

Blackfield 64.2

Chapter 64.2: Unicorn Project (4)

Kang Chan extinguished the cigarette and took another sip of his tea.

“How did you know there were two men out to kill me today?” Lanok asked again.

As Kang Chan drank tea, he raised his gaze and looked straight at Lanok.

Click.

The sound of the teacup being placed down was unusually loud.

“Mr. Ambassador.”

“Go ahead, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Kang Chan didn't have plans to become servile or bow his head just because he had a favor to ask of Lanok. More importantly, he refused to keep meeting with Lanok if it would just mean he'd keep receiving suspicions from him.

“I think each person has a special talent, so please just think mine are melee combat and French. And I just got lucky today. I coincidentally noticed those two through the window in the lobby. Anyway, I'll stop here. I was hoping to ask you for a favor since I was told 'Unicorn' would be a big help to South Korea. However, I don't think I can do this kind of thing after all.”

Lanok's eyes shone sharply.

“I'll get going now. I wish for your success,” Kang Chan continued.

I did my best to save you, and you repay me with suspicions?

Kang Chan's delight when he talked to Lanok on the phone yesterday had completely disappeared. They were now in a situation where Kang Chan was essentially 'put off' by Lanok.

There was no way to ease Lanok's suspicion. Kang Chan could confess he got reincarnated, but nobody would believe him even if he were to cut his finger and vow he was telling the truth.

Kang Chan let go of his lingering regrets. He didn't want to keep fighting battles without knowing the reason why anyway.

“Monsieur Kang.”

When Kang Chan stood up, Lanok also stood up.

“I'm sorry if I upset you. I had to gather as much information as possible.”

That's what you think.

Kang Chan didn't even say that it was fine.

“I’ll consider you as my unofficial workplace relationship partner in South Korea from now on. I have one in every country, and I call all of them my friends. Won’t you be my friend from now on?”

White people always used such cringeworthy expressions.

Kang Chan couldn’t help but smirk.

“I’ll give you a present to commemorate us becoming friends. I’ll connect the rail to South Korea. It hasn’t been finalized, though, so I hope that you take this with a grain of salt.”

“I don’t have anything to give you,” said Kang Chan.

“I already received a big present. You saved my life today.”

When Kang Chan smiled, Lanok opened his arms.

Why do French men do this kind of greeting with other men?

It was gross, but Lanok was his friend. It would be best to understand his culture.

Smooch! Smooch!

After Lanok finished noisily greeting him, he smiled while smiling widely like a European mask.

“Please take a seat and have dinner with me,” Lanok offered.

The atmosphere made it difficult to refuse.

They sat down and ordered food. Afterward, they bit on a cigarette and a cigar.

Considering what just happened, I think your security needs to be strengthened, Mr. Ambassador," Kang Chan suggested.

“Please give out an order to Yoo Bi-Corp tomorrow. I think it would be best for you to be the one with the power of appointment, even though Yoo Bi-Corp’s the one in charge of my security in Korea from now on.

Isn’t this overdoing things again?

Lanok shook his head, seemingly understanding what Kang Chan’s expression meant.

“We need to divert the other countries’ attention to Yoo Bi-Corp. Since President Kim Tae-Jin is quite well-known, this plan should be more effective.”

“Understood. I’ll have it done by tomorrow. Do I need to contact you through the embassy?” Kang Chan asked.

“Contact me through Yoo Bi-Corp. Oh, and about Sharlan...”

Kang Chan’s senses sharpened.

“We still haven't accurately identified his backer, but we've concluded they made a deal with the United Kingdom. Sharlan's backer had been sent into Loriam's basement, so they shouldn't be able to come back alive,” said Lanok.

“I see.”

Sharlan's backer was trapped in the basement bunker of a military camp, being inside which was apparently worse than death. From what Kang Chan had heard, it supposedly had iron cells inside a gray room, and they locked people in there. Once imprisoned inside, the only contact left they'd have with the outside world was the newspaper they got once a week.

Kang Chan had dinner and conversed with Lanok for about two hours, but they never talked about the rail.

Lanok told Kang Chan he was married but death had separated him from his wife. He also told him he had one daughter, whom Kang Chan thought he had heard about before. Lanok also told him how golf was his only joy, but he had to stop playing it since he couldn't guard himself.

At any rate, all they did was shoot the breeze.

“I'll contact you again within a few days to let you know how much we've progressed with the 'Unicorn' project, Mr. Kang chan. China's currently its biggest obstacle.”

“Please let me know anytime if you need help.”

Lanok gave Kang Chan a strange smile after looking at the latter's left eye. It still stiffened up whenever he blink, and it seemed to have swelled up.

“Thank you for today, Mr. Kang Chan.”

“I'm glad I got to see you again. Thank you for the present.”

Kang Chan went out of Lanok's room and took the elevator. Looking at the mirror inside it, he noticed his eye was swollen—almost like a beat-up boxer's.

Damn it!

Kang Chan never wanted to meet another person similar to his opponents today ever again. Upon arriving on the first floor, he called Kim Hyung-Jung as he headed out the front door.

- Mr. Kang Chan.

“I'm on my way out the front door. Where do I have to go?”

- You just need to stay at the entrance.

Kang Chan did as instructed.

A moment later, a black car parked in front of him, and an employee got out of the passenger seat and opened the back door for him.

Since people's eyes were rushing to him, Kang Chan quickly got in.

“You worked hard today.”

The car drove off at the order of Kim Hyung-Jung, who was behind the driver's seat.

"We can't identify the two men killed in the earlier conflict. We went through the airports and ports' photo verification process since we thought they used different passports, but we didn't get any matches there either. They probably smuggled into the country," Kim Hyung-Jung told Kang Chan.

Upon leaving the premises of the Namsan Hotel, the car took a left turn and went into the parking lot of an art gallery.

"Someone's waiting for you here," Kim Hyung-Jung said again.

Kang Chan got out of the car for now.

They opened the art gallery's glass front door and went inside, finding another set of double doors. The room past the doors was full of employees with IDs on the left side of their suits.

"This way, Mr. Kang Chan."

Kim Hyung-Jung had also already hung his ID in the same area.

Walking along the hallway, they found a sofa among the many paintings lined up on the wall.

An old man with white hair got up from his seat and greeted Kang Chan. His build wasn't that big. Beside him was another man, seemingly his secretary, standing politely.

"Mr. Kang Chan?" The old man asked.

"Yes, I'm Kang Chan."

Kang Chan could feel a sense of dignity from him that was difficult to ignore.

He looked at Kang Chan's left eye.

"I'm Go Gun-Woo. It's nice to meet you."

Kang Chan politely shook hands with him, then sat on the sofa.

"Why don't you take a seat as well, Manager Kim?" Go Gun-Woo asked.

"I'm okay with standing, Mr. Prime Minister."

The Prime Minister? The Prime Minister of this country?

Kang Chan looked at Kim Hyung-Jung then returned his gaze to Go Gun-Woo, finding the old man smiling pleasantly.

"I'm the Prime Minister of South Korea. A lot of people don't know that, though, since my abilities are lacking. In fact, they say that the citizens not knowing their government's politicians or cabinet members are the most ideal," Go Gun-Woo told Kang Chan.

"I'm sorry."

“It’s fine. It’s during times like this that I feel this government is still doing good.”

While Go Gun-Woo was smiling brightly, tea was placed in front of Kang Chan.

“Hmm, honestly, seeing you makes me feel ashamed of myself,” The prime minister said calmly. He had stopped smiling.

“After all, I caused you a lot of inconvenience because of our inability to create a proper diplomatic channel amid this opportunity for our country to rise up without conditions or constraints.”

Go Gun-Woo’s bright eyes made Kang Chan think people like Go Gun-Woo could be found in places he didn’t expect.

“Thank you for helping us. I’m glad Lanok refused Russia’s invitation and met you first. Moreover, I hope you do your best and keep in mind that what you’re doing is for the sake of the whole country,” Go Gun-Woo continued.

“I’ve already decided to do that.”

“Thank you. Is there anything else that you need help with? I was originally supposed to come here with the National Intelligence Service director today, but something urgent came up. From now on, if you need anything...”

Go Gun-Woo turned toward the man standing beside him, and the man placed a business card in front of Kang Chan.

“Just contact the number written on there. It’ll only answer your calls. We’ll be on standby around the clock, so all administrative issues that you need help with can immediately be brought to my attention after prior measures are taken. Manager Kim here will take care of any other issues, especially things like what happened today,” He continued.

“Thank you.”

When Kang Chan looked down at the business card, Go Gun-Woo recommended he drink his tea. Kang Chan was full, but he took a sip out of courtesy anyway.

“Didn’t Lanok say anything special?” Go Gun-Woo asked as Kang Chan was putting the cup down.

This was probably the question he really wanted to ask. Kang Chan contemplated on how much he should say but soon decided to just be honest.

“He said I’ll be his unofficial workplace relationship partner for South Korea.”

“Oh!”

Kang Chan didn’t expect the old man to be this happy about it.

“I heard Lanok always says a specific line to the person he’s chosen as his unofficial workplace relationship partner. Did he say it to you?”

“Do you mean that he wants me to be his friend?” asked Kang Chan.

“That’s right! You accomplished something really amazing today, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Damn it! I didn’t expect he’d be so happy that I became friends with Lanok.

“He also said he'd try to connect the rail to South Korea, and that he'll announce it later once everything has been finalized,” Kang Chan added.

As soon as he said that, Kang Chan thought Go Gun-Woo was having a heart attack.