

Blackfield 27.2

Chapter 27.2: So What do you Want me to Do? (1)

When Kang Chan turned the lever before speaking, Seok Kang-Ho exclaimed.

“Damn it! Why didn’t you do this while I was smoking?”

“I told you not to get angry.”

Kang Chan ordered a gangster that was in the hallway to buy them kimbap and a few snacks. He then made coffee.

“Didn’t you say that you fractured your ribs?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“So? It’s not like the coffee cup will jump at me.”

“Have you become considerate?”

“You want to get hit?”

It was strangely pleasing. When the kimbap arrived, Seok Kang-Ho intensely ate the two rows of kimbap while frowning.

“Let’s tell my wife tomorrow that it was a car accident,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“That’s already been done.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked back at him, but Kang Chan didn’t explain any further.

“That wife of mine will try to get a lot of compensation,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

Kang Chan stared at him.

“Don’t you get mixed up?” asked Kang Chan.

“I’ve already said that I had made up my mind to just live like this. We’ve already avenged the fallen, and I’m with you, so I know that I’m not crazy. What else is there to do but live this life as I see fit?”

That might be the answer. But Kang Chan wasn’t willing to just let Sharlan go.

“Please help me move a bit,” Seok Kang-Ho requested.

“You should rest.”

“I have to see Smithen, that son of a bitch, again. I won’t be able to see him again once he’s been taken to the hotel tomorrow, right?”

It would be hard to stop him from doing that.

Kang Chan brought a wheelchair that was in one part of the hallway and went to Smithen’s room with Seok Kang-Ho. Smithen was looking around when they entered. He had been separated from the French gang. His body looked hideous. All of his limbs and his eye were completely bandaged,

and there were sprouts of yellow hair on his chest, the lower part of his stomach, and in between his thighs.

“Smithen.”

Smithen flinched when Kang Chan said his name.

“Dayeru is here.”

Seok Kang-Ho didn't know French, so he definitely needed an interpreter.

“You fucker, I'll forgive you with this.”

There really wasn't anything equivalent to Korean swear words, so Kang Chan just appropriately passed on Seok Kang-Ho's words.

“You'll never do this, but when you leave tomorrow, live your entire life apologizing to our brothers that died an unjust death.”

When Kang Chan passed on Seok Kang-Ho's words, Smithen's face leaned toward Seok Kang-Ho.

“Are you really the God of Blackfield?” Smithen asked.

“What are you saying after you already said everything?”

“I acted that way back then because I was shocked. I lost my bearings after the name Dayeru was mentioned and the situation unfolded. I figured Sharlan worked in the back to get the password when he was alone,” Smithen said.

“I bet Sharlan doesn't know that you almost got beaten to death after assaulting a sixteen-year-old girl.” Kang Chan told Smithen.

Smithen didn't say anything. A small moment of silence passed.

“Does Dayeru speak Arabic?” Smithen asked soon after.

“He definitely does since he's Algerian. But you don't know Arabic.”

“That's true.”

This stupid fucker really didn't change one bit.

“I borrowed money from Dayeru. Please ask how much that was, exactly.”

When Kang Chan passed on his words, anger seemingly filled Seok Kang-Ho.

“That son of a bitch borrowed from me three times after drinking because he needed to buy women. No, it's actually four times if we include that time he ran away after stealing money that I had in my top's pocket while I was in the bathroom.”

Kang Chan passed on Seok Kang-Ho's exact words.

Smithen's Adam's apple moved when he gulped.

“Captain.”

“Tsk! Keep it up, and I’ll wheel you back to your room. I’m getting annoyed,” Kang Chan said.

“The sound you make when you’re annoyed is the same as well. Is this really possible?”

“How do you think we feel?” Kang Chan asked Smithen.

Smithen seemed to finally accept the reality.

“We’re going to hand you over to Sharlan tomorrow. We didn’t tell him your part of the password, so head over to France.”

Smithen asked for one when Seok Kang-Ho bit down on a cigarette. Kang Chan then saw a guy with only his mouth and nose out of the bandage smoking.

“I know Sharlan’s password,” said Smithen.

What’s he saying?

“I have a share with Gong Te automobile under my name. Half of it was paid by the money from selling diamonds, Serpents Venimeux paid the other half. So if I go to France like this, I’m going to die.”

Smithen really lived life while doing various things.

“Please protect me. Then I’ll tell you the entire bank password.”

“Smithen.”

Kang Chan didn’t want to join this clingy trade.

“I’m treating you to this extent because I believe that you were honest at the end. I have no plans on touching the price for the death of our crew so stop talking bullshit and go negotiate with Sharlan tomorrow. Of course, there’s no telling what I’m going to do to Sharlan before that happens,” Kang Chan said.

“There are ten mafia members from both China and Japan at the hotel that’s in front of the city hall and in the Banpo hotel. If Sharlan asked that you hand me over when you guys made the deal, that means he’s planning on doing something with them. Please spare me,” Smithen begged.

“Phew.”

Things were really getting out of hand. If possible, Kang Chan wanted to run to Sharlan this late at night and beat him up. On the other hand, he also truly wanted to step out.

“It seems like Sharlan planned on handing over the drugs to Japan and China. When they called me yesterday, they had finished discussing that in the room. They’ll obviously be filled with vengeance, so I’m sure they won’t just stay put,” Smithen continued.

“You can’t live in Korea,” Kang Chan replied.

“Please make me the branch manager of Korea for Gong Te automobile.”

Appalled, Kang Chan laughed.

“What’s that fucker saying?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan bit on a cigarette and told him exactly what Smithen had said.

“Ask him how he discovered Smithen’s password. He doesn’t have the brain to do tricks right?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“Are you perhaps asking because you’re tempted by the money?”

“What’s so bad about that? It would be better to donate it to places that help those in need than to let them use it for evil. The dead would also hope for that as well, wouldn’t they?”

Is this guy really Dayeru?

“What’s there to do other than asking questions right now and waiting until tomorrow to determine if he’s telling the truth? We can go and beat up all the Chinese and Japanese gangs in the hotel at night, which is what you’re good at.”

“And after that?”

“We should cut off Sharlan’s neck tomorrow the moment all parties involved have signed the contract,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

As Kang Chan listened to Seok Kang-Ho’s answer, he actually felt betrayed. He couldn’t believe this fucker was this smart.

“So you’re saying we should let that fucker be the branch manager of Korea Gong Te automobile?” asked Kang Chan.

“Do you think you can just stand by and watch him go after women here?”

“So what should we do?”

“Since he’ll die no matter where he goes anyway, let’s just keep him in school. Do you think he’s going to hit on high schoolers in front of you? After he got almost beaten to death in Africa? Afterward, we can just slyly hand over a female to Smithen. Isn’t it a match made in heaven? Won’t that sound like heaven for him?”

Had this bastard been studying on his own?

Kang Chan quickly looked at Smithen.

“Smithen, how did you discover Sharlan’s password?”

Sharlan wasn't a normal, cool-headed guy. He wasn't the type to just spill important information like a password to a dumbass like Smithen...

"It's the God of Blackfield," Smithen told Kang Chan.

'These stupid fuckers!'

"And how did you know that?"

"I found out when I was saying the password in the bank. There was a time when Sharlan told me to call the bank as he requested to withdraw money. Before saying the numbers I always say 'Smithen of Africa' first, I got confused that day. I said 'God of Blackfield' instead, then the automated voice told me to say the next password."

It was ridiculous.

"When I said 'Smithen 0702 of 0913 Africa' the voice confirmed that it had been taken care of. That's how I discovered his password," Smithen continued.

These two dumbasses were giving him quite a lot of shock.

At the very least, the only issue left now was how to get rid of Sharlan.

"I'm sure you're aware that Sharlan always keeps his back safe, right? He will completely trust the Japanese and Chinese gangs, so let's get rid of them first," said Smithen.

Smithen was so excited it was as if he was the one that was going to do all of this.

"What's there left to do? Let's send Sharlan to France quietly after the contract signing ends tomorrow. That way, the Serpents Venimeux guys will be the ones to end it completely. That's better than doing it ourselves," Smithen continued.

Now the tail was wagging the dog.[1].

"Wouldn't Sharlan think you're going to betray him since you're with us?" Kang Chan asked.

"Even if he does, what's he going to do? Plus Sharlan won't believe it since we both have a part of the password. Until now, there was no reason for the gang to butt in, but we bought a share of Gong Te automobile because Sharlan was greedy. If he wants to live, he's definitely going to try and pay back the damages with the money in the bank after taking me to France. I'm going to die if there's no money, and Sharlan is going to plan his next move."

"Hmm," Kang Chan thought about it.

"Captain. One of my eyeballs is broken, and my right arm is unusable. I also didn't plan on betraying you. Please spare me just this once," Smithen begged.

Kang Chan exhaled deeply again.

“Let’s spare that fucker.”

Seok Kang-Ho added to the conversation, seemingly understanding what Smithen said.