meeting them at 10 am tomorrow in the hotel. Kang Chan then hung up the phone, took off the breastplate, changed into clothes that were bought in a hurry, and even wore sneakers.

Kang Dae-Kyung was near the bed Yoo Hye-Sook was using.

"Our son is coming. Happy now?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

Despite looking tired and having no strength due to her depleted energy, Yoo Hye-Sook smiled.

"Do you like our son that much?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked again.

"Having Chanie's what I'm most thankful for after meeting you."

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at Yoo Hye-Sook with an appalled expression.

"I realize that when I saw you giving birth to Chanie. You stopped bleeding after you held Chanie, even though it didn't stop even after you've used six hundred packs of blood beforehand. Do you remember the medical team's reaction? They started tearing up because they were touched."

“Why are you bringing that up again?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“I’m going to tell Chanie everything when he gets married—that you held on until you almost died in the ICU, then stopped bleeding when our son woke up. Be honest. You were planning on dying with him, weren’t you?”

“How could I do that when I have you?”

“Geez! Don’t lie through your teeth.”

“I’m sorry, honey.”

Yoo Hye-Sook caressed Kang Dae-Kyung’s hand.

“Shake it off and get better soon if you understand. We were told that your condition can become serious if you start bleeding again due to your uterine fibroids. You have to be strong for Chanie’s sake.”

When Yoo Hye-Sook answered “I will”, Kang Dae-Kyung’s phone rang.

“What’s going on at this hour? Hello?”

Kang Dae-Kyung answered the call, perplexed.

“Yes. Yes. Pardon?”

Wondering what was happening, Yoo Hye-Sook focused on Kang Dae-Kyung’s expression.

“Is that true? Did you confirm this yourself?”

Kang Dae-Kyung asked again in a sense of disbelief.

“What about the lawyer? Did you contact him? And the journalists? 10 am tomorrow? Senior director. Have you really checked everything? Is there not a chance that the interpreter misunderstood something? You’ve confirmed this with the headquarters in France, right?”

Kang Dae-Kyung ended the call after verifying the information a few times, then blankly looked at Yoo Hye-Sook.

“What happened? What’s wrong, honey?”

“They’re going to sign the contract because of Chanie. With the initial payment of the contract for fifty cars, they’ll give us exclusive rights to Gong Te automobile in Korea for the next twenty years.”

“What? What are you talking about?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked as she forcefully raised her upper body to sit and lean against the backboard of the bed.

“Honey, I asked what you were saying.”

“They’re apparently signing the contract because of Chanie. They said they’re going to agree to our exclusive rights for twenty years with the initial payment of

the contract Gong Te automobile previously sent. This isn't just with the 'Chiffre,' either. They're going to give us exclusive rights to all car models that Gong Te produces. The senior director was so excited that he didn't know what to do. They want to sign the contract in front of the journalists at 10 am tomorrow," Kang Dae-Kyung told Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Honey, is that true? Really?"

Yoo Hye-Sook's eyes were full of tears.

"Did I yell at Kang Chan to come home quickly without knowing about this?"

"What if our son had a hard time dealing with this and hadn't even eaten? How nervous would he have been while he was doing something this big?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

When Kang Chan got out of the car at the entrance of the apartment, the gangsters that drove him said that they would wait there, and Kang Chan accepted. If Sharlan wanted to, he could've easily found Kang Chan's home address. Kang Chan wanted to prepare for the possibility of something happening until he had it out with Sharlan tomorrow.

Kang Chan looked ugly in the reflection in the elevator mirror.

'Smithen, that fucker.'

His face looked distorted.

What if Seok Kang-Ho hadn't been there?

Kang Chan felt like Sharlan had decided to take Smithen with him to France since everything had already been ruined. Sharlan was cold-hearted enough to do that.

'Should I cover up everything from here and forget everything?'

Kang Chan had found out who the bastard that sold off their crew was. What would his dead unit members say when he only punched Smithen, who was now on their side, and let Sharlan go?

Ting.

The elevator's ding made him remember to head home first.

Kang Chan held onto his side, exhaled slowly, then pressed the password for the apartment. When he opened the door, he found Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook walking out of the master bedroom.

"I'm sorry for being late. Are you feeling better?" Kang Chan asked.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook looked at Kang Chan's face with shocked eyes. Their gaze then landed on Kang Chan's bandaged right hand.

"What's wrong? How did you get hurt this badly?"

"It was from working out," Kang Chan answered.

Kang Chan looked at Kang Dae-Kyung because Yoo Hye-Sook was crying her eyes out.

“I got the call. I was told that the contract was being signed thanks to you,” Kang Dae-Kyung told Kang Chan.

“You got a call?”

“Yes, from the senior director that you saw at the hotel. He told me about the contract signing at 10 am tomorrow. Did that friend of yours you’ve told us about help you?”

“I guess so. This is what you wanted, right?”

“My son.”

Unable to continue speaking, Yoo Hye-Sook hugged Kang Chan.

“Why are you crying?” Kang Chan asked.

“Thinking about how nervous you must’ve been alone tears me apart.”

“Father did all the hard work. And, as great as the contract is, I like it better when you cheer up, mother.”

Kang Chan hugged Yoo Hye-Sook.

He felt warm.

And cozy.

He was in horrible pain due to his side, but the hardships that he had endured that day seemed to be melting away like snow.