

Blackfield 54.2

Chapter 54.2: A Dog that Chased the Chicken (1)

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho were smoking at one side when Kang Chan got a call from Lanok.

“Hello? Mr. Ambassador?”

- Monsieur Kang, I heard our enemy plans to attack me here at Lyon, not at Geomdan. Is that intel reliable?

“To a certain degree. At the very least, we’re certain that a Chinese man that used to be in the North Korean army is nearby.”

Kang Chan heard Lanok gasp. He seemed surprised.

- That’s information even our Intelligence Bureau doesn’t have. Your skills are very astounding. How many people did they mobilize?

“We’re not sure. There are three of us on standby on my end.”

- Understood. I’ll call you after the event ends. Let’s leave together.

“Copy that.”

The call ended.

Kang Chan felt relieved. This would mark the end of fights that only ever bored him.

He didn’t know why they weren’t receiving help from the Korean government when it was about matters that would change the dynamics of Europe or whatever, but they just needed to come to a conclusion today.

“Kang Chan.”

Kim Tae-Jin urgently called Kang Chan, who was stretching his neck while sitting by the sidewalk.

“It’s the Neck Ghost.”

Swoosh.

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho quickly raised themselves up and followed Kim Tae-Jin’s gaze.

“See that van? Five more guys other than Wui Min-Gook got in there. I didn’t see any other car.”

Kim Tae-Jin examined the front and back part of the van from a distance.

“That amount of people should be enough to capture Lanok,” Kim Tae-Jin commented.

The car was parked outside the venue’s actual parking lot. Wui Min-Gook got out of the car and bought beverages, then got in the car again. Nobody left the car afterward.

Kim Tae-Jin confirmed with his employees following Wui Min-Gook that only those people had gone out this afternoon.

“It means that they had abandoned Sharlan. It seems like their plan was to go for Lanok after throwing Sharlan as bait as they got him because Wui Min-Gook was in a hurry, but he wasn’t useful.”

“That’s also possible.”

“Who’s going to clean up after those guys?” asked Kang Chan.

“We’re going to take care of it. From what I’ve seen, Lanok doesn’t seem to know who exactly came here, even though he knows that an agent from either China or North Korea came to South Korea. I’ll handle this accordingly.”

When the surroundings darkened, they saw torches in the distance.

Whenever the host yelled into the mic, the people also screamed.

Kang Chan’s phone rang.

- The ambassador’s car is leaving. Please don’t hang up.

The one that was calling wasn’t Lanok. It was the agent that he had talked to before.

The three of them quickly got in the car and waited for the Benz to get out of the parking lot.

- We’re getting out of the parking lot. Do you see us?

“We do. We’ll follow behind.”

Following Kang Chan’s words, Kim Tae-Jin trailed behind Lanok.

The van waited for a bit before following behind Kang Chan.

“The road that passes the hill over there’s normally quiet and dark since it’s newly built. It doesn’t even have proper street lights yet,” Kim Tae-Jin.

Kim Tae-Jin pointed to the hill that unfolded before them. The Mercedes was over the hill, and it suddenly drove out to the right and headed into the forest. Kang Chan’s group naturally followed, and the van didn’t stop either.

After passing a road the bumps of which they could feel directly because of the vibrations from the car, the Mercedes stopped somewhere dim and remote.

“Lanok’s probably not in the car,” Kim Tae-Jin mumbled as if he was talking to himself, then opened the door. Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho followed behind and got out of the car.

No one had gotten out of the van yet.

From the back, another car came in and smashed into the back of the van.

Those are the employees I’ve tasked to follow Wui Min-Gook,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

Kang Chan was only looking at the van.

The man looking at him from the passenger seat—Kang Chan was certain he was the same person he bumped into at an elevator.

“Damn it! Hide!” Kang Chan urgently yelled and pulled Seok Kang-Ho’s head back.

Dazed, Kim Tae-Jin also followed Kang Chan.

Click. Slide.

All six of them got out of the car.

Kang Chan pounded the Benz’s window.

Ti-ng. Pak. Ti-ng. Pak.

He then heard gunshots and saw sparks flying off the Benz.

“Give me a gun quick!” Kang Chan ordered.

As their opponents quickly approached the Benz, an agent handed him a gun with a silencer.

Ti-ng. Ting. Ti-ng.

The enemies hurriedly bent down and ran away to the side.

“Give me the rest as well,” Kang Chan urged.

Since there were too many enemies raining down bullets upon them, the agent swiftly handed over two more guns.

Kang Chan then gave the weapons to Kim Tae-Jin and Seok Kang-Ho.

“Ah, those crazy sons of bitches.”

Even though they had silencers, their guns didn’t actually become so quiet they’d only produce ‘pshook’ sounds like in movies. They still made normal gunshot sounds, just much quieter.

At this point, everyone that could hear the commotion should know the sounds were gunshots.

What would people do if we go firing guns around in South Korea?

That was a problem for another time. Right now, they had to focus on survival.

Kang Chan pointed the van to Seok Kang-Ho, then pointed their right flank to Kim Tae-Jin.

They had Glock 19s, which had fifteen bullets. They already fired three.

The enemy seemed unable to shoot recklessly as well.

But they couldn’t take too much time. The gunshots had rung out already. The military or the police could arrive at any moment.

‘Lanok certainly seems like an incredible individual.’

At the very least, he was important enough to make people use guns in South Korea.

The gun didn’t feel bad in his hand.

It wasn’t like they were newbies at this.

Ti-ng. Ti-ng. Ti-ng.

When Seok Kang-Ho covered fire, sparks splashed from the car.

‘Okay!’

One of their opponents urgently moved.

Ti-ng.

“Ugh.”

Thud.

When the guy whose ankle had been shot fell to the ground, his colleague moved.

Ti-ng.

Thud.

Two down.

Kang Chan noticed one of their opponents’ feet behind the tire.

Ting. Ti-ng. Ti-ng.

Swoosh. Rattle.

“Urgh.”

Thud.

Three down.

The van sank and tilted to one side when its tire burst. Afterward, another man collapsed to the ground.

Three to go.

With their numbers reduced to half, they roughly repeated the same actions.

Shouldn’t they be reacting differently, considering they were a part of a special corps? This was bullshit. Those about to die and those about to fail their mission kept making the same mistakes, almost as if the first attempts were just an illusion.

Those that remained all grouped up in one place.

“Daye.”

Kang Chan pointed at the ground, gesturing for him to stop the enemy from using the same method.

Seok Kang-Ho quickly crawled under the Benz and pointed his gun forward.

Kang Chan then swiftly raised himself up.

“Please just focus on dealing with one target,” Kang Chan told Kim Tae-Jin.

Kim Tae-Jin looked at Kang Chan, flustered.

“Once I run into the fight, then go to the very left. Got it?”

Kim Tae-Jin urgently nodded.

One, two.

After counting to two with his fingers, he quickly ran out to the right side of the Benz.

Swoosh.

Ti-ng. Ting. Ting.

Seok Kang-Ho shot first.

Ting. Ting. Ting.

Kim Tae-Jin covered fire ceaselessly as Kang Chan ran toward the van.

Ti-ng.

Thud.

Ti-ng.

Thud.

Kang Chan killed two guys with a bullet each. However, he couldn't see the Neck Ghost.

Ti-ng.

“Ugh!”

As he stood by the side of the van, he heard a gunshot from the other side. Kim Tae-Jin had fallen to the ground, having been shot in the shoulder.

Kang Chan quickly turned around the back of the van.

Thud.

Wui Min-Gook and Kang Chan pushed the other person's gun downward at the same time.

Pow-pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow. Pow-pow-pow-pow.

Within a blink of an eye, their hands clashed so many times they lost count.

Pa-ak. Pak.

Nearly simultaneously, they took out bayonets that they had hidden in their waist.

Kim Tae-Jin was going to face this kind of guy?

“Fucking son of a bitch.”

What's he saying?[1]

Nothing good would come from stalling here. Kang Chan quickly ran forward.

Ta-ta. Tatata. Pow-pow.

‘I guess people like him truly do exist.’

It felt as if his imaginary opponent during shadowboxing became real.

He didn't allow even the smallest opening from a hand or eye gesture.

Whick! Swish! Pow-pow.

It was Kang Chan's first time seeing a person so tenacious he didn't even bend backward to avoid the blade that passed by so close to his eyes.

Pow-Pow-Pow. Slice!

When Kang Chan violently slit his wrist, Wui Min-Gook quickly took two steps back.

"Ha! You're amazing—from your skills to how you ruin an important mission," Wui Min-Gook commented.

Wui Min-Gook glared at Kang Chan while tightly grabbing and pressing down on his wrist.

Kang Chan needed to finish this.

Kang Chan fixed his grip on his bayonet and approached Wui Min-Gook.

Gritting his teeth, Wui Min-Gook pounced toward Kang Chan.

Pow-pow-pow. Slice! Slice! Slice!

But the fight had already tilted to one side.

It could be because he was older, but Wui Min-Gook got powerlessly pushed back after being wounded once.

Stab. Stab. Stab. Stab.

Kang Chan stabbed Wui Min-Gook's armpit and shoulder, then ceaselessly slashed through his shoulders' muscles.

Slice! Slice!

With Kang Chan wounding him to this extent, he would no longer be able to use his strength properly from now on.

Rattle!

With his back pushed against a car, Wui Min-Gook stood straight.

'Do I have to kill him?'

Kang Chan took a moment to decide.

"Kang Chan."

Kim Tae-Jin called Kang Chan while he was dropping his wounded right shoulder.

"Let's let him go. Our gunshots had rung out, so leaving him in this state would be more beneficial for us. Haven't you severed all of his muscles anyway?"

Kang Chan looked at Wui Min-Gook, who appeared dispirited.

"Leave," Kang Chan told Wui Min-Gook.

They had already saved Lanok, and it wasn't like he had a personal grudge against Wui Min-Gook.

When Kang Chan gestured to the car with a nod, Kim Tae-Jin added, "I'm going to order our employee to send you the van tomorrow, Wui Min-Gook. Use the car at the very back for now."

Wui Min-Gook only nodded in reply. Afterward, three of his men limped and loaded two of their colleagues, whose upper bodies were covered in blood, into the car.

They left as soon as Wui Min-Gook got in. The back seat looked very cramped since they exceeded capacity.