

Blackfield 65.2

Chapter 65.2: I'm being sincere (1)

In the morning, Kang Chan woke up at the same time as usual. He felt like drinking after so long made the stress he had been accumulating until now disappear.

Kang Chan washed up lightly, then did a few exercises, including push-ups, for about an hour. Having worked up quite a sweat, he took a bath, finishing around 8 am.

Drrr-. Drrr-.

The phone in the room rang.

“Hello?”

- Hyung-nim, it's Joo Chul-Bum.

Only this fucker could've made it so clear to Kang Chan that he was in the Namsan Hotel.

“Why are you calling?”

- I was told Gwang-Taek hyung-nim is arriving in five minutes and that he'd like to have a meal with you. I sent up undergarments and clothes for you to change into.

They already set this plan in motion before calling him, making it difficult for Kang Chan to refuse.

“Alright. Where should I go?”

- The restaurant on the first floor serves breakfast.

Ding-dong. Ding-dong.

His room's doorbell rang at that moment.

- I'll see you later, hyung-nim.

When Kang Chan hung up the phone and opened the door, a male employee politely handed him two clothes hangers and a shopping bag. Not only were there undergarments, socks, and outer garments, but there were even shoes.

“What's this?”

They were so-called luxury clothes.

Kang Chan frowned, but they were better than wearing the clothes he had on yesterday, which smelled like cigarettes.

Shoot!

Kang Chan laughed out loud when he looked in the mirror. His eyes already seemed fine. He still felt faint pain whenever he blinked, but it looked somewhat okay now.

After changing, he went down to the first floor. Joo Chul-Bum, who was waiting in front of the elevator, quickly took the shopping bag from Kang Chan.

From the look in Joo Chul-Bum's eyes and the gazes from the people around him, it seemed the saying 'fine clothes make the man' was true. Kang Chan had also clearly gotten in shape recently due to his workouts. That also played a role.

When Kang Chan walked into the first floor, a female manager came toward him while politely greeting him.

"Mr. Kang, you look really good today."

Should I pay attention to what I wear from now on?

"Please come this way."

The manager led him to the table that Oh Gwang-Taek occupied in the inner part of the restaurant. The latter got up from his spot.

"Why did you want to see me?" asked Kang Chan.

"Let's meet up every now and then. Serve us some food."

Oh Gwang-Taek sat back down. He then smirked while looking over at Kang Chan.

"I'm really grateful for the present you gave to my mother last time and for these clothes today. But stop doing things like this from now on. I like wearing things that I'm comfortable with."

"I know," Oh Gwang-Taek replied briefly after leaning against the chair.

"Those clothes are on the cheaper side of that brand. I thought you'd be spouting bullshit if I bought you expensive ones, so I paid extra attention to their prices."

Kang Chan smirked.

"I heard about D.I., and that you also often meet with the French ambassador. I'm also against you wearing expensive clothes when you're working out or going to school, but at least wear clothes that match the occasion. That's just proper courtesy toward the person you're meeting," Oh Gwang-Taek told Kang Chan.

Kang Chan felt like he was being fooled even though what he was saying was right, probably because it was being said by a fucking gangster.

"You're wearing clothes from the same brand right now because I bought that in a rush, but you can mix what you're wearing today with the clothes that you normally wear. Still, you should also learn how to wear clothes that match the occasion for important events."

"Shut up!" Kang Chan yelled.

“Alright, alright. Don’t worry about those things. I’ll send you clothes that are on sale whenever I remember you while buying things from a store.”

Kang Chan was reminded again of how frugally Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook lived. That could be the reason why they were often disregarded, but it felt a hundred—no, a thousand times better than just looking luxurious on the outside.

“About the Woo Ak-San gang...”

When Oh Gwang-Taek brought up the Woo Ak-San gang, two employees brought out their breakfast on elegant plates. The kimchi jjigae and the kimchi were subtly placed on a fancy plate, so they didn’t look that appetizing.

“Let’s eat.”

Kang Chan started to eat.

“You know that the police are starting to do a roundup of the Woo Ak-Sang gang, right?” Oh Gwang-Taek said after trying the jjigae.

Kang Chan glanced at Oh Gwang-Taek.

“Are they connected to you?”

What should I say?

Kang Chan didn’t want to lie to a fucking gangster.

“I didn’t intend for that to happen—it just did. The other party was the one that overdid it. Unfortunately, My position makes it awkward for me to stop them. If I work with Alion and make things work with them, then I’d have to put up with issues that are too big in return..”

Feeling like he was completely losing his appetite, Kang Chan took a sip of water.

“Hey! Eat. Let’s talk while eating,” Oh Gwang-Taek insisted.

Things would’ve been quite good if this fucker just wasn’t a gangster.

Kang Chan watched Oh Gwang-Taek put enough food in his mouth for it to burst, then scooped up food as well.

“Even among us gangsters, there are people we call the elders.”

“Swallow your food before you talk.”

Oh Gwang-Taek held up the soup bowl and swallowed two or so mouthfuls.

“I asked because those old men were spouting bullshit,” Oh Gwang-Taek said.

“Those fuckers are the ones that submitted a complaint to the Gangnam Police Station.”

“I’m also pushing ahead with that fact.”

Kang Chan ate the rest of his food, ending his meal.

“There are a lot of things I’m indebted to you for, and a lot more than I won’t even be able to repay. So on that note, can’t you stop being a gangster?” Kang Chan asked.

Oh Gwang-Taek placed his spoon down and drank water.

“There are younger people here that I have to look after. I can stop doing this if I was just looking out for myself. However, if I step back, then those looking to take over Joo Chul-Bum’s position in this hotel, the ones managing the business, and those that are running the nightclubs are going to find themselves with nowhere to go. Expecting me to be satisfied after abandoning the people that have been following me since they were kids is unreasonable.”

Oh Gwang-Taek’s eyes sparkled quite a bit.

“Let’s go. I want to smoke while we talk,” Oh Gwang-Taek told Kang Chan.

Kang Chan stood up and followed Oh Gwang-Taek. As he did, he got a call from Seok Kang-Ho.

“I’m having breakfast with Oh Gwang-Taek. I’ll go to school as soon as this ends.”

- Is something going on?

“I’m going somewhere to smoke.”

- Phuhu, alright.

They were going down to the club by the time he ended the call.

“Was that Mr. Seok Kang-Ho?” asked Oh Gwang-Taek.

“Yeah.”

“Phew!” Oh Gwang-Taek sighed.

The club’s lights turned on when they entered, but there wasn’t much to see. They sat at one of the tables, and a waiter served them coffee. He then bowed grandly and left.

Kang Chan drank coffee and bit down on the cigarette that Oh Gwang-Taek handed to him.

“Speaking of which, help me out just this once,” asked Oh Gwang-Taek.

What’s he saying out of the blue?

When Kang Chan glanced at him, Oh Gwang-Taek looked serious.

“There are about a hundred members that I need to look after.”

“Holy fuck, that’s a lot,” Kang Chan commented.

“Pah!”

“Geez, you dirty fucker!” Kang Chan swore when Oh Gwang-Taek spat out coffee. Oh Gwang-Taek was spilling coffee all over the place, most likely because of what Kang Chan said.

A gangster came over and hastily wiped the floor.

“This is the first time anyone’s ever talked to me that way.”

Not only Oh Gwang-Taek, but the guy wiping the floor actually looked at Kang Chan with an expression that showed he respected him.

“Shut up and just tell me what you need,” Kang Chan said.

“Find us a company that my kids would be enticed by.”

What does he even mean?

“I heard everything you’ve done from Chul-Bum. I’ve bought about two to three companies from fuckers pretending to be smart, including accountants and employees of a brokerage firm, but it all went bankrupt. These bastards don’t have anything up here.”

Oh Gwang-Taek hit his head with his index and middle fingers.

“I thought about doing something that just requires physical labor. I even discussed it with President Kim Tae-Jin. However, as you also probably know, fighting with a filet knife and conducting guard duties are two different things,” Oh Gwang-Taek continued.

“Stop beating around the bush and just tell me what you need. You’re making this hard for me to understand.”

“Hey! There has to be a government-backed job out there, right? A job that will guarantee revenue for about ten years. Get me a job like that, then I’ll change careers and take all of my men with me,” said Oh Gwang-Taek.

Is this fucker serious?

“All the gangsters my age are broken. They ended up like that after using up all the money they earned from knife fights on horse race bets and casino gamblings. Among the gangsters I’m close with, more than half have already committed suicide. They were prideful, so they didn’t want to be humiliated by the younger kids.

A gangster placed a new cup of coffee in front of Oh Gwang-Taek.

“I acted like a bully—something that you don’t like. But that was the only thing I was good at, and I thought it made me look cool. Still, I thought I should also live a bit more like a decent human being..”

“Did you go to the hospital?” asked Kang Chan.

“The hospital? Why? Did something happen to Director Yoo?”

Kang Chan smirked.

“There’s a saying that something’s bound to happen when you do something that you don’t normally do.”

“Geesh! That’s going to bring bad luck.” Oh Gwang-Taek temperamentally extinguished his cigarette. “My daughter now recognizes me as her dad, but as she did, our relationship with the Shin Yeong-Dong gang and the Woo Ak-San gang turned sour. It’s not like I’m immune to getting stabbed just because I’m powerful. I just want to live a normal life, but that isn’t working out so well.”

Is he being sincere?

At a glance, it did look like he was being honest.

“Fuck! I can say this because you’re not a gangster. There’s also no reason for word about this to get out. If I tell anyone else about this, then the other gangsters will immediately go crazy trying to covet my district.”

“Wouldn’t someone else try to attack your district again if you step out?” Kang Chan asked.

“We’d still protect our district, but we’re going to do it while we manage a proper business with the money that I earn. Money is the king even in this field now. People no longer follow others out of sheer loyalty like in the old days. They’d probably only be able to do that for just a year or two. People like Suh Do-Seok and Joo Chul-Bum will stay, but I’m sure the rest will leave. There are even gangsters that have graduated from universities now, making it hard to keep up with how sneaky they are.”

Kang Chan shook the remaining coffee into his cup.

“I can’t promise anything right now, but I’ll look into it. Are you sure you won’t regret this later on?”

“Do-Seok still hasn’t regained consciousness. Look into the gangsters in Gangnam. My hyung-nims have been trying to coax me so badly, but I’ve never gambled in a casino or betted in horse races. I admit I made a lot of mistakes in the past, so just think of this as a father wanting to raise his daughter properly.”

Kang Chan understood what Oh Gwang-Taek was trying to say. Still, he felt like something was missing.

“If you really want to quit being a gangster and live a normal life, then can you donate all of the money that you’ve earned until now to those in difficult situations?” Kang Chan asked.

The unexpected suggestion made Oh Gwang-Taek look sharply at Kang Chan.

“Forget the idea of getting a fresh start if you’re just going to hold on to everything that you have right now, despite knowing they’re the product of your past wrongdoings. If that’s what you’re trying to do, then just keep living this life. For as long as you’re holding onto the money you obtained in exchange for someone else’s pain, then you’ll just keep being a gangster that has a good business card to your daughter.”

Oh Gwang-Taek looked as if he got slapped.

“If you decide to do that, then I’ll help you out,” Kang Chan continued. He was being sincere.

If this fucker was determined to quit being a gangster, then Kang Chan would love to help him just this once. He wanted to treat him with more familiarity anyway.