

## **Blackfield 42.1**

Chapter 42.1: To Catch A Fish (1)

“Since Director Suh and I are here, let’s just attack those that pounce on us,” Kim Tae-Jin said while glancing at Kang Chan’s injuries.

As a matter of fact, Kang Chan could no longer put strength in his hand.

He glared straight ahead with fiery eyes.

“Untie them quickly!” At the security guard’s words, one of the katana-wielding guys that had been standing a fair distance away from them turned his head toward the guard. Kang Chan needed to bring his attention back toward him.

*Whoosh!*

When Kang Chan jumped in, three to four blades immediately attacked him.

*Smack. Stab. Stab. Thud. Smack. Stab. Slice!*

He hit, stabbed, and sliced the wrist of the enemy so quickly his movements were no longer visible.

His enemies were so full of spite that it would’ve been hard for Kang Chan to endure if Kim Tae-Jin and Suh Sang-Hyun hadn’t run in from both sides.

Kang Chan looked at the guy holding the katana. The three security guards were holding their ground against him.

*Slice!*

While distracted, Kang Chan got his side cut.

*Stab stab!*

As Kang Chan stabbed the guy’s arm twice, a new enemy blocked his way.

*Slice! Slice!*

Without wasting a second, Kang Chan slit the new enemy’s neck.

“Urgh!”

*Splat!*

His victim’s blood spurted all over his upper body, causing his surroundings to look red due to the blood in his eyes.

“Ptooeey!”

When a security guard jumped up to avoid the katana, Seok Kang-Ho directly came into view.

Kang Chan was going to save Seok Kang-Ho, even if it meant his eyes falling out or his side splitting apart.

*Stab! Stab!*

“Aagh!”

The guy whose nape and armpit had been stabbed let out a desperate scream.

“Step aside!”

*Slice!*

When the guy standing in Kang Chan’s way just flinched, Kang Chan slashed through his adam’s apple with a katana.

Sin? Retribution? Hell? Seeing Seok Kang-Ho die while tied up was hell.

Kang Chan flinched. His side got wounded again.

*Stab!*

Kang Chan stabbed his attacker’s arm and yanked it.

“Gaaah!”

“Come here!”

Despite being entirely covered in blood, Kang Chan hugged his neck and ran forward.

*Slice!*

And due to Suh Sang-Hyun’s inability to follow him, one of their enemies managed to add another slash wound to Kang Chan’s left side.

*Stab! Stab! Slice!*

After being stabbed three more times, the man Kang Chan had caught went limp.

*Whoosh!*

Kang Chan charged forward, pushing his captive away.

*Slice! Slice!*

His left side got sliced again.

By that point, the last security guard blocking the way to Seok Kang-Ho backed down from their battle against the katana wielder.

*Stab! Stab! Slice!*

Kang Chan stabbed and slashed the two enemies standing in his way.

Just the katana wielder lifted his weapon over Seok Kang-Ho, Kang Chan sprang forward.

*Stab!*

“Urgh!”

When Kang Chan’s knife pierced through the katana wielder’s neck, he smirked.

Though still tied and on the floor, Seok Kang-Ho moved his head.

Everything was okay now.

Kang Chan carried his latest victim and turned back, his side burning as if being cauterized with fire.

*Thud.*

When Kang Chan let go of the guy, he fell to the ground like a bundle of straw.

“Huff. Huff.”

Kim Tae-Jin and Suh Sang-Hyun breathed heavily beside him.

After Kang Chan grabbed onto the end of the wire that remained on his left hand with his right, he used it to tightly tie the bayonet onto his right hand. It was too dull the nerves on his hand, the fingertips of which were trembling.

He would've collapsed long ago had he not recovered his previous physical abilities.

“Ugh.”

Kang Chan then heard Seok Kang-Ho say something as he tried to move.

“Fuck.”

The first thing that Seok Kang-Ho did after recovering was curse.

Now there were about twenty of their opponents left.

Kang Chan wiped the blood from around his eyes with his forearm. It had dried up, which made it sticky, but he could now see much better.

The moment Kang Chan caught his breath and glared in front of him, Seok Kang-Ho stood up and went beside him while grinding his teeth.

Seok Kang-Ho held the katana that was covered with blood.

“Go and stay in the back,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

“Let's fight together. If you join the fray, then we'll be able to kill all of those sons of bitches.”

Just as Kang Chan smirked, seemingly satisfied, Kim Tae-Jin looked at Kang Chan as if he was tired of his antics. He then spoke to their opponents in fluent Chinese.

“Oh? [1]”

Kim Tae-Jin answered again when the guys asked another question, seemingly flustered.

When the guy fiercely glared at Kang Chan, he spoke to Kim Tae-Jin about two more times.

“Sounds good![2]”

Even Kang Chan knew what this meant.

When the guy looked behind him and yelled something, those standing around started to sort out the guys that had collapsed on the floor.

“We decided to end the fight here,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

Kang Chan looked at Kim Tae-Jin, keeping his guard up.

“I told them Oh Gwang-Taek is on his way.”

Kim Tae-Jin also had multiple cuts on his upper body, and there were even about two places where his skin had been deeply split open.

“You’re also at your limit, and we need to clean up the bodies as well.”

*Smirk.*

Kang Chan’s anger didn’t disappear. He couldn’t bear to see them leaving this place alive.

Not only did they capture Seok Kang-Ho’s family, but they also hanged him upside down.

*I can’t let them go like this. I’m going to kill all of them.*

“Kang Chan!”

Kim Tae-Jin jarringly called out to him.

Kang Chan suddenly turned and glared fiercely at him.

“This isn’t the end! You still have people that you have to protect! If killing those guys would end everything, then I’d be fighting until the end as well, but you have to think about the people that you’ve left.”

Kim Tae-Jin’s eyes also burned fiercely.

He was a real man. It had been a long time since Kang Chan saw someone with such eyes.

*It should be okay to do as he says for once, right?*

“I’m sorry for rashly speaking informally to you, but there are still people that you have to protect. Mr. Seok Kang-Ho will also be in a predicament if he overworks himself. Let’s leave it be for now.”

*Is that it? I still have people to protect?*

When Kang Chan briefly breathed out, Kim Tae-Jin smiled in amazement with only the end of his eyes.

“Phew!”

Suh Sang-Hyun collapsed to the ground as if his nervousness had left him.

Kang Chan could see at a glance that he had a deep injury right above his knee.

Suh Sang-Hyun shook his head when he saw Kang Chan standing upright with fiery eyes.

The guys that had collapsed to the ground had been roughly taken care of after about ten minutes.

Some of the injured walked on their own, while the rest were carried on the remaining twenty-something men’s shoulders or backs.

“Walk quickly!” The guy that talked to Kim Tae-Jin abruptly yelled in Korean, then approached Kang Chan.

“We’re stopping here. I didn’t know there was a warrior that could do this much by himself in South Korea,” He told Kang Chan, then glanced at Seok Kang-Ho.

“The Han Chinese fuckers[3] are going to come themselves next time. We’re going to cover up all of the maneuvers executed on our dead and injured, so don’t die like a coward to the Han Chinese fuckers.”

The guy turned his head toward Kim Tae-Jin and said a few more words to him in Chinese, then turned around.

“Ah!”

The guy sharply gazed at Kang Chan again.

“Also, don’t ever come to Yanbian[4] and Harbin[5].

Looking at Kang Chan’s side, he smirked and walked away.

Kang Chan swallowed a groan, walked to the tree, and collapsed. He felt like he was suddenly losing strength.

“Ah, fuck!”

Seok Kang-Ho, following him, swore sharply upon noticing Kang Chan’s side.

Kang Chan smiled faintly, his eyes staring straight ahead. Yoo Hye-Sook popped into his mind.

His side hurt so much he couldn’t breathe anymore.

*Rip!*

Kim Tae-Jin ripped one of the security guards’ jackets into a long strip, then approached Kang Chan, who just stared at him.

“You’re bleeding too much,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

Kim Tae-Jin wrapped the fabric around Kang Chan’s chest, pulled it tight with all his might, then tied it.

“You can’t pass out. The car will be brought to the road at the back,” Kim Tae-Jin continued.

Strangely, Kang Chan laughed. Whenever he did, Yoo Hye-Sook popped into his mind.

Seok Kang-Ho’s face crumpled.

Seeing his crew members alive always brought Kang Chan happiness.

“You okay?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“You shouldn’t be the one asking that question!”

“Are you crying?”

“I have an eye infection!”

“Thanks.”

Kang Chan was grateful that he was alive.

“Fuck... You should've just saved my family.”

“Don't you know who I am, you dickhead?”

Seok Kang-Ho untied the wire from Kang Chan's right hand.

“Why did you tie this so tightly? Are you insane?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

When Kang Chan smiled brightly, Seok Kang-Ho wiped his tears with his forearm.

“I was told that the car has arrived right next to the road at the back. Let's go,” Kim Tae-Jin said, and Seok Kang-Ho knelt in front of Kang Chan with his back facing him.

“Will you be okay?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“Please just get him on my back.”

Kim Tae-Jin and the security guards lifted Kang Chan and placed him on Seok Kang-Ho's back.

They were still deep in the forest in the middle of the night. And whenever Seok Kang-Ho took a step, Kang Chan felt as if the skin on his side was being ripped raw.

“How old is Mr. Kang Chan?” Suh Sang-Hyun asked while limping.

“He said that he's friends with Oh Gwang-Taek,” Seok Kang-Ho answered.

“A high schooler is friends with him?”

“The family register is wrong. Can't you tell by the way I treat him?”

“Then he's four years older than me?”

When Suh Sang-Hyun looked at Kim Tae-Jin in surprise, Kim Tae-Jin said, “He's younger than me.”

“Mr. Kang Chan! You can't fall asleep!”

Kim Tae-Jin placed his hand on the back of his neck and shook it roughly.

After walking for about 5 more minutes, multiple guys in functional attire came running toward them, one after the other.

“Have you finished the preparations?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“We have. We did everything according to your orders.”

Kim Tae-Jin spread out the stretcher that the employees brought in front of Seok Kang-Ho.

“Let's lay him down on this. It's going to be much quicker than carrying him alone,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

Seok Kang-Ho lowered his stance, and the four employees ran over and laid Kang Chan down on the stretcher.

They were definitely quick.

Kang Chan could no longer feel anything properly.

“Get a hold of yourself!”

To Kang Chan, Seok Kang-Ho’s words sounded like they were echoing.

The stars, moon, and white-clumped clouds slowly faded away.

“Mr. Kang Chan! Can you hear me? We need to hurry up! ” yelled Kim Tae-Jin.

The guys’ heavy breathing as they carried the stretcher sounded exaggerated.

Seok Kang-Ho and his family survived.

That was a relief.