

Blackfield 71.1

Chapter 71.1: Let's Try it (1)

Seok Kang-Ho brought over galbi-tang that he bought for lunch. He then ate with Kang Chan.

“What about the kids?” Kang Chan asked.

“Their eyes are sparkling with the motivation to learn, so they should be worth teaching. I've more or less decided what to do in the evening before coming here.”

They finished their meal while talking about school.

“You know where the funeral home is, right?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“I'm thinking of going there in a little bit,” Seok Kang-Ho answered while putting the empty plates in a large bag.

“Let's go together. I'll just wash up.”

“Are you sure? I talked to Mr. Kim Tae-Jin in the morning, and he said that he doesn't know how it would go since there are a lot of reporters.”

“Even if so, I don't think staying here is the right thing to do.”

“Let's do that.”

“Buy some clothes.”

“Alright.”

When Kang Chan came out of the bathroom after washing his hair, Seok Kang-Ho had prepared a black suit, a shirt, and shoes. The bandages showed through from under his shirt, but it didn't look that bad.

Kang Chan got in the car that Seok Kang-Ho had brought over from the parking lot and left.

Sixteen people had died, even though they weren't in Africa.

Kang Chan should've looked after them starting the day before instead. If he did, then there wouldn't have been this many casualties. He felt sorry to the dead employees for expressing the situation like this, but amateurs had been placed in front of professionals.

Tsk!

They likely lowered their guard under the assumption that the enemies were going to go at them wielding knives like the gangsters, leading them to believe there wouldn't be a gunfight. That could be the reason why so many employees were killed in that incident.

It took Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho around fifteen minutes to arrive at the hospital. At the entrance of the mortuary hung a large placard that said ‘Yoo Bi-Corp Group Memorial Altar.’ Kang Chan also noticed several cars with antennas and the logos of broadcasting stations on them.

The Yoo Bi-Corp employee that was controlling the cars immediately saluted and opened the front door when he saw Seok Kang-Ho. As they were going down to the basement, Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho were greeted by more Yoo Bi-Corp employees, many of which had bandaged arms or legs.

The portraits of the deceased employees were placed within the white chrysanthemums that fully filled up an entire wall.

Kang Chan went up to the front with Seok Kang-Ho and bowed his head after burning out an incense[1].

‘I’m sorry.’

Kang Chan tried not to let anyone get emotionally close to him because he was afraid of saying goodbye like this. When he lifted his head and turned around, Kim Tae-Jin gave a pained smile.

“How are you?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan.

“I’m okay.”

“The TV reporters’ eyes are blazing with curiosity. It’ll be good for you to just go quickly since that would suggest that you just dropped by.”

“Understood.”

Kim Tae-Jin shook Kang Chan’s hand. His eyes were bloodshot.

Kang Chan knew how Kim Tae-Jin was feeling better than anyone. After Seok Kang-Ho finished greeting Kim Tae-Jin, Kang Chan walked away.

At one side of the mortuary, he saw people crying plaintively. Among them were old mothers, young wives, and children that hadn’t accepted the situation yet.

Things like this were different from what happened in Africa, where it was hard to find a family member even if they died. There were too many people here in South Korea that had to live on with their grief.

Before leaving the funeral home, Kang Chan turned around and looked behind him, finding pictures of people smiling brightly.

He also saw Kim Tae-Jin, who had bowed his head while gritting his teeth.

“Mr. Kang Chan.”

Kang Chan turned his head to the sound of someone calling him. Suh Sang-Hyun was limping toward him. Kang Chan couldn’t say anything. No, he didn’t know what to say.

“I have a favor to ask you.” Behind Suh Sang-Hyun stood two Yoo Bi-Corp employees.

“I’m training again starting next week. At this timely opportunity, we’re also thinking of forming an elite forces. If you by any chance come across our

enemies again from yesterday, then please allow me to participate no matter what,” Suh Sang-Hyun’s eyes were burning with anger.

“Let’s discuss this after the funeral.”

“Understood.”

Just when their conversation was ending...

“My precious son! Oh god, you good-for-nothing child! How could you do this to me? You said you’re going to come home today! You told me to make yukgaejang [2]! Get up! Get up and eat the yukgaejang that I made! You ungrateful child!”

A wailing elderly woman whose wrinkled face reflected the hardship she had gone through fell in front of the altar. It seemed like she had only just arrived.

The broadcast journalists trusted the cameras onto the elderly woman.

“Who did this? Who did this to my son?!”

Kim Tae-Jin walked out and kneeled on the floor.

“Please say something! Did you do this to my son?!” The elderly woman asked Kim Tae-Jin, then threw herself toward him and grabbed his jacket.

Kang Chan noticed Kim Tae-Jin’s hand gesture. He then saw the employees in the vicinity turning their heads and wiping their tears.

“Please say something! Did you do this to my son? Say something! Please!”

“It’s my fault. I’m sorry,” Kim Tae-Jin was fighting back tears while gritting his teeth.

A grandmother that was around the same age as the elderly woman soon approached them and hugged the wailing elderly woman.

“This gentleman is innocent! He’s the President of the company that my son had always bragged about! Please don’t do this to him!”

“This happened because of my mistakes,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

“Why are you blaming yourself when they died serving the country?!” The grandmother cried. “My son had an honorable death! He died confidently!”

Crying, the two elderly women wrapped their arms around Kim Tae-Jin’s neck.

This was something that Kang Chan couldn’t have imagined in Africa.

When they returned from the hospital where the funeral was being held, Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho smoked a cigarette.

That mission was difficult for an ordinary security company to handle.

“I feel like shit,” Kang Chan commented.

Seok Kang-Ho nodded.

“Is the ‘Unicorn’ worth this much suffering?”

“We were like this when so many people died in Africa, remember? That’s why you felt even more sorry for the kids that died,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

Kang Chan couldn’t think of anything that he could do right now. It felt like things suddenly got too out of hand, which made him feel shocked. It was as if he got attacked while he was defenseless. If Lanok’s schedule didn’t leak out from the National Intelligence Service, then that would mean there was a problem in France.

‘This means that Lanok is also in danger.’

With the Yoo Bi-Corp employees’ current level, it would be difficult for them to fight professionals if the latter pounced on them, just like yesterday..

They needed a specialized team. A group of professionals that could take on the enemies.

While Kang Chan was drinking a cup of water while frowning, the door of his hospital room opened. Kim Hyung-Jung entered.

“Welcome,” Kang Chan wasn’t that pleased to see him anymore.

“Mr. Kang Chan, the President wants to see you. Let’s go together.”

What’s he saying?

“The location is Hwalang[3], the place where you met the Prime Minister last time. As for your attire, you can just go with what you’re wearing right now,” Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

“Right now?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yes. He hastily scheduled this to avoid unwanted attention.”

The sense of duty that was in Kim Hyung-Jung’s face stimulated Kang Chan.

“Do I need to go out right now?” Kang Chan asked again.

“We have a car prepared at the entrance.”

Kang Chan got up from his spot.

“You should also come with us, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho. The President has been wanting to see you because you were mentioned in the security guard office.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked at Kang Chan with a flustered face.

“Let’s go,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Alright.”

Seok Kang-Ho breathed in deeply, then stood up as well.

The three of them got in the car that had been waiting at the entrance and left the hospital. Immediately after, another car followed right behind them.

“I reported what you said yesterday to the director myself. We’re performing a self-inspection on the fact that Lanok’s schedule got leaked, so I’ll let you know when the results come out.” As expected, Kim Hyung-Jung looked like he had a knot in his stomach about this issue.

Kang Chan didn’t have anything to reply to that, so he just listened.

“National Intelligence Service agents can’t leave their names behind, even if they die. We just engrave a star on the wall of the entrance to symbolize that we won’t forget them. All of us work with that determination. In spite of myself, I think I likely forced you to act the same way since I’ve been living with the promise I made to myself that I won’t become an embarrassment to the agents that had become stars on the wall. I realized a lot of things with this incident.”

The promise was good, but it felt like it was slightly off the mark from the key point.

“A decision was made this morning. The President, the National Intelligence Service Director and the Prime Minister have given their approval for me to form a separate organization. The organization won’t even report to the National Intelligence Service. An SDT (Special Duty Team) is going to form that only gets support in the form of the required personnel, weapons, and expenses, and it’s the first time in Korean history that this is happening.”

Kim Hyung-Jung’s expression looked very grim.

“On paper, I’ll be the person in charge. I’m going to take responsibility, regardless of what problems arise.”

Kim Hyung-Jung turned his head, so Kang Chan looked at him.

“Please lead the organization, just like how you led everyone at the golf club. This is the best that I can do.”

Kang Chan never thought of something like this.

“I’d be happy even if I can’t be a star. I’d be satisfied with just completing the ‘Unicorn’ project or if you do your best to help us.”

Kang Chan smiled lightly.

Why are men like him crowding around me?

Chapter 71.2: Let's Try it (1)

The car arrived at Hwalang.

The parking lot entrance was perfectly blocked by a car, and from the entrance, employees with sharp eyes were looking at the car that had just arrived.

“Please come this way. And please excuse me.”

When Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho headed inside Hwalang, an employee politely greeted them, then frisked them with a portable detection stick.

After the inspection, another employee guided Kang Chan further into the building.

Moon Jae-Hyun and Go Gun-Woo were sitting on the sofa that was in the middle of Hwalang. However, they soon stood up.

“Mr. President, these are Mr. Kang Chan and Mr. Seok Kang-Ho.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” Moon Jae-Hyun shook hands with Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho.

“I heard you’ve met them before, Mr. Prime Minister?” asked Moon Jae-Hyun.

“This is the first time I’ve met Mr. Seok Kang-Ho.” Go Gun-Woo smiled at Kang Chan, then shook hands with Seok Kang-Ho.

“Let’s sit,” said Moon Jae-Hyun.

Kim Hyung-Jung, other secretarial staff, and security guards stood in a circle around the sofa. Large glass cups of iced tea were served.

“Let’s have tea,” Moon Jae-Hyun pointed to the glass cups, then picked one up. Kang Chan also had a sip of the drink. He thought its sharp sweetness wasn’t bad.

“I heard that your injuries are severe. Are you okay?” Moon Jae-Hyun asked Kang Chan.

“I’m alright.”

Moon Jae-Hyun dropped his gaze as if he was looking at Kang Chan’s shirt, then nodded.

“We went to the golf club yesterday purely because I insisted on going,” Moon Jae-Hyun calmly continued.

“Our chief security officer was adamant about preventing me from going after receiving a report about the gunfight. Breaking through that gentleman’s obstinacy was more difficult than winning an argument against my wife.”

The chief security officer was standing with an expressionless face.

“I couldn’t miss this opportunity. If we can connect the rail, then South Korea will prepare to obtain the foundation needed to be the center of Asia for more than the next five hundred years. There are three years left in my term of office, and we need to finish this within that time. However, Japan won’t just watch this happen. If our opposing party comes into power, then just the sheer fact that

Lanok is in South Korea will become dangerous, just like what happened yesterday,” Moon Jae-Hyun looked at Kim Hyung-Jung for a moment, then looked at Kang Chan again.

“We’ll support everything that’s needed with my Presidential post at stake. Ambassador Lanok told me yesterday that he also put about half of his life on the line to connect the rail to South Korea all because you’re here.”

Moon Jae-Hyun stood up from his spot after he finished talking, so Go Gun-Woo, Kang Chan, and Seok Kang-Ho quickly did as well.

“I have to go now since this isn’t an official schedule,” Moon Jae-Hyun explained.

Moon Jae-Hyun looked straight at Kang Chan.

“Mr. Kang Chan.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

Moon Jae-Hyun was radiating a feeling of intense pressure, which Kang Chan had never felt until now.

“I sincerely apologize to those that were sacrificed in this incident. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister, the National Intelligence Service Director, and I are still going to proceed with this with our lives on the line. I truly hope you’ll do your best for South Korea, and for our people. Manager Kim here said yesterday that I can’t force things on you,” Moon Jae-Hyun continued.

Kang Chan felt strange.

If men like this were his superiors, then it was worth doing.

“Please do us a favor. If a situation ever arises where someone has to die, then let me stand right at the very front,” Moon Jae-Hyun said.

This was a request from a man with fervent eyes.

“Understood, Mr. President.”

“You’re also going to help, right, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho?” Moon Jae-Hyun asked.

“Of course!”

Moon Jae-Hyun smiled lightly because Seok Kang-Ho answered like a soldier. After firmly shaking Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho’s hands, he headed outside.

“I have to go ahead of you all today, Mr. Kang Chan. I’ve approved of all of the support that’s required, but this is based on your sacrifice in the end. I’m sorry.”

“Understood, Mr. Prime Minister.”

“Thank you.”

Go Gun-Woo headed outside After shaking Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho’s hands in order.

Kang Chan, Seok Kang-Ho, and Kim Hyung-Jung swiftly returned to the hospital. They made coffee, and they each bit on a cigarette.

As they did, the fact that they had just returned from a meeting with the President finally felt real.

“What are we supposed to do now?” asked Kang Chan.

“I heard that the President and Ambassador Lanok reached a basic agreement yesterday. I think the right course of action now is to consider it our duty to relieve parts that Lanok is frustrated about in order to overcome the obstacles from China and Japan,” Kim Hyung-Jung answered as if he had been waiting for Kang Chan to ask that question.

“This isn’t easy.”

“If we get to connect to the rail, then Japan will become nothing but an island that’s just floating above the ocean. That’s why Japan is desperately trying to get in our way. It’s embarrassing, but they had managed to buy off many high-ranking public officials and National Assembly members. We need to fend them off.”

“Are you saying that we have to do all of that?” Kang Chan asked.

“Simply put, you can do everything that you want to do, except for participating in a war.”

Kang Chan had nothing to say.

“We’ll take our time to think about it.”

“Nothing has changed from what it was like until now. You two just need to know that there’s no need to report what happens in our team beforehand, the National Intelligence Service will protect your families, and both of you will be able to receive every support that’s needed,” Kim Hyung-Jung’s expression seemed to show what he had decided to do.

“We’ll do it,” said Kang Chan.

“I knew you’d say that.”

Saying that they were going to do it made Kang Chan feel rather lighthearted.

“I’ll get going now. Call me immediately if you need anything,” Kim Hyung-Jung told Kang Chan.

“Alright.”

When Kim Hyung-Jung left the room, Seok Kang-Ho completely leaned back in the chair.

“Did we really just meet the President? It doesn’t feel real,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“I feel the same way.”

As the two of them smacked their lips, Yoo Hun-Woo and a nurse came in.

“Let’s change your bandages,” Yoo Hun-Woo told Kang Chan.

“But wasn’t it changed this morning?”

“Since your injuries heal quickly, we need to change your bandages often.”

Yoo Hun-Woo skillfully took off the bandages, but the pain wasn’t that bad.

“Can I do a biopsy on you?” Yoo Hun-Woo asked.

He placed the bandages he had removed from Kang Chan on top of the rack, then continued, “Let’s do it. I’ll pay for the expenses. Your recovery speed is getting quicker. I was actually half in doubt while I was changing your bandages, but there are no reported cases in academic circles where someone’s recovery has sped up like this.”

“I’ll pay the expenses for the biopsy, but will it be a problem that my recovery speed is getting faster?” Kang Chan asked.

Yoo Hun-Woo glanced at Seok Kang-Ho.

“Please just tell me. It’s okay for Seok Kang-Ho to hear this.”

“I read almost all the papers that were published on constitutional idiosyncrasies until now because of your condition, and I found one case where someone’s recovery speed had increased.”

Yoo Hun-Woo hesitated for a moment, then continued, “That patient aged very quickly. They couldn’t figure out how that happened, so I’m asking you to do the biopsy. I want to compare your tissues with that patient’s tissue. After all, this is the only other case that this has happened.”

“Are you saying that they became old in an instant?” Kang Chan asked again.

“You shouldn’t worry about it. It’s just one case. Let’s just do the biopsy for now.”

As a matter of fact, Kang Chan was thinking about doing it.

When he agreed to do the biopsy, Yoo Hun-Woo took out a small piece of Kang Chan’s skin from the wound on his left arm, then wrapped his arm in a bandage.

“We’ll get the results in about a month,” said Yoo Hun-Woo.

“That’s quite a long time,” Kang Chan replied.

“It is.”

Yoo Hun-Woo left the room. Seok Kang-Ho looked worried.

“What’s up with you?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m just worried about you.”

“It’s fine. I’m a little hungry. Let’s buy and eat some pastries.”

“Alright,” Seok Kang-Ho said, then left the room.

Kang Chan didn’t want to worry in vain. He thought he could just think about this problem once they had gotten the biopsy results.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Kang Chan’s phone rang when he was thinking about turning on the TV. It was Michelle.

“Hello?”

- Channy. How are you these days?

From her voice, it sounded like she was being careful.

“Is the drama going well?”

- There’s nothing wrong with that. They’re rehearsing the script right now, and there’s going to be a production press conference this weekend.

“That’s great. As a matter of fact, I was thinking of visiting.”

- It’ll be great if you can come. The kids would love that.

“You’re not going to be happy?”

- I’m going to be the happiest person when you come by.

Michelle replied as if she was confessing, which made Kang Chan smile.

- I didn’t contact you because I was determined to make it so that you won’t bother about the drama production. Honestly, our employees and I were all so surprised to find Alion and Lee Ha-Yeon on the news.

“They were on the news because they did a lot of wrongdoings.”

- I’m actually a little scared of you.

“Don’t say such useless things. Do the kids practice the script every day?”

- Yeah. They now get together and practice in the broadcasting station. Our trainees get to act in the drama starting from the first episode, so our company’s morale is at an all-time high.

“Alright. I’ll stop by within the next few days. Tell them to work hard.”

- I’ll do that. Please contact me ahead of time when you’re coming over. There are a lot of times when I’m not there.

“Okay.”

When Kang Chan hung up the phone, he felt like he had returned to his ordinary life, even though drama production was not at all ordinary.

Seok Kang-Ho returned carrying pastries and drinks.

“I gave everyone on the floor below us and in the nurse’s office pastries,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

“Good job.”

When Kang Chan took a bite out of a red bean bread[1]...

“Can you come out to school tomorrow?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Why?”

Seok Kang-Ho had taken out a cream bun and answered while handing Kang Chan a drink. “It’s orientation day. You’re going to be marked as absent if you don’t show up for that.”

Strangely, Kang Chan smiled.

Chapter 72.1: Let’s Try it (2)

To wear his school uniform, Kang Chan had to go home. However, doing so would mean letting Yoo Hye-Sook see his injuries. Things would’ve been simple if he bought a uniform set, but he heard that he had to wait for a few days after he ordered since the first semester had already ended.

“Try calling the Prime Minister’s office. Who knows? The Minister of Education might suddenly get rid of the orientation day.” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

Dumbfounded, a feeble laugh burst out of Kang Chan. He honestly wanted to do that, if only that were possible.

“Wait a minute! The kids in the school! Let’s pick a kid that has a similar body type as you and ask them for their school uniform.”

“Sure!” Kang Chan looked at Seok Kang-Ho in a daze. He used to be dumb, but it now felt like he was becoming smarter[1].

Kang Chan called Cha So-Yeon. Fortunately, one of the twelfth-graders that were studying at that time had an extra uniform.

- Sunbae-nim, I’ll bring it for you.

“Can you do that?”

- Yes! Where are you?

Kang Chan explained the location of the hospital. After firmly telling her not to let the other kids know that he was at the hospital when she got surprised, he hung up the phone.

“Let’s have dinner,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

It had only been an hour since they had pastries. Seok Kang-Ho was somewhat strange in his manners.

“Go home first since I have to have dinner anyway when So-Yeon gets here. It’s going to be uncomfortable for her if you’re here.”

“Phuhu, there’s actually a housewarming party in my wife’s family today.”

“You should’ve told me that earlier. Go home. I’m going to be discharged tomorrow anyway, aren’t I?”

“I’ll visit you again after it ends.”

“Just call me. Let me sleep in peace. I almost killed you when you snored in your sleep yesterday,” said Kang Chan.

Seok Kang-Ho insisted that he was going to come here no matter what, then headed home.

The TV blabbered about the spy ring incident with determination. Kang Chan watched the report about the blameless Minister of National Defense and the Capital Defense Command, then quickly turned off the TV.

Now that he was free, he suddenly wanted to see Kim Mi-Young.

The look in her eyes when she was talking in French in a poor accent came across his mind. He also recalled her out-dated hairstyle.

Am I starting to like a female high schooler the same way Seok Kang-Ho is shaking off his ignorance as he’s getting used to his new body?

‘At this rate, won’t I be clinging to her?’

The eerie feeling made Kang Chan shake his head.

They had agreed to decide if they still felt the same way even after they had become university students, which would be on her birthday next year.

“Phew!” It was better to have Seok Kang-Ho next to him.

Disliking the fact that he kept having useless thoughts, Kang Chan took out his phone and browsed the internet. He couldn’t believe that the hospital was so nice—they had even plugged in a charger in the room.

Just as dinner time had come...

Slide!

The door of the patient room opened wide and Cha So-Yeon came inside.

“So-Yeon? What’s wrong with you?”

“Sunbae-nim! Se-Ho got taken away,” Cha So-Yeon was on the verge of tears while looking like she was terrified.

“We got out of the bus in front of the hospital with the school uniform, but the hoodlums that were at the bus stop dragged Se-Ho away.”

“Hoodlums?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yes! They were wearing tight-fitting workout attire and had short hair. They had dragged Se-Ho away immediately as soon as they saw him.”

“Do you know Heo Eun-Sil’s phone number?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Call her and put me on the phone.”

Cha So-Yeon put down the plastic bag with the clothes in it, then called her.

“Here’s the phone, sunbae-nim.”

Noisy music rang out in the background. He soon heard Heo Eun-Sil saying, “Hello?”

“Heo Eun-Sil, It’s Kang Chan. It seems like Cho Se-Ho got dragged away by the university guys from last time.”

- Huh?

“I’m talking about the guys that we saw at the coffee shop. I heard that he got taken away at the bus stop that’s in front of Bangji hospital. I think it’s them since I was told that they were wearing tight-fitting workout clothes, so I thought I’d ask you.”

- They wear black pants and purple tops.

When Kang Chan asked Cha So-Yeon about it, she said, “That’s right, sunbae-nim!”

“Can you guess where he is?”

- Did you say that you guys are at Bangji hospital?

“Yeah! It happened at the bus stop here.”

- There’s a building with a blue sign for a bank on the opposite side of the hospital. They’re likely in the open area in the parking lot behind that building.

“Got it.”

Kang Chan changed after he hung up the phone. Cha So-Yeon followed after him while looking flustered upon seeing him wearing a black suit with a shirt.

“You stay here,” said Kang Chan.

“I want to go too.”

She did like Cho Se-Ho. Kang Chan didn’t know what could happen if they wasted time, so he went out of the hospital for now.

The blue building was on the opposite side of the hospital. Kang Chan crossed the street when there weren’t many cars on the road, but Cha So-Yeon hesitated while looking at the traffic lights.

His body throbbed when he started to run, but it wasn’t to the extent of not being able to endure the pain. Turning around the corner of the building and going into the open area, he saw an area that was blocked on three sides because of the building next to it. There were boxes and different kinds of junk piled on the floor, so it was quite hard to see what was happening in there from the outside.

Cho Se-Ho was weakly sitting down at the very back, his face entirely covered in blood.

The guys that heard Kang Chan's footsteps all looked behind them. They were all wearing the same tight-fitting workout clothes, which made them look nasty.

"Who are you?"

Kang Chan smirked. It was dumbfounding to see more than ten university students working together just to hit one high schooler.

"Are you guys really university students?" asked Kang Chan.

"So who are you, fucker?"

Kang Chan knew that his eyes were burning. He still hadn't been relieved of the spite that had formed because of what happened at the golf club. If he got into a fight in this state, it would be too cruel for the kids. He breathed in deeply to repress his anger.

Cha So-Yeon came into the alley at that moment, then looked at Cho Se-Ho and the surroundings with startled eyes.

"Hmph!" A guy with an angular chin turned his head toward Kang Chan after he saw Cha So-Yeon.

"Are you idiots trying to show off in front of a high schooler?" Kang Chan asked.

The guy with the angular chin came toward Kang Chan with a swagger and stealthily pushed his shoulder backward. He was planning to sucker punch Kang Chan.

Swish! Tak!

Kang Chan hit the guy's hand away as if he was swatting away a fly.

Flustered, the guy looked at Kang Chan—

Bam!

Kang Chan curved his index and middle finger and stabbed the guy's eyes.

"Agh! Arghh!"

Strangely, these fuckers' screams were loud.

Kang Chan then tightly grasped onto the ears of his target, who had short-cropped hair.

"Hey! Let go of him!"

Three or four guys pounced at Kang Chan...

Kang Chan violently kicked his current target's face, which he had been holding between his knees.

Crack! Swish!

As the head of his current target snapped backward, another man tried to punch Kang Chan.

Tak! Ta-dak.

Kang Chan continuously hit away his two other enemies' fists, which were being swung at him, while simultaneously pulling his very first target toward him with his left hand. Kang Chan's first opponent seemed to have learned some hand-to-hand combat, seeing as how he tried to stab Kang Chan in the face with his left elbow even as he was being pulled forward.

Tak! Pow-pow-pow.

Kang Chan hit the guy's elbow away with his right hand, then consecutively struck his neck, armpit, and side.

“Urgh!”

Kang Chan immediately grasped the guy's adam's apple tightly, which made the others at the back hesitate and prevented them from pouncing at him.

“Cough! Ugh!”

If Kang Chan kept holding onto his opponent like this for another twenty seconds, then the fucker was going to die.

University students? It was an undeserved status for guys that just bullied others or imitated gangsters.

“You wanna die? Let go!” one of the guys yelled.

The two guys that were in the back tried to find a gap or a moment of weakness to attack him.

Bam!

“Cough!”

Kang Chan released his current target's neck and violently struck the pit of his stomach. When his opponent bent forward, Kang Chan struck upward with his knee.

Pop!

The others hesitated upon seeing their two members collapse to the ground with their faces burst open.

“Whoo!”

Kang Chan was trying hard to not break their arms and was frantically trying to fight back against his immense spite, which was making his eyes try to glint.

He tightly closed his eyes and opened them to not cross the boundary. He didn't want to release his spite while fighting with these newbies. These guys weren't gangsters. They were just morons that wanted to show off their strength. He knew they were being violent toward the bullies, but he had never seen them doing anything to good kids.

‘Hold it in. Let's try to hold it in.’

While Kang Chan was gritting his teeth and trying hard to suppress his anger, one of the guys at the back called someone, and another took out a knife from his bag.

“Move. I’m going to kill that fucker today,” The man walked toward Kang Chan while shouting spitefully. His long eyes looked like lines that were drawn with a thick pen.

“Cha So-Yeon,” Kang Chan called.

“Yes?”

“Stay outside.”

Trembling, Cha So-Yeon ran outside of the alley.

“Catch that bitch!”

The knife-wielding guy pounced at Kang Chan while shouting.

Chapter 72.2: Let's Try it (2)

Kang Chan hooked his foot around the ankle of the university student that was trying to leave the alley, tripping him.

Plop.

As he fell to the ground, a knife was quickly swung toward Kang Chan.

Swish!

Kang Chan snatched the attacker’s wrist with his left hand, then placed it on his right elbow so that it was hanging.

Crunch. Crack.

“Argh!”

His target’s arm had been properly broken.

Crack!

Nevertheless, he swung the guy’s arm completely backward again.

“Gah! Gaahh! Gaaahhh!”

Hesitating because of the terrible sight, those at the back couldn’t get closer to Kang Chan.

“So you’re gonna act like this to the end, huh?” Kang Chan asked.

When he picked up the knife that had fallen to the ground, the guy that was sprawled on the floor crawled away from him.

“Get out of here now, Cho Sae-Ho. Cha So-Yeon knows where the hospital is. Stay there with her,” said Kang Chan.

When Cho Sae-Ho stood up while rubbing his nose with the back of his hand...

Bam.

A guy that was standing next to Cho Sae-Ho violently hit the latter’s face.

Pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow-pow.

Kang Chan stabbed people at random, starting with the guy that was in front of him.

He stabbed both of their shoulders and armpit. Now, they wouldn't be able to quickly use their fists for combat or properly carry heavy things.

Pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow-pow.

One or two of them tried to sloppily punch him, but it didn't do anything.

With six of them sent to the floor bleeding in no time, the remaining guys stuck close to the wall.

Pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow-pow.

Except for the guy that hit Cho Sae-Ho, Kang Chan stabbed all of their shoulders and armpits with his knife.

The last man standing, who was sticking close to a wall as well, looked at Kang Chan.

“Hey!” Kang Chan yelled.

The guy tightly gritted his teeth.

Pow-pow-pow-pow!

Kang Chan then stabbed his shoulder and armpit. Unable to even scream, his target's eyes widened. Kang Chan grabbed onto his neck and pushed him toward the wall.

“Cho Sae-Ho, get out of here now and go to the hospital with So-Yeon,” said Kang Chan.

Cho Sae-Ho hesitated, but then quickly ran off.

“Hey, you son of a bitch,” Kang Chan said again.

“Cough! Cough!”

“Do you like living like this? Do you really like going around with a knife in your bag and dragging high schoolers that are weaker than you and beating them up?”

Pow!

“Arghh! Cough!”

When Kang Chan stabbed the guy's back muscle on the left side with a knife, he struggled.

“If you ever go around while wearing these clothes again...” Kang Chan warned.

Holding the knife in a reverse grip, Kang Chan pressed it on his opponent's neck, making the latter tremble. Kang Chan then gritted his teeth, holding in his desire to quickly slit his opponent's neck.

At that moment...

“What's this?” Kang Chan heard someone ask roughly from behind him. When he turned around, he realized gangsters had walked into the area.

While the guy that was standing in the front was looking around the surroundings, those next to him took out file knives from around their waists. A few of them hit the heads of the kids that had collapsed onto the floor. After a guy that was at the back quickly walked to the front and whispered to the ear of the guy that was standing in the front...

“Are you Kang Chan?”

Kang Chan was now really disgusted with things like this. If people cut them some slack because they were wearing school uniforms and because they weren't gangsters yet, then they became those fuckers in the end.

“I heard you were reckless, but I didn't expect you'd get into a fight in our turf. I'll give you that,” said the gangster at the very front.

Kang Chan looked down at the knife that was being held in a reverse grip.

A man who just wanted to eat a bowl of hot Yookgaejang with his old mother risked his life for a monthly salary that wasn't even that large[1], while these fuckers were showing off and swinging file knives in a back alley.

“You fucking gangsters,” Kang Chan cursed.

I'll kill all of you to make those puny university students think that they should never become like you fuckers.

When Kang Chan walked forward while smirking...

Pow-pow-pow. Pow-pow. Pow-pow.

Violent sounds rang out from the back.

“What was that? Hey!”

“We're under attack! Kill them!”

Kang Chan was confused. There were three men at the back wearing a suit and a shirt, their movements extraordinary. One of them snapped a gangster's wrist in an instant, then took away the knife.

Pow! Pow! Pow!

Their movements were rough, but there was no hesitation in their knife-wielding skills.

Bam! Pow! Pow!

The three men hit the gangsters' groins with their knees, hit their adam's apples with their elbows, and even stabbed their shoulders and back with the knives that they had taken from them.

In about three minutes, only two gangsters remained. One of the three men approached Kang Chan and politely greeted him. Meanwhile, one of the remaining gangsters was stabbed with a knife. The other sank to his knees while grasping onto his groin. A knee then hit his face, causing him to fall backward.

“I'm Choi Jong-II. We're dispatched here under Manager Kim's orders. He told us to avoid interfering unless necessary, but we stepped in because we thought

that this wasn't right. If you go, then we'll immediately contact the prosecution and cleanly take care of this gangster organization."

What was this? Kang Chan felt like a tiger that had its meal taken away from him in front of his eyes. He wasn't that angry, though, since he wasn't a hungry tiger.

"Come here and greet him," Choi Jong-Il told the other two men.

"I'm Lee Doo-Hee."

"I'm Woo Hee-Seung."

When Kang Chan laughed out loud, Choi Jong-Il looked behind him for a moment.

"Along with manager Kim, we have already sent in our letters of resignation to the company and left. You can leave these dirty matters to us. We'd willingly lay down our lives and die instead for as long as it means you'll succeed with your goal. Even if we have to do it hundreds or thousands of times."

"Letter of resignation?" Kang Chan asked.

Choi Jong-Il made a face that said, 'Could it be?' then closed his mouth. He had an angular chin and a sunburnt face.

"You guys submitted a letter of resignation?" Kang Chan asked again.

"I thought you were already aware of that. Our role is to personally help you,"
Just after Choi Jong-Il answered...

"You fuckers, which family are you a part of?" A gangster yelled.

"This fucker is so loud!"

Boong. Pow.

Woo Hee-Seung suddenly lifted an iron pipe and struck the gangster's nape. Kang Chan couldn't help but laugh out loud because of the absurd sight.

"I'm the leader. I'm going to leave my number in a text message, but a new phone will be given to you tomorrow. If you press a button on the phone, then I'll act immediately," Choi Jong-Il continued.

Bam! Pow! Pow!

The gangsters came to their senses, but Lee Doo-Hee and Woo Hee-Seung continuously hit the back of their necks to knock them back out.

"Please leave this place. We'll take care of the rest."

Dumbfounded, Kang Chan couldn't say anything. He liked one thing, though—he didn't kill a sloppy gangster because of his spite.

He got out of the alley while shaking his head.

From the alley, Kang Chan heard someone say “contact the chief of the police station and tell them to come here,” and the sound of them swearing, “Who do these sons of bitches think they're thrusting their knives at??”

Right after, he heard the sound of an iron pipe hitting something.

pow-pow.

When Kang Chan returned to his room in the hospital, Cho Sae-Ho already had gauze on his nose and around his right eye.

“Sunbae-nim,” Cha So-Yeon and Cho Sae-Ho jumped to their feet.

Did they perhaps?

Cho Sae-Ho’s mouth was swollen.

“Are you okay?” Kang Chan asked Cho Sae-Ho.

“Yes, sunbae-nim.”

His pronunciation was amazing, considering his mouth and nose were swollen.

“I tried my best to teach you, but you got beat up by those morons.”

“I also hit them a few times.”

“Forget about it.”

What use is there for me to talk to him?

“Anyway, I was thinking of having dinner, but can you eat with your mouth like that?” Kang Chan asked again.

“If you’re buying us dinner, then we’ll eat with you before we go home,” when Cha So-Yeon answered, Cho Sae-Ho quickly nodded.

“What do you guys want to eat?”

Cha So-Yeon glanced at Cho Sae-Ho.

People were quite unpredictable. Kang Chan couldn’t believe that Cha So-Yeon would like someone like Cho Sae-Ho when she couldn’t even eat because of the bullies.

“Sunbae-nim, please buy us sushi,” said Cha So-Yeon.

“Sushi?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t think he’ll be able to eat with his mouth like that?” Kang Chan asked.

“No! I can eat properly.”

In truth, eating sushi was going to be a wiser choice than eating hot soup or meat. Kang Chan called the interphone in the nurse’s office and asked if there was a sushi restaurant near the hospital.

“Let’s go eat outside,” Kang Chan told the two of them.

“Right now?”

“Don’t worry and just come with me. Everything’s been taken care of.”

“Alright.”

Kang Chan had already changed, so he immediately went outside.

When he went out of the entrance of the hospital, the opposite side of the road was packed with patrol cars and emergency vehicles.

When Kang Chan mumbled to himself, “What are they doing when there’s a hospital nearby?” Cha So-Yeon and Cho Sae-Ho looked at each other and firmly closed their mouths.

When the three of them arrived at the sushi restaurant, Cha So-Yeon’s phone rang.

“Eun-Sil unnie said that she arrived in front of the hospital?”

“Tsk! Tell her to come to this restaurant,” said Kang Chan.

A moment later, Heo Eun-Sil showed up perversely, and the four of them ate sushi. Cho Sae-Ho hesitated at first but later showed he could devour five servings of sushi with the word ‘special’[2] in front of the dish’s name by himself when Kang Chan told him to eat without restraints.

Kang Chan thought of Kim Mi-Young.

‘I should’ve called her. We could’ve eaten together.’

But he shook his head soon after. He was about to start a dangerous task. He doubted something that required Kim Hyung-Jung to put those security guards on Kang Chan’s trail and submit a letter of resignation would end easily.

‘I should give this a proper end.’

Kang Chan firmly made up his mind. He was working with men that submitted letters of resignation to an organization that they had been working for just to help him on this. Making sure that those men got back safely to their organization naturally became his responsibility.

‘But why is this bitch so quiet?’

The bare-faced Heo Eun-Sil quietly ate sushi.

An accident happened no matter what whenever he met her, but they might get away with it today since something had already happened.

Chapter 73.1: Are you Confident? (1)

The orientation was at 10 am.

Kang Chan made Seok Kang-Ho stay at home since he drank alcohol the day before, then he had a good night’s sleep. When morning came, he headed to school early.

While Kang Chan was walking through the front gate, he saw the bullies working hard at sweeping the surroundings.

‘Did the bullies do drugs together as a group?’

Kang Chan didn’t know what they were hoping for, but it also wasn’t something that he should interfere with.

The process of going into the classroom was much easier than it was before. The kids that he ran into at the stairs or in the hallway still got flustered, but they no longer stood against the wall or dropped their heads like before.

It was probably because of how he acted in the school cafeteria at lunchtime.

“Chan!”

Kim Mi-Young smiled brightly while waving her hand. Snow White acting like that also definitely played a role in helping the kids change their attitudes toward him.

“What’s wrong with your arm?” Kim Mi-Young asked.

“I got a small scratch while exercising. Look—there’s nothing wrong with it, see?”

Kang Chan moved his arm around, and it actually only stung. He didn’t feel any other pain.

“Did you get your school uniform's size reduced?” Kim Mi-Young asked again.

“No. I just temporarily borrowed Yoon-Seup’s uniform because something happened yesterday.”

Kim Mi-Young smiled strangely. Was she hiding something?

Kang Chan heard people talking about the bullies cleaning the school from time to time, but it stopped when Lee Ho-Jun came inside the classroom. The homeroom teacher came inside soon after, and the orientation ended with the teacher asking if anything happened during the break and asking the twelfth-graders to focus more on the subjects they were lacking at.

The school called the students during the break just to say that?

But what could he do? The orientation had already ended.

When Kang Chan got up from his spot, Kim Mi-Young quickly approached him. Smiling, she said, “Chan, I have free time until dinner today. What about you?”

“Why’s that?”

“My mom went out to a gathering. My hagwon is at 7 pm. I told her that I’m going to study at school until then.”

It looked like she was anticipating something.

“Want to have lunch together?” asked Kang Chan.

“Yeah! We should also watch a movie if it’s okay with you!”

Kang Chan found Kim Mi-Young’s childish ‘yeah!’ answer cute.

“Sure. Where should we go?”

“Let’s go to Tron Square.”

“Wearing this?” Kang Chan asked again.

“What should we wear, then?”

Would it be okay to go to Tron Square while wearing school uniforms?

Kang Chan went down the stairs with Kim Mi-Young and dropped by the athletics club room before going.

“Sunbae-nim! Unnie!” Cha So-Yeon brightly greeted them. Kang Chan talked to Seok Kang-Ho outside of the room.

“Security guards?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Three of them cleanly took care of about fifteen gangsters. Kim Hyung-Jung probably put them on you as well.”

“Hmm, alright. Well, either way, President Kim Tae-Jin has to act before anything happens, so let’s just test the waters today.”

“I’m going to go home immediately after dropping by Tron Square with Mi-Young, so let’s meet up in the evening if need be.”

“Alright.”

Kang Chan got out of school first with Kim Mi-Young.

After passing by two Japanese-style tatami rooms[1], the chef came into the innermost room, knelt on the floor, and carefully placed sushi on the table.

“Please enjoy your meal!” Nobody said anything until the chef left. After the door on the opposite side closed...

“What did the Ministry of Foreign Affairs say that they’re going to do?”

“It seems like even Japan is flustered, seeing as how they said that we should watch how things develop for now.”

The four people sat facing each other, their faces holding a mix of worry and anger.

“With this incident, half of our power is completely gone. The Reds[2] are using North Korea as an excuse to deceive the citizens when they didn’t even interfere in this. They’re suffocating us. Yet you only want us to watch? Do you think those people without a good background are going to let this opportunity end just like this? The Seung-il shipping company is gone, and now we’re in a situation where those that restlessly tried their best for the country are being stripped of their positions and are being kicked out for one reason or another.”

“Chairman Yang, no one here approves of connecting the rail.”

“That’s why I’m saying we should defend ourselves more aggressively. If the rail is connected, then there’s also a paper that says that the minimum wage will increase to 10,000 KW per hour immediately. Does that make sense? People that aren’t doing much will make 80,000 KW per day, and if we include the night shift, then the world will come to where they can make a maximum of 200,000 KW per day. And in this damn country, it has become expected for people to fight back against the owners that are keeping them alive. Even if we’re in a crisis, we shouldn’t step back. We need to deal with this aggressively.”

“Who doesn’t know that? Isn’t the problem here the fact that we’ll all be branded and kicked out as traitors at once if even a small link is found between us and the Seung-Il shipping company if we carelessly interfere right now? The chairperson and a few others are trying their best, so we should endure this for a little bit.”

“Ha!” Yang Jin-Woo openly expressed his frustration.

“It isn’t just the Financial Supervisory Service or the Ministry of Land, Transport and Maritime Affairs. Everything is being replaced. At this rate, if legislation is wrongfully announced, then we’re going to wither and die.”

“The chairperson and I are going to stop that.”

“Chairperson Huh, are you aware that they’re now starting a people’s court with the excuse that they’re clearing away the remnants of Japan and that they’re tracking down the pro-Japanese?”

“I know, I know.”

Yang Jin-Woo immediately responded to Huh Sang-Soo’s annoying response and said, “We’re now at a time where my family is being reviled as being pro-Japanese or as a traitor for selling out the country when we were the ones that brought in Japan’s advanced culture while throwing away all of our pride. The country became well off because of what we did! We are now living well, enough to have cars! And everyone forgot that we now get to go around foreign countries! The fucking Reds that aren’t even worth bugs are all like this! All I’m saying is, the time when people yell that everyone has to live equally is coming.”

“Ha, my god! Chairman Yang, are you yelling at me right now? Should I apologize or something? Should I bow my head and say that I was wrong?”

When Huh Sang-Soo’s eyes glinted with anger, Yang Jin-Woo’s spirit immediately died down.

After a moment of silence passed...

“Let’s endure this for now. What’s urgent is to first figure out where and what on earth went wrong, and to find the person that’s causing us trouble. We’re trying

our best to dig up information by focusing on the Yoo Bi-Corp employees right now, so we'll be able to completely figure out what's going on soon."

"Please at least take care of the legislative bill for foreign laborers first."

"That bill is going to be passed next week. On the contrary, it's comfortable to pass that bill because it's concealed this kind of issue. And let's turn a few temporary workers into permanent workers. The chairperson was also very worried about the foreign laborers."

"Those fucking Reds! They can't get rid of the beggar in them and are trying to get more than what they worked for! If they're going to revile us, then they shouldn't change, and if they're going to demand help, then they should bow their heads!"

"Money is being brought over on a large scale from Japan. When everyone gets that money, please discreetly acquire a few financial institutions."

"Is that already underway?" Huh Sang-Soo was going to grab the chopsticks, but he held up a glass of water instead as if he was tired of eating food.

"It's going to proceed next month, so everyone please be aware of that and please make some operating costs with that money. I heard that a high schooler is involved in this and that the National Intelligence Service is actively supporting him, but we're still trying to figure out if that's true because we're unsure of whether or not we should trust that information. Plus the French Ambassador, who was granted an Agrément[4], arbitrarily came back to our country, so we're planning on slicing the National Intelligence Service Director's neck in this timely opportunity while kicking out the French Ambassador from South Korea as well."

"Hmm," Yang Jin-Woo focused on what Huh Sang-Soo was saying.

"We're all going to claim that North Korea planned this, that there are too many Reds in the country, and that the reason this transpired is that the current regime is taking a pro-North Korean policy. And we have to intensively attack one place."

Yang Jin-Woo smiled meaningfully, his expression showing that he understood what Huh Sang-Soo was saying.

"Our most urgent task right now is to stop the people that are on the same side as the current party in power from becoming cabinet members, no matter what. Other than them, everyone else is our people. Hence, regardless of who we use, we can make a contract with them."

"If only we can just change the Director of the National Intelligence Service."

“Japan is going to make something big happen soon.”

Huh Sang-Soo smiled suspiciously.

Kang Chan and Kim Mi-Young had hand-made hamburgers for lunch, then they watched a movie about two lovers. In the middle of the movie, Kim Mi-Young leaned her head against his shoulder, which Kang Chan didn't see as a bad thing.

They looked through a few stores after the movie ended, then headed home. Strangely, it felt like Kim Mi-Young was calming down the chaos that had been happening. It was as if he had stepped back after being pushed around by the 'Unicorn' project that had abruptly run into his life. This was similar to when she held his hand at the cafeteria and calmed him down.

“Today made me really happy,” Kim Mi-Young commented.

Kang Chan smiled widely while standing face-to-face with Kim Mi-Young. Now that smile made him feel comfortable.

After they parted ways at the apartment entrance, Kang Chan headed to the hospital again. He got his wound disinfected and his bandages and clothes changed, then returned home.

“I'm back,” said Kang Chan.

“You're here, Channy? Where did you go and why couldn't you come home for two days? And what's with your clothes?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“I had to meet the employees of the broadcasting station.”

“You should've told me if it was urgent.”

“I'll do that from now on.”

For some reason, Kang Chan thought about Yoo Hye-Sook when he recalled the crying old mother that clung to Kim Tae-Jin.

“You haven't had dinner, have you?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Chan.

“Yes, I'll come out after changing. Where's father?”

“He said that he'll be home soon.”

Kang Chan went into his room and eventually took out and wore a long-sleeved shirt. If he didn't, it would be hard to hide the bandages that were wrapped around his left arm.

Kang Dae-Kyung arrived about thirty minutes later. Kang Chan went out of his room, greeted him, then ate with him.

“Why are you wearing a long-sleeved shirt when it's so hot?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan.

“My body doesn't look good right now.”

“Are you hurt anywhere?”

Right before he was cornered into a crisis, Yoo Hye-Sook's phone thankfully rang. A friend of hers seemed to be asking her for a favor again, seeing as how she took her phone and went into the room.

"Father, I have bandages wrapped around my arm."

Kang Dae-Kyung exhaled as if he was groaning, then nodded.

"Eat quickly. Let's go somewhere for a bit."

"Alright."

The two of them ate as if they were pushing food down their throats.

Chapter 73.2: Are you Confident? (1)

Kang Dae-Kyung urgently drank water, then dropped by the master bedroom. They went out of the entrance in a hurry, but it was still hot outside.

"Do you want to have a cup of tea?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan.

"Why not?"

They went into a specialty coffee shop located on the opposite side of the apartment and sat at a table to their liking. Kang Chan ordered and brought over iced coffees, then placed one in front of Kang Dae-Kyung.

"I told your mom that we're going out to buy medicine. Are you badly injured?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"I wrapped it in bandages because my arm is a bit scraped, but it doesn't look good, plus I have to put medicine on it."

The long-sleeved shirt didn't make him feel that hot since the air conditioner was on high.

"Your mom isn't showing it, but she's clearly thinking that you're acting weird. Your mom's gut feeling is on a level that I cannot catch up."

They both smiled while thinking of Yoo Hye-Sook.

"We don't have to create a foundation, and you don't have to go to university. Can't you opt out of this now? I just want the three of us to live in comfort. If it means giving you a peaceful school life, then I'll also hand over Kang Yoo Motors to Gong Te automobile," Kang Dae-Kyung continued.

Kang Dae-Kyung had to watch his high schooler son go around outside, understand him offering billions of won to them, and bear with him coming home with injuries often. There were a lot of times when Kang Chan wanted to honestly confess to him what had happened until now, but if he were to do that, then he'd have to explain that his body had changed first before saying anything else.

How could he do that? Kang Chan pushed down the sigh that was about to emerge.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Kang Chan's phone rang while he was in an awkward position.

"Answer the call. Let's talk afterward," said Kang Dae-Kyung.

Kim Hyung-Jung was calling him.

"Yes, Mr. Manager."

- Mr. Kang Chan, do you have time to spare in the evening?

He obviously knew where Kang Chan was since security guards were following him.

"I'm at the coffee shop with my father."

- I'll go there if you're okay with that.

"Sure. And please contact me when you get here."

Worry flashed across Kang Dae-Kyung's face when Kang Chan ended the call.

"Father."

Kang Dae-Kyung looked like he was trying hard to calmly accept everything.

"Things went on with just me alone, but it suddenly got out of hand with me in the middle of it all. I can step out of this if I insist on doing so, but I know I'd definitely regret it."

"Are you going to regret it because what you're doing matches your aptitude?"

"I didn't really want to butt in."

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at Kang Chan with a face that asked, 'but why are you doing this?'

"I wanted to do it because it's what's good for everyone and because I really like the people that want to work with me."

"Is the Prime Minister included in the people that want to work with you?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"Yes."

"I'm afraid that you're going to say that you've met the President at this rate."

Kang Chan forcibly smiled along with Kang Dae-Kyung's silly smile.

"We're creating your mom's foundation this week. Though the rules are very complex, we finally got a notice yesterday. Your mom really wanted to put your name in there, but we decided to just go with 'Kang-Yoo Foundation.'"

"That sounds good."

"It was originally 'Yoo-Kang Chan Foundation.' But we changed it because we didn't want people to misunderstand us. Your mom would've told you that she

was very upset that your name got excluded, so I insisted that the 'Kang' at the front meant your name," Kang Dae-Kyung explained.

"I think Kang-Yoo is much better than Yoo-Kang Chan."

"Right?" Kang Dae-Kyung drank the iced coffee while smiling.

"You remember what I said last time, right? That you should do something to the fullest if there's something that you want to do."

"Yes."

"When I heard that there was a chance you wouldn't survive when you were admitted to the hospital, I thought to myself that I'm going to let you do anything as you please if you can just live on. I'm going to keep this promise no matter what, so just live. It's hard for me, but I'm keeping that promise. However, I don't want to experience that again. You know that, right?"

"Yes."

"I'll be leaving first since it seems like you have to meet someone."

"You can stay longer."

"It's fine."

When Kang Chan stood up after Kang Dae-Kyung, he reached out and stroked Kang Chan's back.

"Stay by your mom's side more often rather than doing surprise events. She seems lonely."

"Okay, I'll do that."

"Let's watch a movie again on Saturday," Kang Dae-Kyung said, then left the coffee shop after patting Kang Chan's back.

Kang Chan was thankful and sorry. The fact that he couldn't confess to him the truth weighed on his mind more than anything.

As Kang Chan glared at the coffee for a moment, Kim Hyung-Jung reached his table.

"Mr. Kang Chan."

"Welcome. Have you had dinner?"

"Yes. Let's order coffee when Mr. Seok Kang-Ho gets here."

"Did you contact him?"

"He said that he's coming right away."

Kang Chan said that they should go somewhere else because he was uncomfortable with the people that could see them since they were right on the opposite side of the apartment.

When they went outside, Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho to come to the specialty coffee shop located at the intersection. They then walked there.

“We’re presuming that the attack at the hotel last time and the attack at the golf club were done by agents of China’s Ministry of State Security. What’s unusual is that they entered the country through Japan,” Kim Hyung-Jung told Kang Chan.

Couldn’t they have done that to hide that China was involved in this?

“They entered the country by cargo ship from the Seung-II shipping company, and it seems like Japan cooperated in making that happen. The Seung-II shipping company is saying that the captain did that because he was greedy about kickbacks. They’re also claiming that it’s hard to interrogate other wrongdoings. Anyway, Seung-il shipping company will get their license revoked because of the tax investigation by the National Tax Service and for other reasons.”

“We only cut the tail of the problem,” Kang Chan commented.

“That’s currently true, but we’re looking for traces of how the money was given to the shipping company’s captain, so much more solid proof should be found soon. There are also people that we’re suspecting to be involved in this.”

Things like this were disordered and troublesome.

“We used this opportunity to hold the management supervision responsible, which resulted in those in charge of the relevant departments being replaced,” Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

Kang Chan and Kim Hyung-Jung arrived at the coffee shop, and Seok Kang-Ho was already sitting on the terrace with a coffee in front of him.

“What happened?” Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“I was coming here by taxi, but I found myself walking, so I just came here.”

Now even Kim Hyung-Jung seemed like he had adapted to this type of conversation between the two of them.

“I already bought iced coffee. That’s okay with you, right?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kim Hyung-Jung.

Without needing to say anything, they sat down and drank coffee.

Kim Hyung-Jung took out two phones.

‘This is for Mr. Kang Chan, and this is for Mr. Seok Kang-Ho.’

Is this the phone that the employees told me about yesterday?

“What’s this?” Seok Kang-Ho raised his eyes from the phone and looked at Kim Hyung-Jung.

“We installed two types of apps on the home screen. The app on the left is for the radio, and the app on the right is for calling us in case of emergencies. The emergency call app includes a request for help. The moment it’s pressed, your location will be found and the nearby employees will immediately run over.”

“What about the radio?”

“You’ll be able to communicate with us immediately within a one-kilometer radius in the center of the city” Kim Hyung-Jung answered. “It’s also going to somewhat prevent wiretapping, so you can use that phone from now on. The number is the same, so if you turn off the phone that you’re using right now, you can use the new phone immediately.”

This was even better since it looked nothing out of the ordinary.

It seemed like Kim Hyung-Jung had realized some things because of what happened a few days ago, so he also told exactly what he told Kang Chan to Seok Kang-Ho.

“Mr. manager,” Kang Chan called Kim Hyung-Jung after he waited for the conversation to end. “Will something like this happen again in the future?”

Kim Hyung-Jung couldn’t easily answer and just looked back at him.

“What I’m trying to ask is, if they can get Chinese agents into the country like this, won’t similar things keep happening even in the future?”

“Mr. Kang Chan, there’s a more pressing matter than that.”

A more pressing matter? Is an army actually coming over?

“We can breathe easily by taking this opportunity. However, what the opposition party wants is the position of the Director of the National Intelligence Service. The development of Pyeongtaek port[1] is the precondition to connect the rail, but the opposition party is saying that they want the position in exchange for passing the legislative bill related to the development of Pyeongtaek port,” Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

“Then we can just do that, right?”

“If we hand over the position of the Director of the National Intelligence Service, then we could actually end up giving up on the ‘Unicorn.’”

“How so?” Kang Chan asked.

“It’s because the opposition’s end goal is to impeach the President. If they can get the position of the National Intelligence Service Director, then they’ll have the capacity to achieve that..”

Seok Kang-Ho spewed out a “Ha!”

“How can we solve this?” Kang Chan asked again.

“We need to get Europe’s approval as fast as possible and officially announce that South Korea is included in the ‘Unicorn’ project. If that happens, then all of our problems would be solved.”

“In the end, Lanok is holding the key to make that happen,” Kang Chan commented.

“That would only be possible if we stop Japan, the opposition party that’s looking to become the next administration, and the distractions from the pro-Japanese.”

This wasn’t something that could be solved by just guarding people.

“The reaction from metropolitan France is also a problem. It seems like they’re examining whether or not they should replace the Ambassador because of the recent attack, but we’re still just monitoring the situation since we haven’t confirmed the information’s credibility yet,” Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

For now, they had to examine things one at a time.

“Is it true that you’ve submitted your letter of resignation?” Kang Chan asked again.

Seok Kang-Ho looked at Kim Hyung-Jung with surprised eyes.

“This was the best that I could do to get rid of the obligation of reporting to my superiors.”

Since Kim Hyung-Jung had done that, the ways their secrets could leak would definitely diminish.

“The security guards were amazing. They had also submitted their letters of resignation, right? How about they take on the role of training the Yoo Bi-Corp employees for the time being instead of guarding me? I can just call them if needed,” said Kang Chan.

“For as long as Lanok is the Ambassador of France, then, either way, South Korea will need you.”

“But I haven’t been completely discovered yet. And since we’re on the topic, would someone actually believe that a mere high schooler is doing this?”

Kim Hyung-Jung smiled helplessly.

“According to Lanok, there’s a rumor that I’m an agent that South Korea and France have secretly created, but isn’t that rumor not going around in the public yet? It’s about the Intelligence Bureau, after all. Right now, what we need are stronger employees.”

“Understood. I’ll discuss what you suggested with my friend after the funeral procession ends tomorrow,” Kim Hyung-Jung replied.

Kang Chan first needed a reliable organization. An organization of people that are both skilled and trustworthy.

Chapter 74.1: Are you Confident? (2)

Kang Chan went into the house and found his parents in the living room.

“How are you?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Chan.

Kang Dae-Kyung winked from behind Yoo Hye-Sook.

“I feel a lot better after I took the medicine. I’ll head inside my room for now and sleep.”

“You overworked yourself too much, which is why you’re not feeling well.”

“I guess I really did.”

Kang Chan went into his room and lay in bed. He didn’t have a cold, but it was true that he had overworked himself. He heard people say this and that about the opposition party, something about the position of the Director of the National Intelligence Service, and even about impeaching the President. It felt like he had butted into a mud-slinging, which was worse than people pouncing at him with a filet knife.

“I should sleep. It’s not like things are going to change even if I worry about it,” Kang Chan told himself.

He soon fell asleep, then woke up early in the morning.

Kang Chan remembered Yoo Hun-Woo’s plea to not do immoderate workouts yet, so he skipped working out in the morning. Instead, he adequately washed up and had breakfast. As he was getting ready to go to school, Lanok unexpectedly called him.

“Mr. Ambassador.”

- Mr. Kang Chan, how’s your condition?

“I’ve recovered enough to be able to work out starting next week.”

- I’m glad to hear that.

He could feel that Lanok was relieved.

“When would be a good time to have dinner next week?”

- Mr. Kang Chan.

“Yes, Mr. Ambassador.”

Kang Chan thought that Anne had urged Lanok to quickly set up the dinner appointment, but it seemed like Lanok called him for another reason.

- Can you spare me some of your time for a few days, starting today?

“Pardon?”

Lanok’s sudden request confused Kang Chan.

- There’s somewhere that I want to go with you.

“Understood. Where should I go?”

- I’ll see you at the Namsan Hotel. I’d like to see you at 9:30 am.

“Alright. I’ll be there.”

Kang Chan was curious why Lanok wanted to see him after he hung up the phone, but he’d find out in an hour anyway.

‘What should I tell my parents?’

Things got messed up. He used the excuse that he had a cold and whatnot, but he suddenly wasn’t going to be able to come home for a few days again.

Kang Chan wore a shirt and a suit, then went out to the living room.

“Channy! Are you going to the broadcasting station today as well?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“The Ambassador said that he wants to see me and go to the countryside together.”

“You can’t. What do you think you’re doing? You’re sick!”

“I feel fine right now. I find it fun to meet new people while I go out to places with others, too.”

If it was possible, he wanted to alleviate her worries.

“I’ll be back,” Kang Chan continued.

“Alright. He’s going with the Ambassador of France, not just anyone. All of your friends would be jealous if they knew about this,” Kang Dae-Kyung told Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Still.”

“Please don’t worry, mom.”

Kang Chan hugged Yoo Hye-Sook and went out of the apartment with Kang Dae-Kyung.

“What’s going on?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan.

“The French Ambassador really called and asked me to clear out my schedule, and said that he wants to meet at the Namsan Hotel.”

“Should I give you a ride?”

“Won’t you be late?”

“I won’t be.” Kang Dae-Kyung willingly offered to give Kang Chan a ride.

After they drove out of the basement parking lot...

“Going to the hotel like this reminded me of the time when we completed a contract together,” Kang Dae-Kyung seemed to be reminiscing. “Start using the bag I usually take on business trips next time. Take some underwear, socks, and clothes to change into.”

“I’ll do that,” Kang Chan answered.

“Jeez,” Kang Dae-Kyung expressed his feeling bad for Kang Chan like a joke.

“Will you be home by the weekend?” asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“I should be since I was told that it’ll only take a few days starting today.”

“Make sure to call me if you won’t be able to come, and call your mom from time to time. I often feel bad for her when I see her quickly pacing around with her phone. She acts like that because she’s worried that you could find yourself in a predicament in front of other people.”

“But she can just call me to see how I’m doing.”

“She’s worried that people would look down on you because you’re still a student but you’ll be out working and mingling with your co-workers.”

There wasn’t that much traffic on the way to the hotel, even though it was rush hour.

“I won’t forget. I’ll call both of you,” said Kang Chan.

“Alright.”

After Kang Dae-Kyung dropped Kang Chan off at the hotel, he immediately headed to the company.

Kang Chan went to the lobby and ordered tea, then called Seok Kang-Ho and Kim Hyung-Jung in order and explained the situation. Since he could call them anyway on the plane, he decided to contact them right away if there were any changes.

At around 9:20 am, Kang Chan received a call from Lanok.

- Can you come out to the entrance?

“I’ll be right there. I’m at the lobby.”

Kang Chan paid for the tea and stood at the entrance of the hotel. Soon, a black car and a van came toward the hotel at the same time. The car’s backseat window opened, revealing about half of Lanok’s face. Kang Chan immediately got in the back seat.

“I’m sorry for already making you busy so early in the morning. A schedule was created in a rush, so I was also in a very awkward position,” said Lanok.

It seemed like Lanok was having a hard time since his dignity as an Ambassador was being tangled up with the familiarity he felt toward Kang Chan.

“Would Anne be okay?”

“Thanks to you, we got to talk about a lot of things for the first time in a long while. Of course, half of our conversation was about you.”

The car went through the Olympic Expressway[1], which was used for people to get to work, then went out to the outskirts. The car then immediately went onto the highway.

“Are we going somewhere far?” Kang Chan asked.

“We’re first going to a place called Osan[2]. I’ll explain the specifics when we get there,” Lanok answered while glancing at the two employees that were sitting in the front seats of the car. Kang Chan just accepted his answer.

“I looked into the admission requirements for entering South Korea’s universities. When the second term starts, the national university in France will send the acceptance letter to your school and the Ministry of Education.”

“But the semester hasn’t ended yet?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m planning on sending an official document in the Ambassador’s name that asks your school to be considerate of you so that you can receive the basic education in France’s cultural center as a full scholarship student. If that happens, then you won’t need to insist on going to school.”

It felt like Kang Chan had received a proper present that was as meaningful as the ‘Unicorn’ project. Lanok playfully glanced toward Kang Chan, then frowned.

“South Korea’s political situation will change rapidly by today or tomorrow,” Lanok continued.

Kang Chan just listened to what he was saying.

The car was going through the highway at a furious pace.

“The biggest reason why I was appointed to South Korea was to secure minimum safety until the next regime comes into power since there was no risk of being shot at or assassinated because firearms were regulated and public security was in place.”

“Will this matter be a problem?” Kang Chan asked.

“My country has contacted me and asked what I thought about returning.”

“I should cling onto you so that you won’t leave.”

“I told them that there were major reasons to fight against China and Russia.”

The car passed through Osan's toll gate.

"I'm desperate for a cup of tea and a cigar," Lanok commented.

Kang Chan felt the same way.

After they passed through the toll gate and drove for about fifteen more minutes, they arrived at the airfield in Osan, much to his surprise. The car passed through the checkpoint and stopped in front of the plane parked at the end of the runway.

'What's going on?'

Kang Chan turned his gaze toward Lanok. People that were clearly a part of a foreign legion were surrounding the plane.

Ignoring Kang Chan's gaze, Lanok got out of the car.

The people wore a green beret with the left side slanted downward, military uniform, and boots. They also had a rifle pointed to the ground, its string draped diagonally over their shoulder. Kang Chan got out of the car and looked at them, the feeling of happiness at seeing them, the faint perfume, and the awful memories swiftly resurfaced and struck Kang Chan.

"Let's board the plane, shall we?" Lanok asked.

Kang Chan didn't expect he'd be boarding a plane at an airfield he didn't even know about in Osan. The plane was painted like a military aircraft, but it was clearly a Boeing 737 [3]. Kang Chan was about to go up the ramp, but he hesitated upon looking at the man that stood right at the very front of the plane.

G rard Gee. The new recruit that had playfully followed Kang Chan around was standing with a look in his eyes that showed he had gone through all sorts of difficulties.

The scar from a knife that cut across his cheek from the corner of his left eye was extremely eye-catching.

You fucking child. Your shoulder is going to break.

As G rard was looking at him with suspicion, Lanok looked down at Kang Chan from the top of the ramp.

Let's get on the plane for now.

Kang Chan went up the ramp, and six agents and about ten or so Foreign Legion members went up the plane after him.

Compared to the plane's dull exterior, its interior was tidy.

Lanok led Kang Chan further into the plane where a large sofa was.

It felt like Kang Chan was being consecutively slapped.

When Kang Chan went inside, Lanok closed the midway door. Rather than being inside a plane, it felt like they were in a suite room in the Namsan Hotel.

Ding. Ding. Ding. Ding.

The warning sound went off four times, and the plane immediately began to move. Lanok probably wasn't saying that they should go to Jeju-do[4] because he was thankful that Kang Chan saved him at the golf club.

“We'll be able to enjoy tea and cigars after the plane takes off,” Lanok told Kang Chan.

Chapter 74.2: Are you Confident? (2)

The plane roughly taxied through the runway and began to take off. After about five minutes, it had risen up into the sky and was maintaining its usual altitude.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

The warning sound went off again, then the door opened and two agents placed toast, baguettes, a teapot and cups, cigars and cigarettes, an ashtray, lighters, and more on top of the table. Lanok poured out the tea himself.

“Black tea has a special taste when it's enjoyed during flight,” Lanok commented.

Since I've gone this far, might as well see where this will take me.

Kang Chan had a sip of the black tea and bit on a cigarette.

“Whoo,” Kang Chan relaxed.

After Lanok exhaled a couple of puffs of cigar smoke, he took out a neatly folded document from his jacket's inner pocket and handed it over to Kang Chan.

“What's this?” Kang Chan asked.

“That's the reason why I stole your time today.”

Kang Chan unfolded the document that he had received.

Before anything else, the red writing on it that said décès (death) stood out, and his previous face that he had forgotten about immediately came into sight.

It felt like everything in the world had stopped for a moment.

“It's the record of a person named Kang Chan from France. He died in a war. The commander at that time was Sharlan,” said Lanok.

Kang Chan liked that he didn't have to force himself to explain the document.

“The members' evaluation of the Kang Chan in that document is incredible. The enemies even called him the ‘God of Blackfield.’”

Lanok looked straight at Kang Chan, then started to speak as if he had come to a decision. “Are you that ‘God of Blackfield’?”

Kang Chan had always wished for this moment—one where people would understand him without having to subserviently explain his life. However, now that he had received the question that he had been looking forward to, he was unable to answer.

“One of the members here had fought alongside the Kang Chan of that time. Can you identify that person?” Lanok asked again.

Was this the reason why the fucker was standing there?

Kang Chan had no reason to hide his identity.

“Are you talking about Gérard Gee? But how did you know?” Kang Chan asked.

When Kang Chan answered while smirking, Lanok inhaled deeply.

“I can’t believe this. I can’t believe something like this actually happened. This explains everything—your ability to speak French, your amazing capabilities, and the reason why you asked me to give you information on the battle in Africa last time. Still, this is unbelievable.”

If Lanok was this shocked, then how shocked would the person in question be?

Lanok took a sip of the black tea, seemingly trying to hide his expression.

“Can you tell me what happened at that time?” Lanok asked.

There was no reason for Kang Chan to not tell him, but Lanok had to satisfy his curiosity first.

“How about you tell me how you found out first?” Kang Chan extinguished the cigarette, and Lanok deeply inhaled the cigar.

After a moment of silence, Lanok answered, “We’re also confused. I think telling you Sharlan’s testimony first would be the right thing to do. He kept testifying that everything went wrong because of you and that you were the reincarnation of the God of Blackfield. We were also curious about how something like this happened because a mere high schooler was the only one to benefit from fighting against Sharlan, Smithen, and the Serpent Venimeux.”

That was true. Kang Chan sipped on his black tea, and Lanok exhaled deeply.

“The day after the golf club incident, there was a secret request from the United States for cooperation. They said that they’re looking for the Blackhead that disappeared in Africa, and they said that it’s most likely within a three hundred kilometer radius of the Korean Peninsula.”

“I was told that Sharlan sold that and bought the stocks of Gong Te?” Kang Chan asked.

“That’s all we know as well. However, the United States is doing its best in looking for the Blackhead, and I’m aware that they’re only doing that because it’s related to the United States’ safety. They’re searching for it so desperately that they’re even willing to wage war with the United Kingdom if necessary.”

In the end, Kang Chan just smirked. Things kept getting more and more out of hand as time went on. A war between the United States and the United Kingdom had even been mentioned. At this rate, they were soon going to have to fight with octopuses that came from Mars with filet knives.

“The United Kingdom is pulling out of the ‘Unicorn.’ They’re gritting their teeth while saying that they’re going to revive the British Empire’s honor, but the most urgent matter is to know why they’re doing that,” said Lanok.

Don’t these gentlemen get tired?

“Identifying why the United States is trying to attack the United Kingdom when they’re acting like that is also important.”

Lanok looked at Kang Chan, whose eyes were filled with fascination and was taking out a cigarette.

“The United States requested absurd cooperation. They said that the Blackhead might not be in the shape of a diamond, but rather is a strange phenomenon. When we heard that, we examined Sharlan’s testimonies one by one. Things added up while we were searching through the list of the deceased and we checked a familiar name that came up. The European Intelligence Bureau analyzed that the Blackhead could be a sort of energy that can mutate into a sort of life energy,” Lanok continued.

I’m the diamond?

When Kang Chan looked down at his body, Lanok burst out with laughter.

“The Blackhead that the United States is talking about clearly isn’t a diamond. We have to find out what they’re referring to from now on,” Lanok explained.

“Are you planning on taking me to a laboratory?”

“No, I’m not. I’m thinking of meeting Sharlan.”

Kang Chan needed an explanation.

“To be exact, it’s Sharlan that wants to meet you. He said that he’ll tell us why the United States and the United Kingdom are acting that way if we allow him to talk to you alone,” Lanok said.

In the end, Kang Chan’s job after flying for more than fifteen hours was to meet Sharlan. And he was apparently getting involved in a war between the United States and the United Kingdom.

“Do I have to meet Sharlan?” Kang Chan asked.

“Please don’t misunderstand, Mr. Kang Chan. The fact that you’re my friend hasn’t changed. That’s why I didn’t tell even my country about the information related to the God of Blackfield. If you don’t want to meet Sharlan, then let’s just return after greeting my friends.”

What was this sly fox hiding? Based on Lanok’s expression, he seemed very relaxed.

“They’re the decision-makers for the ‘Unicorn.’ This meeting will be with the unofficial workplace relationships from each country, so it’ll be helpful to you in many ways.”

“It seems like you’re hiding something,” Kang Chan commented.

“There’s no way that’s true.”

Is Lanok hiding something?

“Now, then, Mr. Kang Chan, I’d like to hear an explanation of what happened—the process of how a person that died in Africa became a high schooler in South Korea.”

It had already been revealed. Kang Chan confessed the things that had happened until now, from the moment the operation in Africa started to his death and what happened after he was reincarnated in a different body. He disclosed everything, except for the fact that Seok Kang-Ho was Dayeru.

“That’s a really tall tale,” Lanok commented afterward.

“I haven’t completely adapted to everything that had happened yet either.”

After smacking his lips, Lanok looked into his watch with a strange expression.

“Would you like to watch TV since the flight is long? Or even a movie?” Lanok asked.

“I don’t really like watching TV.”

“I can’t believe the president of a drama production company doesn’t like watching TV. The investors would be very upset if they heard that.”

Lanok looked relaxed while pouring out more tea for Kang Chan.

“Bedrooms have been prepared beside this room. I’m going to use the room on the right, so you should rest for a bit in the room on the left if you’re tired,” Lanok stood up and went into the bedroom, seemingly for Kang Chan’s sake.

“I’ll first stay here for a bit longer.”

“Be comfortable and enjoy the plane.”

Lanok walked to the bedroom, leaving Kang Chan alone.

Kang Chan leaned back against the sofa and blankly looked at the wall. Should he meet Sharlan? It wasn’t like there was a need to kill a guy that was locked up in the basement of Loriam. Moreover, would there be a viable reason to live tiredly after carelessly butting into a war between the United States and the United Kingdom?

It clearly seemed like Lanok had something to gain out of this. Plus, he now knew Kang Chan’s original identity.

Kang Chan shook his head to get rid of his complicated thoughts. This was no different than meeting all the sly foxes of the world and being caught in the middle of them.

‘I’ll just slap all of them if they mess with me.’

When Kang Chan relaxed, Gérard, who was outside, came across his mind.

By the time Kang Chan had run over to Gérard, the latter had already gotten a cut on his cheek. They returned after Kang Chan recklessly saved him, and Gérard stubbornly followed him around since then. Kang Chan also remembered how Gérard acted during the operation in Mangala.

~

‘If you want to live, then don’t leave me.’

~

Gérard really didn’t leave Kang Chan. When they rescued Seok Kang-Ho, Gérard wiped away his thick tears with the back of his arm.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

As Kang Chan was smirking to himself, his phone rang.

“Mr. Manager.”

- Mr. Kang Chan. Can you talk right now?

Kim Hyung-Jung sounded somewhat unsettled.

“Yes. What’s going on?”

- A few things had just transpired. Japan has revealed a Swiss bank account and claimed that it’s the President’s slush fund, and they launched a large-scale report that there’s circumstantial evidence that a portion of that slush fund was handed over to North Korea by the Director of the National Intelligence Service.”

The President handed money to North Korea? Even though Kang Chan didn’t know anything about politics, he also thought it was something worth getting reproached.

- It was the preliminary work to connect the ‘Unicorn,’ which was done since we didn’t have an unofficial workplace relationship before you intervened. We haven’t sent them money after that.

Was this why they clung onto him that much, and why Go Gun-Woo liked the fact that he became Lanok’s friend so much it was as if he was having a heart attack?

“Is it a major problem?”

- The Director of the National Intelligence Service will step down. The problem is that if that happens, then our agents and I and the work we did to cover your case will all come up to the surface.

Kang Chan was about to get tired.

- Mr. Kang Chan.

“Go ahead.”

- Please ask Lanok for a favor to let you stay at the embassy in France temporarily. Our agents and I will take responsibility for the safety of your parents. If the director resigns, then it would be wise for you to go to France. We’ll also take action so that your parents can also go there in that situation.

“What about you?”

- I shouldn't have any problems.

Tsk! Something was going on with him!

“Isn't there another way?”

- We're looking for ways from various angles. I don't think there'll be any special way right now, other than officially announcing the fact that South Korea is included in the 'Unicorn' plan.

“Understood. Please contact me again if there's anything special going on.”

Kang Chan put down the phone, thinking that this was what Lanok had been going for. No wonder the decision-makers for the 'Unicorn' gathered at Lorian of all places. In the end, Kang Chan would still have to beg for the announcement of the 'Unicorn' even after he had met Sharlan, which was what Lanok desired.

‘Sharlan, you son of a bitch.’

You inserted me into a war between the United States and the United Kingdom. You're the most unhelpful fucker in the world. I'm going to break your neck!

Chapter 75.1: Various Encounters (1)

As Kang Chan grumbled while waiting for the chance to see Sharlan, he got a call from Oh Gwang-Taek.

“Hello?”

- Kang Chan, where are you? Let's meet for a moment if you have time.

“It would be hard for me to meet up with you for the next few days. Why do you want to see me?”

- Did you do something to the Shin Yeon-Dong gang as well?

“I did take care of the guys that attacked me in front of the Bang Ji hospital.”

He heard Oh Gwang-Taek dejectedly laugh over the phone.

- The elders want to see you. What do you say?

“Hey! I'd prefer you to be my only gangster friend. Wouldn't you be in an even more awkward position if they get disgraced during my meeting with them?”

- That's not what I mean. The gangsters are also getting nervous because the Japanese and Chinese are acting unruly in public, and two organizations have been destroyed. Kang Chan, every gangster in Korea knows the fact that you don't like our kind. However, if you keep destroying Korean gangs like this, then those backed by the Japanese gangs will be able to take over crucial territories. Moreover, they can just leave by plane if the battles don't turn in their favor.

“You're scared of something like that?”

- You told me to stop being a gangster! Can you really still consider someone that now avoids conflict a gangster? That's why you should be careful about who you pick a fight with.

Why is this fucker complaining?

“At any rate, since this could also put me in trouble, let's discuss this once I've returned to Korea. I'll only be gone for a few days.”

- Kang Chan.

“What is it, Oh Gwang-Taek?!”

- Contact me if you're having a really hard time.

“The fuck? Alright, alright.”

He felt like a fucking gangster's last words were being etched into his heart.

He had to prioritize meeting up with Sharlan for now. Kang Chan reclined against the sofa and turned on the TV. With the Korean peninsula as the background, it showed a bundle of money following an arrow in South Korea then going through a human silhouette and going over to North Korea, depicting that it was being handed over to North Korea.

Kang Chan just laughed because of how absurd it was.

Not only the President, but even Kim Hyung-Jung and National Intelligence Service Director Go Gun-Woo, whom he had never seen before, would likely be going through a really hard time right now.

“I'll smoke a cigarette first,” Kang Chan told himself.

Having instant coffee and ramen on a plane was the best.

Most French guys weren't able to come to their senses after trying a Korean instant coffee. But ramen was a bit different. The guys that frowned in Africa would strangely look like they wanted some whenever they were on a plane. They'd even lick their lips. After learning that Korean instant coffee and ramen were hard to come by in France, they'd collect money amongst themselves to buy those products and bring them over to France.

Kang Chan never could've imagined when he reincarnated into a high schooler's body that things would turn out like this. Moreover, seeing the foreign crew members suddenly made him want to become a mercenary again. Being a mercenary wouldn't cause him trouble, and being in a world where he needed to survive against his enemies likely suited his aptitude more.

Exhaling cigarette smoke, he unintentionally looked at the picture of his previous self that was on the table. He then looked at the word 'death' that was stamped in red on top of it. Would Yoo Hye-Sook be able to survive receiving this document?

He shook his head no.

Kang Chan held up his phone and called someone. The ringtone didn't play that long.

- Channy!

“Hi. What are you doing?”

- I was cleaning. Is there something wrong?

“Yes.”

- What? What’s wrong? Are you hurt anywhere?

“No. I just wanted missed you.”

- Jeez! You really scared me!

She sounded like she was in a good mood and like she was acting cute.

“I just called because I want to see you. I also thought that you would be worried.”

- There’s really nothing going on, right?

“Of course.”

Kang Chan suddenly missed Yoo Hye-Sook as he talked to her. Giving up on applying to the foreign legion was the right thing to do, in all respects.

“I’ll hang up now. I doubt I’d be able to come home today, but I’ll try to call at least once a day for as long as it’s possible from now on.”

- You don’t have to do that, Channy.

“Pardon?”

- Just call me occasionally. I don’t want you looking over other people’s moods to call me. Talking to you like this is enough to keep me happy for a few days.

“Alright. I’ll call you when I can.”

- Okay. I love you, Channy.

“I love you too.”

For some strange reason, Kang Chan felt relaxed and confident after the phone call. He also felt as if the rough personality he had as a mercenary right before he reincarnated as a high schooler was returning.

The United States? The United Kingdom? No matter how much confidence he had regained, he couldn’t go up against those countries by himself. Kang Chan shook his head and stood up to find the bathroom. There was a bathroom between the bedrooms, but he didn’t want to disturb Lanok when he was asleep, plus he was feeling stuffy so Kang Chan decided to go out of the living room.

When he opened the door, he found the agents and Foreign Legion members resting in the big seats that were placed on both sides of the plane, and past them were chairs placed in a long row, from side to side. When Kang Chan’s eyes met an agent’s, he mouthed the word ‘toilette’ to let them know why he was there.

Kang Chan walked past the long sofa, finished his business in the bathroom, then washed his hands. He came out afterward and noticed a paper cup near Gérard, who was sitting back against the sofa.

“Do you have instant coffee?”

Gérard sharply looked up when Kang Chan asked that question.

“I’m asking because I like the smell of instant coffee, and I want to bum one and a cigarette off of you. If you feel awkward, I can just get a cigarette from the living room,” Kang Chan explained.

The scar on Gérard’s left cheek wiggled as if to threaten Kang Chan, but to him, it just looked cute. Perhaps it was because his threat didn’t work or because he found it annoying to deal with Kang Chan, but Gérard nodded to the Foreign Legion member sitting next to him. The young-looking person took Korean instant coffee out of a bag.

It was the most inexpensive kind.

‘What a cute fucker.’

A foreign legion member filled a cup with hot water and made coffee for Kang Chan. The smell of coffee, firearms, and men in military uniforms mixing together felt weird.

“Are you not going to give me a cigarette?” Kang Chan asked Gérard.

“Let’s not go overboard.”

When Kang Chan looked at him while smirking, Gérard appeared suspicious.

“Do you know me?” Gérard asked.

“I think so?”

“But this is my first time seeing you?”

“This is the first time you’ve seen a Korean?”

“That’s not it—What I mean is this is the first time I’ve ever met you,” Gérard came out strong, seemingly displeased by how Kang Chan was talking to him.

“Are you going to give me a cigarette or not?” Kang Chan asked again.

Seemingly helpless, Gérard took out a cigarette from his left pocket. He gave one to Kang Chan and took one for himself and bit down on it.

“Hmm,” Gérard exhaled as if he was in a bad mood. He then took out a lighter from his right pocket. Kang Chan recognized the zippo lighter right away—it was Kang Chan’s lighter that he had with him just before he died.

‘This fucker really took my lighter?’

Clank.Chi-ik.

Gérard reached out and gave it to Kang Chan.

“This is a nice lighter,” Kang Chan commented.

“Hmph.”

Gérard lit up the cigarette that he had in his mouth, then put the lighter back in his pocket. He was probably alive because he had transferred to a different military camp. It was a relief that he didn't die because of Sharlan.

Kang Chan took another sip of the coffee, then smoked again.

Nothing good could come out of messing with prideful people. Having coffee and smoking a cigarette with Gérard in this way was enough for Kang Chan. However, he had one more thing to say.

“Before I go, I'll give you some helpful advice in exchange for the coffee,” said Kang Chan. He then exhaled cigarette smoke for the last time while putting the cigarette into the paper cup.

“If you're going to use that lighter in Africa, then mix oil in it. If you don't, then you could run into trouble at an important moment.”

Gérard fiercely glared at Kang Chan.

Things ended there. Kang Chan turned away and got away from his past.

Chapter 75.2: Various Encounters (1)

The plane glided down to the runway after flying for exactly sixteen hours.

In the time zone of the Loriam station, it was around 7 am. The members of the foreign legion went off the plane first. Lanok and Kang Chan got off last.

Three military officers who had been standing outside of the plane gave Lanok a French salute.

“The others have already arrived,” one of the military officers said.

“Should we go there first, then?” Lanok asked.

The officer pointed to the Jeep, so Kang Chan and Lanok got in its backseat.

“Aren't you tired?” Lanok asked Kang Chan.

“No. I liked the in-flight meals. The plane having a bed makes me want to borrow it later..”

“The United States provided that plane. I'll borrow it if you say that you need it.”

“I don't want you to do that. The price of the oil will probably be expensive.”

They exchanged nonsense while the Jeep drove on the runway.

It felt like the barracks laid out in the surroundings and the vibration from the car was consoling Kang Chan, who was tired from the long flight. The Jeep got off the runway, then stopped in front of a barrack in the second row.

“They're inside.”

“Thank you,” Lanok responded to the military officer’s salute by slightly bowing his head. They went inside, finding its bunker-like ceiling and fluorescent lights lighting up its interior.

“Lanok!”

Five middle-aged men exchanged cheek kisses with Lanok to say hello while getting up from their spots.

“Allow me to introduce someone. This is Mr. Kang Chan, my new friend.”

“Welcome, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Unable to avoid it, Kang Chan also exchanged cheek kisses with them.

At times like this, these fuckers were one of two things—they either smelled terrible^[1] or like strong perfume.

They all sat down.

“If you’re tired, you can rest for a moment. We’ll talk afterward. We have time today anyway,” one of the five men told Lanok.

Luckily, everyone spoke French.

“We got enough rest inside the plane. Mr. Kang Chan is hoping that you’d all quickly decide the ‘Unicorn’ project’s fate.”

Lanok had either already figured out what they were thinking, or he had calculated what to do before they even came here. Kang Chan thought that he had no choice but to meet Sharlan.

“Mr. Kang Chang.”

“It’s Kang Chan,” Kang Chan corrected Ludwig.

“I’m sorry. Kang Chang? Kang Chawn? Kang Cha-an.”

Ludwig, who was sitting at the left side of the barrack, answered Lanok after pronouncing Kang Chan’s name all weird, “We have already complied with your request since you’re Lanok’s friend, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Kang Chan looked at Lanok. He had eaten with this sly fox two times since they woke up, yet Lanok had never brought up the fact that they had already decided on their way here.

Kang Chan tried hard not to make his expression obvious.

“Hmm!” Lanok skillfully grabbed the five men’s attention.

“I sincerely thank all of you. Without wasting more time, let’s officially announce the ‘Unicorn’ project, which includes South Korea. This will be the best present that we can give. Isn’t that right, Mr. Kang Chan?” Lanok asked.

‘I lost.’

Kang Chan couldn't help but smile lightly because of Lanok's meaningful gaze at the end.

"Lanok, even though we've already decided on the matter, it's still too early to officially announce the 'Unicorn' project," one of the five men said.

"Our friend from South Korea is in a difficult situation. If all of you help him this time, then we'll also receive the same help someday."

If Go Gun-Woo were here, he would be having a hard time right now and anxiously grabbing onto his chest.

"Ambassador Lanok has accepted me as his friend," Kang Chan said. People quickly stared at him with eyes filled with both curiosity and surprise due to his fluent French.

"To commemorate the start of our friendship, he also gave me an enormous present called the 'Unicorn' project. I want to sincerely thank Lanok and everyone here for that."

Lanok cheered Kang Chan on with a wide smile.

"My colleagues in South Korea are in a dangerous situation. I trust that everyone already knows what's going on. I sincerely ask for your help," Kang Chan continued.

The five men had strange expressions, making Kang Chan wonder if he made a mistake.

"Lanok," Ludwig called, then grimly started to talk with a strong German accent, "Does this mean that you're determined for what happens after the 'Unicorn' project is announced?"

"Mr. Kang Chan has saved both Anne and my life. In regards to everything that needs an unofficial workplace relationship in South Korea, it'll be fully taken care of through our friend Mr. Kang Chan here. There's nothing more important than this."

Ludwig looked at Vant, who was sitting opposite him, then turned his green eyes to Lanok.

"The United Kingdom is staying silent to the end," Ludwig commented.

"The United Kingdom will stay silent until the last moment, and they'll quietly follow us after the announcement is made," Lanok said.

"If that's your decision, then the only thing left is the specific method and procedure to announce the 'Unicorn' project."

Vant, a Swiss, spoke up and concluded the situation when Ludwig pursed his lips and nodded. Kang Chan didn't know how long it would take, but it seemed like it had ended the way he wanted it to for now.

“I would like to thank everyone,” Kang Chan thanked them, yet the atmosphere was still heavy. Was he missing something?

These men wouldn't be able to live for long since they thought too much.

“You must be tired, Mr. Kang Chan. Please rest for a moment. The six of us should discuss the remaining problem,” said Lanok.

Two things were clear—only Lanok knew about the announcement of the ‘Unicorn’ project that included South Korea and the Blackhead and the God of Blackfield's existences.

“If it's okay with everyone, then I'll go out and take a walk,” Kang Chan slowly stood up, opened the door, and went out of the barracks.

The sunlight was blinding. Kang Chan, who had been feeling muddled, now felt a little better. At times like this, having a shower, coffee, and cigarettes was the best thing to do.

Four members of the foreign legion were standing at ease in front of the barracks.

Kang Chan took out a cigarette from his pocket and bit on it. He then twisted his left fist from side to side. His forearm was no longer in that much pain.

Chk chk.

“Whoo.”

Kang Chan needed Gérard to be here to get instant coffee, but it seemed like he was now resting since his shift had ended. After about twenty minutes, Kang Chan thought of going in and showering. However, Lanok came outside at that moment.

“How'd it go?” Kang Chan asked Lanok.

“We decided to announce it as soon as possible, but I don't know we would make it in time.”

“Thank you, Mr. Ambassador.”

“You're welcome. This is the least I can do for saving our lives and bringing my daughter back to me.”

It was hard to figure out this sly fox. He seemed to be showing his true self, but there were times when he'd appear to be executing perfectly calculated actions.

“Breakfast will be prepared soon,” Lanok said.

“I'm thinking of showering first.”

“Clothes for us to change into will be prepared once we've been served food. I think it'll be better if you shower after you eat instead.”

Since it wasn't a bad suggestion, Kang Chan decided to go along with it.

“Mr. Ambassador,” Kang Chan called.

Lanok, who had been leisurely looking around the surroundings, turned toward him.

“Would South Korea’s political situation become stable if the ‘Unicorn’ project is announced?”

“Hmm, it’ll probably be stable for thirty years. By Korean standards, the regime won’t change until the sixth presidential election.”

“I heard that the remittance to North Korea became a problem?”

“Once the ‘Unicorn’ project has been announced, the United States will immediately insist that the remittance didn’t happen. China’s influence on South Korea will be greater than the United States from that point, so the United States will have to curry favor with the current regime. It’ll also be difficult for Japan to survive if they make an enemy out of the Korean government. Hence, there’ll probably be a widespread correction report and a public apology.”

If that were the case, then the fight was about how quickly the ‘Unicorn’ was announced.

Wasn’t Lanok perhaps trying to use this opportunity to naturalize Kang Chan into France? Nevertheless, he had to prioritize giving the minimum return to what he had received right now.

“Should I meet Sharlan after I eat?” Kang Chan asked Lanok.

“There’d be nothing more I could wish for.”

How can he be this happy in front of me?

“Mr. Kang Chan.”

“Yes.”

Kang Chan could see a Jeep and a truck leisurely coming toward them from the opposite side of the runway.

“Do you really think that protecting the people around you is more valuable than money or power?”

Why was he asking a question that sounded like it should be in an ethics textbook? Kang Chan turned his gaze while smiling, but Lanok looked serious, much to his surprise.

“I just want to protect my people.”

“Is that always more important than money or power?” Lanok asked again.

“In the foreign legion, there were almost no instances where I received power or money. If I had followed orders and given up on my subordinates back then, I would be in a higher position right now—high enough to not have died because of Sharlan.”

Lanok smiled while nodding. “That’s true, now that you mention it. You risked your life in Africa to save one of your subordinates.”

Around the time when Kang Chan could clearly see that two agents were sitting in the Jeep...

“Would you protect Anne if something were to happen to me?” Lanok asked.

Kang Chan turned his head and sharply looked at Lanok.

“I think I can trust you to hold onto your promise,” Lanok continued. He looked serious.

“Will you protect Anne?” He asked once more. He clearly wanted to hear an answer before the Jeep arrived.

“Is there something going on?”

The Jeep changed directions toward the barracks.

“If the ‘Unicorn’ project, which we’ve kept as a secret until now, is announced, then our enemies will begin attempting public assassinations. I just want to ensure my daughter’s safety in preparation for that,” Lanok explained.

The Jeep passed the barrack that was right in front of them, and the truck changed directions. Even though he could delay it, Lanok had rushed the ‘Unicorn’ project’s announcement for Kang Chan. The price for doing that was putting his life at risk.

Kang Chan couldn’t say no.

“I’ll do my best,” said Kang Chan.

Lanok turned to look at Kang Chan.

“Now I’m relieved. Let’s enjoy breakfast.”

Kang Chan followed Lanok’s hand gesture and went inside the barracks.

‘Just you wait, Sharlan.’

Chapter 76.1: Various Encounters (2)

The seven participants of the meeting ate breakfast together.

There was a long dining table in between the living room and the sink, but it felt slightly cramped when everyone sat around it.

‘Who are these people?’ Kang Chan thought after passing over the bread and jam and as he ate scrambled eggs. Even though they represented Europe, there was no rule that forced them to remain formal while eating. On the contrary, Kang Chan found it better to sit in comfort like this and eat toasted bread with jam on it.

“So I did talk to the President while having lunch, but it seems like it’s going to be difficult in all respects,” one man said.

“What would happen if we exert our influence slightly on the finance sector and suppress it a bit?” Someone else answered.

“If you help us like that, then it would be difficult for even the President to refuse.”

If it wasn't for Lanok, then the conversation would've made Kang Chan believe that he was in the midst of megalomaniacs.

“Can I share contact information with you, Mr. Kang Chawn[1]?”

Kang Chan responded with an “of course,” to Ludwig's question.

“I'll tell you guys Mr. Kang Chan's phone number once we're done eating, and I'll also pass on everyone's contact information to Mr. Kang Chan,” said Lanok.

Everyone nodded with satisfied expressions.

“I'll be going first,” said Kang Chan.

“You should go shower,” Lanok commented.

“That's what I had in mind.”

Kang Chan headed to the shower room after placing his plate inside the sink.

“Lanok, do you trust Mr. Kang Chan?” Vant asked. He then ate cereal and looked at the shower room that Kang Chan had walked over to.

“If I can make just one phone call in a desperate moment, then I would contact him without hesitation.”

“Is he that dependable?”

“He exceeds that,” Lanok responded.

“Even if so, we would still be unfamiliar people to Mr. Kang Chan.”

Everyone's eyes turned to where Kang Chan had gone off to. When they did, Lanok wiped his mouth with a napkin, then exhaled.

“The ‘Unicorn’ being announced is where everything truly starts. I have already asked that friend to look after Anne,” said Lanok.

The five men's gazes' landed on Lanok with a completely different look in their eyes from before. They understood what his words meant.

“If any of you are ever in an emergency or find yourself in a difficult situation, then I recommend going to South Korea or contacting Mr. Kang Chan. The reason why I said that we should quickly announce the ‘Unicorn’ is also based on the fact that I depend on him. Establishing Mr. Kang Chan's position in the South Korean government is also for our safety. There's no one else other than Mr. Kang Chan that we can entrust our safety to,” Lanok continued.

“Are you sure, Lanok?” someone asked.

“I entrusted him with Anne.”

The five men exchanged glances.

“Hmm. If so, then we truly do need to establish Mr. Kang Chan’s position,” someone commented.

“Yes, if all of you have accepted him as a friend,” Lanok answered.

They had finished breakfast.

“Lanok, the ‘Unicorn’ has already become an open secret, so announcing it a little earlier wouldn’t make much of a difference. However, it’s important to note that doing so would put you at risk for too long. If a situation occurs, nobody would be able to fill in your position,” one man commented.

“I trust the capabilities of Europe and everyone here. Don’t all of you know better than anyone that our meeting won’t change because of one person?” Lanok asked.

Vant smiled when Lanok was done speaking, showing he couldn’t win against his persistence. “We started the ‘Unicorn’ under the pretext of reviving Europe’s economy, then we immediately grabbed onto the continent’s leash. Huhuhu. Wouldn’t the United Kingdom’s position would be right up ‘shit creek’ as you guys have said, since they held their ground and trusted the United States?”

“Hahaha.”

The French used the word ‘merde,’ which meant something like ‘shit,’ to belittle British people. Laughter broke out because of Vant’s comment.[2]

“Lanok, have you figured out why the United Kingdom and the United States are side-eyeing each other when it wouldn’t even be enough if they combined forces?” someone asked.

“I’m not sure. I’m also working hard to find out why. Any information we get should be shared using our usual intel distribution method.”

“Let’s do that. Anyway, I need a cup of hot coffee.”

Kang Chan went into the shower room and removed his bandages. The pain from his chest wound was now bearable even if water got on it, but pieces of skin still got ripped off with the bandages on the wound on his arm.

It didn’t feel right to ask for bandages while he was completely naked, so he showered with his left arm raised instead.

There was only a scar left on the palm of his hand that had been cut by a knife earlier.

The water in the shower was hard water, and the soap doesn’t lather well. Hence, though showering made him feel refreshed, it didn’t make him feel relieved.

Kang Chan dried himself off. Blood still seeped from his left arm.

The agents had prepared a suit and a shirt from a luxury brand. It could've been Lanok that sent him these clothes.

'I do have to buy some clothes.'

Kang Chan carefully put on the shirt and went out of the shower room with his left arm wrapped in a towel. The meal had already ended, and he didn't see anyone else other than Vant who was drinking coffee while sitting.

Kang Chan greeted Vant with his gaze, then went outside. It seemed like the foreign legion members had rotated duties since Gérard and the other crew members were now standing at ease in front of the entrance. Two agents were waiting as well.

"Can I get some bandages? I need it for my arm," Kang Chan asked.

"I'll contact the medical personnel," An agent called someone when Kang Chan showed them his left arm.

"We'll bring over the army surgeon. Do you only need to wrap bandages around your arm?"

"Yeah. Do me a favor," Kang Chan told the agent.

The two agents got in the Jeep and disappeared after going through the barracks.

Kang Chan wanted to smoke a cigarette, but he decided not to ask for one upon looking around the surroundings since it could look like he was acting out with Lanok backing him up. Nobody liked people acting cocky just because they were in a high-ranking position.

"Want a cigarette?" Gérard asked Kang Chan.

Kang Chan laughed out loud.

"I was curious if that would be alright. Should I bring over a cup of hot coffee in return?" Kang Chan asked.

"There's four of us," Gérard gestured to the members that stood next to him with his head, then continued, "If it's alright with you, we'd like to have a cup of instant coffee."

Kang Chan went inside, filled five mugs with coffee, then brought them outside.

"Here you go!" Gérard handed Kang Chan a cigarette.

Clank. Chi-ik. Chi-ik. Chi-ik.

The cigarette lit up on Kang Chan's third attempt. This guy had already mixed the lighter fluid with oil, but he put in a bit too much. Kang Chan smoked and drank coffee. Due to the runway and barracks in front of him and the foreign legion members beside him, he felt like Dayeru was going to come out with coffee at any moment.

“Are you Korean?” Gérard asked Kang Chan.

“Why do you ask? Do you want to visit if you get a vacation? If you do, I’ll buy you pork cutlets and bulgogi[3].”

Kang Chan thought, ‘oh shoot,’ as he looked at Gérard’s expression.

“A Korean superior that I knew recommended the same dishes.”

“That’s because they’re delicious.”

Gérard smirked. Was that how this fucker smiled before?

“Do you like your unit’s members?” Kang Chan asked.

Gérard glanced at the people standing beside him.

“Pull out the moment you think it's too dangerous. Forget rewards or medals. Your biggest duty as the captain is to survive and save even one person.”

Perhaps it was because he sucked too deeply on the cigarette, but it looked like Gérard was frowning. Kang Chan was taking a sip of the coffee when the Jeep returned. The army surgeon put down the white cross bag and then approached Kang Chan.

When Kang Chan pulled down the towel, the army surgeon frowned. Pieces of his flesh had been pulled off in some areas because he removed his bandages that morning.

“We need to disinfect the wound,” the army surgeon told Kang Chan.

“Please do so.”

Bubbles formed when the disinfectant touched his wound. While the army surgeon applied medication on top of it, Kang Chan leisurely drank coffee.

Bandages were wrapped around his arm and were secured with tape.

“Thank you for your hard work,” said Kang Chan.

Louis the security guard put the army surgeon on the Jeep and retraced their steps.

“You seem to be in a high position,” Gérard commented.

“Why do you think that?”

“Louis, that gentleman, is in the Intelligence Bureau, so he’s ranked higher than us.”

Kang Chan didn’t have anything to reply to his question, so he just drank coffee. With his arm now bandaged, he pulled down his sleeve and buttoned it up to cover the wound.

“Put the cup here,” Kang Chan told Gérard.

“Alright.”

Kang Chan glanced at Gérard for giving him a rough reply, then went into the barracks.

Lanok and his party came toward Kang Chan as if they had been waiting for him. They seemed like they were about to leave, considering they were wearing neat and tidy clothes and were holding a bag.

“I hope we see each other often now, Mr. Kang Chawn[4],” said Ludwig.

“Thank you. Please contact me anytime.”

The five men hugged and exchanged cheek kisses with Lanok and Kang Chan, then got out of the barrack.

Chapter 76.2: Various Encounters (2)

“Shall we meet Sharlan now?” Lanok asked Kang Chan.

Lanok and Kang Chan left the barrack and got in the Jeep that had been prepared for them.

The foreign legion members didn't follow them. Rather, they walked toward the runway. The Jeep drove to and headed inside a huge concrete dome about a kilometer away. Its interior was empty except for the lights on the ceiling. It was big enough for Kang Chan to mistake it for an indoor soccer field.

The Jeep stopped at the innermost part of the dome, and Lanok and Kang Chan got out.

“Move the Jeep!”

An order was given from the speaker as soon as they did. Louis and another agent got on the Jeep and went outside the dome.

Whoosh.

A motor sound stopped, and the concrete wall opened.. Fascinated, Kang Chan looked closely. The elevator door had been camouflaged to look like a concrete wall.

Lanok got on the elevator first, and Kang Chan went in after him. When the elevator started to move, Kang Chan shook his head. It had no button, so people were operating the elevator while looking at the camera in the cockpit. This dome's structure made it so that no one could go down to the basement without the help of the people inside the dome.

‘Ha, you're fucked now, Sharlan.’

This building was so secure it made Kang Chan feel relieved.

The elevator stopped about a minute later, and its doors finally opened. Soldiers carrying rifles were standing by in front of them.

“Please come this way.”

Following one of the soldiers, Lanok and Kang Chan walked for about fifty meters and passed through a thick iron door. After walking fifty more meters and passing one more iron door, they arrived at a large room.

Kang Chan didn't want to stay here for a long time since the room's air was murky. In the middle was a prison cell, and inside it was Sharlan.

Clank!

When a soldier opened the prison cell's door, Lanok gestured to Kang Chan with his eyes to go in. Inside, he noticed that, although still alive, Sharlan had to depend on two machines to survive.

“Kang Chan.”

It looked like he didn't have much time left.

Kang Chan walked to the left side of Sharlan's bed. The upper part of the bed was slightly raised, making it easy for him to see the latter's face.

“Your suit looks cool,” Sharlan commented.

“It better be. It's expensive.”

Kang Chan looked at Sharlan while slightly twisting his head.

The fucker was trying to deceive them. It was clear he was figuring out the security of this place and waiting for the day that people would put their guard down.

“It would be good for you to practice hiding the look in your eyes, Sharlan,” Kang Chan commented.

The corner of Sharlan's lips moved slightly. “Let's do a deal.”

“I'm going to refuse.”

Meeting Heo Eun-Sil every day was a hundred times wiser than doing something foolish with this fucker.

“I've got a tempting offer.”

“I don't even want to hear it. If that's all you have to say, then I'll get going now.”

“God of Blackfield.”

“Stop saying nonsense.”

“If you're really the Kang Chan I know, then listen to me.”

Should I listen to him or just turn away?

“I was told that the Blackhead wasn't perfect, and that was apparently the reason why the United Kingdom didn't immediately do anything when you attacked me in South Korea. They knew I would betray them. However, they're now making frantic attempts to take me. Why would that be the case?” Sharlan asked.

Someone was passing on information to this fucker.

“It's not funny, Sharlan.”

“Why would they need me?” Sharlan grated on Kang Chan's nerves with an expression that showed he found this funny.

“The United Kingdom probably didn’t buy the Blackhead to create a ring, did they?” Sharlan asked again.

It was evident that he was deliberately irritating Kang Chan after getting a clue about something.

“If you’re really Kang Chan of the foreign legion, and if something that had never happened before did, then it’s definitely related to the Blackhead.”

“Why are you rambling like this after saying that we should do a deal?” Kang Chan asked.

The fire in Sharlan's eyes burned stronger.

“Something big happened, enough to make you reincarnate into your current vessel. If the same thing happened to Dayeru, then that just serves as further proof of that. I’m also using you as an excuse to trade with the United Kingdom. I told them that if they can take me out of here, I’ll help them find the Blackhead. What do you think? If something that difficult to understand is underway, then why not make a deal with me?”

“Sharlan,” Kang Chan looked straight at him. “Go to hell.”

Sharlan smiled hideously as his bony face crumpled. Kang Chan felt as if he was seeing a human with only evil left. He left the prison without any lingering regrets, and a soldier immediately locked the door.

Kang Chan entered the room in silence, then turned around to walk right back out. It seemed like they couldn’t talk inside, considering Lanok didn’t say even a single word until they got in the elevator and went up. When the elevator door finally opened and they stepped out of the elevator, he breathed in extremely fresh air despite still being in the innermost part of the dome.

A Jeep came over a moment later, and both of them got on it.

The Jeep immediately headed to the runway. After the agents and foreign legion members boarded the plane, it immediately took off.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

When the signal that told people that the plane had reached the right altitude rang out, an agent brought over tea. Kang Chan lit up a cigarette and told Lanok everything that Sharlan had said.

“It definitely seems certain that what the United Kingdom and the United States are desperately trying to find is at least related to you,” Lanok commented afterward.

“It’s also clear that there’s a double agent that has access to Sharlan among us.”

Lanok nodded.

If we were going to do this, then wouldn’t it be better to kill Sharlan instead?

Seemingly reading Kang Chan's expression, Lanok said, "There's no need to rush too much. There are still things that we can learn from Sharlan."

Changing Lanok's decision would be difficult.

"We're bound to find something if we examine the United States and the United Kingdom's following reactions," he continued.

I knew it.

A sly fox like Lanok wouldn't just call his friends to discuss something that wasn't that important and travel from South Korea to France just to see Sharlan for five minutes. Today's meeting and Kang Chan's meeting with Sharlan was part of Lanok's plan to examine the reactions of the United Kingdom and the United States.

Fortunately, Kang Chan was on the same side as Lanok. Just thinking about having someone like Lanok as his enemy made the back of his head stiff.

"It's best not to tell anyone else that we're announcing the 'Unicorn' project for the time being. If word gets out that the announcement has been finalized, then terror beyond your imagination and international actions will unfold in public."

"Understood, Mr. Ambassador."

"South Korea's current regime staying in power will also keep me safe. I'll try my best to quicken the announcement," Lanok stood up, then continued, "I'll be going to my bedroom to rest for a moment."

"Please do. I'll stay here for a bit longer."

Left alone, Kang Chan leaned back against the sofa. In the span of two days, he had gone from South Korea to France, then back to South Korea. After arriving in Osan and parting ways, it was difficult to even imagine where Lanok would be tomorrow. Kang Chan was certainly not jealous of his life. Fatigued, he napped for a moment on the sofa instead of the bed. He fell asleep instantly.

After sleeping for about an hour, Kang Chan woke up feeling much more refreshed.

He thought about bumming off mix coffee from Gérard, who was outside, but changed his mind. Not talking to him anymore would be for the best since doing so made him want to talk to Gérard about the past.

Sixteen hours after departure, the plane landed in Osan. By the time Kang Chan had gone down the ramp, Gérard and the other members were already standing far apart from each other around the plane.

'Tsk. It would've been great if I just said something before leaving.'

Gérard didn't know Kang Chan anyway. It was disappointing, but it was better than annoying him. Before Kang Chan got in the car, he looked around the runway. His eyes met Gérard's.

‘Live a wonderful life.’

That was the end.

There was no traffic on their way to Seoul.

“Aren’t you tired?” Lanok asked Kang Chan.

“I ate and slept well. You don’t look like someone who had just gotten off a long-distance flight, either.”

Actually, Lanok didn’t show signs that he was having difficulties.

“I sleep as much as possible during long flights. That makes the travel bearable. Anyway, are you free to have dinner with Anne next week?”

“Yes. My schedule's free, so just let me know about the time,” Kang Chan answered.

Since the highway was empty, the car sped up..

They got out of the Hannam Bridge[1], and Kang Chan parted ways with Lanok at the intersection in front of Kang Chan’s apartment. He then went into a specialty 24/7 coffee shop.

After Kang Chan ordered a cold drink, he sat on the terrace and called Kim Hyung-Jung first.

- Mr. Kang Chan!

Kim Hyung-Jung sounded very happy to hear from him.

“Where are you? I’m at the coffee shop in the intersection where we met last time.”

- I’m at the Yoo Bi-Corp office. Should I go to the coffee shop?

What should they do? What location would be better?

The specialty coffee shop was more comfortable for Kang Chan.

“This is going to be an inconvenience for you, but let’s meet up here.”

- I’ll head over there immediately.

Kang Chan hung up the phone and took another sip of the drink. It was almost 12 am, so he decided to meet and talk to Seok Kang-Ho tomorrow instead.

How much should Kang Chan tell them? Would Kim Hyung-Jung really keep his mouth shut if he told him about the ‘Unicorn’ project’s announcement being finalized? On the contrary, would it be okay if Kang Chan didn’t tell them about something this crucial after saying they were a team? He found this matter quite difficult.

Kang Chan had consumed half of his drink by the time Kim Hyung-Jung and Kim Tae-Jin had parked and walked to the terrace. The inner struggles that Kim Tae-Jin had gone through lingered on his face. There were things that Kang Chan knew, even though Kim Tae-Jin didn’t insist on telling him.

“I’m sorry. I should’ve paid more attention,” Kang Chan apologized.

“It isn’t your fault, so stop apologizing,” Kim Tae-Jin responded as he shook Kang Chan’s hand. His eyes showed that he truly believed it wasn’t Kang Chan’s fault.

After saying a few more words to each other, Kim Hyung-Jung bought and brought over two drinks. The three of them then sat facing each other.

“I went to France with Lanok,” Kang Chan said.

“Within two days?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“Yes. I met Sharlan at the Lorian station in France, and it seems like he put the condition where he’ll help find the Blackhead because he wants to get out of that place, in all respects.”

“What did he say?” Kim Tae-Jin asked again.

“I definitely did a fool’s errand.”

If Kang Chan didn’t bring up the fact that he had reincarnated here, then it would certainly sound like what he did was no different than doing a fool’s errand.

“I’m dumbfounded,” Kim Tae-Jin commented.

“I also feel the same way.” Disappointment flashed across Kim Hyung-Jung’s eyes. “The mood doesn’t seem ordinary, in all respects.”

“I did see the news as I was traveling,” said Kang Chan.

Kim Hyung-Jung sighed deeply.

Chapter 77.1: Settling a Civil Complaint

Kang Chan kept his mouth shut about the fact that the ‘Unicorn’ project was going to be announced until the end. He was going to observe until he had found out who disclosed Lanok’s golf club schedule, and if he couldn’t, then at least until a crucial moment happened or the announcement date was finalized. The fact that there could be a terrorist attack if word got out about its announcement had also been in his mind.

“When our employees that went to train at the military academy[1] return next week, I’m thinking of bolstering Lanok’s security immediately,” Kim Tae-Jin told Kang Chan.

“The President seems to be thinking of observing the political situation for now, just like how he became convinced through the one-on-one talk with Ambassador Lanok,” Kim Hyung-Jung added.

It was already 2 am. They couldn’t find a good solution in the end, but Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung looked like they had become much more relieved.

“You must be tired. You should rest,” Kim Tae-Jin told Kang Chan.

“Please go on ahead. I’ll smoke another cigarette first.”

“Why? I can wait and give you a ride before going home.”

“You don’t have to do that. You can head home first. I have to get rid of the cigarette smell before I go home.”

Kim Tae-Jin smiled as if saying he understood Kang Chan’s situation, then left with Kim Hyung-Jung.

Going home was the most comfortable thing for Kang Chan. However, if he went home at this hour, then he’d be disturbing Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook’s sleep. Kang Chan held his phone and thought for a moment, then pressed Oh Gwang-Taek’s number.

After the call rang three times or so...

- Kang Chan!

His voice sounded livelier than ever.

“Where are you?”

- The Namsan Hotel.

“Did you slather that place with honey?”

- Where are you? I’ll come over.

Kang Chan decided to go to the hotel instead because it would be extremely difficult to explain where he was and he didn’t want Oh Gwang-Taek to go near his house. Since it was so early in the morning, he arrived at the hotel within five minutes. Its atmosphere was clearly different during the day, seeing as how every table in the lobby currently had lit candles on them.

“Hyung-nim!” Joo Chul-Bum, who was near the club’s front door, ran over and bowed deeply. “Gwang-Taek hyung-nim is in the club. I’ll accompany you there.”

“Tell him to come up. It’s noisy there.”

“Understood. Please have a seat.”

On the stairs that led down to the club and near the lobby, gangsters that Kang Chan hadn’t seen before were staring at him while glancing at him.

When Joo Chul-Bum went down to the club, Kang Chan sat in the lobby. Since he had already drunk coffee before coming here, he ordered a simple cup of green tea instead.

A moment later, Oh Gwang-Taek came up the club’s stairs with two middle-aged men.

Kang Chan got up from his spot out of courtesy.

“This is Kwon Deuk-Mo hyung-nim, whom I served in the past, and this is An Kang-Min hyung-nim. Hyung-nim, this is Kang Chan, the person I’ve been telling you about,” said Oh Gwang-Taek.

Both of them looked like they were around forty, but their eyes were fierce.

“It’s nice to meet you,” said Kwon Deuk-Mo.

Kang Chan shook the hand that Kwon Deuk-Mo held out.

“I’m An Kang-Min.”

Kang Chan also shook An Kang-Min’s hand without bowing his head[2]. While people were glancing at them, they sat down.

The three ordered cold water.

“Park Ki-Bum of the parking lot gang, the Woo Ak-Sang gang, and even the Shin Yeon-Dong kids this time. Although we can’t help but fight with knives amongst ourselves and get injured, It’ll be troublesome if you keep acting like this with the government behind your back.” An Kang-Min frowned.

Kang Chan didn’t order the government to step in, but he couldn’t say that since the situation made it look like he did.

“The Chinese and Japanese gangs are no joke. The Japanese fuckers in particular basically throw money to gangsters, so now all our youngsters are quitting and going over to Japan. From now on, if any gangster tries to mess with you, tell us or Gwang-Taek first. We’ll take care of them,” An Kang-Min continued.

“I’ll do that.”

Kang Chan answered in such a way because Japan could be acting like that due to the ‘Unicorn’ project. Oh Gwang-Taek glanced at Kang Chan with eyes that wondered, ‘Why are you being so obedient?’

“Is there anything that’s irritating you right now?”

“I’ll discuss it with Gwang-Taek if something happens.”

The conversation ended with An Kang-Min nodding.

The two gangsters stood up. Kang Chan and Oh Gwang-Taek did as well.

“Kang Chan,” Kwon Deuk-Mo called Kang Chan with a gruff voice. “You could say that I’m the actual boss of Honam[3], and Kang-Min here is the actual boss of Gyeongsang-do[4]. Seoul has become Gwang-Taek’s world now. We’ve placed our bets on you to show the other gangs that we support you. Even if we fight amongst ourselves, let’s not bow our heads down to the money of the Japanese or Chinese.”

He spoke as if gangsters were protecting the country, making Kang Chan smirk.

“Attend the event next week with Gwang-Taek. Rather than just hearing about you, it would be best for you to show your face to the other gangsters at least

once. That way, the other gangsters won't cause you trouble by ignorantly picking fights with you," Kwon Deuk-Mo continued.

"I'll do that." Kang Chan answered.

"Please be safe on your way home, hyung-nim," Oh Gwang-Taek said, then bowed his head.

Thud.

Kang Chan plopped down on the chair.

"Did something happen?" Oh Gwang-Taek asked.

"About what?" Kang Chan couldn't understand Oh Gwang-Taek's question.

"Not only me, but gangsters around the level of those hyung-nims have a lot of connections with the prosecution, the court of law, and more, yet I was told that they pulled out and said not to even bring this issue up. Do you have the President's support or something?"

"That's bullshit."

Oh Gwang-Taek feebly laughed, seemingly dumbfounded that Kang Chan chastised him.

"Let's go down to the club and have a drink," Oh Gwang-Taek offered.

"No thanks. That place is too loud."

"Really? Let's just go out, then."

"To where?"

"There's a good place that sells soju across the street."

Kang Chan was tired, but he didn't feel like he could sleep.

"Hey! You should also drink alcohol that a gangster buys you," Oh Gwang-Taek continued.

Kang Chan nodded, then got up. When they went out through the main entrance, the two employees at the front door bowed their heads low enough to be at the same level as their waists.

"We're going to my aunt's place^[5] so you guys stay here," Oh Gwang-Taek ordered.

Kang Chan liked that Oh Gwang-Taek stopped his subordinates from following them.

There was a convenience store to the left of the hotel, and beside it was a shabby store with 'Tented Street Stall'^[6] written crudely. This place only operated at night, so it was nowhere to be found during the day.

They opened the door and headed inside, and a chubby old woman welcomed Oh Gwang-Taek.
“It’s been a while. What took you so long to come back?”

They sat down at a table and ordered soju, beer, and a couple of drinking snacks. While Oh Gwang-Taek was making a bomb shot, the old woman urgently brought over a few side dishes for them.

“I’ve been going to this store since I was a kid,” Oh Gwang-Taek confessed even though Kang Chan didn’t ask. Oh Gwang-Taek then said, “Let’s drink.”

The two of them emptied their cups in one gulp.

“Here.” Oh Gwang-Taek handed over the second cup to Kang Chan.

“This is our first time drinking alcohol together, you son of a bitch,” Oh Gwang-Taek commented.

What’s he saying?

He was clearly joking, so Kang Chan just smiled softly. He immediately frowned right after, though, because the injury on his left arm was throbbing. Yoo Hyun-Woo didn’t say much, but he did tell Kang Chan not to drink alcohol.

Tsk!

Wanting to rest for just a day, he continued to drink anyway.

The look in Gérard’s eyes, Lanok’s expression as he asked Kang Chan to look after Anne, and the word ‘death’ stamped in red on his old picture was putting him on edge.

It hadn’t even been twenty minutes, but they had already emptied two bottles of soju and four bottles of beer.

“You can hold your alcohol, huh?” Oh Gwang-Taek commented.

“Just order more alcohol.”

Oh Gwang-Taek brought over soju and beer himself with an expression that seemed to say that he knew Kang Chan would act like this.

“I’m going to change everything I own into cash as you suggested. Take responsibility for my wife and daughter if I get stabbed with a knife after doing this,” Oh Gwang-Taek said.

While Kang Chan might not be destined to have any of his own, he now had two daughters to protect.

As he was wordlessly drinking alcohol...

“Why are you drinking alcohol on an empty stomach? Here! Eat some of this. Are you eating these days?” Oh Gwang-Taek asked.

“I ate. Are there kids that are causing you trouble lately?”

“Who would dare to do that?”

The old woman went back to the kitchen again. She treated Oh Gwang-Taek affectionately enough for Kang Chan to think she was actually his mother.

It seemed like Oh Gwang-Taek felt Kang Chan's stare, because he said, "There were people that wanted her restaurant's spot in the past. She's being nice to me out of gratitude for helping her back then. She's also like an aunt to me since there was a time when she fed me while I was going through a hard time..."

It seemed like Oh Gwang-Taek was getting drunk.

"Do-Seok still hasn't regained consciousness. Looking at that fucker makes my heart so heavy. I thought that I shouldn't let the people sincerely following me get injured like that at least. I would rather get stabbed with a knife than let that happen. Would you understand if I were to say that I can't stand to see more of my men in that condition?" Oh Gwang-Taek asked, then clanked his cup against Kang Chan's cup and immediately downed the alcohol.

"I want to open a way for people like Chul-Bum to live and eat properly so that they won't become like Do-Seok in the future even when I'm no longer there. I'm going to completely get rid of everything that I have, so make sure to really look into what I asked for."

"Wouldn't it become dangerous if an organization disappears?" Kang Chan asked.

"That's why I'm asking you to look after my wife and daughter when the other gangsters start attacking me."

Drunk, Oh Gwang-Taek's eyes glinted. "Unlike the other fucking gangsters, I earned money through my business. That's why I can confidently talk big in Gangnam at this age. The only thing that I've learned is to steal, which is why I've been leading a rough life in clubs, hotels, or casinos, but it's hard to have a long life in this field since it's extremely brutal."

Kang Chan only listened.

Chapter 77.2: Settling a Civil Complaint

Oh Gwang-Taek stumbled at around 4 am. Kang Chan called Joo Chul-Bum, and he urgently ran over with two younger guys.

"Look after him," said Kang Chan.

"Understood, hyung-nim." Joo Chul-Bum put his hands under Oh Gwang-Taek's armpit, and the other two guys held his legs. They then walked away.

"How much do I have to pay?" Kang Chan asked the old woman.

"Just give me 50,000 KW."

The old woman fully filled a cup with a brown liquid and brought it over.

“It’s brewed oriental raison water[1]. Please drink this before you go,” the old woman told Kang Chan.

“Thank you.”

Kang Chan handed over the money and received the cup.

“That man has a good heart,” the old woman commented.

Could a gangster really be nice? Kang Chan drank the oriental raison water while suppressing a laugh.

“He’s a gangster so he seems to have been in situations where he had to hurt other people, but every time he does, he comes here alone, drinks a lot, and cries.”

That fucker did that?

The old woman looked at Kang Chan as she put the bowl on the tray, then continued, “A lot of people wanted this spot before. He relentlessly protected it all by himself so that I could somehow make a living because he knew that my son wasn’t well.”

The old woman dabbed her tears with her apron, seemingly filled with emotion. “After that, he got as mad as a hornet when I said I’m not going to take his money. That’s why I’m also taking 50, 000 KW today. That man would get too upset otherwise. I felt so bad for him when he went up to me and asked if I was rejecting his money because it came from a gangster.”

Kang Chan thought he could understand how she felt.

“I’ll get going. I enjoyed the food,” Kang Chan told the old woman.

“Come visit if you ever find yourself hungry at night. I won’t take your money since I know what you look like.”

“I’ll do that.”

Kang Chan left the shop in a good mood. He was thankful to the old woman for saying that.

He ran into Joo Chul-Bum who was walking out of the hotel when Kang Chan was stepping into the entrance of the hotel.

“We’ve taken Gwang-Taek hyung-nim to his room. Where do you plan on spending the night, hyung-nim?”

“Has that fucker always been a lightweight with alcohol?” Kang Chan asked.

“He was complaining that you’re just an absurdly strong drinker.”

Joo Chul-Bum burst out with laughter, then quickly regained his neutral expression.

Kang Chan immediately went up to his room. When he laid in bed, the tiredness that had been hiding swiftly engulfed him.

Kang Chan woke up around 7 am. He felt refreshed, which was good, but his left arm didn't feel right. Kang Chan had no choice but to shower with his left arm raised after wrapping it with a towel over the bandages.

'Is this fucker sleeping?'

Yesterday, Joo Chul-Bum had taken the clothes that Kang Chan took off, saying he was going to take them to the dry cleaners. As Kang Chan thought about what to do for a moment, the phone rang.

- Hyung-nim, are you awake?

"I've just finished showering."

- An employee had gone up to your room but came back down because they thought you were still sleeping. I'll be right up.

A moment later, Joo Chul-Bum brought over the clothes.

"Gwang-Taek hyung-nim is waiting at the restaurant."

"Has he pulled himself together?" Kang Chan asked.

"He worriedly asked if we properly looked after you."

They went downstairs while smirking. A female manager of the restaurant then accompanied Kang Chan to Oh Gwang-Taek's table, who raised his hand while looking embarrassed upon noticing him.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," said Oh Gwang-Taek.

"I drank alcohol in a good mood. Let's go there again next time."

An employee brought over food, and the two of them ate breakfast.

"I've essentially cleared away everything that I have, so I have about twenty billion won," Oh Gwang-Taek told Kang Chan.

"That's filthy fucking rich for a gangster."

"It's because my stake at the casino and the hotel are expensive," Oh Gwang-Taek urgently swallowed the food and drank water, perhaps because he was choking up.

"Didn't you say that gangsters from either China or Japan were going to come to Seoul if you leave it behind?"

"Yeah."

"Then wait for now, but don't do something that'll get you in trouble."

Oh Gwang-Taek looked like he didn't understand what Kang Chan just said. The Chinese and Japanese forces had to be stopped one way or another until the announcement was made. Even if so, Kang Chan couldn't explain the 'Unicorn' business to him.

"I'm just saying that we shouldn't allow Seoul be engulfed by fights right now," Kang Chan explained.

"Alright."

"Don't take away businesses in vain like what happens in movies."

Oh Gwang-Taek smiled as if he found him absurd.

Kang Chan parted ways with Oh Gwang-Taek and immediately headed to the hospital.

He waited for a moment, then met Yoo Hun-Woo and got the bandages on his left arm removed.

"Jeez!" Yoo Hun-Woo frowned. "It festered. How are the other injuries?"

"I showered two times, and there weren't any problems with them."

"You didn't drink any alcohol, did you?"

When Kang Chan didn't answer, Yoo Hun-Woo's expression became stern. "Mr. Kang Chan, this injury was severe enough to show the bone. If you were an average person, it would've been enough to put you in the hospital for two months."

"I'll be careful next time."

After his injuries were disinfected and wrapped in bandages, Kang Chan got two shots. He felt relieved when Yoo Hun-Woo treated him.

After going out of the hospital, Kang Chan talked to Yoo Hye-Sook, then Seok Kang-Ho. Kang Chan told him to come out as he was wearing a suit and a shirt.

He met Seok Kang-Ho at a specialty coffee shop that was located between the hospital and the school. Kang Chan told him everything that had happened in the past two days.

"What's the plan?" Seok Kang-Ho asked afterward.

"Let's observe the situation for now since it could reveal the reason we reincarnated."

"But it's not like you're going to go back, right?"

"That's true."

Even if Kang Chan went back to the moment he got shot in the neck, his neck would still be in pain, and he'd still die.

"Wait. Wouldn't that fucker Smithen know something?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

"Would he know anything special when he just got dragged around?"

“Let’s just meet him.”

“It’s not a bad idea.”

The time had come for Kang Chan to meet Smithen again. Smithen was such a simple guy he’d rattle on about things Kang Chan didn’t even know about even if he didn’t ask directly.

“I want to see Gérard, that fucker,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“You’d be surprised.”

“How different could that little fucking brat be?”

Kang Chan leisurely told him he got instant coffee from Gérard and that he still had Kang Chan’s lighter.

“That fucker! That just makes me want to see him even more now,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

That topic ended there. They chatted for about an hour more and had a simple lunch.

“What are you going to do now?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“I’m already here anyway, so I’m planning on going to where the trainees are practicing the script.”

“I’ll head back to the school to teach the kids. Right, you should come to our house. Is next week okay?”

“Sounds good.”

Kang Chan talked to Michelle on the phone as he got up. He then took a taxi to Yeouido. On the way, the people on the radio continued to have conversations that strongly condemned the issue of sending money to North Korea. The taxi driver tried to talk to him a few times, but Kang Chan pretended not to notice and didn’t say anything.

When he arrived at the SBC broadcasting station, Michelle was sitting on a chair in the lobby. She ran over while smiling brightly.

“Boss!”

She now had the habit of throwing herself into his arms.

“You look really cool today!” Michelle looked him up and down with admiration on her face. As she did, she hung the pass on his jacket. The script practice room was on the third floor.

“It’s here.” Michelle opened the door and led Kang Chan inside.

“Hello!” Eun So-Yeon and the trainees got up and greeted Kang Chan.

“Boss, meet Pyo Min-Gook, the director.”

Pyo Min-Gook looked somewhat feminine and seemed to be in his mid-forties. He held out his hand with a kind-looking smile. Kang Chan then greeted the writer, an actor that was said to be quite famous, and the rest of the staff.

“Would you like some coffee, Mr. President?” Eun So-Yeon came toward him, but Kang Chan shook his head. He had drunk too much of it since yesterday, and he even drank more with Oh Gwang-Taek and Seok Kang-Ho before coming here.

“How are you?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m working hard,” Eun So-Yeon looked happy.

The inner part of the room had a friendly atmosphere. The inner part of the room had a friendly atmosphere. In fact, even the highly reputed actors were polite and didn't grumble at Kang Chan, who was the President of a drama production company.[2]

“You look good,” Kang Chan told Eun So-Yeon.

“Thank you.”

“Do you need anything?”

“Um, I want to have a group dinner with the people here.”

Kang Chan looked at Michelle. There was no way that she didn't have money, but she looked like she wanted him to pay for it as the President anyway.

“Alright. Decide on a reasonable place and time with Michelle.”

“Thank you, Mr. President,” Eun So-Yeon happily answered.

Kang Chan greeted everyone. Afterward, he went down to the lobby with Michelle and sat on the sofa. At that moment, his phone rang. It was Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Yes, mother.”

- Hi Channy! Can you talk?

Yoo Hye-Sook sounded like she was feeling very awkward.

“Yes. What's wrong?”

- Um, are you at the broadcasting station?

“Huh? How did you know?”

- It seems like my friend and her daughter are in the area. I got a call asking me to allow them to greet you. If you can't, I'll just tell them you're busy.

Does she need to be this apologetic to her son?

“It's okay, Please tell them to come see me. I'll meet and take care of them.”

- I'm sorry, Channy.

"As I said, it's alright."

After Kang Chan ended the call, he told Michelle about his situation.

"You should've told me something like that earlier," said Michelle.

"Would it be a problem?"

"There are about three to four empty roles. Or we can just create one. A lot of actors ask to just appear on dramas with the condition that they return the base performance fee."

"I don't want that to happen."

"I'll take care of it." The look in Michelle's eyes showed she was getting horny, but a middle-aged woman and a daughter arrived in front of Kang Chan while hesitating.

"Um..."

"Yes? Are you the one that called my mother?" Kang Chan asked the middle-aged woman.

"That's right. Did she tell you?"

"Yes. Please speak comfortably to me."

"Oh jeez! That's not right."

Kang Chan politely greeted her and her daughter. She looked average, but Yoo Hye-Sook's honor was on the line.

Kang Chan introduced them to Michelle so they wouldn't be upset, and the sly Michelle pretended to barely understand Korean.

"She said you should come to the office tomorrow," Kang Chan explained.

"Thank you! Thank you!" The mother and daughter profusely thanked Kang Chan. They then left the broadcasting station with bright expressions.

"Since she's only filming a few episodes, we'll just hand over the script for those parts. She'll have to train intensively. There won't be a lot of instances where she would be with our trainees either," Michelle told Kang Chan. She'd take care of it and do a good job.

Kang Chan got up from his spot.

"Boss, can you spare some time on the weekend?" Michelle asked.

"Why?"

"I want to drink beer."

“Alright.”

Michelle went into his arms with a bright expression, so he stroked his back before leaving the broadcasting station. He was now thinking of going home and resting.

After going out of the broadcasting station’s entrance, he walked over to a taxi.

‘What’s this? Is it because I’m tired?’

He was strangely irritated, so Kang Chan looked around his surroundings.

Chapter 78.1: I’ll Make you Regret it (1)

Kang Chan got in a taxi and held up his phone on the way home. He was in a crucial situation, so he couldn’t just overlook this uncomfortable feeling while pretending to not notice.

- Monsieur Kang, the ambassador is doing an interview.

This gentleman also led a very busy life.

“Put Louis on the phone.”

- Please wait for a moment.

The agents began treating Kang Chan as their superior after the golf club incident. Their response was now different from just respecting his relationship with Lanok.

- Monsieur Kang, it’s Louis.

“Louis, do you believe in your gut feeling?”

- I’m not sure what you mean.

A businesslike voice came over the phone after Louis hesitated.

“I don’t have a good feeling about today. This is similar to how I felt at the golf club. Can you tell me the ambassador’s schedule for today?”

- Please wait for a moment.

Over the phone, he heard Louis say, “give me the schedule.’ There was no way that the chief of security wouldn’t be aware of Lanok’s schedule. Louis was checking if it had any suspicious parts.

- Monsieur Kang, he has four interviews in the embassy, a lecture in the cultural center, and an interview with the foreign vice-minister today. They’re all conducted in the embassy aside from the lecture, but the cultural center is just right next to the embassy. Yoo Bi-Corp is in charge of guarding the perimeter, and I’m in charge of the ambassador’s personal security detail.

Kang Chan found nothing suspicious about Lanok’s schedule.

“Louis, if by any chance his schedule suddenly changes or if there’s a new schedule where he has to go out of the embassy, then use my name to cancel it for now.”

- Copy that.

Kang Chan had talked to Louis in French. The taxi driver glanced at Kang Chan through the rearview mirror. If it wasn't Lanok, then who was it? Kang Chan called Kim Hyung-Jung.

- Mr. Kang Chan.

“Mr. Manager, Is my family safe?”

- What's the matter? Did something happen?

“I have a bad feeling about this day. Please check on the security team, and can you tell them to be a bit more careful today?”

- Understood. Are you okay? Choi Jong-Il, the leader, is at Yoo Bi-Corp right now. Should I send him to you?

“I'm on my way home right now, so please don't worry about me.”

- I'll contact you after I inspect the situation.”

“You don't need to do that.”

This much precaution should be enough. He just had to contact one more person.

Kang Chan leisurely called Seok Kang-Ho.

- How can I help you?

“Hey, I've got a bad feeling about today, so don't let your guard down.”

- Is it me again?

“I don't know. I'm just feeling the same way I did the morning we went to the golf club. Be careful for now and be on standby just in case.”

- Alright.

No one trusted Kang Chan's gut feeling as much as Seok Kang-Ho.

With that last phone call, Kang Chan essentially secured everyone. The only ones left were Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Dae-Kyung. As soon as he arrived home, Kang Chan was thinking of staying with Yoo Hye-Sook and asking Kang Dae-Kyung to buy them dinner. If he did that, he wouldn't have to worry about them anymore.

The midday sunlight flooded into the taxi through the window as the driver bobbed his head to the upbeat music from the radio. Instead of getting annoyed that there was traffic, the driver's current actions felt much more comfortable to Kang Chan.

“Are you a security guard?” the taxi driver asked Kang Chan.

“I'm not. I took on that job just for a few days.”

“You spoke a foreign language fluently. Are you sure you're not working as a security guard for the Blue House or something like that?”

“I'm not.”

The taxi driver again bobbed his head to the music with a bored expression. Why would the fact that Kang Chan was a security guard matter to a person that drove taxis?

Kang Chan thought about going home after smoking a cigarette, but he immediately got out of the taxi at the apartment because he was worried about Yoo Hye-Sook.

‘Why am I so sleepy?’

Now that he thought about it, he remembered the shot that he got in the morning. It was 5 pm.

Kang Chan opened the front door and went inside. Yoo Hye-Sook walked toward him with interest.

“I’m back,” Kang Chan said.

“You went through a lot, didn’t you?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

He couldn’t believe being in Yoo Hye-Sook’s arms could be this cozy.

If she really knew what had happened, she wouldn’t have been able to greet him like this. Rather, she would’ve been worried.

“I got a call from my friend. She said that her daughter got to participate in a drama because you took care of them. You didn’t lose face because of me or something like that, did you?”

“Nah, not really. Michelle said it wasn’t that difficult to make it happen.”

“That’s a relief. Can you tell Michelle that I’m going to buy dinner for her someday?”

“Will do.”

Should Kang Chan just go out with Yoo Hye-Sook when he was going to drink beer with Michelle on the weekend? Kang Chan smiled to himself and went to his room. He then changed and plopped onto the bed.

He felt much better. He was leisurely looking at the ceiling of his room, which hadn’t happened in a long time.

Hopefully, the day will pass smoothly.

Kang Chan fell asleep.

Yoo Hye-Sook woke Kang Chan up while telling him to have dinner. The house’s interior was cool because of the air conditioner, which hadn’t been turned on in a long time.

‘Oh shoot!’

Kang Chan had forgotten about Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Did father say he was going to come home late?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“He went to Yongin, so he’d probably be late. They’re opening a new showroom there.”

Since a showroom was being opened, it was certainly worth going to Kang Dae-Kyung. Kang Chan felt mentally and physically refreshed now that he had gotten good sleep. It was as if the effects of the medicine had disappeared.

‘Should I go to Yongin?’

There wasn’t a problem with protecting Kang Dae-Kyung, but if something happened in Seoul, then it would take too long for Kang Chan to return.

After they peacefully ate dinner, Kang Chan went into his room and called Kim Hyung-Jung to ask him about Kang Dae-Kyung’s current location and situation. Uncomfortable with just staying home, he changed into a nice suit and a shirt after the call. He then went out to the living room.

“Are you going somewhere?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Chan.

“I’m going to see my father.”

“Your dad?” Yoo Hye-Sook’s eyes widened as she looked at him, seemingly finding his answer unexpected.

“I’m planning on surprising him.”

“Sure! Your dad is going to be very happy.”

“Aren’t you going anywhere?” Kang Chan asked.

“Where would I go this late in the evening? I’m just going to watch a soap opera that I like later.”

Kang Chan felt the most relieved when she was at home. He smiled at her and left the house.

Now that he thought about it, commuting would be annoying. At times like this, it would be best to call Seok Kang-Ho.

- What’s going on?

“Give me a ride to Yongin.”

- Alright. Where are you?

“I’m outside. I’ll see you at the exit of the basement parking lot.”

- Alright.

Seok Kang-Ho didn’t even ask why he was going to Yongin. Kang Chan walked busily and went to the basement parking lot entrance of Seok Kang-Ho’s apartment.

A moment later, Seok Kang-Ho’s ‘Chiffre’ quickly went out of the exit. Kang Chan got in the car and set up the location in the navigation system. They left immediately.

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

“Can my gut feelings be right all the time?”

“Phuhu, it was back in Africa.”

Seok Kang-Ho smiled slyly when Kang Chan glanced at him.

“I was feeling stuffy at home, so I’m glad you called me,” Seok Kang-Ho commented afterward.

This guy was clearly unfit to be a family man.

“I want to live peacefully after quickly announcing the ‘Unicorn’ project. Look at Lanok—is that how a person should live?” Kang Chan asked.

“A lot of people are jealous of that life.”

Kang Chan shook his head.

“I’d rather just go to Gapyeong with you every now and then.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked at Kang Chan with curiosity.

“Aren’t you in your heyday? Your body is in twelfth grade, and your mind is about thirty years old, so you should think about women as well. Aren’t there times when you just become horny?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Is that supposed to happen?

“I haven’t felt that way yet since I reincarnated... as a matter of fact, I would’ve had time to do that if my body was normal.”

Seok Kang-Ho shook his head as if saying that he felt sorry for him. “You should get tested for that instead of taking a biopsy of your arm.”

“What?”

“Phuhu.”

Why is this fucker being so persistent today?

“Let’s live in peace. We had no choice but to live tireless lives in the past, but we don’t have to do that now. You should spend some money and eat delicious food. You pretend not to, but it seems to me that you haven’t let go of your past life yet. You earned that money with your capabilities, so you should relieve your body and mind. Is there really no woman that you want to sleep with?” Seok Kang-Ho asked again.

A woman he wanted to sleep with? The moment he thought of her, it would be a crime.

Wait, this fucker is making me think about something else!

Chapter 78.2: I’ll Make you Regret it (1)

When Kang Chan sharply turned his gaze, Seok Kang-Ho suddenly held out a cigarette.

“There’s a weird look in your eyes again,” said Seok Kang-Ho.

This man was clearly evolving.

“Captain.”

“Just light your cigarette!”

Kang Chan handed over one of the two matches that he had lit up to Seok Kang-Ho.

“Do you know what the look in your eyes was like when we were talking about Gérard?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

It was already dark, so the air from outside the window wasn’t hot.

“You looked like a homesick new recruit. You deny it, but don’t you want to go back?”

Is that true?

“If you like Mi-Young, then just tell her that you like her. You’re still in high school, so you can sleep with her after you graduate. Either way, find a place to put your heart in aside from your parents. I’m afraid I’d get a postcard someday that says, ‘I’m writing this on my way to Africa,’ when I wake up.”

Kang Chan blankly got lost in his thoughts. Did he really want to go back to Africa? Even though they had already gotten their revenge on Sharlan?

Didn’t he shake his head because Yoo Hye-Sook came across his mind before anything else when he saw the word ‘death’ on the plane?

“If you want to...” Seok Kang-Ho woke Kang Chan up from his thoughts.

“If you don’t think that you can endure living like this and you really want to go back to Africa, then be cold and go. It’s your life, and you have the right to live it as you see fit,” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

Kang Chan stared at Seok Kang-Ho. He couldn’t even recall Dayeru’s past appearance. The face that was beside him was Dayeru and Seok Kang-Ho at the same time.

“I want to see you be happy now. But if you’re going to leave, then do it quickly. Don’t even bother telling me about it. I don’t want to cling to you while crying and screaming,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

When Kang Chan laughed out loud, Seok Kang-Ho showed his peculiar smile and laughed as well.

Would Kang Chan be happy if he went to Africa? As a new recruit under Gérard?

Gérard becoming a captain meant that, with the exception of a few guys that went to another military camp, all of the people above him had died.

Kang Chan shook his head. He didn’t want that kind of life.

On the contrary, he also knew that the wound from his past hadn’t completely disappeared from his heart. He could be intentionally avoiding loving someone and taking responsibility for them because he was afraid that he’d become like his past father.

Kang Chan sighed deeply.

What am I doing when even Dayeru is evolving?

Anyway, it felt like he had finally put down one of the burdens he had been carrying with difficulty. They soon arrived at their destination in Yongin while chuckling. After they had parked, Kang Chan called someone, and an agent approached them.

“He’s having a group dinner at the Korean restaurant over there, but it’s almost done. There are about twenty people eating with him including the salespeople, but we haven’t seen anything suspicious,” the agent told Kang Chan.

“Have you guys had dinner yet?” Kang Chan asked.

“We had a simple meal.”

“Go and have a proper meal.”

“We’ll rest for twenty-four hours after rotating shifts tomorrow morning.”

Kang Chan liked that the agent didn’t look inattentive. He returned to the car, and Seok Kang-Ho soon came back as well. He had bought a cup of coffee.

“Weren’t you going into the restaurant?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“What a cheap fucker.”

“I only bought one because I thought you were going into the restaurant. I was going to drink this on my way home. I’ll go buy another one.”

“We can just share. Give me a cigarette.”

What use was there to go into the restaurant right now and making the employees uncomfortable? If nothing special happened, then he was thinking of meeting Kang Dae-Kyung like he only found the restaurant after the group dinner.

They took turns drinking the coffee as they smoked a cigarette each. Similar to how the inner part of the alley that the car was parked at was the ‘food alley’[1], the smell of food and all sorts of flyers littered the area.

Seok Kang-Ho leaned over and groaned. “Do I need to sacrifice myself for the captain?”

On the piece of paper about the size of a business card was a naked woman covering her chest and groin.

“That’s nasty. Throw it away,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Look at this. You’re ill, in all respects. Let’s go to the hospital.”

Was this guy tired? They chuckled as Seok Kang-Ho threw the flyer behind the car.

“Go home first,” said Kang Chan.

“As I said before, I’m only going to get bored if I go home now. I’ll just wait when there’s less traffic and take my time on my way back. Anyway, this place is heaven. There’s massage parlors next to each other.”

“You’re tired, aren’t you? If you’re acting like this because you want to do stupid things by using me as an excuse, then snap out of it now,” said Kang Chan.

“What’s wrong with you? I’m satisfied with my current wife.”

Smirking, Kang Chan followed Seok Kang-Ho’s gaze and looked at a massage parlor. As its neon sign flashed and turned on...

What’s that?

Kang Chan’s gaze stopped at the van by the side of the massage parlor. He knew what happened inside it, so a bunch of guys could’ve just gone in. Still, it was weird to see huge men cramped up and waiting in a car. If it weren’t for the light of the massage parlor’s sign, it would’ve been difficult to spot them.

“What is it?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Noticing Kang Chan’s expression had sharpened, Seok Kang-Ho followed Kang Chan’s gaze to the van. The silhouettes of the people inside it were only clearly visible when the neon sign was at its brightest.

“Why are those guys sitting in there like that?” It seemed like Seok Kang-Ho also thought they were acting weird.

“Could they have seen us?” Kang Chan asked back.

“It’s only been twenty minutes at most since we arrived, so it would still be too early to be suspicious of us. Your clothes also suit this place.”

Still, their car was a ‘Chiffre’ of all things. If they were here to attack Kang Dae-Kyung, then they had likely quickly caught on.

“Park this car on the opposite side of the massage parlor. If something happens, then I’m going to go home in my father’s car, so follow behind it, said Kang Chan.

“Alright.”

When Seok Kang-Ho left, Kang Chan crossed the street at a crosswalk while calling an agent.

- We’re on standby.

“How many of you are there?”

- There are three of us.

“Listen carefully. There’s a massage parlor on the road next to the Korean restaurant. The van next to it seems suspicious. I don’t know for sure, but there’s

likely another car. I just don't see it. I'll go over there and pretend to buy cigarettes to examine that area. You should check out the other side.

- Understood.

When the signal turned to 'walk,' Kang Chan crossed the pedestrian lane and passed by the van. As he did, he quickly counted seven heads in the vicinity, but there could be more.

Kang Chan went into the convenience store and bought a cigarette and lighter. As he was looking into the drink partition while pretending to relax, his phone rang. It was Seok Kang-Ho.

“What?”

- Where are you? The van left!

The van?

- Come out quick! Your father has already left!

“Come to the front of the massage parlor!”

Kang Chan hung up the phone and ran out of the convenience store, As Seok Kang-Ho's car stopped in front of the store, his phone rang again.

“Hello?”

- Your father has left.

“Where is he?!”

- He's headed toward Seoul. If he continues at this pace, he'll soon be at the entrance of the highway. We still haven't found any vehicle other than the van.

“We're on our way.”

The sudden change in situation flustered Kang Chan, but it was difficult to pull tricks on the side of the street.

“He said my father is headed to Seoul,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“It's going to be difficult to create an accident here.”

“Right?”

They were on a two-lane road.

Beep! Screech!

Seok Kang-Ho was going to overtake the car in the front, but he urgently turned the steering wheel after looking at the truck.

It would be okay, right? This road has quite a lot of traffic, and three agents are tailing him, so it's going to be okay.

They were on a two-lane road that went around to exit to the highway, and there were a lot of freight trucks that made it difficult to overtake the car up front.

Beep!

The moment when a large container truck passed by them...

Kang Chan's heart sank. The few seconds it took for him to take out his phone and press the call button felt like hours.

- Hello?

“Who's driving my father's car?”

- It looks like he called a replacement driver[2].

“How far away are you from him?”

- Thirty meters, and there are four cars in between us.

“Is there a truck behind my father's car?”

- There's a van right behind the 'Chiffre', and there's a truck behind that van.

“The truck might push my father's car if the van changes lanes! Get in between them no matter what and stop the truck from pushing!”

Screech!

Seok Kang-Ho was going to overtake the car in front of him, but he returned to his lane again while gritting his teeth.

Vrooom!

The car swiftly shot forward, enough for their heads to be pushed back.

High beams continuously came toward them from the other side of the lane, but Seok Kang-Ho forced ahead.

Beep! Beep!

Headlights flashed.

Screeeech!

Seok Kang-Ho cut in between two cars, and the cars behind them consecutively and urgently pressed on the brakes.

That seemed to have angered the driver behind them, seeing as how their car's headlights flashed twice.

“Over there!” Seok Kang-Ho yelled.

As they turned a corner, Kang Chan saw the 'Chiffre' at the front. At that moment, the van shot forward from the corner to the side of the 'Chiffre.'

No!

A car sprang forward from behind the truck. It was clearly the agents'.

Screech!

A van cut in front of the 'Chiffre' while it was turning the corner, and a car bent over backward and turned the corner while brushing past the front of the truck.

Crack! Crash! Crash!

Chapter 79: I'll Make you Regret it (2)

Vroom!

The horrible sound of a collision rang out, and white smoke rose from the front. Seok Kang-Ho drove out to the lane on the opposite side, while the truck stopped amid its turn into the corner.

Screech!

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho ran out at the same time.

People got out of the van and the car in front. They then pounced on the 'Chiffre' that Kang Dae-Kyung was in.

Swoosh!

Kang Chan threw himself toward the man standing by the seat behind the passenger seat.

Whish!

They were equipped with knives, so Kang Chan violently struck his target's face with his right elbow and grabbed his wrist.

Crack!

Kang Chan twisted his opponent's wrist, causing it to lose strength, and took away his knife.

Slice! Slice! Slice!

He then swiftly sliced his opponent's wrist, forearm, and left eye.

"Gaaahh!"

Crash!

"Gahh!"

On the other side of the car, Seok Kang-Ho had shoved someone against the car. He was consecutively slicing his opponent's shoulder, waist, and thigh.

"Kill them!" One of the enemies yelled. People wielding filet knives and iron pipes simultaneously ran toward them.

Slice!

Thud.

Kang Chan cut the wrist of the man that pounced at him, then pulled another man's collar. How could they try to kill Kang Dae-Kyung? He was powerless!

Pow!

Kang Chan stabbed a knife into someone's side and ran it through his body toward the armpit.

“Gahh! Gah! Gaahh!”

Whish!

Meanwhile, another opponent swung a knife at him.

Pow.

“Ugh!”

As the man with the stabbed forearm twisted around, two more swung their knives at Kang Chan.

Whish! Whish!

If Kang Chan got overpowered here, Kang Dae-Kyung wouldn't be able to survive.

Slice! Slice!

“Huh? W-what?” The two men asked in shock. They stepped back while applying pressure on their slit necks.

Pak!

Blood fountained out in between their fingers.

Whoosh!

Another swung a knife at Kang Chan. Kang Chan grabbed the attacker's arm and sliced his wrist, armpit, neck, and eyes.

Pit! Slice! Pit! Pit! Pit!

“Gaahh!”

Whoosh!

At that moment, another enemy pounced at Kang Chan.

Bang!

Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.

As Kang Chan bumped against the glass window, he stabbed the person's back multiple times so fast the knife wasn't even visible anymore.

Kang Dae-Kyung could be watching him. Kang Chan had to suppress his anger, but he got so enraged it was as if he was going to go crazy. He quickly twisted the knife that he had stabbed into the guy's back.

“Ugh!”

Three more opponents pounced on Kang Chan.

Slice! Pit! Pit! Pit! Pow! Pow!

Kang Chan instantly got through the three, making the rest of them hesitate.

“What the heck?![1]”

They were speaking Japanese. Kang Chan glared at someone yelling “It's too late! Stop!”

The guys got in the van and car, dragging their injured with them. The people that came over to see what was going on ran away after shuddering at the horrible sight.

Kang Chan first checked on Seok Kang-Ho.

“Are you okay?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m alright.” Seok Kang-Ho’s forearm was bleeding, but it didn’t look life-threatening.

“Check on the agents,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Alright.”

Kang Chan opened the back door of the ‘Chiffre.’ Kang Dae-Kyung was looking at Kang Chan with surprise in his eyes.

“Are you okay?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yeah,” Kang Dae-Kyung nodded despite looking stunned.

Kang Chan stood upright and examined the surroundings. Their intense battle’s aftermath required an ambulance and a tow truck. However, it was weirdly way too quiet.

Kang Chan looked behind him. Seok Kang-Ho was trying to open a crushed car door. The white car was completely crushed in between the ‘Chiffre’ and the truck.

After about three minutes passed since the cars of the enemy had left...

The sound of an ambulance siren rang out.

“Dae! Leave it and get the car!” Kang Chan yelled.

Seok Kang-Ho looked at the car with a sad expression and then walked forward.

Oh shoot!

To Kang Dae-Kyung, Seok Kang-Ho was just a P.E. teacher. Kang Chan bent down from the waist and held out his hand to Kang Dae-Kyung. “Father, please get in that car for now.”

His hands and sleeves were soaked with the blood of his enemies.

Kang Dae-Kyung was stupefied and couldn’t walk properly. He had lost strength in his legs partly due to the accident and mainly because of the shock of witnessing the fight that occurred afterward.

“Please get in quick,” Kang Chan said again.

Kang Chan seated Kang Dae-Kyung in the backseat, then looked at the driver’s seat.

“Please go to the hospital for now, and give me a call when you get there,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Alright.”

When Kang Chan turned away after hearing Seok Kang-Ho's answer, Kang Dae-Kyung grabbed Kang Chan's arm. "What about you?"

"I have something to sort out at the back of the road. I'll be with you after I've taken care of it."

Kang Dae-Kyung shook his head.

Kang Chan looked straight into Kang Dae-Kyung's eyes.

"Father, please go with Mr. Seok Kang-Ho for now. I have to look after the people that stopped the truck from the back."

"You're... you're going to follow us immediately, right?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"Yes. If you stay at the hospital, I'll go there."

From the front, the police officers and medical workers ran over.

"Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, please go to the Bang Ji Hospital if you're not too injured. And please contact President Kim Tae-Jin and tell him to send more employees to the hospital," said Kang Chan.

After he closed the car door, Kang Chan walked to the car that the agents were in. Two police officers were clinging onto the car door and were trying to open it. Beyond the broken glass, the three agents could be seen. They were all over the car and were covered in blood.

'They hadn't even had a proper dinner yet.'

Why did he think about that at this moment? The tow truck driver brought over the equipment. On one side, the cars slowly moved according to the police officer's hand signals.

Kang Chan went to the truck. The door was wide open, and the driver's seat was empty. He then went to Kang Dae-Kyung's 'Chiffre.' Beside it was a middle-aged man sitting on the road. He got startled upon seeing Kang Chan.

"Are you that car's driver?" Kang Chan asked the man.

"Huh? Oh, yes, yes. I did."

This person was indeed just a replacement driver.

"Have you been paid yet?" Kang Chan asked again.

"No, but it's fine."

Kang Chan took out 100,000 KW from his wallet and gave it to the driver.

"Please make sure to go to the hospital and contact Kang Yoo Motors if you're hurt anywhere," Kang Chan said.

"Thank you. Thank you."

Kang Chan walked out to one side, then held his phone.

- Mr. Kang Chan.

“Mr. Manager, I’m at Yongin. The three agents guarding my father are severely injured. They might...”

- Understood. What’s your exact location?

Surprisingly, Kim Hyung-Jung sounded calm.

“My father has left for the Bang Ji Hospital with Seok Kang-Ho. I’m at the outskirts of Yongin. I don’t know the exact name of this road, but it’s headed to Seoul.”

- Has the police arrived?

“Yes.”

- I’ll find out your location, then I’ll contact you.

After Kang Chan ended the call, he called Oh Gwang-Taek.

- Kang Chan? How can I help you? Do you want to drink again?

He didn’t even know why Kang Chan called. He just seemed genuinely happy to hear from him.

“Oh Gwang-Taek, let me ask for a favor.”

- What is it? You asking for a favor scares me.

“My father was attacked today at Yongin. Find the people who did it.”

- What? What did you say just now?

“Some people attacked my father at the Yongin-Seoul boundary. They crashed into the back of his car with a truck, then thronged over with two vehicles—a van and a sedan. There was a Japanese guy involved. Can you find them?”

- What about you? No, wait, your father! Is your father safe?

“Three employees either died or are in critical conditions. As you requested, I’ll make it so that the institutions don’t get involved. But find the people who did this.”

Kang Chan heard the sound of a quiet sigh across the phone.

- Hang up. I’ll find them as fast as I can and let you know.

Kang Chan smirked after he hung up the phone.

Sons of bitches. They followed the Japanese’s orders and tried to kill Kang Dae-Kyung even though they didn’t have any resentment toward him.

You guys messed with the wrong person.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Kang Chan got a call from Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Hello?”

- Mr. Kang Chan, the video that was taken at the time of the accident is being uploaded on the Internet. Please leave the scene for now.

What's he saying?

- It seems like there were people that were recording the scene with their phones. We're trying to conduct a media blackout about it, but it's difficult to delete videos that are personally being uploaded. It's hard for the National Intelligence Service to publicly do something due to the whole incident revolving around money being sent to North Korea, so please leave the scene for now. If you stay there, you're definitely going to prison.

“What about Seok Kang-Ho?”

- I already called him. We'll take action as soon as he arrives at the Bang Ji Hospital. You should really leave the area now.

“Understood.”

How could videos be uploaded already? It hadn't even been that long since the cars were moved after the incident happened.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

“Hello?”

- Are you okay? Are you hurt anywhere?

Kim Tae-Jin's voice strangely comforted him.

- Don't worry about the Bang Ji Hospital. They haven't arrived yet, but thirty of our employees are surrounding its perimeters, and I sent another ten employees to guard their room. I also stationed twenty more employees in front of the apartment as a precaution.

“Thank you.”

- I heard from Hyung-Jung. Leave immediately and stay somewhere safe in Yongin. I'm leaving now, so I'll arrive in forty minutes.

“I'm going.”

- Kang Chan, if something happens to you now, then everything will go awry. I also can't stand to see the members of my company getting injured. We didn't cause this, so let's avoid others until my friend takes care of everything. We should just watch from afar.

Kang Chan heard the sound of a car starting up. It was difficult to refuse this kind of sincerity.

“Alright. I'll call you after finding a place to stay in.”

- Be quick. I'll see you in a bit.

Kang Chan hung up the phone, looked around his surroundings, and found the replacement driver getting in the van.

“Mister!”

Kang Chan called out to him, and the man turned his head in surprise.

“Please give me a ride as well!” Kang Chan yelled.

“Sure! Come quickly!”

Despite being surprised, the man gave Kang Chan an amicable look.

Kang Chan quickly went over and got in the van. The driver said that he was a replacement driver and that he should be paid for this. When Kang Chan handed him 50,000 KW for both of them, the driver got excited and said that he’d even go to Seoul if Kang Chan gave him another 50,000 KW.

“They told me to go to the police station tomorrow,” the replacement driver told Kang Chan.

“Please go and tell them what you saw.”

“Alright. But the people that left first...”

Kang Chan smirked at the man. “What just happened has nothing to do with you and is already over, so please don’t worry too much.”

“Alright,” the man answered as he glanced at Kang Chan. Kang Chan followed the man’s gaze on his upper body, finding bloodstains all over it. It didn’t look too bad since his shirt was black, but it was stained enough for the blood to be clearly visible whenever light flashed across him.

Those sons of bitches had even ruined the clothes that he liked.

Kang Chan took off the jacket, turned it inside out, and draped it over his arm.

About twenty minutes later, Kang Chan got out of the taxi at the other side of the restaurant where Kang Dae-Kyung had a group dinner. He went to the coffee shop Seok Kang-Ho had bought coffee from and sat down. After ordering coffee, he contacted Kim Tae-Jin, took out a cigarette, and bit on it. His phone rang.

“Hello?”

- Channy! I saw that there was a knife fight at Yongin. Was that you by any chance?

Michelle saw that already?

- That video unexpectedly popped up while I was searching for dramas and actors. It keeps on getting deleted, but if I really want to, I can still find it and watch it as many times as I want. That was you, wasn’t it?

Michelle’s voice started to tremble when Kang Chan didn’t answer.

- Channy! Where are you? Are you hurt?

“I’m not injured. I’m okay. But I’d probably have to avoid people for a short while until things settle down. I might not be able to talk to you via phone for the time being as well.

- Where are you going to stay? No, stay with me. I have a workroom that's not in Bang Bae-dong. You can stay there! Where are you? I'll go there.

“Someone's coming here to pick me up, but I'll contact you if things get uncomfortable. Don't worry too much and do a good job in producing the drama.”

- Channy! Don't do that!

Michelle was on the verge of tears.

“I said you've got nothing to worry about. Everything's going to be taken care of soon, so let's drink beer together then. There's someone that's coming here, so I have to contact them.”

- Alright. Make sure to contact me, okay?

“Sure.”

Kang Chan hung up the phone and bit on the cigarette again. The incident was bigger than he had expected. Kang Chan stared at his phone. Should he call Yoo Hye-Sook first? What would she do if he or Kang Dae-Kyung wasn't there?

As Kang Chan was frowning, a car stopped in front of the coffee shop. It was the car that Kang Chan had ridden with Kim Tae-Jin when they were going to Mount Jiri.

Kim Tae-Jin got out of the car, then smiled leisurely while looking at Kang Chan.

“Wait here. I'm going to buy coffee,” Kim Tae-Jin said, then gestured to Kang Chan's clothes with his eyes. In that short moment, it seemed he had already noticed the bloodstains on Kang Chan's clothes.

“They appear to be making frantic efforts.” Kim Tae-Jin sat down opposite Kang Chan a moment later. He put his coffee down on the table.

“They're likely trying to stop us somehow before the 'Unicorn' is announced. Still, I didn't expect they'd try to kill your father,” Kim Tae-Jin continued.

“A Japanese was involved in this.”

Kim Tae-Jin took a sip of his coffee, then tilted his head. “Their actions can't be explained. If your identity has been revealed, then they should've tried to kill you instead. They have nothing to gain by killing your father. At best, it'll just make you want to get revenge on them...”

Kim Tae-Jin briefly raised his head. Kang Chan also had the same thoughts. But when he carefully thought about it, it seemed like a stretch. They weren't in a movie. Would they really kill Kang Dae-Kyung just to drive Kang Chan into a wall?

“Let's not go that far,” said Kang Chan.

“Hmm, if we take the profit that the 'Unicorn' would bring into consideration, then it might not be true.”

Kang Chan shook his head. “Didn’t you say that everyone will profit if the ‘Unicorn’ gets connected? From my perspective, the conglomerates don’t have anything to lose. Rather, won’t they earn even more money from it? However, for the Japanese, this is worth screaming and throwing themselves at us. The question is why they’d try to kill my father.”

Kim Tae-Jin poured about half of his coffee into Kang Chan’s cup, perhaps because he didn’t like his coffee hot.

“The conglomerates and those with vested rights could dislike having the current regime being maintained like this since the privilege and benefits that they had enjoyed until now would disappear,” Kim Tae-Jin explained.

“But didn’t you say that everyone will be well off?”

“They’re already well off. Anyway, let’s observe the situation for now.”

“My mother is going to be very surprised.”

“Is she alone right now?”

“Yes. That’s why I’m worried.” Kang Chan was heavy-hearted.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

“Father?” Kang Chan answered his phone.

- Are you okay? Are you safe?

“I’m drinking coffee in downtown Yongin right now. The President of Yoo Bi-Corp is also with me.

- Okay. I’m going home now.

“Father? You have to do a proper examination.”

- I was told that there was nothing wrong with me. I’ll have to go home. Your mom’s going to be worried, and I’m going to have to console her.

Kang Chan deeply breathed a sigh of relief.

- Let’s not tell your mom what happened today for the time being. I’ll just mention it in passing once you’ve gone home and the three of us are together. Okay?

“Yes. I’ll do that.”

- Chan.

“Yes.”

Kang Chan heard the sound of him inhaling deeply.

“You’ll get home safely, right?”

Kang Chan answered with an “of course.”

- Your P.E. teacher is a really wonderful person.

Kang Chan couldn't help but laugh out loud at Kang Dae-Kyung's evaluation of Seok Kang-Ho.

- Then I'll be at home.

"Okay."

- Wait.

What's going on?

- It's me.

Kang Chan heard Seok Kang-Ho. He sounded serious.

"Go on."

- I'll call you again after I accompany your father home. We're going to go with the Yoo Bi-Corp employees stationed here, so you probably don't need to worry.

"You worked hard. How's your injury?"

- Let's talk about the details later.

After their strange conversation, Kang Chan heard, "Let's go, Mr. Kang Dae-Kyung," and "Yes, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho." The call ended then.

If Kang Dae-Kyung was at home, then Kang Chan would feel somewhat relieved.

The remaining problem was how they'd take care of the videos that got uploaded to the Internet and find out the people behind this.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Kang Chan looked at his phone, then texted that he was going to contact them later.

"Who's that?" Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan.

"It's Heo Eun-Sil, one of the female students you've seen at the school."

"Ah! The tenacious-looking female student?"

Kang Chan wondered if it was possible to describe that bitch like this.

Cha So-Yeon, Moon Ki-Jin, and a few other people called him as well, but he declined all of them. Considering how many calls he got, then people likely somewhat recognized him in the video.

"Hyung-Jung has to cover up this incident properly," Kim Tae-Jin commented and looked at Kang Chan with a worried expression.

"I'm more worried about the three agents that got injured."

Kim Tae-Jin wordlessly drank the coffee when Kang Chan said that.

After they smoked a cigarette...

"Let's get up," Kim Tae-Jin said and got up.

Chapter 80.1: Let's Pinpoint Things One by One (1)

On their way to Seoul, Kang Chan made up his mind.

He didn't know who the people that tried to kill Kang Dae-Kyung were, but letting them get away like this would be stupid. They had stopped those assailants for now, but they would certainly attack again. He had learned this lesson so many times in Africa that he had grown tired of it.

It wasn't like the order to imprison them had been issued yet.

'We have to find them fast.'

"Have you had dinner yet?" Kim Tae-Jin asked.

"Yes. What about you?"

"I have. If the police or the prosecution makes a move, then Kim Hyung-Jung will tell us all about it, so how about we go to the office for now? That would make it easier for him and Mr. Seok Kang-Ho to come to us as well."

"Sure."

There wasn't that much traffic past Yongyin. At some point, Seok Kang-Ho called Kang Chan, and Kang Chan told him to come to Yoo Bi-Corp, which was close enough to their houses that they could just run back home if necessary.

Seok Kang-Ho had arrived at Yoo Bi-Corp before them and was waiting for them.

"How's your arm?" Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho.

"I only needed four stitches."

Seok Kang-Ho was wearing a cotton shirt. It would've been uncomfortable to go around while wearing clothes torn all over.

Kim Tae-Jin brought over cold drinks and said, "Now, then. Let's have a drink and watch that video."

"You haven't seen it?" Kang Chan asked.

"Things were chaotic while I was deploying the employees to the hospital and the apartment."

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho focused on Kim Tae-Jin's computer screen with their arms on the table.

"Is this it?"

"Kyyaa!"

They clicked on the video, and a nearby woman's scream rang out.

The shaky video showed two people fighting gangsters. One of them was wearing a suit, and the other was in a casual outfit.

The video was only about forty seconds long, but it showed their outline enough for people that knew Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho to think, 'Could that be them?'

The video also showed Kang Chan slashing someone from their chest to shoulder with a knife. However, since the video was shot from the driver's seat, it was thankful difficult to determine what he was doing exactly due to the car covering him.

“Some people are claiming it's a promotion for a movie, but a lot are asking why it isn't being reported in the news if so. The National Intelligence Service is steering the public to believe that it's for a movie for now, but they seem to be having a hard time convincing everyone,” Kim Tae-Jin said.

They returned to the table.

“The situation's a lot better than it could've been since Kang Chan was fortunately on the opposite side of the car and the video mostly only got to capture Mr. Seok Kang-Ho's back. ” Kim Tae-Jin commented.

Kim Tae-Jin was being optimistic about it. However, bluntly put, the video showed Kang Chan's face and all of Seok Kang-Ho.

“Anyway, the National Intelligence Service is making excuses to stop it from being reported on the news. If need be, they're also going to steer the situation to make it appear as self-defense. That's why we should just wait for now,” Kim Tae-Jin continued.

They were all together, but they didn't have anything special to do.

It would also be reckless to go anywhere else right now since Kim Hyung-Jung hadn't contacted them yet since they came here. Kang Chan thought about calling him, but he decided to wait a bit longer for now after wondering how bad the situation had to be to prevent Kim Hyung-Jung from contacting them.

A moment later, Kang Chan's phone rang. It was Oh Gwang-Taek.

“Hello?”

- Kang Chan, it's me.

“Did you find out who they are?”

- No, but this is a bit strange.

“What is?”

He didn't appear to be making excuses for being unable to find out their assailants' identity.

- I searched high and low, every nook and cranny, but I couldn't figure out who they are at all. But then I looked at the 'knife fight' video on the Internet. I know one of the people in it.”

“Who was it?”

- He used to live with us when we were kids, but he eventually left for China. I think it's been more than ten years ago. Anyway, he's the second person Mr. Seok Kang-Ho fought.

“Will you be able to find him?”

- He was with the Japanese gangsters. If he's on their side now, then even I refuse to leave him be.

“Don't touch him—no matter what.”

- I get it, I get it. Hey! Why is Mr. Seok Kang-Ho so good with a knife?

“Just find that man quickly. Stop talking nonsense.”

After Kang Chan put the phone down, he told Seok Kang-Ho and Kim Tae-Jin exactly what Oh Gwang-Taek had said.

“If so, then doesn't that mean those gangsters also got into South Korea through Japan?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“That would be the case, wouldn't it? They're like the ones that attacked Lanok recently,” Kang Chan replied.

“That's a bit suspicious.”

It looked like Kim Tae-Jin thought the same. After thirty more minutes had passed, Kang Chan thought they should just go. However, his phone soon rang.

- Mr. Kang Chan, where are you right now?

“I'm at Mr. Kim Tae-Jin's office.”

- Understood. I'll be there soon.

Kang Chan wanted to ask about the three agents' conditions but didn't since Kim Hyung-Jung said that he was coming over anyway. After Kang Chan had another drink, Kim Hyung-Jung came into the office. He looked quite tired.

“The gangsters that attacked us today aren't from a domestic organization. We think they're from China, but we're going to get an outline of who they are by tomorrow,” said Kim Hyung-Jung.

Kang Chan told Kim Hyung-Jung what Oh Gwang-Taek had said.

“They used the same method as last time,” Kim Hyung-Jung commented.

“That's what we think as well. The question is why they targeted my father.”

“If we figure out who those gangsters are, then that question will be answered.”

“What happened to the agents?” Kang Chan asked expecting bad news.

“Fortunately, they're alive. The agent in the back seat was severely injured, so we were told that he has to be hospitalized for about six months. The other two are suffering from fractures and contusions. However, according to their current medical results, they're not critical.”

“Whoo,” Kang Chan sighed as he leaned back on the chair.

That was good to hear. He was really happy for them.

“I said you could be imprisoned because the police officers that came to the scene at that time were acting suspiciously. The National Intelligence Service has requested cooperation from the press and the broadcasting companies with the thought of covering up the incident, so you can probably rest easy about that for now,” Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

“A video of the incident was uploaded multiple times, though?” Kang Chan asked again.

“We already took measures against the first uploader, and the phone recording has already been deleted. We’re soon going to sort out the situation by concluding that they misunderstood a fight scene for a movie as a real fight.”

What would’ve happened by now if they didn’t have Kim Hyung-Jung?

“Mr. Seok Kang Ho, is your arm okay?” Kim Hyung-Jung asked.

“Yes—I only had to have four stitches.”

“That’s a relief,” Kim Hyung-Jung said, then chugged his drink.

“Mr. Manager.”

Kim Hyung-Jung looked at Kang Chan while putting down the cup.

“There’s no point in doing just this. If we just let them get away with it this time as well like what happened when they attacked Lanok, then they’ll just keep coming until they succeed. Have we found a connection between those that attacked us today and those that attacked us at the golf club last time?” Kang Chan asked.

“Not yet.”

“Wouldn’t we get a gist of who they are if we catch the troublemakers today?”

“That’s true, but it’s hard to attack their backer with just their testimonies. It also doesn’t help that the current political situation is working against us.”

If so, then Kang Chan could just attack them himself. He thought of doing it as soon as he became sure of their assailants’ identities.

“Mr. Kang Chan, you’re going to lose if you move rashly,” Kim Hyung-Jung warned.

“That won’t happen.” Kang Chan adamantly shook his head. “Those people can do anything while we’re here waiting out of fear of someone from our side getting hurt or killed. Be it Lanok or my father, they would win.”

Kim Tae-Jin shifted his gaze between Kang Chan and Kim Hyung-Jung.

“If someone dies while we’re stuck here, then it’s going to be too late by that point,” Kang Chan continued.

Kim Hyung-Jung exhaled as if groaning, and Kim Tae-Jin only listened with a grave expression.

After a moment of silence had passed, Kim Hyung-Jung said, “Mr. Kang Chan, no matter how angry you get, you should act within the legal boundaries.”

He should act within the legal boundaries even though their enemies fired bullets at them in a golf club and tried to kill them with knives on the outskirts of Seoul? Kang Chan was frustrated, but he stayed silent.

Things like this shouldn’t be forced. He just had to act on his own.

Kang Chan left Yoo Bi-Corp in a comfortable mood and dropped by a specialty coffee shop with Seok Kang-Ho at an intersection near their houses.

“Let’s eat bingsu,” Seok Kang-Ho said. A moment later, he brought over two large bowls of bingsu.

“You should’ve just bought one—why did you stupidly order two?” Kang Chan asked.

“You said that I was cheap a moment ago, and now you’re acting like this?”

“You seem to be having fun.”

Seok Kang-Ho stuck a spoon into Kang Chan’s bingsu. “I honestly feel like I can breathe easily again. I was so angry when I was stuck hanging on a tree last time.”

Kang Chan couldn’t blame him for thinking that way. He scooped up patbingsu and ate it.

“Patbingsu is better than drinks,” Kang Chan commented.

“As I said, eating it occasionally is alright.”

Despite having just said that he was angry, he was now eating large scoops of patbingsu. Kang Chan ate patbingsu while laughing.

“Are you going home?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“I should.”

“Don’t do this alone.”

What’s he saying?

“Why are you acting like this? I can obviously tell what you’re going to do based on the look in your eyes. You’re going to run out right away when Oh Gwang-Taek contacts you. I’m saying that you shouldn’t exclude me when you do so.”

“Is that what my expression is showing?” Kang Chan asked.

“How couldn’t I know? Your eyes are burning with anger. Let’s make this clear—are you going to exclude me or take me with you?”

“Aren’t you tired of this?”

Seok Kang-Ho put down his spoon. “Captain, don’t you want hot coffee right now?”

“Can you also see that in my eyes?”

“See? It’s the same thing.”

Seok Kang-Ho answered and went to the counter. What was that? It felt like he heard something amazing, but also like he just got swayed by nonsense. Seok Kang-Ho came back with only one cup of coffee.

“Good job,” Kang Chan praised Seok Kang-Ho.

“See? Don’t you want cigarettes as well?”

Kang Chan couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

Seok Kang-Ho lit up his cigarette, then said in a serious tone, “It’s not like I miss our life in Africa. I like how it is now. Despite being a teacher, I got to abruptly buy an apartment in Gangnam and give my wife a fortune thanks to you. Even after doing all that, I still have a few hundred million won in my bank account. Still, I want you to recognize me as much as I recognize you, as a man and a member of your crew.”

This fucker had completely gotten rid of his stupidity and was now smarter than before.

“What’s with that expression?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Suddenly hearing something cool got my ears muffled.”

“Phuhu, I have always been a bit cool.”

Smoking cigarettes and sharing hot coffee made Kang Chan feel much better, though it could’ve been because he confessed how he truly felt about the situation to Seok Kang-Ho.

“Let’s attack them as soon as Oh Gwang-Taek contacts me,” Kang Chan said.

“Alright.”

“You packed the kukri last time, right?”

“It’s at home. I should probably sharpen it, shouldn’t I?”

When Kang Chan nodded, Seok Kang-Ho grinned in response.

Chapter 80.2: Let’s Pinpoint Things One by One (1)

It was almost midnight by the time Kang Chan had come home. He had left his bloody jacket to Seok Kang-Ho.

“Is that you, Channy?”

When Kang Chan opened the front door of the apartment, Yoo Hye-Sook walked toward him. She looked worried.

“Huh? You haven’t slept yet, mother?” Kang Chan asked back.

“Yeah. Your dad isn’t feeling well.”

“He isn’t?”

“He’s taken medicine and is sleeping now, but his neck and back are apparently in a really bad condition. He told me he’ll go to the hospital tomorrow, but he can’t sleep deeply and he also keeps having sleep paralysis. Was he alright while he was with you?”

“Ah! Yes. He was fine earlier.”

Kang Chan roughly prevaricated his answer, hurriedly changed, then went out to the living room. Yoo Hye-Sook was sitting on the sofa.

“Please don’t worry too much. Let’s take him to the hospital tomorrow,” said Kang Chan.

“Okay, Channy.”

Yoo Hye-Sook looked at Kang Chan. She seemed drained.

“Right, I got a lot of calls today. People said that a horrible video about a knife fight or something has been uploaded, and they were asking if that was you in the video. Do you know what that’s about?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“I did hear about that. I heard it for a movie promotion. Haven’t you watched it?”

“I can’t watch things like that,” Yoo Hye-Sook shuddered.

“I thought about calling you a few times, but I didn’t since there was no way you would do that. I was worried that I’d just distract you from work as well with something pointless. Right! You must be tired. Go to your room and rest.”

“Not at all! I feel good because I’m with you.”

Kang Chan thought Yoo Hye-Sook’s worries were melting away, little by little.

“Do you want to eat something?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked afterward.

“I had patbingsu not long ago.”

Kang Chan stroked Yoo Hye-Sook’s back...

“Are you home, Channy?”

They heard Kang Dae-Kyung’s voice coming from the room. Kang Chan got up, and Yoo Hye-Sook followed after him.

“Father. I didn’t greet you because you were sleeping. Are you feeling really sick?”

“My body’s aching all over,” Kang Dae-Kyung said.

When Kang Chan went toward him, Kang Dae-Kyung raised his upper body from the bed with a frown.

“Please stay lying down,” said Kang Chan.

“Your mom wasn’t next to me, so loneliness woke me up.”

“Honey.”

While Yoo Hye-Sook was anxiously walking toward him, Kang Dae-Kyung examined Kang Chan’s condition.

‘You’re okay, right?’ Kang Dae-Kyung seemed to be asking with his eyes. Kang Chan subtly nodded.

“I’m going to be able to sleep soundly now,” Kang Dae-Kyung smiled while exhaling deeply.

“Honey, you teased me last time that I’m a fool for our son, yet you’re acting like this now?”

“What’s wrong with that? Am I not allowed to like our son?”

“You actually regained your energy because Channy came home,” Yoo Hye-Sook didn’t look like she disliked Kang Dae-Kyung’s behavior.

“You took the medicine, right?” Kang Chan asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Yes. You must be tired, so get some rest. Are you going out tomorrow as well?”

“I’ll have to see if they ask me to. What about you?”

“I’m not. It’s Saturday tomorrow.”

It was Saturday already? The week had flown by.

They talked for about twenty more minutes, then Kang Dae-Kyung lay down again. Yoo Hye-Sook looked much less worried, so Kang Chan went into his room while feeling at least a little bit comfortable.

Kang Chan was about to sleep when he received a text.

[There’s a rumor that the video was a promotion for a movie. You’re okay, right?]

The text was from Michelle. It didn’t sit right with him that he made her worried even though he was already in his home’s comfort, so he pressed the call button.

- Channy!

“I’m already home. I couldn’t contact you right away because my father isn’t feeling well.”

- Are you okay? I don’t have to worry about you, do I?

“Yeah. Did you worry a lot?”

- I was afraid that you’ve gotten hurt or that something had gone wrong.

Kang Chan never imagined that she would be on the verge of tears.

“I’m okay now. I’m sorry for making you worried.”

- No, I’m fine. And thanks for being honest with me. I’ll tell you the location of my workroom and give you my keys next time, so use it whenever you need it.

“Thanks.”

What use would he have for that? He still gave a polite answer for Michelle’s sake though, who was on the verge of tears.

“Cheer up and go to sleep.”

- I’ll do that. You get a good rest as well.

Kang Chan plopped down onto his bed after putting his phone on the table. He wasn’t going to Africa for now. He could’ve been cowardly putting only half of his foot in this life to keep the door open for him to go to Africa, like what Seok Kang-Ho had said.

He looked at the ceiling.

“From now on, I’m you. If I keep pulling out, then I could lose not only the two people in the master bedroom but also the others that are precious to me. Starting tomorrow... No, starting now, I’m going to live as the true Kang Chan. I want you to understand that,” Kang Chan told the previous owner of his current body.

Kang Chan almost lost Kang Dae-Kyung, a person who couldn’t even comfortably lie down until he came home. He felt sorry.

Those fucking bastards tried to kill someone like that. I’ll make them regret it to their graves. Everything that I’m about to do, those fuckers asked for it.

Kang Chan made up his mind and fell asleep.

Kang Chan woke up early in the morning, but he skipped his morning run because he was worried that the bandages on his arm would get sweaty. He just did a simple workout, which consisted of pushups and several other exercises, then showered. He didn’t remove the bandages on his arm.

“How’s father doing?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook afterward.

“He’s can’t move his neck properly. He also told me his back hurts.”

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed scared. Kang Chan went into the master bedroom.

“You’re awake?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan. His face was swollen.

“Please have breakfast. Let’s go to the hospital after,” Kang Chan told Kang Dae-Kyung.

“I should do that, shouldn’t I?”

“I think it’s a good idea.”

Kang Dae-Kyung appeared willing to do that.

While Yoo Hye-Sook was making porridge, Kang Chan made omelets.

“Honey!”

They heard Kang Dae-Kyung’s voice from the master bedroom.

“What’s wrong? Is the pain too much?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked as she urgently ran over. Kang Chan followed behind her.

“Are you making porridge by any chance?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Yes, I’m making rice porridge. Why? Is there a specific type of porridge that you want to eat?”

“I’m going to have an omelet, so don’t make porridge.”

“Why are you acting like a child?”

“I’m hungry.”

Kang Chan burst out with laughter in front of Yoo Hye-Sook, who was side-eyeing Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Please have omelets—I’ll quickly make another one. Let’s have breakfast together in the master bedroom. Omelets don’t need side dishes anyway,” Kang Chan said.

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed relieved despite her grumbling.

In the end, they all had omelets.

“I’ll just get ready, so wait for a bit. I’ll be quick,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

Kang Chan knew that she was going to say that she was going with them, so he went into his room and called Yoo Hun-Woo. He then went out into the living room and found Kang Dae-Kyung sitting in an uncomfortable position on the sofa. Kang Dae-Kyung slowly turned his upper body.

“I contacted the hospital so that mother wouldn’t be surprised,” Kang Chan told Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Good job. I’ll be okay, right?”

“Please take this opportunity to rest for a few days in the hospital. It should be good for you.”

“Alright.”

Kang Chan thought about borrowing a car from Seok Kang-Ho but shook his head. He didn't want to surprise Kang Dae-Kyung by driving now. When Yoo Hye-Sook was done getting ready, they slowly got out of the front door of their apartment.

"Why are there a lot of those kinds of people so early in the morning?" Yoo Hye-Sook complained while looking at the employees of Yoo Bi-Corp.

"I like how strong they look," Kang Dae-Kyung commented.

"Honey! What's good about having scary-looking people like that in front of our house? Isn't the security office going to do something about this?"

They arrived at the entrance of the apartment, then got in a taxi.

Yoo Hun-Woo sneakily diagnosed Kang Dae-Kyung with body aches caused by overworking, then opined that it would be good for him to be hospitalized for a few days.

"There's nothing wrong with the test results." Yoo Hun-Woo revealed the truth when Yoo Hye-Sook left the examination room to go through the arrangements for hospitalization. "You're suffering the usual ill effects of a car accident, but it's better for you to be hospitalized and rest for a few days instead of staying at home just to be safe,"

Kang Chan moved Kang Dae-Kyung to the patient room. Afterward, he returned to Yoo Hun-Woo again.

"Let's see your injuries," Yoo Hun-Woo said.

There were times when this gentleman looked like he was feeling pleasure when he was ripping bandages off Kang Chan's wound.

"Hmm, you won't need to bandage your arm anymore since it's healed this much," Yoo Hun-Woo commented.

Kang Chan didn't know the condition of his injury, but it looked ugly right now.

"Let's just bandage it. It looks ugly," Kang Chan suggested.

"I don't recommend it since we're in summer, but sure, let's have it bandaged up for a few more days. Feel free to remove the bandages, but please don't do excessive workouts yet."

Yoo Hun-Woo applied medication to it, then skillfully wrapped the bandages around Kang Chan's arm.

"I can't believe an injury so severe your bone was showing has healed this much within a few days. What's your blood type?" Yoo Hun-Woo asked afterward.

What's he saying now?

“I’m only asking because I want to transfuse your blood to a critically ill patient. If even a portion of your healing ability gets passed on to them, then I’m hoping that would save their life.”

In the past, Yoo Hun-Woo had said that he was going to take his organs out and sell them, but now he was looking for an opportunity to have his blood like a vampire. Yoo Hun-Woo stared at Kang Chan, then said, “I saw the video yesterday.”

Kang Chan couldn’t give any excuses since he came to this hospital.

“Even though I knew you were safe, I thought I was going to have a heart attack while I was watching it,” Yoo Hun-Woo looked like he was sincerely concerned about him.

“It seems seeing you fight yesterday has shocked your father. An average person would get traumatized if we just leave them alone in that state. Seeing violence, blood, or knives would be enough for them to get cold sweat, so you should be careful about those things while he’s at the hospital,” Yoo Hun-Woo continued.

Kang Chan thought he should just take some of his blood out and give it to Yoo Hun-Woo.