

Blackfield 40.1

Chapter 40.1: Let's End It (2)

Kang Chan immediately answered the call. There was no need for a lengthy speech in this situation.

“It’s me. Explain the situation.”

- You knew? I’m in the lodging in the middle of Jiri Mountain. They called me and told me to come out alone quietly. If I don’t, they said they’ll kill my wife and daughter.

This was an unexpected course of events.

“Can you get in touch with them?”

- Both of them aren’t answering their phones.

Seok Kang-Ho seemed like he was at least a little bit relieved.

“Tell me your home address and their phone numbers.”

Seok Kang-Ho gave him his address and his family members’ phone numbers. He then gave him the phone number used to threaten him.

“Don’t move until I call you.”

- Understood.

By the time Kang Chan had ended the call, his heartbeat had settled down a bit.

Kang Chan immediately called Kim Tae-Jin.

- Hello?

“It’s Kang Chan.”

- Kang Chan? Ah! Mr. Kang Chan! How can I help you?

“Are you aware that there are guys scattered near Seok Kang-Ho?”

- Pardon? What did you just say?

“I think there are people skulking at Jiri Mountain. They’ve told Seok Kang-Ho to come out of the lodging by himself, and he has no choice but to obey because his family’s being used as hostages. You and the team just need to protect Seok Kang-Ho until I save the hostages.

A moment of silence passed.

- Are you sure?

Kim Tae-Jin sounded surprisingly calm.

- Let’s report this to the police.

“Mr. President, they’re from the Chinese mafia. And they’ve also got a grudge, so it won’t take much for them to start hurting the hostages.”

- Okay. Where are the hostages?

“I’m planning on going to their house.”

- The chances of the hostages being there are almost zero. Do you know their phone numbers? If you do, then please tell me. We’ll be able to locate them in 5 minutes.

Kang Chan told him all the numbers Seok Kang-Ho provided, including the one used to threaten him. He then changed and stuffed his phone, car key, a cotton shirt, and workout pants in a bag and left the room. In an attempt to hide the fury in his eyes, he rubbed them with his palm.

“Are you going somewhere?” asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Mr. Seok Kang-Ho is going to the retreat for the eleventh-graders today, and he just called to tell me I should join them since they’re leaving later.”

“To the retreat?”

“Yes! I’m popular. He said that he’s already waiting outside.”

She seemed somewhat suspicious of it but didn’t say anything else other than to be careful.

Kang Chan called Seok Kang-Ho as he ran down the stairs.

“It’s me. I actually put a person from a security company on you. Answer the phone if they call. And they said that they can locate your wife and daughter within 5 minutes. I’m going to go and take care of it, so...”

After leaving his place, Kang Chan ran towards the apartment complex exit.

“Endure it until then.”

- Thank you. Call me once you’ve saved my family. All this anger boiling up inside me is making it so hard to just stand by and wait.

“Alright.”

No matter what anyone said to reassure him, Kang Chan would’ve had a hard time enduring through a situation where Kang Dae-Kyung or Yoo Hye-Sook had been taken hostage. That was why he couldn’t tell Seok kang-Ho to stay still.

Kang Chan got in the taxi and headed to the public parking lot, making another call in the process.

- Hi! Chany.

“Smithen, Seok Kang-Ho is in danger. Lock the door and don’t go anywhere no matter what.”

- Oh! I’m in the department store, but I’ll leave now.

“Then get out of there immediately and go to the Namsan hotel by taxi. And stay in the room until I call you.

- Okay, Chany!

When he spoke French, the taxi driver had just peeked behind him. Then, Kang Chan's phone rang.

- The two of them are together. They're at a flower farm in Hanam[1].

"Please text me their address."

- I'm going as well, Mr. Kang Chan, so please wait.

"I should be nearby. So please send me the address first."

- Alright. But don't move on your own no matter what happens. Wait until I get there.

He got a text message when he ended the call. Arriving in the public parking lot, he got into his car and started it.

Kang Chan entered the address in the GPS device and pressed 'guide.' It said it would take him about 30 minutes to arrive at the destination.

The tires started screeching.

He drove like a lunatic and was able to drive with more speed as he went onto the highway.

When the speedometer showed 160km/h, the woman in the GPS device started to yell desperately that this was a speed-enforced area.

After driving for about 10 more minutes, he merged into the exit lane on the right, left the highway, then crossed a bridge. After five more minutes, he finally arrived at his destination.

It was a large greenhouse complex with more than twenty units. Within it, Kang Chan saw a van and a car parked near one of the greenhouses that had a thick fabric surrounding it for heat insulation.

Kang Chan went past the greenhouse complex and parked the car on the curve which was a blindspot that prevented them from seeing the other side.

As soon as he exited the car, he opened the trunk and took out a handspan-long screwdriver in the toolbox. He then put it in the back pocket of his jeans.

His body condition wasn't that bad.

Kang Chan called for the last time.

- Hello?

"Oh Gwang-Taek. I'm at Hanam. Mr. Seok Kang-Ho's family is being held hostage here. I'll text you the address, so please clean up afterward."

Oh Gwang-Taek momentarily grew silent but soon replied, sounding quite shocked.

- Hanam? Hey! I can get there in 20 minutes—no, 10 minutes! So just tell me where they are and wait for a moment! I'm going. I'm going to go, so....

"Look at your text messages."

After he ended the call, Kang Chan sent Oh Gwang-Taek the text that Kim Tae-Jin had sent him.

It's done.

Kang Chan threw his phone in the car and locked the car door.

They could be watching from a distance.

After stuffing his keys in a patch of overgrown grass by the side of the road, he slowly walked to the other end of the greenhouse, where there was a creek with a disgusting odor.

Thankfully there wasn't any separate surveillance. That much was to be expected, though, since it would be difficult to deploy that unless it was a military operation.

Kang Chan lowered his stance and quickly moved toward his targeted greenhouse.

It was quite far away.

The next unit had a car parked in its vicinity.

He could see the outline of the greenhouse since it was made of plastic. Kang Chan lowered himself further until he was almost lying down on his stomach.

Carefully looking inside, he found two guys in baggy suits standing by. If they had guards even at the other side of the entrance, then there would be quite a lot of people here.

There were two guys.

Kang Chan took out the screwdriver that he had placed in his back pocket and held it in a reverse grip.

Those sons of bitches are holding a family hostage.

The greenhouse was seven to eight meters long. Fortunately, it was just by the roadside, so the sound of the cars driving by was quite loud, and its floor was made up of soil.

One of the fuckers put his hand in his pocket.

Kang Chan examined his surroundings one last time.

The two guys were talking while facing each other, giving Kang Chan a clear view of the back of one of them.

He heard them laugh loudly.

Chinese.

When the guy with his back toward Kang Chan jabbered about something, the other laughed so hard he leaned back.

Tatata.

Kang Chan ran out like a sprinter.

Amid his laugh, the expression of the man facing Kang Chan's direction suddenly hardened when he started running toward them.

Stab.

Kang Chan stabbed through the man's adam's apple with his screwdriver.

People wouldn't be able to make loud noises immediately with their vocal cords pierced.

“Gah. Guhh.”

Crack!

Kang Chan twisted the neck of the guy whose back was facing him in the same direction the guy turned his head to look at the source of the commotion. Kang Chan then pounced and twisted the neck of the guy he had stabbed with the screwdriver.

Crack.

Kang Chan quickly caught the guy and laid him down on the floor silently to prevent him from falling, which would've caused a lot of noise.

Seemingly collapsing, the first guy had sunk to his knees so he didn't make that much noise, but this fucker fell over to the side.

Noticing they had knives strapped at the back of their waist, Kang Chan took both of them by the handle. He then lowered his stance again and headed toward the entrance.

He saw about four men inside the van.

But he couldn't actually scout the greenhouse's interior since it was covered by a dark fabric.

Kang Chan thought about going inside through the entrance, but the guys in the van weighed on his mind. He wasn't afraid of their numbers, but he was worried they might get the chance to hurt the hostages as he fought them.

Kang Chan again moved toward the area where the two guys had collapsed. He then stood closer to the greenhouse by the farm's entrance.

After Kang Chan took out the knife and cut the string that held the fabric together, he carefully started to cut the inside part of the iron support.

‘Phew.’

A middle-aged woman that looked like Seok Kang-Ho's wife sat against the greenhouse while holding onto her daughter.

One, two, three, four, five... Six men in total.

Three of the fuckers had placed chairs together and were lying on top of them while two of them were sitting and looking into their phones.

The last fucker was the problem. He had his knife out and was scratching his cheek with the end of it.

The key to winning this fight depended on how fast he had gone in.

Kang Chan didn't have that much time to think either since he didn't know what kinds of things Seok Kang-Ho could go through.

He used his knife to carefully cut the vinyl near the iron support.

Due to the knife's extremely sharp blade, the vinyl didn't even make a sound while he was cutting through it.