

Blackfield 40.2

Chapter 40.2: Let's End It (2)

Kang Chan examined what was in front of him, including the floor that led to his target.

It would be hard to believe, but there had been cases of people tripping while running in battle. Not only were they nervous, but they also didn't examine the floor. This resulted in either stepping on a sunken part of the ground or their feet getting caught on a jagged stone, which would've never happened under normal circumstances.

Creak.

As Kang Chan examined the greenhouse's interior again to see if he missed anyone, the door of the entrance opened, and two guys walked inside. It seemed like it was rotation time.

The guy holding the knife was moving toward the entrance.

Smack.

Kang Chan pushed against the vinyl and immediately ran forward.

“你是谁呀?(Who are you?)”

Whish!

Kang Chan threw the knife with all his might.

The guy with the knife!

Kang Chan wanted to aim for his neck or forehead, but he aimed for the body instead since he wasn't used to his weapon.

Stab!

“Uurgh!”

It embedded below his target's heart, causing him to collapse as he screamed.

“Aaaghhh!”

When Seok Kang-Ho's wife and daughter embraced each other, Kang Chan was in front of them.

“Who?” [1]one of them asked.

All seven guys pulled out a knife and surrounded Kang Chan.

The door then burst open, and the two men that had just left entered again. Surprised, they jabbered, seemingly about the two guys that died.

“Aren't you Kang Chan?” The guy with the mustache had just asked with a strange accent.

“Mr. Seok Kang-Ho sent me,” Kang Chan slightly twisted his head toward the back and quickly told Seok Kang-Ho's wife and daughter.

“Hold on for just a little longer.”

When the mustache guy quickly spoke in Chinese, the others widened their perimeter around Kang Chan.

‘This could be dangerous.’

Kang Chan now had to fight and block all three directions in one spot.

Thankfully, the hostages had their backs against the greenhouse, but if Kang Chan didn’t protect them, his opponents would immediately seize that opportunity to stab them.

The two guys standing on Kang Chan’s flanks climbed up the walls of the greenhouse and waited for a chance to attack the hostages.

The three guys that stood facing Kang Chan took a different stance than the rest. They seemed to have learned martial arts.

Swish!

Just as Kang Chan leaned backward to avoid the dagger swinging past him, the guy standing by to his left swung his knife toward the hostages.

Shick. Stab. Stab.

“Gahh.”

Kang Chan snatched and stabbed the guy’s wrist.

Slice!

However, they managed to cut Kang Chan’s right shoulder in return.

“Argh!”

It happened in an instant.

Kang Chan would’ve stabbed him more than three times if he could, but the trio in front of him was skilled enough to prevent him from getting that much of an opportunity.

While the guy whose forearm had been stabbed retreated, the other two attacked Kang Chan. And because the knives were serrated, it wouldn’t be easy to remove them once they were embedded.

Swish! Swish!

“Argh!”

The guys on either side of Kang Chan deliberately looked for an opportunity to attack the hostages, while those in front of him looked for an opportunity to attack him.

Swish!

The guy on the right swung the knife toward the hostages.

Stab. Slice!

Kang Chan stabbed the guy’s forearm and sliced his armpit...

Slice! Slice!

But they cut his left shoulder and forearm in retaliation.

‘Tsk!’

They first deliberately attacked the hostages to create an opening in their defenses.

He had to persevere through this situation since he couldn’t just rashly pounce on them.

Screech.

As Kang Chan glared at the guy in front of him, the door of the greenhouse opened, and Kim Tae-Jin entered wearing dress pants and a shirt.

He didn’t seem too surprised with what he found in the greenhouse.

The first guy to have his forearm stabbed pounced on Kim Tae-Jin.

Smack. Pow. Pow. Pow.

Kim Tae-Jin swatted away the guy’s wrist, then continued to hit the guy in the pit of his stomach, neck, and chin. Afterward, he immediately picked up the knife that had been dropped to the floor and came toward Kang Chan’s side.

“I told you to wait,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

“You can protect the two people behind us, right?”

“I should be able to do that.”

He had already seen Kim Tae-Jin’s capabilities.

It’s going to be a bit different from now on!

When Kim Tae-Jin answered, Kang Chan immediately took a step forward.

Martial arts? Without any hostages, they weren’t that powerful.

Holding his knife in a reverse grip, he twisted his body, seemingly about to pounce on the guy on the left, then stretched out his knife toward the neck of the guy to his right.

Swish!

Just like he anticipated, the guy in the middle tried to stab him.

Tok!

Kang Chan wouldn’t be able to catch that kind of knife.

Screech!

Hence, stabbed the groove on the back of his opponent’s weapon instead.

Stab!

When Kang Chan grabbed his target’s wrist with his left hand, he hit Kang Chan’s right eye with his left hand.

Stab.

After piercing through his opponent’s forearm in his grasp, Kang Chan swiftly moved backward.

“Aagh!”

Stab!

Even while he was screaming, the guy hit the back of Kang Chan's neck.

Stab. Stab. Stab

Meanwhile, Kang Chan stabbed the guy's chest twice, then the back of his neck.

“Guhh.”

Thud.

The chances of this guy surviving were low.

Kang Chan glared at the two remaining enemies.

Slice. Slice!

Kim Tae-Jin and the guy that pounced on him each attacked each other.

The two hostages were so terrified they couldn't even scream. They could only hang their heads low while embracing each other.

“What are you doing?! Kill the hostages quick!”

Swish!

Just as the mustache man yelled in anger, Kang Chan threw his knife toward the guy to his left.

Stab!

“Gahh!”

Thud.

Kim Tae-Jin handed him a knife when Kang Chan extended his hand, then he quickly picked up the knife of the guy that had fallen.

“Do it again, you son of a bitch!”

Swish!

When Kang Chan thrust one of his knives forward, the guy in front of him flinched.

Swish!

Kang Chan then violently threw it at the guy to his right.

Stab.

Damn it!

Holding onto the knife embedded in his chest, the guy hesitantly moved back.

Son of a bitch! I need to take his knife away!

As soon as Kim Tae-Jin handed Kang Chan a knife, Kang Chan pounced on their enemy.

Swish!

The mafia member in front of him swung at him and quickly moved away.

It was taking too long, which meant Seok Kang-Ho was in that much more danger.

Creak.

After a while, the door opened for the second time.

“What the hell is this?!” someone exclaimed.

It was Oh Gwang-Taek.

And behind him entered more than twenty guys.

They had iron pipes, filet knives, and baseball bats.

Whoosh.

With the Chinese mafia members flustered, Kang Chan immediately lunged forward.

Slice! Slice! Slice!

Kang Chan swiftly swung his weapon at his opponent with every flip of his arm, slitting the necks of two of his opponents open.

Stab. Stab. Stab. Stab.

Kang Chan then stabbed the enemy’s shoulder and nape without mercy.

“Urgh.”

Thud.

One guy had collapsed, and the other had twisted due to the knife still stuck between his shoulder and neck.

They dared to touch his family?

That person twisting in pain was the same that tried to kill the hostages until the last moment.

Oh Gwang-Taek approached Kang Chan.

“That’s enough.”

Slice!Thud.

His opponent had already collapsed, yet Kang Chan was still enraged.

“I said that’s enough. Is your shoulder okay?” Oh Gwang-Taek asked again.

“Phew. Thanks for coming.”

Kang Chan looked at the injury on his shoulder, then turned his head toward Kim Tae-Jin.

“Please contact those around Mr. Seok Kang-Ho,” Kang Chan said.

As Kim Tae-Jin took out his phone from his pants while covering his wound, Kang Chan approached Seok Kang-Ho’s wife, who was in tears.

“Please stay at the hotel for now. I’ll give you a call as soon as I get in touch with the teacher,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho’s wife.

It looked like she didn’t understand what he said, but she nodded anyway. Their daughter, who looked to be in middle school, caught a clearer view of Kang Chan.

“They’re not answering the phone,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

When Kang Chan stood up, Kim Tae-Jin looked into his phone and shook his head.

“I’ll go check on him, so please take care of his family members,” Kang Chan said.

“Let’s use my car. We’ll be able to reach him a bit quicker since it has a siren installed,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

That wasn’t bad either.

Kang Chan urgently sought out Oh Gwang-Taek.

“Please accompany these two in the Namsan hotel until I call. And clean up here as well.”

“I’ll come with you guys.”

“You should stay here. I feel like more of these fuckers are in Seoul.”

Oh Gwang-Taek gritted his teeth and glared at the three guys that had collapsed a moment ago.

“Go!” Oh Gwang-Taek yelled.

“Thanks.”

Kang Chan left, and Kim Tae-Jin followed him.

Kang Chan first went to his car and took his phone and bag.

Kim Tae-Jin had a large black car, which was parked right in front of Kang Chan’s.

It was time to go.

Kim Tae-Jin took a pistol out of his pocket and threw it into the back seat.

“You had a gun?” Kang Chan asked.

“It’s a gas gun, so it’s useless in that kind of fight.”

When Kim Tae-Jin started the police car and pressed a switch, the siren on it blared, and the warning lights on top of the partition at the rear window started flashing quickly.

Kang Chan called Seok Kang-Ho three times, but he didn’t answer.

“Do you know where in Jiri Mountain he is?” Kim Tae-Jin inquired.

“I should be able to find out on our way there.”

The car accelerated swiftly.

Kang Chan took out the thin cotton shirt from his bag, ripped it apart, and tied it around his wounds.

Kim Tae-Jin glanced at him, then took a strip of the same cotton shirt that Kang Chan had handed over. He wrapped up his forearm without saying anything.

“Phew!” Kang Chan exclaimed.

Blood seeped through, but he felt more comfortable with pressure constantly being applied to his wounds.

The car had already entered the highway.

“The road will become quieter after about an hour. There’s a medicine box with bandages in the trunk, so we should be able to patch up our injuries properly once we reach a more secluded area,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

Kang Chan turned and looked at Kim Tae-Jin.

“It had been such a long time since I used it, so I forgot.”

Why would the president of a security company fight with knives, after all?