

Blackfield 68.2

Chapter 68.2: Don't go Overboard (2)

The next morning, Kang Chan got up and washed up. He then packed simple clothes and met with Seok Kang-Ho.

“Phew! I haven't felt this nervous in a while!” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

When Kang Chan got in the car, they left immediately.

Since it was just 4 am, the cars driving by still had their lights on.

“Are there no coffee shops around here?” Seok Kang-Ho looked at their surroundings while talking to himself.

“Isn't there a 24/7 store in that corner?” asked Kang Chan.

“Ah, that's right! Let's stop there for a moment and buy coffee.”

“Let's smoke a cigarette before we leave as well,” said Kang Chan.

“Sounds good!”

Seok Kang-Ho came back with two hot coffees from the coffee shop they had visited before. After smoking a cigarette, they left immediately.

“How do you feel?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“So-so. if my heart suddenly starts beating quickly, then an incident's about to happen. Otherwise, everything will go according to plan.”

“There's a fat chance that's going to happen. Anyways, it seems like you really were born optimized for things like this. How can your hunches even predict when danger's about to happen?”

When they merged into the outer road, they drove faster above a hundred kilometers per hour while taking sips of their coffee from time to time. At around 4:30 am, they arrived at the Kyung-Seoul golf club.

The golf club had bright lights inside and outside of it, so they recognized it in one glance from far away.

“What brought you two here?” A Yoo Bi-Corp employee asked. He was wearing a complete uniform.

“I'm Seok Kang-Ho. I should be on today's list.”

“Please show me your ID.”

The employee checked Seok Kang-Ho's ID. He then gestured at the two other employees with his hand, making them move the barricade to one side.

When they arrived at the clubhouse[1], the employee standing by the entrance greeted them.

“Park the car up front.”

“Alright,” Seok Kang-Ho parked the car a distance away from the clubhouse.

“Where’s the president?” Kang Chan asked one of the employees.

“He’s upstairs.”

After they had parked the car, Kang Chan went up to the second floor with Seok Kang-Ho.

“Welcome.”

“Come on in.”

Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung were wearing a suit without a tie. Seok Kang-Ho, who was wearing dress pants and a shirt, left and returned with a jacket, which he likely forgot in the car.

“Let’s have breakfast. There’s galbi-tang[2] and toast. What should we eat?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

Kang Chan liked simple things. Everyone followed him and prepared toast.

“Twenty of our men have already been lying in ambush since last evening. Anyway, this is a two-way radio. Please take one as well, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho. Kang Chan is number one, Kim Hyung-Jung is number two, and Mr. Seok Kang-Ho is number three.”

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho hung the two-way radios on their waist. They then attached the radios’ earphones to their ears after hiding the wires under their clothes.

Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung shook their heads as they watched the two.

Watching how Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho attached the two-way radio to their bodies alone showed that they were skilled at this.

They finished their breakfast at around 5:20 am.

“We’ve finished deploying all of the guards to the golf club’s outer edges. We can begin the operation as soon as Lanok arrives,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

“Can we go around the golf club before Lanok gets here?” asked Kang Chan.

“Should we? They said that it would take ten minutes with a cart.”

The four of them went out from the back of the clubhouse and got on a cart.

Brrrr.

The peculiar noise of an electric car rang out.

“I can check things out, right?” Kang Chan asked Kim Tae-Jin again.

“Of course!”

Kang Chan pressed the mic that was hung on his sleeve.

“I’m Kang Chan, the one in charge of today’s event.”

The employees in charge of perimeter security on the hillside periodically stood out.

“Report in whenever the cart passes by,” said Kang Chan.

Chk.

“First hole, all clear.”

Chk.

“Second hole, all clear.”

The other people in the cart also heard what Kang Chan was hearing through the two-way radio.

After going around all eighteen holes, they returned to the clubhouse. Kang Chan then pressed the mic button and sent a morse code that said, ‘beat okay?’

Dumbfounded, Kim Tae-Jin smiled. Kang Chan got a response in morse code that said, ‘Okay.’

“Is the ambush team only equipped with bayonets?” Kang Chan asked.

“That’s right.” Kim Tae-Jin looked like he felt sorry for them, so Kang Chan didn’t say anything else on the matter.

“You guys prepared pistols, right?” Kang Chan asked again.

“It’s right here,” Kim Hyung-Jung tapped his chest a few times.

“Why don’t you also change your shoes?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan. “I left gloves and other equipment upstairs.”

“I should do that.”

Kang Chan wasn’t sure about other factors, but he liked the fact that they didn’t look nervous, at the very least.

“Should we have a cup of tea, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“That sounds good.”

The four of them went upstairs and had a cup of tea, then also smoked a cigarette right below a no-smoking sign.

“With you and Ambassador Lanok as the center, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, Kim Hyung-Jung, and I are going to assume a triangle formation. The National Intelligence Service agents are all equipped with pistols, so they’re going to be guarding both of you as well,” Kim Tae-Jin told Kang Chan.

“That’s good.”

“This will come across as a bit excessive for a domestic event, but the fact that the agents you fought used guns in a hotel weighed in my mind. That’s why I

ordered twenty men to lie in ambush starting last night. Their role is essentially to keep an eye out for any shootings.”

Kang Chan still felt like something was tugging on his back, but he found it hard to keep asking more detailed questions. In truth, digging holes and standing by in it since last night could already be quite excessive, considering they were only out here to play golf.

Kang Chan changed his shoes into golf shoes, then placed the gloves in his back pocket.

When it came to golf, the only experience he had was hitting the ball three or four times in Africa.

What do people find fun about something like this?

Chkk.

“The VIP has arrived.”

Upon hearing those words on the two-way radio, the four of them got up and headed toward the entrance on the ground floor.

Two black cars came in. Lanok and a woman with a small build got out from the backseat of the car in the back.

Six security guards also got out of the cars and surrounded Lanok.

“Mr. Kang Chan. I was so excited I couldn’t get a wink of sleep,” Lanok hugged Kang Chan with a bright expression, then kissed both of his cheeks as a form of greeting.

“Mr. Ambassador, this is President Kim Tae-Jin of Yoo Bi-Corp,” Kang Chan introduced Kim Tae-Jin.

Lanok and Kim Tae-Jin shook hands.

“And this is Kim Hyung-Jung, the manager of the National Intelligence Service that liaised with the golf club for today. I’d like you to meet Seok Kang-Ho as well, a National Intelligence Service agent.”

Lanok shook hands with the two of them with a businesslike smile and attitude.

“I came here with my daughter, Mr. Kang Chan. This is Adreanne.”

Kang Chan thought she was a young child because of her small build, but she looked like she was in her mid-twenties.

“It’s nice to meet you, Adreanne. I’m Kang Chan.”

“I heard my dad has acknowledged you as his friend. Please call me Anne from now on.”

“As you wish, Anne.”

Anne was even shorter than the height of Kang Chan’s shoulders.

She looked ordinary, but she had a very small frame for a French woman.

“Have you two eaten?” Kang Chan asked Lanok.

“We had a simple meal. How about we have tea and enjoy a cigar before playing golf?”

“Let’s do that.”

When Kang Chan gestured toward the upper floor, he saw Lanok’s expression instantly change.

‘Why is he acting that way?’

However, Kang Chan realized the reason right away. Anne had an unnatural gait.

“Mr. Ambassador, since we also have Anne with us, why don’t we enjoy cigars and cigarettes in an open area?”

“That’s an excellent suggestion, Mr. Kang Chan.”

When Kang Chan gestured with his eyes, two employees from Yoo Bi-Corp quickly moved.

When they went out the back door, the golf club immediately unfolded before them.

“Hmm! Whoo! The mountains of South Korea have a unique scent. It’s been so long since I last inhaled such an exciting aroma,” Lanok commented.

While Lanok was looking around their surroundings, the employees moved the table and chairs around and prepared three cups of coffee again.

Kang Chan took out a cigarette and offered it to her out of courtesy, but Anne actually took it immediately, much to his surprise.

Chk chk.

Lanok lit up a cigar, then deeply inhaled its smoke.

No words were needed right now.

Lanok drank tea with a satisfied expression as he looked at their surroundings. The way Anne smoked her cigarette made her seem like a chain smoker

“Can I have another cigarette?” asked Anne.

“Of course.”

Kang Chan took out another cigarette, gave it to her, and lit it.

French women had sunken eyes, so they often appeared to have a gloomy gaze. Anne was no different. She also had a mix of blonde and brown hair that went down to her shoulders and was wearing a blue golf top, a yellow vest, and gray pants.

They finishing smoking and also drank coffee in moderation.

“Before we go, please excuse me for a moment,” Anne said.

Lanok and Kang Chan got up from their spots, and Kim Tae-Jin followed behind her with two employees.

“That child's the reason why playing golf makes me happy. She and my wife got attacked when she was seven years old. Her leg was shot, and my wife died on the spot,” Lanok told Kang Chan.

Was this what he meant by being separated by death?

“She's stopped eating properly and begun feeling anxious about getting in cars since then. I don't think she's dating anyone either. She only likes going out to play golf, though.”

“Were they in a car when they got attacked?” asked Kang Chan.

“That's right. The assailants probably thought I was inside it.”

A sharp look flashed from Lanok's eyes.