

Blackfield 28

Chapter 28: So What Do You Want me to Do? (2)

Everything roughly made sense.

Kang Chan wheeled Seok Kang-Ho out of Smithen's room. All of the gangsters stood up when they emerged. He Kang Chan looked at one of them.

"Call Gwang-Taek," Kang Chan ordered.

"Yes, hyung-nim."

When Seok Kang-Ho returned to his room, he held his neck and sat on the bed, groaning. It was much more comfortable for him to talk with his back straight.

"Have you called your family?" Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

"I'm thinking of calling them after tomorrow. How am I going to explain the gangsters in the hallway to my family if they come running over immediately?"

"Say that they're the offender."

"Nah. My wife is the type of woman to grab them by their collar and demand compensation from them."

When Seok Kang-Ho side-eyed the hallway, a gangster came in with the phone.

"It's me," Kang Chan answered.

- Hey! What happened?

"There are Chinese and Japanese guys in the hotel that's in front of the city hall and in the Banpo hotel. I was told they're the ones planning on buying the drugs."

- Japan and China? They're pulling out all the stops. Do you know the names of the organizations involved?

"I don't."

- How many are there?

"Apparently ten from each country."

- It'll be easy to distinguish a group that big.

"I need a room tomorrow morning at the Namsan hotel."

- Do-Seok can do that.

"I'll be at the hospital, so contact me through this number."

- Understood.

The gangster took the phone and bowed respectfully before leaving the room. Kang Chan really didn't want to fight the Serpents Venimeux—even if he was told that he'd have to fight a drug organization otherwise—unless they had to fight with all of the evil in the world.

He was only going to get Sharlan.

“Aren't you going?” Seok Kang-Ho asked out of the blue, confusing Kang Chan.

“Aren't you supposed to beat up the Chinese and Japanese gangs?”

Kang Chan's heart cooled down when he heard Seok Kang-Ho say those words so easily and confidently.

“Daye.”

Attempting to determine how Kang Chan would react, Seok Kang-Ho's face hardened.

“Did you think I'd lead those fuckers in the hallway in a fight? I accepted their help because of our location and out of fear that I won't be able to avenge our unit if things go wrong. I'm expecting to meddle in a fight between gangs to pay the price for that. Yet you still want me to take them with me even though just hearing them call me 'hyung-nim' already bothers me so much? Is that it?”

Seok Kang-Ho finally seemed to realize his mistake. “I didn't think ahead that far.”

Kang Chan looked at Seok Kang-Ho for a moment, then took out two new cigarettes. They each bit down on one.

“Let's be fair. That's the reason why both of us fought until the end, even though it meant you'd end up like that. Once we've signed the contract with Gong Te automobile, I'm thinking of asking my father to pay for the hospital and hotel fees. If we don't, then we'd be no different from the stupid fuckers that act out because they've got gangsters backing them up. That holds true even now. I'm only using their help because I need to protect you. I can't be here all the time. The least I can do is avoid dragging them into fights,” Kang Chan continued.

“Understood.”

Kang Chan then stood up, made two coffees, and gave one to Seok Kang-Ho.

“Sharlan isn't the type to go down so easily,” Kang Chan said. “Do you think that snake-like fucker will believe Smithen's words? He definitely would've taken the possibility of Smithen snitching into consideration, which means we're going to get attacked if we rush in recklessly.”

Seok Kang-Ho's eyes widened when he subconsciously tried to nod despite his neck injury.

‘Stupid fucker.’

Kang Chan ended up smirking.

Soon after, the door opened, and a gangster walked in.

“Gwang-Taek hyung–nim is calling, hyung–nim.”

He handed Kang Chan the phone.

- I’ve found and will take care of them. How dare those fuckers conduct business on someone else’s property?

“Oh Gwang-Taek.”

- What?!

Kang Chan thought for a moment. But he needed to say what needed to be said.

“Tell me right now if you’re going to make me finish them off after you’ve half-assed dealing with them.”

- What are you trying to say?

“You can’t just beat them up because you have connections, can you? Just step out of this if that’s the case.”

- Ha! You fuck.

With his emotions seemingly all over the place, Oh Gwang-Taek’s sudden response sounded like he was provoking Kang Chan.

- What do you take me for? A pushover because I’m making you feel comfortable? Don’t fuck around too much. There’s a limit to how much I’m willing to take.

Smirk.

Now this is what gangsters are like. I almost grew attached to him.

Kang Chan decided to take this opportunity to draw the line.

“Do you want me to bow down to you because I asked you to close the club and take us to the hospital, Oh Gwang-Taek? Seok Kang-Ho and I still would’ve been fine even if your club didn’t close, you son of a bitch.”

- You fucker!

“It ends here. I’ll do you a favor as I promised, but don’t come near me otherwise.”

Kang Chan ended the call and slowly stood up. Seok Kang-Ho forcibly twisted his body and placed his legs down from the bed. The gangster beside Kang Chan looked him over with a nervous expression.

The phone rang, but Kang Chan didn’t pick it up.

“Get out. Take the rest of the guys and leave the hospital. You better listen while I’m still playing nice. I don’t want to fight you guys since you helped us today.”

When Kang Chan handed over the phone, another gangster came into the room.

“Gwang-Taek hyung–nim is calling.”

The gangster came toward him but stopped in his tracks when Kang Chan glared sharply at him.

“Get out,” Kang Chan ordered.

When the gangsters left, he felt like he suddenly realized all of his mistakes all at once. Accepting a fucking gangster’s hand to catch Smithen was his first mistake, considering he could never depend on them. Kang Chan shouldn’t have relied on such dirty aid even if he lacked the manpower and wanted to protect Seok Kang-Ho.

The two gangsters quietly left the room.

“Aren’t we leaving the hospital?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“This isn’t their hospital, is it? And we’re the ones who’ll be paying the hospital bills anyway. Even if we did want to leave, there’s nowhere for us to move Smithen and the three bastards with him.”

Kang Chan found it nice to see Seok Kang-Ho smirk.

“Were you planning on handing over the Chinese and Japanese gangs to Oh Gwang-Taek from the beginning?”

Phew! I can’t believe I forgot that he was like this. To think I was even surprised by his sudden bursts of intelligence.

“Did you think I would be crazy enough to pick unnecessary fights with people even if doing so won’t help us achieve our goal? Use your brain a little.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked at Kang Chan in amazement.

They had to use this time to prepare for tomorrow.

“Sharlan needs two things from Smithen: The bank password and an excuse to give to the French gang,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“What do you mean by excuse?”

“He needs them to think Smithen conspired with me and ruined everything by trying to steal the money.”

“Would they really go easy on Sharlan if he did that?”

“Were you even listening to me when I was interpreting for you? Smithen said that Sharlan would be able to live if he can hand over the money in the bank.”

“Won’t that make him poor?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Tsk!”

Kang Chan got annoyed.

“With the way things are going, Sharlan’s probably going to get Smithen’s shares of Gong Te automobile. That stupid fucker’s going to sign the contract and live in comfort.”

“That fucker’s a sick bastard,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

Seok Kang-Ho’s realization made even Kang Chan laugh because of how ridiculous he sounded.

The problem was the contract. If it weren’t for it, they could just beat Sharlan up either tonight or tomorrow morning once an opportunity presented itself, but Sharlan’s bait was so good it made it difficult for them to move recklessly.

‘That’s why that son of a bitch called the senior director separately.’

That made it difficult to call off the contract.

Kang Dae-Kyung might be okay, but Yoo Hye-Sook would have a hard time dealing with the shock.

‘They’re never going to end it quietly.’

Would Sharlan really go to France quietly if they handed Smithen over?

That was another problem. Since they were already on bad terms, how would he be able to quietly approach Sharlan once they had gone to France? The French gang would probably line up and joyously wait for him at the airport.

Just then, Kang Chan awoke from his thoughts because a nurse came into the room.

“It’s time to get your shot,” the nurse said.

“Ugh.”

“It’s going in the IV so you just need to stay still.”

Seok Kang-Ho was about to show his butt but immediately stopped, his face covered in awkwardness. It was just one shot, but the moment the nurse left, Seok Kang-Ho’s eyes relaxed.

“I’m tired. You should sleep as well, captain,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

“Don’t worry about me. Just go to sleep.”

Seok Kang-Ho was already asleep by the time Kang Chan turned the lever and lowered the bed. He fell asleep so fast that Kang Chan actually wondered if the nurse put poison in the needle. Looking at the sleeping Seok Kang-Ho, he finalized his decision.

Kang Chan had a lot on his mind.

He didn’t act like himself because he thought about Kang Dae-Kyung, Yoo Hye-Sook, and even the contract with Gong Te automobile.

Kang Chan went out of the room and headed to the stairs outside. Hot air breezed past him even though it was already evening.

He lit and smoked a cigarette as he thought about what to do after finishing the deal with Sharlan. Would he go to France and live as the previous Kang Chan or live the life that was suitable for his

current body like Seok Kang-Ho was doing? Regardless of which side he'd choose, he wanted to live a fulfilling life.

It would be best for everyone if Kang Chan chose to live the life that suited him instead of rejecting it and saying that it wasn't his. If it weren't, however, it would only be right for him to boldly reject it.

While Kang Chan was organizing his thoughts, he noticed a few black cars heading to the front of the hotel. A glance was enough for him to know the way they arrived was unusual. When they stopped in the driveway, gangsters in suits got out one after the other, and the gangsters in the hallway ran to greet them.

'This isn't going to be an easy night.'

Kang Chan went into the hallway and sat in front of Seok Kang-Ho's room.

Moments later, gangsters emerged from the elevator and the stairs.

Smirk.

The first one out of the elevator was Oh Gwang-Taek.

Kang Chan stood up, and Oh Gwang-Taek faced him with a hardened expression.

The look in his eyes was that of a gang leader.

"Kang Chan."

"Stay out of this mess if it makes you uneasy," Kang Chan replied.

Oh Gwang-Taek's face grimaced.

"Ha, you fucker. You really don't know when to stop, do you?"

Oh Gwang-Taek's words were awkward to reply to.

"I'm not going to tell you to become a gangster. Think of this as me paying you back for putting Gangnam completely under my control. But keep this in mind: I've never once backed down in my life. If I did, I wouldn't have gotten this far. So don't ever provoke my pride like that again. You understand?"

When Kang Chan stared at him cockily, Oh Gwang-Taek bit his cheek once.

"Say that it was a car accident again. Let's end our relationship with me being responsible for the hospital bills and settlement until the teacher's discharged from the hospital. Is that good enough for you, you son of a bitch?"

His last swear words seemed somewhat timid to Kang Chan.

"I moved all of my guys to the floor below, but I'm going to keep two of them in the hallway. And I'm going to go annihilate the Japanese and Chinese guys now, so don't worry about that either. Understand?"

"Okay," Kang Chan answered.

“Live well. Study hard or else you’re going to become a gangster.”

When Oh Gwang-Taek was done talking, he glared at Kang Chan as if he was going to kill him before stepping away.

He was a gang leader. But Kang Chan felt bad since he seemed like a pretty good guy.

He needed to get his bearings.

Kang Chan felt much better after sleeping for about three hours in the empty bed in Seok Kang-Ho’s room. After washing his face, he left behind a disappointed Seok Kang-Ho and moved Smithen to the Namsan hotel.

The hospital’s ambulance dropped them at the hotel. They then used the freight elevator in the hotel’s basement to move Smithen to a suite in the innermost part of the seventeenth-floor hallway.

The suite had a large living room and a bedroom, both of which had bathrooms.

Kang Chan showered after having toast for breakfast.

His mind and body felt refreshed. Dull pain was still coming from his side, but he had no issues breathing or twisting around.

“Is it really only the two of us here?” Smithen asked.

He seemed afraid.

“Why are you acting like that? It’s like you haven’t been on a battlefield before.”

“I haven’t been on one since my body’s been reduced to this state, have I?”

“There’s nothing to worry about,” Kang Chan reassured Smithen.

They passed the time watching some news and enjoying a cup of coffee. At 9 am, Kang Chan picked up the phone in the room and asked that the hotel pass on his memo to Sharlan’s room.

The phone rang about five minutes later.

“Ello?”

- Kang Chan?

It was Sharlan.

“Room 1701. If you want to check on Smithen, come alone.”

- And what if I get attacked?

“Considering how desperate we are for the contract, would we really do that?”

- Fair point.

“I’ll hand over Smithen once a lawyer has confirmed that nothing’s wrong with the contract.”

- That doesn't sound fair. What if Smithen disappears after we sign the contract?

"How do you want to do this, then?"

- I'm going to bring one person with me. He's going to stay there until we're done with the contract signing.

Kang Chan paused for a moment.

"Sounds good."

- I'll be in the room in 10 minutes.

Smithen gulped when Kang Chan ended the call.

"Are you really sure about this?" Smithen asked.

"Who am I?"

Smithen firmly shut his mouth.

According to the weather forecast, today was going to be quite hot.

Ding dong.

The bell rang.

Kang Chan slowly opened the door after looking through the peephole on it.

Sharlan walked into the room with his pointy nose in the air. Behind him was a tall, white, blond man in a black suit.

Sharlan looked back and forth between Kang Chan and Smithen.

"What are you trying to pull?"

"As you can see, his injuries are severe," Kang Chan answered.

Sharlan didn't seem to believe his words.

"Unwrap the bandages, Smithen," Sharlan ordered.

"I can't. My arms have been stabbed," Smithen replied.

Kang Chan shrugged when Sharlan sharply looked at him.

"Unwrap the bandages," Sharlan ordered the Serpents Venimeux member.

The white-skinned man walked over to Smithen with a sardonic expression and uncovered Smithen's face. Smithen groaned in the process, but the man didn't care at all. It took a while before he could remove all the bandages, but when he was done, he frowned. Even Sharlan seemed to be fairly surprised.

Smithen's face was torn all over and covered in bruises. Most importantly, his right eye socket was empty.

"What have you done?"

Sharlan sharply glared at Kang Chan.

“Isn’t that a small price to pay for selling off his crew?” Kang Chan answered.

“You should stop playing around. I can just take Smithen right here, right now.”

“If you do that, a lot of people will be coming up here, Sharlan. Why don’t you leave for now and return once you’ve signed the contract?”

When Sharlan gestured to Kang Chan with his chin, the gang member took out a technical gun and a silencer, which he attached to the gun.

“Keep quiet and stay here until I come back from the contract signing. Keep in mind that it doesn’t matter who you are. We only need Smithen.”

“Do as you wish.”

“What about the other three gang members?” asked Sharlan.

“I’ll let them go since they’re just baggage to me once you take Smithen out of my hands. Do whatever you want with them. I don’t care if you get rid of them or take them with you.”

When Sharlan left the room, the tall man sat in the chair in front of the round table in the corner.

“Let’s bandage this guy,” said Kang Chan.

The gang member shook the gun toward Kang Chan, signaling him not to get closer and sit away from them.

“It’d be better to bandage him since you’re planning on taking him outside. What would you do if other people end up seeing him like this once you’ve taken him out?”

Clearly displeased, the gang member glared at him, but Kang Chan slowly approached and bandaged Smithen again anyway.

When Kang Chan finished bandaging Smithen, it was already around 9:40 am.

“I can sit there, right?”

Kang Chan gestured to the sofa with his chin, to which the man replied with a quick nod. Kang Chan walked to the sofa, took the thermos bottle on the table, poured himself a cup of coffee, and took a sip.

They watched a TV program about unique foods in China until the clock struck 10 am. Moments later, as Kang Chan finished his coffee, the phone rang.

The man gestured to it with his chin.

“Hello?”

- The contract signing ended successfully. We’ve checked it with the lawyer, and Sharlan is now on his way up.

It was Suh Do-Seok.

Kang Chan ended the call.

“I was told that the contract signing ended successfully,” He announced.

The Serpents Venimeux member just looked at Kang Chan emotionlessly.