

Blackfield 70.2

Chapter 70.2: It's not like we're in Africa (2)

Kang Chan called Kang Dae-Kyung and told him that he wouldn't be able to go home for about two days. Kang Chan then talked to Yoo Hye-Sook a moment later. He told her he had to go with everyone to the drama's filming location as an excuse.

When Kim Tae-Jin went out of the patient room, he ate dinner with Seok Kang-Ho.

Around the time when the two of them were drinking a cup of tea, Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung came into Kang Chan's room together.

"How do you feel, Mr. Kang Chan?" asked Kim Hyung-Jung.

"I'm okay."

After taking off his jacket and draping it on a chair, Kim Hyung-Jung sighed deeply.

"About sixteen people lost their lives on Yoo Bi-Corp's side alone, and there's about that many injured people as well. Two French agents were also killed. Our government is going to deliver the compensation and the blood money through Yoo Bi-Corp, and they're going to grant the sacrificed men the qualifications to become men of national merit."

It was heartbreaking news, but it was better than doing nothing.

"We found circumstantial evidence that the enemies had been illegally smuggled into the country through a ship of a shipping company. We're currently identifying the National Assembly members and government personnel that are related to this. They won't be able to hide this since some agents and caddies died. Considering the President has been there at that time, the government is going to announce that a spy ring that includes National Assembly members and government personnel illegally smuggled North Korean special forces soldiers into the country, and they're going to go into an extensive round-up. The public sentiment is bound to support the President due to how severe this issue is," Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

"Tsk." Kang Chan didn't feel comfortable. It felt as if they were using the deceased for their own gain.

"It seems like the President has obtained a definite answer through the unofficial meeting with Lanok. By using this incident as an opportunity, he's thinking of strengthening the foundation of the 'Unicorn' business."

That was good, except for the one thing that Kang Chan was curious about.

"Mr. Manager."

"Please go ahead, Mr. Kang Chan."

“Did you perhaps know that the President will come to the golf club?”

Kim Hyung-Jung’s face with his closed mouth was all the answer he needed.

“It seems like you knew?” Kang Chan asked again.

“The act of disclosing that I knew in advance is a violation of the regulation itself, and I didn’t know that something like this would happen.”

What he said was true. But that wasn’t what Kang Chan had wanted to say.

“I have no idea about your regulations. However, I just know that secrets shouldn’t be kept from my people. That’s why I told you I need to tell Seok Kang-Ho everything no matter what on the day that I first met you, after all. I have also already clearly explained this to Lanok.”

“Mr. Kang Chan. I’m an agent of the National Intelligence Service. And there are rules that come with that job.”

“That’s probably true,” Kang Chan nodded. “But I don’t want something that I’m not aware of happening around me, because I won’t know when that would harm my people. The fact that sixteen people were sacrificed today is probably irrelevant to you keeping secrets from me, but I hope that something like this doesn’t happen again from now on.”

“I understand, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Kim Hyung-Jung looked like he didn’t properly understand what Kang Chan was saying.

“When did you decide to meet with Lanok?” Kim Hyung-Jung asked Kang Chan.

“We decided to have dinner with Anne next week, but the date hasn’t been decided yet.”

“Please let me know when the time and location have been decided.”

“Why should I do that?”

Kang Chan’s question seemed to have flustered Kim Hyung-Jung.

“There’s no hidden agenda. It’s just for security and for other conveniences.”

“I’ll take care of those things myself. You’re not saying that I should report all of my actions because I received an ID from the National Intelligence Service, are you?” Kang Chan asked.

“Of course not. That’s not what I’m saying. I’m only asking because... it’s a very large project on a national level,” Kim Hyung-Jung equivocated when answering with a look in his eyes that asked why Kang Chan was suddenly acting this way.

“I’ll repeat myself since you could be misunderstanding me. I don’t like it when another plan that I’m not aware of butts into our plan. If I lose Seok Kang-Ho or

my people because of that, then a fight will start where the only way to end it would be for the National Intelligence Service to kill me.”

“It seems like you were displeased about what happened today, but the President had just dropped by as he was passing by the area,” Kim Hyung-Jung responded.

This person was only looking at what he wanted to see. That, or Kang Chan’s explanation was simply insufficient.

Kang Chan decided to explain what he wanted one more time.

“The Prime Minister suddenly showed up last time, and now the President dropped by as he was passing by. Let me ask you this. Did the President come to the golf club without knowing that I was with Lanok?”

“About that...”

“Did you not at all calculate the movement paths of the guards for the president when I was discussing Lanok’s security with you?” Kang Chan asked.

Kim Hyung-Jung couldn’t answer.

“Can you trust and work with a team of people that tattle the plans you make to someone else? Because I can’t.”

“This is the affair of the country. Didn’t you agree to do this while knowing that?” Kim Hyung-Jung asked back.

This person ended here.

Kang Chan turned his head and said, “Give me my wallet.”

When Seok Kang-Ho handed him the wallet, Kang Chan took out the resident card and the National Intelligence Service ID that he had received last time. He then placed them at the end of the bed where Kim Hyung-Jung was sitting at.

Kim Tae-Jin only silently watched them.

“I’ll continue cooperating if my help is needed in connecting the rail. But don’t force me to do it,” Kang Chan told Kim Hyung-Jung.

When Kim Hyung-Jung looked down at the ID...

“I’m also putting my cards here. The salary for my first month of working at the National Intelligence Service has come in, but send me your bank account tomorrow,” Seok Kang-Ho added like a decent person.

“We probably each have our own standpoints, but we can't call ourselves a team if we need to keep things hidden from each other. We work thinking we're in a

team with you and Mr. Kim Tae-Jin, not because we're National Intelligence Service agents.”

What the?

What Seok Kang-Ho had just said sounded more convincing than Kang Chan, who had been talking until now. Kang Chan tried his best to not let his surprise show.

“Okay!”

Kim Tae-Jin placed his hands on top of both of his legs to make a ‘Tak’ sound, then said, “Everyone indeed has their own standpoints. Let’s assume that what the three of you want is different, but you two should keep the ID for now. And from now on, you should only monitor Kang Chan’s movements if there’s a special issue, Kim Hyung-Jung.”

“Mr. Kang Chan is the number one security target for the National Intelligence Service,” said Kim Hyung-Jung.

Kim Tae-Jin nodded and then said: “That’s a problem that you should persuade your superiors about. Even I, your friend, don't think it’s right that you’re now tying Kang Chan down to the National Intelligence Service with the excuse that he’s the number one security target when you first sought me out and asked me for help. If you’re thinking of forcing things like that, then taking their IDs today is the right thing to do, even from my perspective.”

Kim Hyung-Jung pursed his lips as if he was embarrassed, then nodded. “I understand, Mr. Kang Chan. But let’s have you keep the ID for now. Mr. Seok Kang-Ho should also do the same. I’ll discuss this issue with my superiors after going back to the National Intelligence Service.”

It would be best to end this conversation here for Kim Tae-Jin’s sake. The atmosphere was heavy, but Kim Tae-Jin quietly stood up, then walked over to make coffee.

“Did this become a habit since I met with Kang Chan often? I first think of mixed coffee when I’m hungry. Hey now! You should just stay sitting, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho. What’s the big deal about making something like this coffee?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

Kim Tae-Jin then skillfully made the cups of coffee while saying, “I drank this so much I became bored of it when we were in the military.”

“Okay! Let’s each take a cup,” Kim Tae-Jin handed over the paper cup like he was recommending them to drink alcohol.

“Anyway, where did you learn how to shoot a pistol, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho?” Kim Tae-Jin asked.

After Seok Kang-Ho quickly looked at Kang Chan...

“Mr. Seok Kang-Ho was mentioned on several occasions, even in our National Intelligence Service and our security office,” Kim Hyung-Jung butted into the conversation while looking curious.

“I learned from watching movies.”

Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung smiled like they were pouring out false hope.

“I have to go now. I’m going to go to the agents’ funeral, so I might not be able to come here until the day after tomorrow. Contact me if there’s something special going on,” Kim Tae-Jin told Kang Chan.

“I’ll also go with him. I’ll report Mr. Kang Chan and Mr. Seok Kang-Ho’s standpoints to the higher-ups, then I’ll give you an answer in some way,” said Kim Hyung-Jung.

The two of them stood up.

Kang Chan was sorry because he thought that he had been too stubborn for nothing, but even if that was the case, he couldn’t just stand by and just watch everything about their operations being leaked out to people outside of their team. If he had to create a secret retreat route that Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung didn’t know as he had done in Africa, then he would rather not meddle in something like this at all.

After the two of them left the hospital room, a nurse came in. The nurse injected medication into the IV and gave Kang Chan medicine.

“Go home,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“I’m going to sleep here today. That shouldn’t be a problem, considering there’s a bed here and we’re on school break.”

“I might kill you if you snore.”

“Phuhuhu.”

After talking about what had happened earlier in the day, they turned on the TV because they were bored, but unexpectedly, the news story being extensively reported was about an attempt to assassinate the President in a golf club on the outskirts of Seoul in broad daylight. It discussed various things, such as the fact that the location of the golf course was close to the Panmunjeom[1] because it was in the direction of Jangheung, that there were suspicious circumstances that suggested that people were illegally smuggled into the country, and that there was a spy in the midst of the National Assembly and the nation’s high ranking officials.

The dead enemies and the guns that they had used were shown on TV from time to time.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to trust the news as it’s shown now,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

Kang Chan also felt the same way.

The next day, Seok Kang-Ho bought and brought over Haejang-guk[2] early in the morning. After eating breakfast with Kang Chan, he then headed to the school.

A moment later, Yoo Hun-Woo came inside the hospital room with a nurse.

“How are you feeling?” Yoo Hun asked Kang Chan.

“I’m okay aside from the fact that I’m sore.”

“Let’s check your injuries. I have big expectations about how much you healed.”

Yoo Hun-Woo pulled off the bandages from Kang Chan while wearing medical-grade gloves.

Rip.

The bandages that had been wrapped around his chest and arms had clotted with his skin.

“It must be really painful, huh?” Yoo Hun-Woo asked again.

That wasn’t something that he should say while ripping apart Kang Chan’s flesh.

“Hahaha,” Yoo Hun-Woo laughed. This gentleman always had the talent to make people curious about him.

After Yoo Hun-Woo laughed as if he was dumbfounded, he looked at Kang Chan with a serious expression.

“What is it?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m always like this whenever I see your injuries. I don’t think that we need to get a skin graft for your left arm anymore.”

“That’s a relief.”

Yoo Hun-Woo disinfected Kang Chan’s injuries and applied medication on them. Afterward, he wrapped them in bandages again. Medication was injected into the IV and Kang Chan also took the oral medicine that the nurse had handed to him.

“Mr. Kang Chan, didn’t you say that you got hurt in a golf club yesterday?” Yoo Hun-Woo asked.

“Did I say that?”

“No! No, you didn’t! I’m just going to think that I didn’t hear anything,” Yoo Hun-Woo walked out of the room while shaking his head.