

## **Blackfield 70.1**

Chapter 70.1: It's not like we're in Africa (2)

Right after the cart left, Kang Chan and Dayeru went to where the slant of the mountain started.

“Try to attack the ambush site,” said Kang Chan.

Seok Kang-Ho turned his head and bit on the sleeve of his shirt, then ripped it with a ‘woosh.’

“Let's tie your arm up first. And that pistol is dangerous,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

While Seok Kang-Ho was tying his left arm with the fabric, Kang Chan examined the pistol.

“Damn it!”

There was a lot of dirt inside the muzzle.

“Use this,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“What about you?”

After Seok Kang-Ho handed over the pistol, he took out a bayonet from around his waist.

“Give that to me.”

“Captain!”

Kang Chan snatched the bayonet and gave the pistol back to Seok Kang-Ho.

“We're going to run up from both sides. If you see sparks, then attack them no matter what,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“There are five bullets left.”

“Take care of the enemy with less than five bullets.”

Seok Kang-Ho nodded.

*One, two.*

*Pow-pow-pow!*

The two of them jumped and simultaneously ran up to the place they had looked at in advance.

Kang Chan felt so much pain it was as if a skewer was digging into his right foot. To make things worse, he was sore all over.

*Tang! Tang! Tang!*

Dirt sprouted upward in Kang Chan's surroundings.

*Was the enemy this close by?*

*Tang. Tang. Tang. Tang.*

Seok Kang-Ho walked while completely showing himself, then fired his gun.

The last shot!

*Rustle!*

The enemy that had been lying in ambush had turned toward Seok Kang-Ho.

Kang Chan rushed out with all of his might.

*Pow-pow-pow-pow!*

*Tang!*

Seok Kang-Ho's last bullet fell on top of the ambush site.

*Crazy fucker!*

Seok Kang-Ho had exposed himself to give Kang Chan more time.

*You're dead meat even if you survive this!*

Kang Chan threw himself forward while gritting his teeth.

*Crack! Ta-ng!*

Gunshots rang out from right beside his ear.

He didn't know which part it was, but it was clear that the enemy had been stabbed with the bayonet.

Kang Chan mercilessly pulled the bayonet.

“Urrgh!”

The enemy struggled, but his strength had left his body.

When Seok Kang-Ho ran over and cleared away the camouflage tent, the enemy had been split from his neck down to the pit of his stomach.

“Are you okay?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“You're dead. Huff. Huff.”

Kang Chan placed his waist on the edge of the hole, then lay down.

“How many people came here?” Kang Chan asked.

“There were more than twenty people on just Lanok's side alone.”

Kang Chan looked at Seok Kang-Ho.

“About five agents with guns came out as support from the clubhouse.”

*Does that mean that there were guys that Kim Hyung-Jung had been hiding?*

“Has something like this happened before as well?” asked Kang Chan.

As Seok Kang-Ho was dragging Kang Chan up, he screamed, “What did you say?”

Kang Chan looked horrible due to the blood clotting with dirt in it.

“About the guns. I didn’t expect to see guns this often in South Korea. Phew!” Kang Chan said.

Possibly because the nervousness had left him, even the slightest movement made Kang Chan feel like he was being ripped apart.

“This is the first time something like this has happened to me as well. But considering that the issue at the hotel hasn’t been reported on the news, maybe we just weren’t aware of situations like this constantly happening before today?”

That could be true.

“This is weird, in all respects,” Kang Chan commented.

“Let’s go down the mountain for now.”

Seok Kang-Ho frowned while looking at Kang Chan’s injuries.

“About the guy that I ran into at the hotel and the enemies that we fought today —this wouldn’t have happened if the word didn’t get out about our plans from the National Intelligence Service or Lanok’s team, right?” Kang Chan asked again.

“That’s true, but I said that we should go down for now!”

“Damn it! Too many people died! We should find out who’s the fucker behind this!”

“It’s not like you’re going to find them here. We should treat your injuries first.”

Seok Kang-Ho straightened Kang Chan so that he could stand, then went down the mountain while supporting the latter.

The two carts that were waiting immediately came toward them.

“Do you have a cigarette?” asked Kang Chan.

The Yoo Bi-Corp agent in the cart’s passenger seat quickly handed over a cigarette.

*Click click.*

Kang Chan perched on top of the cart and flicked the lighter, but the cigarette wouldn’t light up.

“What’s wrong with this?” Kang Chan asked.

The cigarette had become wet with blood.

“Give it to me,” Seok Kang-Ho lit up two cigarettes at the same time and put one in Kang Chan’s mouth.

“Whoo!”

“Shall we go?” asked an agent from Yoo Bi-Corp.

“Let’s finish smoking first,” Kang Chan answered.

The Yoo Bi-Corp agent looked at Kang Chan’s body with a dazed expression.

To Kang Chan, it felt like he just finished his homework.

“Golf is a dangerous sport,” Kang Chan commented.

“Tell me about it.”

Seok Kang-Ho sucked on the cigarette while nodding.

\*\*\*

When they arrived at the clubhouse, Kim Tae-Jin ran out before anyone else.

“I’m okay. I’m not shot. My skin is just all scraped,” said Kang Chan.

“From the looks of it, your injuries are more severe than a gunshot wound.” Kim Tae-Jin seemed like he was relieved.

“The Ambassador has been waiting for you. What should we do?”

Getting treatment was an urgent matter, but sending Lanok home first was the right thing to do.

“Please lend me your jacket for a moment,” Kang Chan told Kim Tae-Jin.

Kang Chan went inside the clubhouse while wearing Kim Tae-Jin’s jacket.

“Channy!” Anne had been in Lanok’s arms, but she immediately ran over and went into Kang Chan’s arms.

‘Ugh!’

Kang Chan understood how she felt, but pain was pain.

“I was worried!”

While Kang Chan patted Anne’s back for a bit, Lanok was looking at them. His face held a complicated emotion.

The more Anne burrowed into Kang Chan’s arms, the more it felt like salt was being rubbed onto his wounds. If Lanok hadn’t walked over, then Kang Chan would’ve likely thrown Anne to the side.

“Mr. Kang Chan, I won’t forget about today,” Lanok said.

“I’m sorry that this happened while you were playing golf, which you haven’t done in a long time.”

“Not at all,” Lanok shook his head. “This golf session is where I found the most precious thing to me again.”

The moment Anne moved away from Kang Chan with difficulty, Kim Hyung-Jung came toward them. “The President came to this place in person. He was in the car for safety reasons, but he said that he’ll head inside.”

While Kang Chan was confused about what he was saying, an employee that was behind Kim Hyung-Jung fluently interpreted his words into French.

“As I expected, it seems like you didn’t know. As always, you’ve acted like someone I consider as my friend. I’ll be back in a moment,” Lanok said, then looked at Anne. She also had bandages wrapped on her arm, but her injury didn’t seem that severe.

“I want to stay by Channy’s side,” Anne said.

“Please let Anne stay here and talk with the President,” Kang Chan said.

For the first time, Lanok showed a genuine smile. He followed Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Let’s treat you first,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

Kang Chan, Seok Kang-Ho, and Kim Tae-Jin went upstairs. Anne followed them.

Seok Kang-Ho removed Kang Chan’s top and pants for him. From how he looked in the front, it seemed there wasn’t really any sound bone left in his body.

“You’re actually going to become a mummy if you get bandaged like this,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“Be quiet!”

Anne, who was behind Kang Chan, continued to stroke Kang Chan’s head.

Kang Chan finished receiving the emergency treatment and changed his shoes. He then had a cup of tea and a smoke, at which point Lanok returned.

“Channy! Can we see each other again?” Anne asked.

“Of course.”

“When?”

It seemed like Lanok was feeling bad to see Anne whining like a child.

“Mr. Ambassador, should we have dinner with Anne next week? My treat.”

“Thank you, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Anne kissed Kang Chan in front of Lanok, and only then did she go into the car.

\*\*\*

After Anne left, Kang Chan, Seok Kang-Ho, and Kim Tae-Jin all headed toward Yoo Hun-Woo’s hospital.

“I mean, what did you have to do to become injured like this?” Yoo Hun-Woo grumbled as he skillfully finished treating Kang Chan.

“For the bullet wound on your leg, the bullet just brushed past the skin so that’s rather fortunate, but you’ll probably need to get a skin graft for your left arm. Let’s admit you to the hospital for about two days. Let’s check your condition then. Please do as I say, as we have to change your bandages and you also have to get a shot.”

“Alright,” Kang Chan couldn’t refuse because Yoo Hun-Woo said that so firmly.

When they went up to his hospital room, it felt like the long day had ended.

“Would you like to have coffee? What about you, Mr. President?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“I’d like one.”

When Seok Kang-Ho made and brought over cups of coffee, they all bit on a cigarette.

An air purifier was actually installed on both sides of the bed.

“We’ll know for sure when Hyung-Jung comes here, but I was told that they found circumstantial evidence that the opposing party had helped the enemies be illegally smuggled into the country. They said that they’ll be able to properly counterattack with this chance,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

That was something that the President or the Prime Minister should do themselves.

“I was also told that the President originally went there to meet you. Since we saved Lanok thanks to you, it also became an opportunity for both sides to have a favorable impression of each other.”

Kang Chan wasn’t really in a good mood.

“Mr. President, isn’t it somewhat weird that the President goes somewhere with a French interpreter in the normal run of things? Plus, when he’s going somewhere to meet me?” Kang Chan asked.

There was no change in Kim Tae-Jin’s expression as if he was also already thinking about that fact.

*Did Kim Hyung-Jung really not know that the President was coming?*

If they were a team that moved together, then this sort of information should’ve been given beforehand.

“Information got leaked out. I don’t know about the fight in the hotel, but we sacrificed too many agents today,” Kang Chan continued.

Kim Tae-Jin tightly bit his cheek, then said, “Let’s discuss that after I do everything that I can do for now. The employees that gave their lives up will be buried in Daejeon, and we made sure they’ll be given a reward as men of national merit. My company will also give them compensation as support.”

Kim Tae-Jin pretended to be calm, but he looked like he was holding in his anger. Kang Chan fully understood that feeling.

“I’m sorry,” Kang Chan apologized.

“Why should you be sorry? We probably kept the sacrifices to a minimum thanks to you. Phew, because I’m lacking, the kids that didn’t even get to fully bloom are now... I don’t feel great.”

Kim Tae-Jin's last words also made Kang Chan worried.