

Blackfield 64.1

Chapter 64.1: Unicorn Project (4)

Things like this occasionally happened, even in Africa.

Moments when his senses would sharpen and feel danger approaching.

During such situations, Kang Chan would make his crewmates stop. And as he looked around his surroundings, bullets would then fly in from unexpected places, encounter enemies lying in ambush, or even continuously find booby traps.

He held up his phone and checked the time. It was 2:45 pm.

‘Do I need to tell Lanok about this?’

They could be trying to attack Kang Chan, though.

As Kim Hyung-Jung said, Kang Chan was the first person Lanok was meeting upon arriving in South Korea. Hence, it was certainly possible for there to be a country hoping to ruin the process of the rail being connected to South Korea.

What would I have done if I was in Africa?

Obviously, he would’ve made everyone stand where they were.

Kang Chan held up his phone.

- Monsieur Kang. I was actually just about to call you. I’ve just arrived at the basement and am about to take the elevator. I’ll see you on... floor 19.

An elevator that came up from the basement?

Kang Chan quickly stood up and walked toward the elevators. The employees recognized him, so they didn’t request him to pay. Rather, they bowed their heads at him to greet him.

Kang Chan quickly ran over and passed by the regular elevator that was at the far end of the hotel’s right wing.

Nobody was there.

If so, then that meant Lanok took the basement freight elevator, which was used to transport Smithen up from the basement in the past.

Screech!

The iron door that led to the emergency stairs screeched.

Just as Kang Chan hastily opened the door and ran out to the path that was on the inner part of the stairwell...

Ting!

Kang Chan heard the sound of the elevator stopping.

When Kang Chan put a hand on the doorway and twisted his body, he saw the two men take out a gun each.

Crack!

Ti-ng!

Simultaneously, Kang Chan struck the face of the man in front of him and pushed the gun of the man beside his other opponent.

“Ugh!” A scream rang out from within the elevator the moment sparks flew from the marble floor.

Kang Chan pounced on the second guy.

Pow-pow-pow-pow-pow.

They were professionals.

Bam!

They even managed to properly hit the left side of Kang Chan’s neck.

Tak-ta-da-da-dak. Ta-dak! Pak.

Their hands collided against each other so quickly he couldn’t even see the face of his opponents.

Pak! Pow. Pow.

Kang Chan successfully blocked an elbow with the edge of his hand. However, a thumb burrowed into his eye.

Ta-dak! Pak!

Kang Chan pushed the thumb away and elbowed the opponent’s neck.

Upon seeing his opponent gritting his teeth, Kang Chan realized he was up against someone who was used to getting hit.

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

Kang Chan heard the two agents that had sprung out of the elevator engaging in a brutal battle against the other enemy.

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

Crack. Crack.

The moment Kang Chan elbowed his current opponent’s left eye, Kang Chan’s left eye also got hit in the same way.

This was his first time fighting against someone this quick.

His opponent was so tenacious he even managed to hide the fact that he was hit so well.

Pow! Pow! Pow! Ta-ak! Ta-da-dak!

They exchanged blows so fast they ran out of breath.

However, his enemy controlled his breathing during their battle. That showed he was a professional.

Kang Chan could hear his opponent's breathing.

A flurry of exchanges followed.

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

The edge of his hand, elbow, and wrist hit his opponent.

Bam!

His opponent kned his thigh.

Pow! Pow! Pow!

In retaliation, Kang Chan repeatedly hit the guy's right eye.

Bam!

As Kang Chan did, his foe threw a punch toward his stomach pit. Kang Chan pushed it away with his elbow.

At that moment, their eyes finally met.

Crack!

Kang Chan headbutted his opponent in the face, causing the latter to fall backward and slide down against the wall.

When Kang Chan turned around, he noticed one of the agents had fallen on the floor as if he was crumpled, while the other agent's nose had been severely damaged.

Kang Chan and the man the agents were up against earlier simultaneously looked at the gun that had fallen to the ground.

The moment the guy bent over, Kang Chan pounced on him.

Kang Chan grabbed onto the pistol's barrel and drove his knee upward.

Pow.

His opponent blocked Kang Chan's knee with his elbow, then used that momentum to get up.

At that moment, Kang Chan pushed and pointed the muzzle of the pistol at no one.

Tak-dak. Bam. Ta-da-tak. Pow.

Kang Chan tried to attack his opponent's right armpit with his right arm, and his opponent attempted to strike Kang Chan's neck and philtrum with his left arm.

Ta-tak. Ta-da-dak. Ta-da-dak.

As their arms continuously collided against each other, Kang Chan saw one of the agents standing back up.

Dash.

Kang Chan executed a feint toward the opponent's neck, then pushed him toward the agent.

Crash.

The agent caused Kang Chan's enemy to trip and fall. The latter's strength was amazing, but not knowing when he was about to fall made a huge difference.

Kang Chan bent his opponent's wrist and pushed the pistol away from him.

Ti-ng. Ti-ng.

"Huff. Huff."

Blood spilled out of the chin of Kang Chan's enemy. While Kang Chan was on top of him, he fell down and seemingly rolled away.

Kang Chan felt stiff pain surge up whenever he blinked. Moreover, his neck, side, and thigh hurt so much that he felt like they were going to rip apart.

"Whoo!"

Kang Chan barely managed to raise himself. His left thigh had stiffened, and he couldn't put strength on it.

"Search through them," Kang Chan ordered the agents.

One of the agents held onto a pistol and searched through the man that had a hole in his chin. Simultaneously, the agent with a bleeding mouth and nose were bleeding searched through the guy leaning against the wall.

"It's poison," The agent with the broken nose told Kang Chan.

The face of the man leaning against the wall had a somewhat blue tinge. A glance alone would be enough to tell he looked like he was already dead.

"Where's the ambassador?" Kang Chan asked.

"He's in room 1901."

The agents acted as if they were talking to a superior.

"What should we do about them? I think it'll be better if my people clean them up," Kang Chan suggested.

"That should be fine."

Kang Chan took out his phone and called Kim Hyung-Jung.

- Mr. Kang Chan! We heard gunshots from the hotel. Its employees have blocked the elevators to prevent people from going into the scene.

"We're on the first floor by the freight elevator. Two people died—one by gunshot, and the other seemed to have swallowed poison. Please take care of this."

- We're heading in immediately. Our agents are wearing black suits.

"Alright."

Kang Chan hung up the phone and told the agents to wait for a moment. It hadn't even been a minute when six men in black suits came inside the freight elevator.

"The manager sent us here."

"Take care of this situation for us," Kang Chan told the employees.

"Please feel free to go upstairs. Leave this to us."

Kang Chan gestured to the two French agents with a nod.

Ting.

When the elevator opened, Kang Chan headed inside, and the two agents followed behind him. One of the two took out a handkerchief and covered his mouth with it, but his blood just seeped through it.

Ting.

When they arrived at the 19th floor, he found two agents waiting for him. They accompanied him to Lanok's room.

Kang Chan limped across the hallway and finally went inside room 1901.

"Monsieur Kang."

Lanok approached Kang Chan and noisily kissed his cheeks. He then led Kang Chan to the sofa.

"Thank you, Mr. Kang Chan."

"I was lucky."

An agent poured them tea and placed cigarettes and a lighter on the table. The agent then entered one of the rooms inside.

"Mr. Ambassador, I have something that I need to tell you first."

"Please go ahead."

Kang Chan rubbed his eye with his hand, then took out a cigarette. As he did, Lanok also moved his hand.

"It's okay. I was also about to smoke a cigar," said Lanok.

Click!

After Kang Chan lit up a cigarette, Lanok also lit up a cigar.

"The Korean National Intelligence Service contacted me to ask for a favor a few days ago. Oh, and I entrusted them to clean up the scene on the first floor. Two people died down there," Kang Chan said.

Lanok just calmly stared at Kang Chan.

Kang Chan took a sip of his tea. Afterward, the pain he felt dramatically decreased. He could also see properly now.

“Did the Korean government tell you about the rail?” Lanok asked.

“I heard it’s called the ‘Unicorn’ project. They requested that I ask you to connect South Korea to the rail.”

Lanok exhaled the smoke of the cigar to the side.

“Where did you get the skills to fight against two agents of an enemy country?” Lanok asked.

Kang Chan couldn’t answer him since it was an abrupt question.

“About French... Ah! You told me you learned that through the internet.”

Kang Chan wanted to explain, but there was no way to do so.

“Two of our agents couldn’t fight against one of those men, but you defeated both of them,” Lanok continued.

Was he watching me?

“That means you can fight against four or five of our National Intelligence agents by yourself. A person that skilled in South Korea would be on every country’s radar.”

Go on, keep trying to figure me out. You’ll never find anything.

How could France’s Intelligence Bureau, or the Intelligence Bureau of any country in the world for that matter, understand something even he couldn’t?

“Let me ask a different question. So other countries think that you’re a secret agent the South Korean government and I have raised. We can't say anything about it though, considering we worked together to catch Sharlan,” Lanok continued.

Kang Chan didn’t blame them for thinking that way.