

Blackfield 43.2

Chapter 43.2: To Catch Fish (2)

As Kang Chan spent a bit of time watching TV, Kim Tae-Jin walked in.

“You’re awake,’ Kim Tae-Jin said.

“You should go and rest for a bit.”

Kim Tae-Jin looked more like a critical patient than Kang Chan since the gauze wrapped around him was completely visible through his shirt.

“Director Suh has been admitted downstairs, so you don’t have to worry.”

“Is he badly injured?”

“They said that he nearly wouldn’t have been able to use his legs for the rest of his life. He probably has nothing to say, considering he’s the one in charge of training our employees yet he messed up and got himself injured so badly.”

Kim Tae-Jin stared at Kang Chan after he finished talking. It looked like he wanted to say something.

Kang Chan turned off the TV and looked at him.

“On paper, it says that Sharlan died in a car accident on his way to France. And a friend of mine in the Intelligence Agency told me that the French government even requested cooperation to prevent it from getting reported in the news. Is there more to this that I’m not aware of?”

‘Oh shoot,’ Kang Chan thought.

He said something unnecessary because of his greed to create an organization.

It was going to become a very difficult fight to win if he made even the DGSE his enemy.

“I’ll stop here if telling me about it would cause you problems.”

Kim Tae-Jin surprisingly stepped back.

“I have performed duties where I had to protect our side in the DMZ, and I’ve raided enemy guard posts as a means of revenge,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

Kang Chan only listened as it was an abrupt story.

“It suited my aptitude. And I also wanted to live my life as a soldier that way. But everything went out the window when I lost five of my crew members to a North Korean Special Operation corps member known as the ‘Neck Ghost.’”

Kim Tae-Jin clearly still carried his anger from that incident.

“That man would’ve also been severely injured, considering the blood smeared on the swords of the dead. However, because I went really berserk since then...

Phew! I got discharged from the military. That's as expected, though, since I would've run to Pyongyang if I was left alone. After that, I started working in the security office."

Kim Tae-Jin kept his head high as he told his story. Afterward, he raised his gaze and looked at Kang Chan.

"I have two colleagues that managed to be perfectly injury-free during those days. One of them is in the Information Bureau now, and the other is a General of that corps. My colleague at the Information Bureau told me never to touch Sharlan's matters, and that China and France's recent movements were suspicious. Ridiculously enough, I received another piece of news that made me unable to endure everything."

When Kim Tae-Jin clenched his fist, his bandaged forearm twitched.

"I was told that the Neck Ghost is in China's Intelligence Bureau. I've finally found the very man that slit six of my crew members' necks and disappeared. I don't know his name or his age, but I remember his face. I fought against him, after all."

"I'm guessing you'll go to China," Kang Chan said.

"I was told he's in Korea right now."

It was surprising news, but that also meant Kim Tae-Jin had a chance to get revenge.

However, he looked at Kang Chan with a strange smile on his lips.

"There was a guy on the list of names that Sharlan had talked to on the phone before he came to Korea..."

Who and who talked on the phone?

Kang Chan's eyes suddenly widened.

"Wouldn't Sharlan appear if I pursue the Neck Ghost?" Kim Tae-Jin asked.

Confused, Kang Chan pulled himself together for a moment.

Even though it could be a lead, he thought it was too hasty of Kim Tae-Jin to think that the Neck Ghost was in Korea because of Sharlan.

Kim Tae-Jin seemed to have guessed what Kang Chan was thinking.

"There's this company that designs and manufactures PCB equipment[1]. It's called the Kwang-Myung Joint venture, and their president had just arrived here in Korea. He's staying at the Seoul Hotel."

It was true that a spy had come into South Korea at that point in time, though they didn't know if the spy was from China or North Korea.

He had thought he had lost all hope, but Kang Chan finally felt like he had caught onto Sharlan's trail.

"It's also hard for me to approach him right now. The Chinese agents are close by, and our agents from the Information Bureau are watching him as well. They said that the company will load a cargo and get out of Korea after ten days."

"A cargo?"

"It means that they're going to load the PCB equipment in Korea and then leave. But I was told that the guy chartered a cargo ship."

It was a different story if that were the case.

"Are you saying that he's taking Sharlan with him?" asked Kang Chan.

"If we take the extent of his injuries into consideration, then that inference might be right."

Kang Chan wanted to shout.

Kim Tae-Jin seemed satisfied with the look in Kang Chan's eyes.

"That guy came up while I was searching through Sharlan's previous trails. I caught on because they had officially talked on the phone as the president of the Chinese company and the vice president of Gong Te automobile. It would've been difficult to identify the president as the Neck Ghost if it wasn't for my friend in the Information Bureau."

Kim Tae-Jin said that they had ten days.

"I decided to get help from my friend in the Information Bureau," Kim Tae-Jin continued.

Kang Chan had just looked at him with puzzled eyes.

"I'm going to catch the Neck Ghost, and you're going to catch Sharlan."

Smirk.

Kang Chan was the type to join in such a plan.

"The Neck Ghost's Chinese name is Wui Min-Gook. The Information Bureau is investigating the company of the other party that traded with him, but they at least know it's an organization that manufactured PCB equipment since its foundation. Thanks to that, they discovered that a major stockholder was manipulating their stock prices, but that's not important to us."

He hadn't heard such pleasing news in a while.

"Thank you so much."

Kim Tae-Jin nodded and smiled brightly.

“We’re still trying to figure out Wui Min-Gook’s schedule and movement path, but I’ll let you know about it as soon as I get more intel. For now, focus on recovery and building up strength for the fight.”

“Don’t worry. I’m already feeling great.”

“I haven’t forgotten how the Neck Ghost slit my crew members’ throats. I need to pay him back this time for sure.”

If he could, Kang Chan wanted to have sweet coffee and a cigarette, but he had suppressed his desires for now.

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Soon after, he had porridge for dinner.

Kim Tae-Jin left the room, saying that he’d be back after checking on Suh Sang-Hyun and having dinner.

Since he was starving, Kang Chan cleanly finished the bowl of porridge.

About an hour after he had dinner, Yoo Hun-Woo visited him.

“Do you feel any pain, or are you getting any weird sensations?” The doctor asked.

“I’m hungry.”

Yoo Hun-Woo smiled faintly and pressed his stomach a few times.

“You can’t drink alcohol, no matter what.”

“Of course.”

He seemed to be assuming Kang Chan wouldn’t be able to wait until morning.

“Let the nurse know immediately if you experience sudden stomach pain or any related problem. Even if you experience it after you’ve been discharged, contact us as quickly as you can,” Yoo Hun-Woo continued.

“I will.”

Yoo Hun-Woo prescribed him a few injection medications as he turned around.

Kang Chan organized his thoughts while sitting on the bed.

Why did Sharlan say he’s going to call in four days? Is he going to meet with Wui Min-Gook, the Neck Ghost? How much should I tell Lanok?

Of course, he didn’t tell Kim Tae-Jin about Lanok either.

Kang Chan thought he just had a lot on his mind and that he looked somewhat like a coward. However, on the other hand, if he could catch Sharlan, it would all be over.

He couldn’t let him live this time.

Sharlan survived even though Kang Chan had split open his side down to the bone.

Kang Chan first decided to continue acquiring the company that Michelle would be in charge of. He then thought of preparing for the possibility of Sharlan not showing up this time, and of ways to decrease Lanok's suspicions.

'Let's stop here.'

It would be best to keep his thoughts simple.

The moment Kang Chan smiled satisfactorily, the door of the patient room opened, and Oh Gwang-Taek walked in.

He was wearing a clean suit and a light green shirt without a tie.

"You've recovered?" He asked.

When Kang Chan smirked, Oh Gwang-Taek began making coffee.

"I was starting to think I've become a mortician," He complained while walking over to Kang Chan with cups of coffee. He handed one to Kang Chan and took out a cigarette.

"Open the window," Kang Chan said.

"Should I? Okay."

It was weird that Oh Gwang-Taek obediently listened to him, but nothing bad had happened due to it anyway.

Instant coffee and cigarettes.

Kang Chan felt like the hardships in his mind and body instantly disappeared.

"Did you finish taking care of the parking lot gangsters?"

Oh Gwang-Taek suddenly made a sour face, appearing to dislike Kang Chan's expression.

"What the! I already told you that I have properly taken care of them this time! The other gangs near Ulsan all took over, so they're never going to go anywhere near the parking lot or the car wash center ever again! Park Ki-Bum is going to immigrate to the Philippines next week."

"You worked hard."

Slurp.

Oh Gwang-Taek noisily drank coffee, then exhaled smoke like he was sighing.

"Just think of it as an after-service since I didn't properly take care of the parking lot gang. I'm going," Oh Gwang-Taek said and stood up after he threw the cigarette into the paper cup. He seemed like he had something to say but decided to stay silent instead.

"Do you have something to say?"

Oh Gwang-Taek turned his head toward Kang Chan as he held onto the door. He then smirked and left.

That fucker seemed a bit different somehow. Regardless, Kang Chan owed him one.

He leaned against the bed in a happy mood.

After some time, his phone rang. Upon looking at it, he discovered the caller was Seok Kang-Ho. Despite how impatient he was, Seok Kang-Ho managed to endure for so long.

“Hello?”

- How was dinner?

“I ate. What about you?”

- I just finished, but I could barely eat since I had to take care of the kids. I’m going to go up and visit you in the evening.

“Why? You should just visit when you’re free tomorrow. Don’t overwork yourself.”

- That’s not it—my wife and daughter are so afraid they keep making a fuss about reporting the incident to the police. Something’s bound to happen if I don’t console them.

“True. It’s difficult for normal people to put up with such traumatic experiences.”

- I’ll see you later.

“Keep safe on the way here.”

- Will do.

He felt more reassured when Seok Kang-Ho said he’d be visiting him.