

Blackfield 52.1

Chapter 52.1: You betrayed me? (1)

When Kang Chan walked into the school, he saw a sight so unexpected all he could do was blink. The employees from the security company and the kids in the athletics club were running in a line. They were annoying him in so many ways.

Before Kang Chan could reach the athletics club room, Kim Tae-Jin came out.

“You’re early,” Kang Chan told Kim Tae-Jin.

“How can I let laziness get the best of me when Kang Chan himself asked to see us?”

Kang Chan didn’t really know what to reply to that.

“Mr. Seok Kang-Ho went to the faculty office, but he said he’ll be back,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

“Let’s talk once he gets back if you’re not busy.”

“Sure,” Kim Tae-Jin casually replied, then turned his gaze to the sports field.

“If only I could go back to that age, then I would have given everything I had just to do that.”

Even Kim Tae-Jin reincarnating at this school? The thought of it alone made Kang Chan shudder.

I heard they practiced on their own throughout the weekend. They reviewed where and how they got hit, and also researched combat stances. But what I like the most is how the fire in their eyes revived.”

“That’s a relief.”

“I gave the employee that had his arm broken a paid vacation. He said he’s going to climb Jiri Mountain every morning and evening, and that he’s going to ruminate about his acts of cowardice every time he’d feel pain in his arm. After that, he bowed to me and expressed his gratitude for introducing you to him. His fire now burns the strongest out of them all.”

When Kang Chan smiled faintly, Kim Tae-Jin discretely looked at him.

“A lot of my employees want to come here,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

“Didn’t Mr. Seok Kang-Ho decide to go to the company every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday?”

“I want you to come with him once every week. What do you say?”

“I’ll think about it.”

Kang Chan couldn't immediately give him an answer. The determined look Kim Tae-Jin had shown him when they saved Seok Kang-Ho and his family made it hard to outright refuse him.

"Huh? When did you get here?" Seok Kang-Ho asked as he cautiously looked around his surroundings. He had approached them from the back while they were watching the sports field.

"Is there somewhere we can talk with just the three of us?" asked Kang Chan.

"We can go to the night-duty room. That's the best place we can use since we can smoke and have a cup of tea in there as well."

"Let's do that."

The three of them immediately headed to the night-duty room.

"We're here."

"I didn't know there was a place like this in this school."

Kim Tae-Jin looked around the night-duty room, appearing to be amazed.

Seok Kang-Ho handed them coffee.

In order, Kang Chan told them that he met Lanok on Friday, about his phone conversation with Sharlan and Lanok, and about Lanok's plan to go to the baseball stadium on Wednesday.

Kim Tae-Jin looked dazed when Kang Chan was done.

"From the French Presidential Election to something that will change the dynamics of Europe... At this point, wouldn't the Korean Information Agency already caught wind of this?" Kim Tae-Jin asked.

"Didn't you say that you have a friend there?" Kang Chan replied.

"It's hard to come across intel from other fields unless you're in charge of it. Employees of that place don't even know the names of their colleagues that are under other departments."

That wasn't such a farfetched concept. That agency took care of valuable information, after all.

"I think Sharlan will leave Korea after eliminating Lanok. But whenever I remember the guy I encountered in an elevator last Friday, I can't help but feel like Lanok is taking this situation too lightly," Kang Chan said.

"He probably isn't," Kim Tae-Jin spoke as he stretched his neck from side to side.

"The capabilities of France's DGSE are world-famous since they keep supplying not only mercenaries but talented people from different fields. And do you really

think they'll lower their guard now, considering they're most likely aware that the Chinese have made their move as well?"

Kim Tae-Jin had a point.

"A bodyguard's most important duty is cooperation, but doing that becomes a problem if we can't reveal our mission or identities. The French agents could mistake us for the enemy. It's a hard problem to deal with.

Kang Chan only nodded. After all, despite having combat experience, he had no experience in guard and escort duty.

"I'll order my men to spread out in the auditorium and around the stadium's vicinity. Our opponents will also have limited ways to mobilize their agents. That can be used to our advantage."

Pursing his lips, Kim Tae-Jin momentarily appeared to be doing calculations.

"If they can't use guns, then we'll probably be able to stop them somehow..."

"What if they use guns?" Kang Chan asked.

Kim Tae-Jin shook his head.

"Then we're definitely going to die. It's an unofficial appointment of the French Ambassador, so inspecting the stadium in advance is going to be difficult."

Something suddenly came to Kang Chan's mind as he took a sip of his coffee.

"Then how about we preoccupy possible sniping locations a day in advance? It'll probably work if you check the area out and assign people to places that seem dangerous to you."

"Are you assuming they can use guns?" Kim Tae-Jin asked.

"Wouldn't they first get rid of Lanok, then just deal with the aftermath? That's what I'd do, at least, considering the outcome of this whole ordeal can change Europe's entire dynamics.

Kim Tae-Jin nodded.

"Hmmm, it's going to be quicker if I look into whether we can use the baseball stadium the day before."

"If things go wrong, then Lanok and his team could misunderstand our motives," said Kang Chan.

It was difficult to come to a definite conclusion for this matter right now.

Kim Tae-Jin suddenly straightened up.

“Ah! Is that why the Neck Ghost abruptly came to Korea? To get rid of Lanok? If that’s the case, then he’s definitely going to mobilize the North Korean special corps as well.”

When Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho looked at him, Kim Tae-Jin nodded and continued.

“You said Sharlan will have difficulties moving because of his current condition, right? On top of that, it doesn’t matter whether it’s China or France that kills Lanok—they’ll still basically suffer from diplomatic conflict. But it’s a different story if North Korea does it. Considering they’re people that can spend two billion won just to get information, how much do you think they’d pay people that can assassinate the Ambassador?”

“Then you’re saying there’s a high possibility that they’re going to use firearms, right?” Kang Chan asked.

“That’s the most likely scenario.”

Why are things becoming complicatedly tangled up?

When Kang Chan frowned, Kim Tae-Jin got up from his spot first.

“I should head to the company. You said that it’ll take place at the Municipal Baseball Stadium in Yong-In, right?”

“Yes.”

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho left the night-duty room after Kim Tae-Jin did.

When they returned, about half of the kids were now on the stands, their faces red. The rest were still running around the sports field.

After Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho parted ways with Kim Tae-Jin, they went into the athletics club room.

He couldn’t pull himself together right now. Everything was just too disorganized.

“We decided to make those employees teach the kids basic stances, and that I’ll be training them in the afternoon,” Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

“Who thought of that?”

That was a good schedule, even for the kids.

“The employees were the first to suggest it. What are you doing? We should exercise.”

Yeah. That would be wise.

Kang Chan stood up after Seok Kang-Ho.

Kang Chan worked out with Seok Kang-Ho using the gym equipment for about an hour, then practiced hand-to-hand combat for about 30 minutes.

The muscle tension and physical exertion caused by their workout session felt great.

Going to the night-duty room, Kang Chan washed up and changed. When he returned, Seok Kang-Ho was getting ready for the afternoon training.

“Don’t overexert yourself. Won’t you collapse at this rate?” asked Kang Chan.

“Don’t worry, I’m taking herbal medicine.”

“Good job.”

“It definitely feels like I’m regaining my senses because of the workouts I’ve been doing. I also think that my sluggish body has gotten a bit quicker.”

If Seok Kang-Ho had his past memories, then he would certainly regain his abilities to some degree. He didn’t know about anything else, but Dayeru was a natural at one thing: fighting.

“Captain.”

“What?”

“I should come with you on Wednesday.”

It felt like Dayeru was glaring at him while huffing angrily. His eyes were imbued with fury from having to dangle from a tree and his family getting kidnapped.

“Will you get angry if I stop you?” asked Kang Chan.

“That’s a cruel act.”

“Phuhu,” Kang Chan laughed, but Seok Kang-Ho didn’t laugh along with him.

“Okay. Go for it,” Kang Chan said.

“Phuhuhu, thank you.”

Sharlan, the man who had Seok Kang-Ho’s family kidnapped, was involved in this, so there was no way Kang Chan could tell Seok Kang-Ho to not get involved in this.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

When his phone rang, Kang Chan quickly picked it up.

It was Michelle.

Shaking his head, he pressed the call button.

“Yeah, Michelle.”

- Do you have a moment to talk, Channy?

Fortunately, she sounded like she had regained her senses, but it seemed her excitement hadn’t completely disappeared yet.

“Yeah. Talk.”

- We've received a lot of inquiries related to the drama production, and we've decided to use the work of a writer that I know. The casting from the management side has been amazing since word got out about the investment. Proceeding with those wouldn't be a problem, would it?

Kang Chan had indeed decided to take this work seriously, but he didn't want to deal with matters like this through a call.

"Keep leading the production in the direction that you want for now, then let's discuss the rest when we have time."

- The script is already done. We'll be giving our talents priority for the roles, then then take care of the remaining ones through auditions. I was told that the construction for the office on the floor beneath us will be finished this week, so come visit next Monday.

"Alright. I'll do that."