

Blackfield 37.2

Chapter 37.2: He's Teaching me a Lesson Until the End (2)

Kang Chan's running speed kept getting faster during his morning workouts, which surprised even himself.

"Huff huff."

After he came back to the apartment, a feeble laugh escaped him even while he was breathing heavily.

With this body, wouldn't he have gone to the Olympics if he was a track and field athlete? This probably had something to do with his fast regeneration, but if the previous Kang Chan was like this in the past, then he probably wouldn't have realized his skills because he couldn't get past the two-kilometer limit in the end.

After Kang Chan had breakfast, he went to school and then headed out with Seok Kang-Ho. He passed the written and practical driving tests which included the indoor driving course test, and the outdoor road tests[1]

"Oh!" Seok Kang-Ho exclaimed.

"What's with that look?"

Seok Kang-Ho's expression was full of mischief when Kang Chan came out after receiving the driver's permit. He was able to fairly move his neck now, and the friction between his skin and the neck brace was probably why the fabric at the top of the neck brace had turned dark.

"When are you getting your safety lessons?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

"They told me to receive it tomorrow."

"Then are you getting your license tomorrow as well? Phuhuhu."

Kang Chan side-eyed Seok Kang-Ho when he laughed strangely. The two of them then returned to school.

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Kang Chan used the new workout equipment because there were still about an hour of classes left. Not used to the intensity, his muscles protested that he was being too harsh, but Kang Chan wasn't the type to listen.

After working out to his heart's content and washing up in the night-duty room, his body and mind felt sharper.

With Seok Kang-Ho busy preparing for the retreat, Kang Chan went home with Kim Mi-Young, then he had dinner with Yoo Hye-Sook.

His nerves were on edge, but he tried hard to not show it. It would've been better if they were wiping their weapons together, and if they were in a situation where they could each watch out for their own lives instead, but he was still thankful that they weren't on a battlefield. If he were in

Africa with Yoo Hye-Sook, he would definitely have gone out every night to cut off the enemies that were going against them the next day.

Kang Chan always had his phone in his pocket, even when he was in the living room.

The next day, Kang Chan went with Seok Kang-Ho to receive a two-hour-long safety lesson. He couldn't believe they were teaching someone that had already gotten their license to not fool around and drive properly.

After it was done, Kang Chan came out of the test site while listening to Seok Kang-Ho's joke.

"The driver's license must be hot because it's fresh out of the oven."

Seok Kang-Ho didn't return to school, however. Instead, he headed to a nearby public parking lot.

"Why are we here?" asked Kang Chan.

"Please get out of the car."

Is he planning on stopping here to smoke?

Kang Chan looked around their surroundings as he got out of the car, but Seok Kang-Ho took out a keyring from his pocket and handed it to him.

"It's a present," Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

It looked like Seok Kang-Ho had hung a black business card on the keyring, where a small military purpose dagger was hung.

"What is it?" asked Kang Chan.

"Oh, come on! Just press it once."

When Kang Chan looked at it, he found open and closed lock symbols on it. It also had a car symbol with its trunk open.

Kang Chan had just raised his gaze from the keyring.

"It's for the 'Chiffre.' I had a hard time making sure to bring it out by today," Seok Kang-Ho said.

Kang Chan was at a loss for words.

"Phuhu. What's with that expression? Is it because this is the first time you're receiving a present or something?"

How did this fucker know that?

Of course, he had the phone that Oh Gwang-Taek bought him, but he didn't think that was a present.

"Ah jeez! I said to unlock the car door!" Seok Kang-Ho exclaimed again.

Kang Chan pressed the button.

The dark blue car right in front of them made a ‘beep beep’ sound, then its emergency lights flashed.

“It’s a full option car, and I also put insurance on it. Apparently, you’re the second customer in South Korea to buy it with all of the options. Do you like it?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“You also drive that kind of car, don’t you? That must have cost you a fortune.”

“Hey! It’s a present! I couldn’t use a cent of the money I got because it didn’t feel like mine, but now I think I can finally give my wife some of it.”

Kang Chan stared at Seok Kang-Ho.

“What, you don’t like the color?”

“Is that car under my name?” Kang Chan asked.

“About that. I registered it under my name for now because I figured your father would likely know right away.”

Cost aside, Kang Chan was thankful Seok Kang-Ho considered those details as well.

“Daye.”

Seok Kang-Ho subtly gauged Kang Chan’s mood.

“It’s the first present I’ve ever received in my entire life. Maybe that’s why I like it a lot.”

Seok Kang-Ho smiled when Kang Chan smirked, seemingly satisfied.

“Thanks,” Kang Chan continued.

“Phuhu. Your words right now don’t suit you, you know.”

Seok Kang-Ho took out a cigarette for him when Kang Chan licked his lips.

“I probably would’ve gone crazy if you weren’t here. I should be the one thanking you because you’re the reason why I got my revenge—which I couldn’t even imagine doing—and received a lot of money,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

Kang Chan found this kind of conversation somewhat awkward.

He looked around the car after putting out his cigarette, then realized that the two men in the car outside of the parking lot were looking their way.

They could either be the guards or the gangsters. But the former was more likely.

“Hey, don’t park the car here, and you drive this for the time being,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

Seok Kang-Ho looked at Kang Chan with an upset expression after he sat in the passenger seat.

“I don’t have any way to explain why I’m driving around this car. So you drive it, then I’ll borrow it when I need it. We move together anyway, so it wouldn’t be efficient to stop by here every time.”

Seok Kang-Ho's face seemed to say, “Oh shoot!”

How could he say that a school teacher bought him a ‘Chiffre,’ a very expensive car, when it would’ve already raised suspicions if they bought him a beat-up car?

“Do that for now,” said Kang Chan.

“Damn.”

“You still haven’t given the money to your wife?” asked Kang Chan.

“I can’t use it for some strange reason.”

“They’re going to die waiting. Give it to her quickly. And I’m going to say this again, but the money talks have to end here.”

“Understood.”

Dayeru looked like a weight had been lifted off of him.

“Should we go out for lunch to commemorate the new car?” Kang Chan asked.

There would be no one to take a close look at Kang Chan even if he drove because he changed into a cotton shirt at school.

Kang Chan awkwardly pressed the start button and started the car.

The world had really changed a lot.

But wouldn’t it be safer and more reliable to insert the key and start the car?

The car left the parking lot.

“Bloody hell! Please slow down!” Seok Kang-Ho complained as Kang Chan merged into the main road. In all honesty, Kang Chan had broken out in a cold sweat similar to when he went out to the battlefield.

“Ah! That son of a bitch,” Kang Chan yelled.

“Phuhu. I was like that when I drove for the first time as well. I feel like I’m going out to the battlefield whenever I take the wheel. You need to endure it.”

They headed to the Chinese restaurant.

The owner of the store seemed upset when they only ordered two Jajangmyeons[2] despite parking a ‘Chiffre’, an amazingly fancy and expensive car.

Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho about his call with Oh Gwang-Taek, and he had the same thoughts as Kang Chan about it.

Starting Saturday, Seok Kang-Ho no longer received threatening text messages.

Kang Chan subtly asked Yoo Hye-Sook and Kim Mi-Young about it, confirming that they hadn't received them since Saturday as well.

It could be because Oh Gwang-Taek did something or because the suspects thought that there was no point in sending more texts.

They didn't receive any even on Sunday morning.

It seemed like Seok Kang-Ho had a lot to prepare since the break would begin on Monday, and the retreat lasted from Tuesday to Friday.

Having worked his body to its limits yesterday, Kang Chan didn't work out that Sunday. Sufficient rest was also important, after all.

After Kang Chan lazed in the morning while watching a TV program related to movies with Yoo Hye-Sook, they cooked noodles for lunch. Although Yoo Hye-Sook was curious about him going to university, she didn't say anything else about him resting.

He turned on his computer after he went into his room.

Having gotten used to searching on the internet nowadays, he searched for international blogs that were uploaded by individuals or any related material. The matters with Sharlan had ended, but he couldn't help but wonder if there were any articles or materials related to Sharlan online. Hence, he still spent a lot of time on international sites, especially when searching for materials in French.

Yoo Hye-Sook came into his room with fruits to give to Kang Chan, then just left with a very happy expression after she saw him working so hard on the computer.

Buzz— Buzz—

He thoughtlessly lifted his phone when it vibrated. The caller ID was '000-0000-0000'

Kang Chan breathed deeply, then pressed the call button.

- Ello.

The voice sounded familiar.

Kang Chan didn't reply right away.

- Monsieur Kang, it's Lanok.

That was weird.

"It's Kang Chan. I didn't respond immediately because of the strange caller ID. Is this your phone number?"

- This is the exclusive number for the Information Bureau, so a unique number popped up. It's to block recording, bugging, and eavesdropping. Even if you record this, you'll probably only hear static instead of our conversation when you listen to it later.

"I see."

– We have a problem, Monsieur Kang. I wish to discuss it with you in person.
Can you spare me some time?

Lanok's voice sounded like it was mixed with the static in the background, but all that mattered was what he was saying. Kang Chan ended the call after they agreed to meet at the hotel in Hannam-dong[3].

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Kang Chan had just arrived at the hotel in Hannam-dong.

“Monsieur Kang?”

Kang Chan nodded.

“Follow me,” the French man led Kang Chan. His outfit and actions made a glance enough for Kang Chan to think he was an Information Bureau agent.

When they went on the elevator, the man inserted the card key and pressed the button for the 16th floor. He then led Kang Chan to room 1601, opened the door, then retraced his steps.

The living room was quite large.

The door of the bedroom was closed, so there was no way for him to know who was inside. When Kang Chan walked in, Lanok stood up and greeted him. He was with one other person.

“Mr. Kang Chan, could you turn off your phone?” Lanok requested.

“Sure.”

Kang Chan removed its battery. The man with the ambassador then took out a detection stick used in airport security and approached him.

Do they really have to do all of this?

“I ask for your cooperation,” Lanok remarked.

Kang Chan frowned because of Lanok's calm attitude, but he did as asked for now.

After the entourage finished searching Kang Chan to the tips of his toes, he prepared two cups of coffee, then went into the room and closed the door.

Kang Chan wordlessly sipped on the beverage.

“Mr. Kang Chan, we just received surprising news from the Information Bureau.”

Lanok seemed like he was in a predicament but didn't seem surprised.

“It was news that Sharlan is alive.”