

Blackfield 29

Chapter 29: A New Start (1)

Ding-dong.

The doorbell rang after Kang Chan gave Smithen a glass of water.

The Serpent Venimeux gang member pointed to the door by gesturing to it with his gun twice.

“Stop messing around and open the door.”

The expressionless gang member frowned, but Kang Chan’s attitude didn’t change.

Ding-dong.

The gang member walked toward the door and opened it, his body language seemingly saying he was going to let this go just this once.

Click.

Sharlan entered with a keen look in his eyes.

Another gang member came in after him and stood in front of the door, his hands overlapping.

Glaring at Kang Chan and Smithen sharply, Sharlan sat on the sofa. He aggressively loosened his tie and threw it on top of the coffee table.

“We’ve signed the contract and upheld my end of the bargain. It’s your turn now,” Sharlan told Kang Chan.

Smirk.

One side of Sharlan’s face twitched. It was clear Kang Chan’s smirk offended him.

“I’ve said this before, but you’re really similar to the Kang Chan that I knew. Especially with that offending smirk and the fact that you make me lose face.

When Kang Chan sat on the edge of the table in front of Sharlan, Sharlan side-eyed the thug with the gun, seemingly displeased.

“What did that Kang Chan do to make you lose face, Sharlan?” Kang Chan asked.

Sharlan looked over the room, seemingly trying to figure out his intention, then looked back at him.

“Was the Blackhead more important than the lives of your crew? Enough to shove your henchmen’s heads to the enemy’s guns?” Kang Chan prodded.

Sharlan smiled vulgarly. He then shook his head and looked at Smithen.

“I’m guessing that bastard blabbed about the God of Blackfield and whatnot, but it looks like you were a step ahead of that stupid fucker,” Sharlan commented.

“Don’t try to play tricks on me and just answer the question.”

At that moment, Sharlan's expression turned as cold as a snake. That change was typical of him when he needed to make a cold judgment.

Sharlan spoke as he tilted his head slightly.

"If you keep acting like this, your beautiful mother will be sliced into so many pieces nobody would be able to identify her."

Smirk.

At that moment, Sharlan's venomous expression returned.

"Tell them to come in," Kang Chan said.

When Kang Chan briefly gestured with his chin toward the gang member positioned in front of the door, the gang member opened the door and let two Asians in. They then stood in front of the gang member, looking at Kang Chan and Sharlan.

"Oh, my. I didn't think I'd see you so surprised, Sharlan," Kang Chan continued.

Smithen moved the bandages just enough to look at Kang Chan and Sharlan with his remaining eye.

"There's a time in life when you'll face a trap that's impossible to escape from, Sharlan. You've just fallen into the God of Blackfield's trap. Do you understand the situation now?" Kang Chan asked Sharlan.

Even though Sharlan had quickly shifted his gaze to Smithen, Kang Chan continued to speak.

"I didn't think that Sharlan, known as the 'ice of the desert,' would use such a password."

Gritting his teeth, Sharlan let out a groan-like noise.

"To summarize today's plan, you're going to die here, Sharlan," Kang Chan continued.

"Did you send money to France?"

"Of course," Kang Chan answered. "It was the price of the shares that Smithen had, plus we got you as a bonus. I don't think your dirty body's worth seven million euros, though."

As his expression changed once more, Sharlan suddenly gave the two Asians that had just entered a quick look.

"I caught them yesterday, but France contacted me, saying they won't release more Serpents Venimeux members in Korea if I let France continue their deal with the Chinese gang. And those Chinese guys standing by in front of the apartment I live in? They said they'll protect the apartment with their lives."

At last, Smithen harshly gritted his teeth.

"So, what should we do now, Sharlan?" Kang Chan asked.

Sharlan glared at Kang Chan as he visibly showed his anger.

“The decision is up to you. You either get out of here after killing me,” Kang Chan said.

Smirk.

A satisfied smile swiftly passed by Sharlan’s face.

“Or you can just die here. It’s impossible to find the remains of those the Chinese guys over there have chopped,” He continued.

“There are security cameras here. Won’t you also be in trouble if a foreigner disappears from this hotel?”

“Tsk tsk tsk, Sharlan.”

Kang Chan shook his head.

The glint in Sharlan’s eyes quickly settled down.

“How are you going to do it?” Sharlan asked Kang Chan.

“We’re going to end it our way.”

The way mercenaries fight?’

Sharlan looked at Kang Chan, appearing to have a hard time believing what he heard.

“Are they going to accept it if I kill you?” Sharlan asked.

“Of course!” Kang Chan replied.

“This country is really hard to understand.”

Sharlan folded the sleeves of his shirt above his forearms.

The gang member blocking the door took two knives from the Chinese and gave them to Sharlan and Kang Chan.

“Are you really the God of Blackfield?” Sharlan asked Kang Chan.

“Does it matter? You’re going to die soon anyway.”

When the two put their left hand forward, the gang member tightly tied their left wrists, securing it with a figure eight knot,. Unblinking, Kang Chan and Sharlan glared at each other.

“If you’re really Kang Chan, then you’re probably well aware that you almost ruined my plans that day as well. You couldn’t escape my gun in the end, though, Kang Chan.”

“Oh. My. God,” Smithen spewed out while sitting in the wheelchair.

Both Kang Chan and Sharlan got into position after they stretched and cracked their necks.

He would’ve been fine if Sharlan were to slice or stab him. However, Sharlan instead tried to pull Kang Chan off balance as he drew in and let go of his left arm.

In the blink of an eye, they had turned two times in the same spot.

“Were you also the one that shot Dayeru?” Kang Chan asked Sharlan.

Despite Kang Chan’s fiery eyes, Sharlan didn’t get discouraged.

Whish. Swish. Whish. Whish.

His neck. I have to aim for his neck no matter what.

Amateurs would try to stab their opponent’s arms and cut their shoulders. Their necks would be stabbed or slit in those moments, and it would already be too late by the time they realized it.

“Are you talking about the dirty Algerian that sold his soul to an Asian?” Sharlan retorted.

Shick. Slice!

Maximizing his long arms, Sharlan reached in and cut Kang Chan’s right shoulder. He then smiled bitterly.

“Well, I killed everyone else except for Smithen, that son of a bitch.”

Whish. Swish. Slice. Whish. Swirl.

It didn’t take long for Sharlan to cut Kang Chan’s right shoulder again.

Due to Sharlan’s long arms, he appeared to have an implicit advantage in this fight.

Swish. Whish.

“If I had also shot that guy, he’d already be long dead,” Sharlan continued, his knife swiftly passing by Kang Chan twice as he spoke.

“Sharlan.”

Whish. Swish. Whish. Whish.

Kang Chan used his left hand to control the space in between them while constantly moving his upper body from side to side, barely dodging his opponent’s glinting knife multiple times.

“Goodbye,” Kang Chan told Sharlan.

Swish. Whish!

Sharlan didn’t respond. However, just as he aimed for Kang Chan’s neck...

Stab!

Kang Chan deeply impaled his knife into Sharlan’s left armpit.

Crunch.

He then hacked his knife down from there.

“Aarrgh!”

Slice! Slice! Pit!

Sharlan's screams and the sounds of bones cracking filled the room. Even at that moment, however, Sharlan managed to slice into Kang Chan's shoulder two more times.

"Arrrgh!"

Sharlan's knees buckled and he collapsed.

"We're all going to hell, so go and start apologizing to the crew because I'm going to split your chest the same way when I meet you there," Kang Chan told Sharlan.

Thud.

When Kang Chan sliced the fabric that bound him to Sharlan, Sharlan immediately fell forward. The two Chinese guys brought out a neatly folded body bag from behind their backs, unfolded it, and put Sharlan in it.

Then the Serpent Venimeux member in front of the door came toward Kang Chan and handed him a phone.

"The boss wants to talk to you."

Kang Chan stared at the phone that was handed to him before placing it next to his ear.

"Ello?"

- I was able to lessen my shame thanks to you.

"Don't forget the two promises."

- A gentleman keeps their promises and values their honor. Contact us anytime when you need our help. Tell me your name.

Kang Chan looked down on Sharlan, who was twitching inside the bag, before answering.

"God of Blackfield."

- Huhuhu. Your name is quite grand. Just once, you're free to call us for help anytime and anywhere.

They ended the call on that note.

The tall thug with a gun walked forward.

"We'll get going now," He told Kang Chan.

"Why do you insist on taking Sharlan?" Kang Chan asked.

"We also have to take care of our partners' honor."

He looked into Kang Chan's eyes and nodded.

"The gang leader told us to pass on his thanks for the deal and the deposit. As you requested, Gong Te automobile will appoint Smithen as their Korean branch manager," The mobster added.

A Chinese gang member spoke softly when the Serpent Venimeux gang member finished talking.

“They’re expressing their gratitude for the impressive battle and the deal. And they also hope that you visit China one day,” The thug passed on the Chinese guy’s words to Kang Chan.

“Tell them I’ll kill them if I see them again.”

The gang member smirked, then spoke in Chinese.

It seemed that he had phrased the words more positively seeing as how the Chinese gang member smiled and bowed his head, looking satisfied.

“It’s best we part ways,” The gang member said.

Kang Chan knew that as well. The gang member in front of the door took off his jacket and gave it to Kang Chan. Kang Chan accepted it since his right shoulder was covered in blood and needed to be covered. The jacket had a noticeable Chanel logo at the back of its collar.

A Chinese gang member snapped his fingers once, and a large laundry cart was wheeled into the room. The guys put Sharlan—who was still twitching—inside the cart and left shortly as if nothing happened.

“Let’s go, Smithen.”

Kang Chan grabbed a thin blanket from the bed, placed it on Smithen, and pushed his wheelchair.

Suh Do-Seok—who was waiting in front of the ambulance, greeted Kang Chan when they reached the basement. He then handed Kang Chan a phone after laying Smithen down on a portable rollaway bed.

“Gwang-Taek hyung-nim wanted me to pass this on as his final present. The number is the same as your last phone.”

When Kang Chan just stared at him in silence, Suh Do-Seok continued.

“He said that if you refuse this, he’s going to find you at your school. And he also wanted to thank you for taking care of the Japanese and Chinese gangs.”

Kang Chan took the phone with a smirk.

“There’s going to be a lot of things to take care of,” Kang Chan said.

“The price for emptying that floor has already been deposited this morning, so all we need to do is clean up and take care of the CCTV.”

“Let’s pretend that we don’t know each other next time.”

Suh Do-Seok bowed low as if he didn’t hear anything.

“Goodbye, hyung-nim.”

Kang Chan got in the backseat of the ambulance.

The car slowly moved.

“How do you want me to live from now on?” Smithen asked Kang Chan.

“We sent over seven million euros for the price of the shares that were used by the gang, so there are still three million euros left.”

“That should be split between you and Dayeru, captain. The twelve million euros worth of stocks that I own is enough for me.”

“What makes you think I’m going to accept that money?”

“Please just think of it as a form of compensation. I’ll be selling my stocks and using the money I’ll earn from them wisely, and I’ll also be getting a monthly salary and a car as Gong Te automobile’s Korean branch manager.”

That was true.

“I just need some money right now since I’ll be staying at the hospital for quite some time,” Smithen continued.

“Understood.”

Their bodies leaned to one side. The ambulance seemed to have turned a corner.

“I didn’t think I’d get to live in Korea,” He told Kang Chan.

“If you don’t want to, then go somewhere else—a resort with a great view or even a place full of women.

Smithen peeked out and looked at Kang Chan through the bandages.

“I’m going to live here. I’m going to be by your and Dayeru’s side for the time being,” Smithen replied.

Kang Chan didn’t answer.

When they arrived at the hospital, they first admitted Smithen into a room before treating Kang Chan.

“You’re really our hospital’s best VIP,” Yoo Hyun-Woo said.

Even without Yoo Hyun-Woo’s remarks, Kang Chan and the entrance security guard were able to recognize each other. Kang Chan even asked the security guard to buy him some clothes as a favor.

“This is a hospital!” The security guard exclaimed.

“Think of it as customer service.”

Kang Chan then went into Seok Kang-Ho’s room.

“Was it difficult?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Yeah.”

“A cigarette is best for that kind of situation.”

Kang Chan felt comfortable when he was with Seok Kang-Ho.

Both of them had a cigarette. Moving stiffly, Seok Kang-Ho made coffee and handed it to Kang Chan.

Kang Chan slowly told him what had happened in the hotel.

“Son of a bitch. I should’ve seen his side being split. Was that fucker’s blood red as well?”

Kang Chan stared at Seok Kang-Ho while letting out a hearty laugh.

“I thought killing him would make me happy, but I actually don’t feel that good,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Do you want to go out for a drink?”

“The fuck are you saying? Why would I want to watch over you while you drink?” Kang Chan complained.

“Huh? I’m already drinking coffee, aren’t I? That should be enough to tell you that I can eat by myself now. Despite how I look, I’ve actually already eaten kimbap.”

“Phuhu,” Both of them laughed.

“You’ve become smarter,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

Kang Chan shifted his eyes to Seok Kang-Ho as he drank coffee.

“Even if I consider it possible to make a deal with Serpent Venimeux, I still couldn’t have predicted you’d also use the Chinese and Japanese gangs.”

“Being unable to communicate during a military operation is the worst. I figured that fucker Sharlan was going to contact them in the morning. Since the Serpent Venimeux gang had been wanting to finish their deal with them as well, I gained and gave what I should and gave what I should give.”

Kang Chan’s answer made Seok Kang-Ho smirk.

“You did well. I feel happy now that I don’t have to watch my back anymore. And it’s all thanks to you.”

“There are about three million euros left, and Smithen wants us to split it in half and take it,” Kang Chan said.

Seok Kang-Ho blinked.

“What?” Kang Chan asked.

“How much money is that in Korean Won?”

“Not sure. Hmm... Wouldn't it be about four and a half billion won?”

“Then I don't have to worry about the compensation from the car accident?”
Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan laughed, finding Seok Kang-Ho absurd.

“Sure. Use it wisely since your hospital bills will be huge, and you're going to need to pay a lot for other things as well. Let's put the rest into charity.”

“Let's do that,” Seok Kang-Ho answered.

Kang Chan was thankful that he wasn't being greedy.

“Oh, right! My wife will likely visit. I should tell her to stop by at a later time.”

“You called? Why did you do that when they're going to worry?” Kang Chan asked. Smiling pleasantly, he dusted off his seat and stood up.

“You can stay. I just told her to move her visit to a later time anyway,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

“It's fine. I want to get some rest anyway since I didn't get to sleep properly yesterday.”

Kang Chan smiled again and left Seok Kang-Ho's room. He then headed to the security office, changed his clothes, and left the hospital.

Kang Chan wanted to rest. He was considering taking the taxi to go home, Unfortunately, he didn't have any money in his pocket.

“Tsk!”

Left with no other choice, he walked home. The city looked quite peaceful, even though it had just swallowed today and yesterday's brutality.

After walking for about 40 minutes, the apartment finally came into view.

He sat on a bench for a moment and caught his breath.

‘What should I do?’

Kang Chan wanted to make a decision before going home, opening the apartment door, and greeting Yoo Hye-Sook.

Should he accept his current self or leave to find his previous self?

Kang Chan stared blankly at the sky.

What would the original owner of this body say? Would it be okay if I truly accepted Yoo Hye-Sook as my mom and Kang Dae-Kyung as my father?

It was a hard decision to make, however, and all he wanted to do for now was rest.

Kang Chan smiled bitterly as he took the elevator, realizing he wanted to see Yoo Hye-Sook.

When Kang Chan opened the door and went inside, Yoo Hye-Sook was standing in front of the entrance.

“You must’ve had a hard time, my precious son,” Yoo Hye-Sook told Kang Chan.

Kang Chan took off his shoes at the entrance feeling grateful. Her face seemed like she was genuinely more worried about him than being happy about the contract.

“I heard that father's contract went well?” He asked.

Yoo Hye-Sook was strangely teary even though he smiled widely.

“Yes, and he said that it’s all because of you. Your dad was even crying when he called after the contract signing. I don’t remember how many years it has been since he last did that.”

“As I said before, father did everything.”

“Thank you. I love you, Kang Chan.”

Yoo Hye-Sook opened her arms and hugged him.

The difficult things from the past few days slowly melted away, and a weird emotion emerged.

He was... happy.