

Blackfield 48.1

Chapter 48.1: My Person (1)

Lanok finally spoke after a moment of silence.

- Even the Intelligence Agency would have a hard time wiretapping this phone, and I reserved the hotel room myself, so this can only mean we have a traitor among us.

Kang Chan stood in front of the hotel entrance.

He genuinely wanted to catch the guy even if he had to run up the emergency stairs, but it was best to act calmly in this situation.

“There’s a chance he was actually after me, but Sharlan wouldn’t insist on starting something with me right now.”

- You wouldn’t fail to recognize someone who has undergone special training. Was that person perhaps Asian?

“Yes.”

Lanok sounded calm again, like his original self.

- Even the embassy can’t be free from wiretapping. I think it’s best we look for a different meeting place.

“Then the enemy could try staging a car accident during transportation.”

- There are very few places in downtown Seoul where crashing into my bulletproof Mercedes can instantly kill me, Monsieur Kang.

He sounded at ease as if he was talking about someone else’s matters.

- Please reserve a new room, Monsieur Kang. I’ll be heading over to the Namsan Hotel now. I’d prefer it if we go up to the room together from the entrance, so I’ll contact you when I arrive.

“Wouldn’t that be dangerous?”

- With your capabilities, Monsieur Kang, I don’t think anyone would be able to kill me.

This sly fellow dares act like this?

- I’ll play the role of bait. I’ll also send out two pieces of incorrect intel from our side. If someone appears in those places, then that would serve as proof that we have a spy among us. Either way, we’ll get valuable information from it.

“Understood.”

- I’ll arrive in about thirty minutes.

Kang Chan sharply looked around after ending the call.

Those who had received special training would definitely stand out if they were immediately assigned to actual combat afterward. That was generally the case for the new recruits deployed to Africa.

By the time they had survived three to four battles, they most likely would've already killed, give or take, ten people. As a result, they would be needlessly sensitive and their eyes were fierce. Later on, those soldiers could provoke a complete stranger and get beaten up until they were half-dead and regretting their actions.

People like Dayeru had more training. Their gazes always seemed either relaxed or crazy. However, upon finding a goal to strive toward, their eyes would burn so much that they'd appear cruel, like a leopard that had found its prey while resting on a tree. Hence, for them, just glancing around would be enough to identify those who had received special training with seventy percent accuracy.

If their eyes met, they'd be ninety percent accurate.

And if their shoulders happened to bump into each other, then it would be nearly impossible for them to be wrong. After all, their bodies would react instinctively. They would pass that sharp nervousness traveling through them onto each other the moment their shoulders made contact.

Smirking, Kang Chan twisted his head from side to side.

Right now, all he had to worry about was Lanok's safety, since he had almost reached the physical condition he used to have back in Africa. And it only kept getting better whenever he fought with a knife. He even felt that he was starting to regain his peak while overcoming his problems with running.

Kang Chan went to the front desk and asked them to call Joo Chul-Bum.

After about a minute, Joo Chul-Bum hastily approached Kang Chan, bowed deeply in front of him, and greeted him.

"I want to smoke," Kang Chan said.

"I'll accompany you, hyung-nim."

Kang Chan followed Joo Chul-Bum to the inner part of the entrance's right side. He didn't notice it until he had passed the restaurant, but there was a door that said 'Employees Only' between the bathroom and the restaurant.

When Joo Chul-Bum pressed the card on the lanyard around his neck against the lock, the door opened.

There were rooms on both sides of the hallway. Joo Chul-Bum placed the card key again on the second door on the right.

"This is my office, hyung-nim."

Inside were a table and a sofa.

Joo Chul-Bum brought out a cigarette from the desk drawer, lit it, and handed it to Kang Chan. He then filled a paper cup with water.

"Please sit."

Joo Chul-Bum bowed once more and sat opposite Kang Chan.

“I need a room in about 10 minutes. Don’t use my name. Just use a fake one. I’ll be checking out today as well, so I’ll pay for it then,” Kang Chan said.

“I’ll take care of it, hyung-nim.”

Kang Chan looked at Joo Chul-Bum, tutting.

“I’m not a gangster, and I also don’t like being given special treatment, so just let me pay for all the services we used today. I’ll also pay for the room accordingly. That way, I can keep coming to this place without feeling guilty or burdened.”

Joo Chul-Bum raised his gaze, then lowered his head. “Understood, hyung-nim.”

Strangely, Kang Chan had received Oh Gwang-Taek’s help many times. It was as if their knot kept getting twisted and tightened after a single entanglement.

Joo Chul-Bum called the front desk and ordered them to empty a suite, then asked Kang Chan what he was going to do with Kim Seong-Gil.

“We’ve already signed the contract. Is there a reason why I should see him again?” Kang Chan asked.

It was an obvious answer.

“But did you, by any chance, really acquire D.I, hyung-nim?”

The damn sound of ‘hyung-nim.’

“What?” Kang Chan asked back.

Joo Chul-Bum looked troubled.

“What’s wrong?”

“Um... About Lee Ha-Yeon.”

“What about that bitch?”

Kang Chan swore, annoyed even just at the thought of her. Joo Chul-Bum actually seemed happy to hear him say that, though.

“She sometimes visits this place. I thought I should tell you since it wouldn’t hurt for you to be careful.”

It’s not a big deal! Why should I be careful around a fully-grown bitch in a hotel?

Joo Chul-Bum seemed to have understood the meaning behind Kang Chan’s expression.

“About that, those people are all in broadcasting companies, involved in dramas, and on the same side as business executives, hyung-nim.”

Kang Chan only blinked.

“Lee Ha-Yeon sells her body, hyung-nim. That bitch can betray you any time, so you should always keep an eye on her.”

“Tsk.”

Kang Chan lit up the cigarette again and bit it.

Chk chk.

“Hoo!”

Michelle had effectively shoved him into a pit.

Why on earth did she say they should do this? There was no way a magazine’s editor-in-chief would be oblivious to such issues. Kang Chan wasn’t even planning to look back at the company once Sharlan had been subdued.

So why is this fucker saying something like this?

Kang Chan’s phone rang when he extinguished the cigarette.

- I’m arriving in 5 minutes, Monsieur Kang.

“Understood. I’ll be at the entrance.”

Kang Chan immediately stood up.

“Let’s go. Grab the room key and meet me in front of the lobby,” Kang Chan told Joo Chul-Bum.

“Copy that, hyung-nim.”

When they reached the lobby, Joo Chul-Bum went to the front desk, and Kang Chan headed to the entrance.

After a bit of waiting, a black car, a dark blue Benz, and a black van parked in front of the entrance. Lanok got out of the Benz.

Ten or so agents rushed out from the vehicles behind and in front of the dark blue Benz and surrounded Lanok.

Kang Chan knew that they were acting like this because Lanok’s life was on the line, but this was still a bit excessive, especially if they had to be mindful of how other people looked at them.

“Monsieur Kang.”

“Let’s go in.”

After shaking Lanok’s hand, Kang Chan led the way into the hotel.

Joo Chul-Bum, who was standing in front of the front desk, ran over to Kang Chan with a surprised face and handed him the room key.

Room 2101.

Still surrounded by agents, they waited for the elevator. Overwhelmed by their numbers and atmosphere, the other customers didn’t dare ride with them.

When the elevator stopped, Lanok, Kang Chan, and five agents went in and immediately closed the door.

From there, their trip to the guest room remained uneventful.

After examining the room, the agents brought out the coffee pot and prepared tea. Meanwhile, Kang Chan and Lanok sat facing each other on the living room sofa, smoking cigarettes and cigars. The agents were commendable and accommodating, considering they had even prepared cigarettes for Kang Chan.

“Monsieur Kang. The North Korean spy has been displaying unusual movements,” said Lanok.

Kang Chan only watched Lanok silently.

“That could be because of a request from the Chinese or a collaboration between North Korea and China. Nevertheless, we still haven’t figured out their numbers or come up with a list of names.”

“Mr. Ambassador.”

Lanok looked at Kang Chan while exhaling cigar smoke to the side.

“Sharlan told me the outcome of your affairs will change Europe’s dynamic, but that doesn’t interest me. The acquisition of that obnoxious entertainment company doesn’t even suit my aptitude. Hence, China and North Korea’s interference is none of my business.”

Lanok took a sip of his coffee while listening to Kang Chan.

“Too many factions have joined this battle with Sharlan. I want to know who his backer is if there is one, but I’m not willing to get dragged into something like an intelligence war. Stocks? Remittance? I don’t need those things either. I’ll step away from this if you’re hiding something from me while we’re working together.”

“I understand, Mr. Kang Chan,” Lanok nodded. “Even our Intelligence Bureau thought this would only be related to the French election. They didn’t expect there would be this huge chunk dangling from it. Honestly, even I am flustered by it.”

“I think you’ll easily get what you want if your agents and the DGSE act,” Kang Chan said.

“Unfortunately, Mr. Kang Chan, a lot of constraints have been placed on the Intelligence Bureau’s movements because China has become a part of this as well.”

“If there were people watching me, then they all would’ve been aware that I also acquired a company. Would that even help?”

Since it had already been brought up, Kang Chan decided to organize the situation.

He wanted to completely entrust his company to Michelle, and, excluding matters related to Sharlan, he didn't want to be dragged into anything, especially not an intelligence war.

Lanok looked at Kang Chan as if he had come to a decision.

"Please just help us with two things. First, please announce as early as possible that your company's producing a drama. We'll take care of the rest."

"How much time do we have to do that?" Kang Chan asked.

"You have until tomorrow."

Kang Chan used Lanok's money to acquire the company anyway, so he didn't mind doing as Lanok wanted.

"Second, inform Sharlan of my future moves, and please take the twenty billion won that he offered," Lanok continued.

Kang Chan tilted his head.

"I'm thinking of simultaneously dealing with the matters revolving around the flow of money and those that revolve around my actions. Help me with these two issues, and I won't say anything else."

Considering that was all he had to do, then it wasn't such a bad request.

"Understood. But I also have a favor to ask in return," Kang Chan said.

"Please go ahead." Lanok smiled at Kang Chan and looked at him with interest.

"I would like the Gong Te headquarters to prioritize the shipment of Korea's orders, and I want you to be aware that I'll be moving independently as well for matters related to catching Sharlan."

Lanok elegantly lowered his head a bit, then raised his phone.

The call only lasted a short while.

"They'll start producing the cars tomorrow and will load them onto ships as soon as possible. And from now on, all Korean orders will be given priority in batches of 10."

"Thank you, Mr. Ambassador."

"Consider it my way of showing you my sincerity, Mr. Kang Chan."

The conversation related to work ended there.

It seemed like Lanok planned to stay in the hotel until he had identified who the traitor was.