

Blackfield 41.1

Chapter 41.1: Let's End it (3)

After they entered the highway, Kim Tae-Jin drove as if he was driving a car without brakes.

“Where did you learn how to tie the knot?” Kim Tae-Jin asked.

When Kang Chan looked at him with confusion, Kim Tae-Jin gestured toward his shoulder and forearm with his chin.

“Not only that, but you’re also friends with Oh Gwang-Taek and have the close-quarters combat skills of a special forces unit. And you stabbed someone with a knife without a moment of hesitation.”

Kim Tae-Jin shook his head from side to side.

“I want to have you as an instructor for our company immediately. To be honest, if it weren’t for your age, I’d want to spar against you.”

Taking it as empty words, Kang Chan looked through his contact list.

“How many people have you killed?” Kim Tae-Jin prodded.

Why is he asking me that?

When Kang Chan raised his gaze from the phone, Kim Tae-Jin was looking straight ahead.

It was already 9:30 pm. Kang Chan couldn’t focus as his nerves were on edge. He was worried about the state Seok Kang-Ho would be in.

Kang Chan called Cha So-Yeon, who answered after three rings.

- Sunbae-nim!

“Yeah. Where are you guys staying right now?”

- Why? Are you coming?

“That’s not it. I’m just planning on pranking Mr. Seok Kang-Ho.”

- That’s a shame.

Near Cha So-Yeon, he could hear the girls chorusing, “Please come over, sunbae-nim!”

- We’re in the Youth hostel in Jiri Mountain’s Natural Recreational Forest!

“Really?”

- Mr. Seok Kang-Ho left earlier with his three guests, all of which were wearing suits.

Kang Chan tightly gritted his teeth.

“Okay. Anything else?”

- The kids keep saying that we should try drinking alcohol.

“Okay. Have fun.”

- Yes, sunbae-nim. Keep safe.

Kang Chan ended the call and told Kim Tae-Jin the address that Cha So-Yeon provided.

“I know that place,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

The car’s speedometer rarely went below 200km/h.

“If my guys can’t get in touch with me, then I don’t think this situation’s going to end quietly.” Kim Tae-Jin examined the difficulties of their circumstances as if he was talking to himself.

“What do you want the police to do? They listen to me to some extent,” He asked.

“It’s best if they turn a blind eye to all of this until I contact them.”

“Alright.” Kim Tae-Jin nodded.

After speeding nonstop, they stopped at a simple service area.

“Let’s go to the trunk,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

The two got out of the car, and Kim Tae-Jin opened the trunk and took out a large box.

Click.

When he opened it, Kang Chan first saw bandages and several different medications.

Kim Tae-Jin opened the trunk and took out a large box. He gestured at it with his gaze, seemingly suggesting that Kang Chan should take a look inside.

“There’s a bayonet in there, which I used when I was in the DMZ. There are other things as well. Feel free to take out anything you like,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

“Thank you.”

Kang Chan took out the bayonet, a thin wire, and a camo cream.

Kim Tae-Jin returned the medicine partition to the first aid kit, took bandages from the medicine partition, and skillfully tied it around Kang Chan’s injuries.

Kang Chan’s wounds already had blood clots closing them. However, they reopened, and he began to bleed again. He had previously bandaged them up with a ripped cotton strip, but that was nothing compared to actual bandages.

Kang Chan took out a different shirt from his bag and changed into it, hiding his injuries underneath it.

They left after putting the box back in the trunk.

“Is it alright if I smoke?” Kang Chan asked.

“Only if you open the window.”

Kang Chan retrieved a cigarette and lighter from his bag and bit down on the cigarette.

Clang. Chik.

It felt like there was a typhoon inside the car due to how fast they were going.

“Let’s buy a few rows of kimbap at the next service area,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

“Sure.”

As Kang Chan extinguished the cigarette, his phone rang.

- We’ve escorted Mr. Seok Kang-Ho’s wife and daughter to the Namsan hotel. I’ve also ordered my guys to stand by in the rooms next door and in front of it, so you don’t have to worry about them anymore.

“Thanks for your help, as always.”

- And we’ve taken care of the four corpses. As for the remaining fuckers, we’re going to fuck them up and come to an agreement with the Japanese gang leader. So don’t worry about them either.

“Oh Gwang-Taek.”

- What?

Kang Chan wanted to thank him, but he already did. He wanted to apologize for what happened last time as well, but he couldn’t get the words out.

Kang Chan heard laughter over the phone.

- You even know president Kim Tae-Jin?

“I got to know him through this issue.”

- Sure enough, I’m crazy for trying to understand a guy like you.

Kang Chan smirked.

- We’ll leave in about 5 minutes. Where do we need to go?

“I’m beginning to feel uncomfortable with how helpful you’re being.”

- I’m hanging up.

The call ended immediately.

Kim Tae-Jin only focused on driving, seemingly uninterested in Kang Chan’s phone call.

They arrived at the next service area after about 30 minutes.

Kim Tae-Jin parked the car, ran out by himself, and bought two iced coffees and four rows of kimbap.

“It’ll be best to eat it now since we’re going to arrive in an hour. I made the coffee a bit stronger on purpose.”

Kim Tae-Jin’s voice sounded like he was taking care of a junior soldier that would be going out on a military operation. Kang Chan didn’t feel bad because he felt like he met a senior soldier in the military.

They placed the coffee and kimbap on top of the trunk and ate while standing up.

“The employees I put on guard duty have transmitters in their shoes. I’ll give you the tracker, which should prove useful.”

Kang Chan wordlessly drank the iced coffee.

After finishing up their meals in two minutes, they disposed of their trash and left.

On the road, Kang Chan opened the glove box in front of the passenger seat as Kim Tae-Jin suggested, finding a palm-sized tracker inside it.

“It won’t be able to catch a signal yet because we’re still far from them, but it should start working properly when we’re within two kilometers of them since we’re deep in the mountain. Would that be enough?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“It should be.”

As Kim Tae-Jin drove, Kang Chan smoked another cigarette and heedlessly looked outside the window.

‘Just be alive.’

He clenched his teeth.

‘Don’t turn me into a killer.’

He also wanted to let Seok Kang-Ho know that his wife and daughter were safe.

However, although he had the number of the person threatening Seok Kang-Ho, he couldn’t just give it a call. He was afraid doing so would just make them more cautious and make things worse.

The Natural Recreational Forest of Jiri Mountain.

A sign appeared not long after the road started to get curvy, but Kim Tae-Jin still didn’t slow down much even while turning the corner.

After about 15 more minutes, they arrived at a large building with a sign that said ‘Youth Hostel.’

Kim Tae-Jin parked the car near the front of the hostel, but the tracker still didn’t pick up any signals.

“At this point, they’re either at the pension house or the villa in the inner part of the mountain,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

As Kim Tae-Jin tilted his head, Kang Chan saw a red light flash on the tracker, but it swiftly disappeared.

Kang Chan pointed to where it was, then looked around the surroundings. Looking at the direction of the signal, it seemed to have come from the mountain to the right of the hostel.

“They’re probably at that mountain,” Kang Chan commented.

Kim Tae-Jin drove the car into the parking lot at the back of the building.

“Since they didn’t contact you even after kidnapping Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, it probably didn’t go well.”

He didn’t have the time to respond to that kind of talk.

Kang Chan wrapped the thin wire around his left hand, then took out the camo cream and applied it to his face.

On the mirror of the passenger seat’s sun visor, Kang Chan’s eyes were burning.

“I’m going,” Kang Chan told Kim Tae-Jin.

“I’ll come with you.”

Seemingly unable to let Kang Chan go alone, Kim Tae-Jin tried to get out of the car while sighing.

Kang Chan grabbed onto his forearm.

“I’m sorry, but please stay here. Fend off the police and look for hospitals that we can take Seok Kang-Ho or the employees to. It will become difficult for both of us if word gets out.”

Kim Tae-Jin tightly gritted his teeth and looked straight at Kang Chan.

“Are you confident that you’ll come back alive?”

“Seok Kang-Ho will come back alive.”

Kim Tae-Jin smiled strangely.

“This will sound shameless, but please look out for our members as well. I’ll give back twice the amount of the downpayment in return,” He requested.

Kang Chan thought it was great he got to meet someone like him.

Kang Chan got out of the car and glared at where the signal came from. There was a short wall made out of rocks near the back of the parking lot.

“Whoo.” Kang Chan breathed out loudly, kicked a rock, and went up the mountain.

The mountain was steep, but it was still summer, so the tree trunks were still sturdy and strong. That helped a lot.

After he climbed for about 10 minutes, the mountain became flatter, but he still couldn’t move rashly due to the shadows formed by the Youth Hostel’s lights.

Kang Chan caught his breath again.

Rather than the enemy appearing, what he was truly afraid of was discovering Seok Kang-Ho’s corpse.