

## **Blackfield 43.1**

Chapter 43.1: To Catch Fish (2)

Kang Chan felt like he received a warning from Sharlan.

If Sharlan could coax the destroyed parking lot gang by using the Chinese organization, then it also meant he had finished his secret investigation about Kang Chan.

Kang Chan felt the need for an organization. If he had one, then Sharlan wouldn't be able to do something as reckless as looking for an opportunity to attack his family, and they would be left with no choice but to attack him directly.

'I should acquire the company that Michelle told me about first.'

Lanok would perfectly figure the company out.

Kim Tae-Jin was the perfect fit right now. He had the skills, was the president of a security company, had pride, and most of all, the look in his eyes was undoubtedly fierce.

'But how should I explain it to him?'

*Should I just be honest and tell him that I reincarnated in a high schooler's body?*

Kim Tae-Jin would definitely recommend that he consult with a psychiatrist.

'Tsk.'

As he thought about multiple matters, the phone rang. It was Kim Mi-Young.

- Hello?

"Where are you?"

- I'm done with hagwon. Why didn't you answer your phone yesterday?

She sounded upset.

"I left my phone somewhere else. I wasn't home."

- Where were you? Did you by any chance go to the retreat?

"Why would I go there? I just came to Jiri Mountain to look into something Mr. Seok Kang-Ho asked me to. Let's see each other next week. I think I have to stay here this week."

- I don't have hagwon next week. Would you be able to meet me then?

"Yeah. We did say we'll go out together."

- You really will come, right?

Kim Mi-Young's excited voice consoled Kang Chan a little bit.

He ended the call after talking a bit more, and Sharlan-related matters threw themselves at him again as if they had been waiting.

'I'm going to go crazy at this rate.'

He needed to organize his thoughts.

Kim Tae-Jin soon walked in. Kang Chan wasn't sure if it was because he didn't want to smell like food, or if he just liked keeping himself clean and presentable, but he smelled like refreshing toothpaste, having just brushed his teeth.

"Do you have some time to spare?" Kang Chan asked Kim Tae-Jin.

"As I said before, I'm usually free. You're not bothering me, so let me know if there's anything I can do for you."

Kang Chan liked that he was treating him so casually.

"There's something I want to discuss with you. Please have a seat."

"Sure."

Kim Tae-Jin sat down on the chair beside the bed.

Kang Chan first brought up his relationship with Sharlan.

Sharlan had sold off his crew during a military operation in Africa, and he now had forces backing him up, even though they hadn't revealed themselves yet. As for Smithen, he had joined Kang Chan's side after repenting for his sins.

That was the summary of the story he told Kim Tae-Jin.

When Kim Tae-Jin remained silent, Kang Chan briefly detailed why the fight with the parking lot gang happened.

Kim Tae-Jin knew of the incident that happened later on to some degree, so Kang Chan didn't need to say much about that.

"So you're saying that this fight will end only if you find the person named Sharlan," said Kim Tae-Jin.

"That's right."

Kim Tae-Jin looked at him with eyes full of questions.

"It'd most likely be easier for you to understand if you just think of all this as me getting tangled up in this mess when I tried to get a contract with Gong Te automobile."

"But I also want to hear the version that's hard to understand," Kim Tae-Jin replied.

"It explains how I know French, my relationship with Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, and even my combat techniques, but you wouldn't be able to accept it. It'd be better for you to just let it go right now."

Kim Tae-Jin exhaled heavily.

“Would doing that be the best for us both?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“Yes.”

Kim Tae-Jin laughed at the absurdity of the situation before continuing the conversation. “It doesn’t seem like you’re telling me this because you want me to protect you properly...”

“I want help with catching Sharlan.”

“Wouldn’t Oh Gwang-Taek be better for that?”

“Sharlan commanded a Special Forces Unit. If he were to bring other people with him, then gangsters wouldn’t stand a chance against them.”

“Is that so?”

Kim Tae-Jin nodded but suddenly raised his gaze.

“You said he’s French, right? Wouldn’t it be blatantly obvious if someone from that country comes here?”

“Sharlan will devise a method for sure. If you don’t want it, you don’t have to accept this role,” Kang Chan responded.

Kim Tae-Jin frowned and pursed his lips together.

“Hmm, did you know that I worked in the Presidential Security office?”

“I saw that in the advertisement pitch on the Internet,” answered Kang Chan.

Kim Tae-Jin had a long face.

“We’ve hired people to become bodyguards in our company right after they’ve graduated. Those kids’ lives would be in danger upon meeting agents with professional training, so I’ll cooperate on finding Sharlan under the condition that you work as their instructor.”

“Let’s forget what I told you.”

When Kang Chan refused without a moment’s hesitation, Kim Tae-Jin licked his lips.

“Think about it seriously for once.”

Kang Chan was the type to get enraged upon witnessing his crew members die. And Kim Tae-Jin still wanted him to teach newbies that just graduated?

In other words, there was no chance he’d accept Kim Tae-Jin’s proposal.

The atmosphere became a little stiff, but it was better than taking on a role that he didn’t want to do.

Kang Chan was hungry, but Yoo Hun-Woo’s serious warning weighed on his mind. If he had to undergo a laparotomy[1], then Yoo Hye-Sook was going to search through the entire Jiri Mountain.

They talked about multiple matters. He got an injection at some point, which made him feel drowsy an hour later.

Kim Tae-Jin remained by his side until then.

*Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—*

The vibration from the phone woke Kang Chan up.

Kang Chan jolted awake and noticed Kim Tae-Jin wasn't beside him.

Kang Chan blinked twice when he looked at his phone's screen.

[111-1111-1111]

'Is it Lanok?'

Kang Chan pressed the pick-up button.

"Hello?"

- Kang Chan.

"Sharlan?"

As if a bucket of cold water had been dumped on him, Kang Chan's sleepy brain swiftly became alert.

- You ruined my amazing plan again.

"It seems like your side has healed a bit."

- You're going to regret what you just said for your entire life.

He faintly heard the mechanical sound of the hospital over the phone.

Kang Chan checked the caller's number again.

- I usually don't like a war of attrition.

"Don't worry. I'm going to stab your heart with a knife soon."

Sharlan snorted.

- The people around you will be in danger if you provoke me. You should know that by now, considering the kind of warning you've been given.

His words were difficult to immediately respond to.

- I'll call again after four days.

The call ended.

It felt like Sharlan had great difficulty talking by the end of their conversation.

'Should I let Lanok know?'

Wanting to raise his bed, Kang Chan pressed the button by his bedside. Soon after, a nurse came in.

"Please raise the bed," Kang Chan said. As the nurse followed his request, Yoo Hun-Woo came in and checked his temperature and heart rate.

“How do you feel?” Yoo Hun-Woo asked.

“I’m really hungry.”

“I think that’s a good sign. Let’s see your injury.”

He lowered the bed that the nurse had just raised.

After Yoo Hun-Woo ordered the nurse to get ready to sanitize the injury, he took off the bandages and looked at the injury on his waist.

*Rip.*

Whenever bandages came off his body, blood oozed out and a tingling pain coursed through him.

Yoo Hun-Woo was still examining Kang Chan’s injury and pressing his abdomen a few times when the nurse brought in a rack with wheels.

“Based on its appearance, there doesn’t seem to be any problems, and there are no issues with palpitations either. Your injuries are already healing,” Yoo Hun-Woo said. “Let’s check the ones on your side as well. Since you’re recovering quickly, changing your bandages more often would be better for you.”

Kang Chan felt bad for the nurse because they had to raise the bed again.

After Yoo Hun-Woo made Kang Chan sit, he cut the bandage with a scissor and slowly peeled it off his body again.

This time, even Kang Chan groaned twice and he had cold sweat running down his forehead.

“You didn’t feel it when you got stabbed?” Yoo Hun-Woo asked.

“Pardon?”

“Being stabbed is probably more painful than removing the bandages. I’m just amazed that you can endure so much pain.”

Yoo Hun-Woo examined Kang Chan’s wounds with a frown.

“You’re injured in sixteen areas. It seems the department handling the approved painkillers and blood is becoming suspicious since we’ve used too much of them within the past month.”

Kang Chan glanced at the nurse. If anyone said anything, then Yoo Hun-Woo wouldn’t be able to avoid getting entangled with them.

“Rest assured that no one within the hospital will say anything. Nothing will happen unless an external party says anything,” Yoo Hun-Woo said dismissively as he applied an antiseptic to him. Kang Chan didn’t know why Yoo Hun-Woo thought that way or why he was so confident, but he found it difficult to ask.

“You’re recovering at a slower rate than before, perhaps because you have a lot more injuries. You should stay here until this weekend.”

“Alright,” Kang Chan answered.

Letting his body recover to some degree before going home would be ideal.

“I’ll let you start eating normally tomorrow if you can eat porridge without problems for dinner.”

Kang Chan had no choice but to obediently follow that as well.