

Blackfield 38

Chapter 38: It's Teaching me a Lesson until the End (2)

Coffee almost came out of Kang Chan's nose.

"Based on the remittance form from France, there's a high possibility that the Chinese had betrayed us. We're trying our best to find Sharlan, having judged that he might still be staying in South Korea," Lanok told Kang Chan.

Click.

He put his cup down on the table with enough force to cause a loud noise.

"Are you sure Sharlan is still alive?"

Kang Chan had definitely broken Sharlan's ribs near his heart.

Even if a doctor had been waiting, it would've been hard to survive that kind of injury.

"The Intelligence Bureau wiretapped his phone call to France."

Lanok sharply looked over Kang Chan, then spoke again.

"He used the 'Ice of the Desert' as his code name, which he used during his military service. His voice also matched Sharlan's, according to our voice verification system."

I should've split open his heart.

An opponent incomparably stronger than the parking lot gang now had Kang Chan in their sights.

"Do you also know what he said in the call?" asked Kang Chan.

"I was told it was these two sentences: 'It's the Ice of the Desert. My enemy's in South Korea, and I have to kill him no matter what.'"

Son of a bitch. Who's killing who?

"Even the Intelligence Bureau doesn't know how to take care of this problem."

Lanok looked straight at Kang Chan.

"My country is focusing on finding the person backing Sharlan up, their efforts mainly revolving around the remittance material. They're also investigating if their purposes are related to the French election."

"Have they found anything yet?" Kang Chan asked.

"Not yet."

Kang Chan took a sip of his coffee.

"I think the Chinese organization is making their move. We hope that Sharlan will target you, which would make it easier to solve this situation. If we see how Sharlan's backer moves, then we'll be able to know for certain."

“We should entrap Sharlan.”

“That’s a good idea, Mr. Kang Chan.”

*This old fucking raccoon is openly treating me as bait?**

Kang Chan had a sudden urge to smoke.

“Mr. Ambassador, do you perhaps have cigarettes?”

Lanok was of course on an entirely different level from a gangster.

When Lanok looked for a cigarette in the inner room, an employee came out and brought out a zippo lighter and an ashtray instead of a disposable lighter.

Lanok bit on a large cigar.

“We were worried about that day’s CCTV records, so our analyst ran over, but the employee in charge had already been attacked by then. Hence, what I’ve been worried about would likely happen.”

Lanok puffed on the cigar and exhaled the smoke away from Kang Chan. He continued.

“So, my country has to choose between one of two choices: to either kill you or to work together with you to catch Sharlan.”

“I like how simple that is,” Kang Chan responded.

“Aren’t you afraid?”

Lanok seemed dumbfounded.

“I can accept that you somehow know French you’ve never learned before, the way you handled that fight with Sharlan and your relationship with Smithen. But it’s a different story if things get worse, especially if Sharlan is alive,” Lanok said.

From Kang Chan’s perspective, Lanok had already reached a conclusion. After all, a raccoon like him didn’t make decisions through discussions. To them, conversations were just means to justify the option they had chosen.

“Considering there’s a limit to how much our agent can move around in Korea, I plan on doing everything in my power to help you for now. Let’s first set up or acquire a corporation. If funds are needed, then our Intelligence Bureau will pay for it,” Lanok continued.

What’s he trying to do now?

“It’ll be easier for you to move if you have a relatively powerful position than as a student. And it would be even better if you can’t be associated with Gong Te.”

“I’m not very keen on that offer,” replied Kang Chan.

Kang Chan shook his head as he was reminded of how he acted like a clown while wearing clothes that didn’t suit him in the club a few days ago.

“If Sharlan’s backer is connected to China, and if that connection is related to the Chinese regime, then this isn’t simply about your personal resentment.”

Kang Chan slightly relented when Lanok showed pity for the first time.

“Understood. I’ll decide after I seriously think about it,” He replied.

“Would you like to have dinner with me?”

Does he really want to sit face to face and eat in this situation?

“Let’s do that later,” Kang Chan responded.

“Alright.”

They had just stood up from their spot when Lanok spoke again, politely.

“You should acquire a French nationality, Mr. Kang Chan. I honestly want to work with you for the future I want to create.”

“You should’ve said that from the beginning,” Kang Chan answered.

Lanok laughed loudly for the first time, making him feel like he had just seen Lanok’s honest emotions.

“If you wish, I’ll also make it so that everyone you designate will be able to acquire a French nationality.”

“Thank you for the offer.”

It was a tempting offer, but he ended the conversation with a short reply.

Kang Chan left the hotel and hailed a taxi.

He needed a place that was full of people—a place where he wouldn’t be alone and catch others’ attention.

“Tron Square, please,” Kang Chan told the driver, remembering the place he visited with Kim Mi-Young.

Since it was a Sunday afternoon, there was no traffic on the way to it.

The French Presidential Election?

That was bullshit.

He just needed to beat up Sharlan, who had sold off his crew, and the other higher-ups that could be supporting and controlling him, if any.

All of this happened because he didn’t end things properly again.

Son of a bitch.

‘Even now, he’s still teaching me a lesson.’

It didn’t matter how often it was emphasized. There really was nothing more important than properly closing off every situation.

While Kang Chan was gritting his teeth, the taxi arrived at the destination.

Just as he had expected, Tron Square was crowded with people.

As he sat on a chair in the lobby on the first floor, he thought about many things, arriving at only one conclusion: cut Sharlan's windpipe and destroy his backer if there was one, even if he had to accept Lanok's help.

That's right! This isn't complicated.

Kang Chan looked up at Tron Square's high ceiling.

'Why on earth did I reincarnate like this?'

"Tsk!"

Even though he wasn't in a good mood, he knew he should kill Sharlan first before thinking about that.

Those fucking Chinese cowards.

They spoke so highly about their pride when they took Sharlan, only for them to exchange it for a bit of money.

'I have to deal with all of this before the break ends.'

If it really were the Chinese mafia, then he needed to contact Oh Gwang-Taek.

There really was a lot of excitement in his life.

He got curious about how each person that tightly filled the first floor of Tron Square lived their lives and what emotions they were feeling.

"Let's stop here!"

Kang Chan placed his hands on his knees and pushed himself up.

The fight had already started.

It would be best for him to focus on stabbing Sharlan in the neck or heart for now, then think about what he should do afterward.

This situation was much better than if he were to worry about what to do without knowing the enemy.

'Come at me quick, Sharlan.'

After making a decision, he got the urge to smoke a cigarette.

The cigarette and lighter that he brought from Lanok's room were in his pocket. Kang Chan had tried to return it, but he took it with him in the end since it was just a cheap zippo lighter for military purposes.

There was a flower bed at the backside of Tron square, in between the building and the parking lot's wire fence. Since the area in front of the flower bed was as tall as his waist and looked like an appropriate place to smoke, he headed there.

Kang Chan was thinking of heading home after staying there long enough to sufficiently remove the smell of smoke from his body.

Now in front of the flower bed, he pulled out a cigarette and bit on it, then pulled out the lighter.

Clack. Chik.

As he tried to light up his cigarette, Africa popped into his mind. It had been quite a long time since he last thought of the country.

Smack. Pow.

Kang Chan had just inhaled a puff of the cigarette.

He heard someone getting beaten up from the opposite side of the flower bed. However, the flower bed was as tall as his waist and was made up of blooming plants that grew above the flower bed itself, preventing him from having a clear view of the other side properly.

Slap!

The sound of a cheek being slapped echoed all the way to where he was.

The fucking children did live diligently.

But how did those fuckers go across the flower bed?

Kang Chan tilted his head to peek around the flower bed, where he found a path he could take, but only if he walked sideways. It was narrow enough to make it difficult to go through if someone held their ground to prevent being dragged inside.

‘What’s that?’

Kang Chan was stunned.

It was Lee Ho-Jun and Heo Eun-Sil.

Kang Chan leaned against the wall and looked inside.

Lee Ho-Jun had his pants down to his knees.

That’s not impossible to happen to that fucker, but Heo Eun-Sil wasn’t a bitch that would get beaten up by just anyone.

Just then, a guy with a large build tightly grabbed the end of Heo Eun-Sil’s breast and twisted it.

Because he did that, Kang Chan caught a glimpse of a knife-wielding guy, who was behind the man that twisted Heo Eun-Sil’s breast.

This is absurd! They weren’t in a quiet backcountry area in Africa. It didn’t make sense for something like this to happen in the middle of downtown Seoul.

When Heo Eun-Sil twisted in pain, three girls near her chortled with delight.

With Lee Ho-Jun’s pants down, Kang Chan saw his thigh had turned black and blue from being bruised.

‘The kids that you guys bullied would’ve been more miserable than that.’

It irritated him.

Nobody forced them to be there. That was just the life they chose to live.

Pow. Pow. Slap.

Lee Ho-Jun and Heo Eun-Sil continued to get hit.

They couldn't even defy them.

When Kang Chan finished smoking, he took one last glance before leaving. The same guy that pulled on Heo Eun-Sil's breast then pulled her collar and tried to press a lit cigarette on her breasts.

Why are they being so cruel?

And why was he seeing something he would only see in a war between tribes in Africa, in the middle of Seoul?

“Tsk.”

When Kang Chan clicked his tongue in displeasure, the man with the lit cigarette turned to him.

“What?! Get lost, you fucker!”

A peal of light laughter broke out from Kang Chan.

“Is this son of a bitch crazy? The fuck are you snickering for?”

“You. Come here.”

When Kang Chan cocked his finger while laughing, the guy shook off Heo Eun-Sil's collar and immediately walked through the path beside the flower bed.

“I'm here. What now, bitch?” The guy asked Kang Chan.

This fucker seemed like he was asking because he was really curious.

Pow. Pow.

Kang Chan swiftly stabbed his thumb into the guy's neck and the pit of his stomach.

“Cough! Cough!”

When Kang Chan's target grabbed his throat and let out hideous screams, several people turned their heads toward them.

Kang Chan grabbed the guy's head with his left hand.

Smack!

SMACK!!!

Thud.

His opponent collapsed to the floor.

“Hey! You son of a bitch!” A man cursed from the opposite side of the flower bed, and about fifteen people came out, some jumping over the flower bed while others emerged from the path beside it.

“This is going to drive me crazy.”

There were a lot of them, but his words weren't out of fear. It was out of annoyance that there were more people coming over.

Whoosh.

Kang Chan jumped and ran up the flower bed in one go.

Pow! Pok! Pow!

He then beat up the three guys that went after him, hitting them with his elbow and fists.

They wouldn't die even if they fell from this height.

*Smack!**

Kang Chan then jumped down, kicking the head of a guy blocking the flower bed in the process.

He let out a sigh when he looked at Lee Ho-Jun and Heo Eun-Sil.

“Who are you?”

There were still close to ten guys surrounding Kang Chan. About three of them were girls.

“Who are those fuckers?” asked Kang Chan, gesturing toward the group with his chin.

“The union of bullies,” Heo Eun-Sil answered.

“Don't ignore me, you son of a bitch,” said the guy.

Kang Chan smirked and looked at him.

He was the one that had been holding a knife that was about a handspan long. He had a fair build and looked like he had guts.

Shouldn't he know that if he can kill people, then he can also be killed in turn?

“You son of a bitch!” His opponent yelled when Kang Chan approached him head-on.

Swish. Swish!

Thud!

When the guy flinched and swung twice, Kang Chan snatched his wrist, pulled him over, and smashed his right elbow into the guy's face.

Thump.

Kang Chan then immediately grabbed the guy's finger and twisted it.

Crunch!

“Gaah!”

With blood covering his mouth and nose, his screams sounded quite nasal.

Kang Chan turned the guy's right arm over, placed it on his shoulder, hung both of his hands on the guy's forearm, and puled down.

Crunch!

“Aaahhh!”

“Son of a bitch. You're way too fucking loud. Stop right there!” Kang Chan yelled.

The guys that were leaving the flower bed flinched and looked at Kang Chan.

“Lee Ho-Jun will be using this bitch that I had just taken out to find everyone that leaves. For those that don't want to use their arm for the rest of their lives, feel free to leave now.”

“Fuck you! Fuck!” The guy at the middle of the path of the flowerbed swore as he moved back.

Tatata!

Kang Chan immediately went through the flower bed and stepped down on the opposite side.

They probably didn't expect he'd come over this quickly.

Pow pow pow!

The man whose stomach pit, neck, and nose bridge Kang Chan had injured croaked.

“Hey! Drag this fucker inside,” ordered Kang Chan.

The guy that met Kang Chan's gaze dragged the struggling guy inside with a surprised face.

“You go inside as well.”

The first guy he beat up tried to gauge Kang Chan's mood.

“Son of a bitch...” Kang Chan growled.

Swoosh.

The guy went inside real quick.

Kang Chan jumped over the flower bed again and headed inside.

He was really busy thanks to the fucking children.

“Ughh.”

“Why don't you stay quiet?” Kang Chan asked.

The man he had broken the arm of parted his lips while clenching his teeth. It looked like he was having a hard time breathing due to the blood blocking his nostrils.

“Who's the fucking leader here?” asked Kang Chan.

It seemed like Lee Ho-Jun didn't understand what he meant.

Just then...

“Um, he provoked you because he didn’t know that you’re Kang Chan,” said the guy on one side, trying to appease to Kang Chan’s mood.

“Shut up! Who’s your fucking leader?” Kang Chan asked again.

The guy who had just spoken looked at the man with the broken arm.

Kang Chan approached the guy crumpled in the corner and looked at him while squatting down.

“Bullies? Fucking nonsense. If I ever hear you guys meeting and fucking around again, you’re all going to die.”

Kang Chan was thinking of making them live as if they were dead for at least half a year if he saw defiance in their eyes.

Sure enough, although the guy had lowered his gaze, Kang Chan still saw resentment and spite lingering in his eyes.

This guy would have Kang Chan in his sights again, just like how Sharlan survived because Kang Chan did an awful job in finishing him.

Tok.

Kang Chan tightly grasped the guy’s head.

“Ugh!”

Slaaap!

Heo Eun-Sil flinched and shuddered, and Lee Ho-Jun was no different.

Slaaap!

“Ugh. Ughh...”

Slaaap!

Kang Chan bent over again and looked into the guy’s face.

Smirk.

When their eyes met, the guy quickly avoided Kang Chan’s gaze.

But it seemed like he didn’t want to let his men see him losing confidence.

This fucker would definitely gather the kids again. And he would call Lee Ho-Jun or Heo Eun-Sil to try to take his anger out on them for what he experienced now.

Kang Chan released the guy’s head and snatched his left arm.

“Uggh!”

“Be quiet, motherfucker,” said Kang Chan.

The guy struggled when Kang Chan placed the former's right arm around the latter's right shoulder. Twisted, his right arm trembled hideously. Kang Chan got out to the outside, preventing the guy from stopping him.

Crack!

“Gaaaah!”

Tok!

When Kang Chan pulled the guy's head toward him, his face was finally filled with fear.

“Are you going to meet up again?” asked Kang Chan.

“Nuh, nuh!” The guy shook his head and wailed.

Kang Chan glared sharply at the nearby bullies he stood up.

“Do what you want, but if I hear that any of you fuckers bullied anyone, I'm going to break all of your arms.”

He meant every word he said.

“Take this fucker and get lost,” Kang Chan ordered.

The guys hesitated. Three of them then supported their leader, and all of them disappeared.

Kang Chan took out a cigarette and bit on it.

Lee Ho-Jun and Heo Eun-Sil stayed by the wall and were looking at Kang Chan.

‘Fuck it.’

He was tired of swearing at them.

“Phew.”

Kang Chan exhaled the cigarette smoke to relieve his annoyance.