

Blackfield 91

Chapter 91.1: Long Fucking Day (2)

They heard a horrible scream from far away.

They wouldn't keep hearing it if they didn't hear it the first time. However, now that they did, it kept reaching their ears.

Kang Chan tightly gritted his teeth. The chick he failed to save in Africa came across his mind.

“I did good, right?”

The screams of the new recruit, who wanted to get praised and brought him a water bottle, when he got surrounded by enemy soldiers and was getting stabbed with a large knife just like the scream Kang Chan heard a moment ago.

By the time Kang Chan had slit the enemies' necks and stabbed their hearts, the new recruit was already unrecognizable.

If Kang Chan had arrived a minute—no, just thirty seconds sooner, if he got there a bit quicker just as how he saved Dayeru...

Kang Chan breathed in deeply when the wind stopped bringing screams toward them. “Dayeru.”

Dayeru just silently looked at Kang Chan due to how fierce and fearsome Kang Chan's eyes had become.

“We're going to attack them. Now.”

“Alright.”

Kang Chan solidified his decision and walked back to their camp. Gérard nervously stood up from his spot when he saw Kang Chan.

“Captain,” Kang Chan called.

“Please go ahead.”

“It seems like our people are being tortured. We should look for an opportunity to attack them at sunset, but I don't want to go in there only to find corpses.”

Gérard was looking straight into Kang Chan's eyes.

“Dayeru and I will go down to the enemy's military base. Provide sniper support. If the operation fails, take the members and retreat using the same route we took to get here,” Kang Chan continued.

“Hmph!”

Gérard snorted as if at a loss for words, then said, “Do you think I'm a chick?”

Did this fucker really just ask that?

“A gentleman in the past disregarded me like that before...” Gérard abruptly stopped talking and tightly gritted his teeth. He then said, “Let me come with you to the enemy’s base.”

“There are thirty special forces soldiers waiting for us below the precipice.”

“That’s why I’m saying that we should go there together!” Gérard couldn’t bring himself to shout, so he snarled instead. “Don’t act as foolish as the gentleman who sent me somewhere else in the past. Let me come with you and protect you! I’m not going to let anyone go like that ever again! I’m going. I have to!”

“Captain.”

“Be quiet! I’m going if you are. Otherwise...”

This fucker was making an unreasonable demand.

“I’m going to go down the precipice with two of our members, so if a problem occurs, lead the retreat,” Gérard told Kang Chan.

Gérard didn’t react even after Kang Chan smirked in response.

The look in his eyes was the same as Seok Kang-Ho’s when he made Kang Chan promise to include him in every operation.

This fucker was still lonely. He lived pretending to be strong and better than everyone else, but he still failed to find someone he could turn to.

“We’ll rappel upsidedown to go down the precipice. Prepare three harnesses and three radios. Be on the ground in two seconds.”

“Understood,” Gérard answered, then breathed in deeply.

“Call the members before we go down the precipice,” Kang Chan continued.

“You don’t have to order me to do things like that. I would’ve done it either way.”

This fucker has really all grown up.

Gérard turned around first.

Kang Chan walked toward Seok Kang-Ho. “We’re going with Gérard.”

“We’re going with that baby chick?”

“Let’s be real. He’s now a half-grown chick.”

Seok Kang-Ho grinned. Having already gone past the point where he’d feel anxious or nervous, his eyes grew fierce as well.

They could be heading straight to their deaths. Some fuckers would feel overwhelmed with nervousness in situations like this. People like Dayeru, on the other hand, felt a strange sense of pleasure.

“Do you have anything important to report?” Kang Chan asked Dayeru.

“Not yet. I’m more concerned that we aren’t hearing screams anymore.”

While they were glaring at the enemy’s military base, Gérard appeared with the members. Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho received radios and hung them on their bodies, then fastened a harness behind their waist.

Kang Chan first explained the infiltration route and the plan that they were going to carry out afterward.

“We’re going to launch an assault now. Dayeru, the captain, and I are going to go down the precipice first. Head down once we’ve secured a foothold. If the operation goes south, then you are to either immediately retreat using the same route we took to get here or head to the locations that I designate, depending on the circumstances. Any questions?” Kang Chan asked.

“Who’ll give us the order to open fire?” someone asked.

“Let’s not nitpick about the little details. Shoot at will if you deem the situation to be dangerous. However, wait for my order before opening fire.”

The members exchanged glances with each other, then briefly nodded.

Chk.

“One of the sniper teams will position in front of building 2. The other will go in front of building 5. We’re going down the precipice in five minutes. Depending on the circumstances, make sure to shoot to kill. However, refrain from doing so until we’ve cut the wire fence. We plan to infiltrate the enemy base from behind building 3, but contact me immediately if there’s a problem,” Kang Chan said.

Chk.

“Group 1, check.”

Chk.

“Group 2, check.”

With all the members equipped with radios, they were able to listen to everything being said right now.

“Chick,” Kang Chan called.

Everyone’s eyes fell on the new recruit.

“If you come down the precipice, don’t jump in the operation until I order you. This is an order.”

“Understood.”

Kang Chan took out a yellowish bandana from his left forearm pocket and covered his face. Dayeru, Gérard, and the others did as well.

After tying the rope to a tree and using a figure-eight knot to tie it behind their backs, they were going to run down from the precipice while looking downward.

Going down twenty meters in two seconds was no different from almost falling from the precipice. Despite already wearing two gloves on their left hand, they still had to be prepared to be wounded to some degree.

Kang Chan, Dayeru, and Gérard went toward the precipice after getting ready.

Chk.

“We’re ready to descend. Shooting team, report abnormalities,” Kang Chan radioed.

Chk.

“Group 1 reporting in. No significant changes.”

Chk.

“Group 2 reporting. Three tangos exited building 2. Descending team[1] stand by for a moment.”

Kang Chan turned his gaze to building 2, but he couldn’t see it properly because it was covered by building 3.

Gérard stood at Kang Chan’s left, and Dayeru stood at Kang Chan’s right.

Chk.

“Group 2 reporting. The threat has been neutralized. There’s nothing significant to report.”

Kang Chan looked both ways, then leaned forward.

They normally would’ve gone out to the precipice and gotten into position first but they couldn’t even do that now.

Tatatatak.

They rushed toward the ground as sharp wind came into their eyes.

Swoosh.

By the time Kang Chan felt like the skin on his left palm and index finger were being ripped apart, the ground was already in front of him.

Swoosh!

Kang Chan tightly pulled the rope, causing him to straighten up.

Thud. Thud.

His squadmates seemed to have arrived safely as well.

The ropes went up as Dayeru and Gérard lowered themselves to the ground, almost as if they were sticking to it.

Chk.

“Operations team, be on standby,” someone radioed.

Kang Chan heard an alarm from the radio, then he also laid down flat on the ground. The smell of dirt suddenly went up to his nose.

The rope wouldn't have been able to go up the precipice yet...

Whoo. Whoo.

Kang Chan heard his own breathing.

Chk.

“Operation team, move,” someone radioed again.

As soon as they heard the order from the radio, Kang Chan ran forward. Gérard and Dayeru stayed by his side.

“Gaaahhh!”

When they arrived at building 3, they immediately heard awful screams.

Kang Chan first examined the wire fence, then held out his hand.

Gérard handed over the cutter. He and Dayeru then held onto the wire fence while examining their surroundings.

Chk.

“We've removed the wire fence. Shooting team, we're awaiting orders,” Kang Chan radioed.

Chk.

“Infiltration team, enter,” someone radioed.

Kang Chan quickly went inside the enemy base through the crevice that was created when Dayeru and Gérard pulled the wire fence apart.

“Urrghh! Gaahhh!”

Screams from two or more people kept escaping from building 3.

Chk.

“Hold your positions, infiltration team. One tango came out of building 3. Reason is unknown. We're ready to shoot,” someone radioed.

They were doing better than he expected.

Kang Chan wiped the bayonet on the enemy's body, then sheathed it.

Chk.

“Clear out the third guard post,” Kang Chan radioed, then looked alternatively at the main gate and the third guard post.

After a while, two arms came up and the enemy flinched. Two guard posts had been cleared.

Rattle.

At that moment, an enemy opened building 4.

Kang Chan quickly looked at the third guard post. Dayeru's hand was still covering the enemy's mouth.

Whoo. Whoo.

It was over if the enemies saw them.

Kang Chan held his rifle, then turned his gaze to the building.

The enemy that came out of building 4 stopped walking in front of building 3 and looked at the guard post. Kang Chan turned his gaze, finding the enemy manning it, and he was turning his head toward the main gate.

Kang Chan didn't see Dayeru.

He returned his attention to the enemy, finding him opening the door of building 3 and going inside.

Chk.

“Third guard post cleared,” Dayeru radioed in.

Chk.

“Third and fifth guard posts have been secured.”

When Kang Chan answered in French, he saw Gérard in between building 2 and 3.

Chk.

“Teams standing by, prepare to infiltrate,” Kang Chan radioed.

A moment later he received a response, “Standing by.”

Chk.

“Shooting team 1, aim for the guard post at the main gate. Shooting team 2, cover them. Teams on standby, proceed with the infiltration.” Kang Chan ordered, and the other members came down the precipice. Considering three soldiers could come down at once, they just had to buy time for two batches.

Kang Chan was a nervous wreck as he watched the members. He wasn't angry because they were late, but he was worried that they'd get shot while they were dangling on the precipice.

The first group came down safely. Next was the second group.

From what Kang Chan could see, the person at the very left of the precipice was the new recruit.

Kang Chan was so frustrated he felt like he was going to go crazy, but there was no other way. The new recruit would build his skills in this way.

This was just like riding a bike. As they accumulated experience, there would come a day when they would be able to do this naturally. From that moment, their eyes would become more terrifying. After all, their gaze would show they could stab anyone at any moment or pull the trigger without hesitation.

Chapter 91.2: Long Fucking Day (2)

Kang Chan exhaled softly.

All of them had reached the ground. The rope quickly went back up the precipice again.

Having the signaller stay back was the right decision.

Right now, pulling up the rope on the precipice was already a big help...

“What’s that?!”

At that moment, they heard a terrifying shout.

Chk.

“Squad 1, eliminate the tango at the main gate guard post.”

As soon as Kang Chan ordered that...

Whoosh! Bam!

Blood splattered from the forehead of the enemy at the main gate guard post.

Kang Chan quickly ran to building 3 with his rifle at the ready.

Gérard, who was beside the building, moved to the entrance. Dayeru aimed his rifle from the second guard post.

Rattle.

The enemy opened the door of building 4.

Ta-ang!

When Kang Chan pulled the trigger, the guy in front of him fell back with a thud.

Ta-ang. Ta-ang. Rattle!

When Kang Chan fired two more times, the door of building 3 opened.

Ta-ang. Ta-ang.

Gérard, who had been waiting, shot the enemy from beside him.

Rattle. Whoosh.

As soon as someone opened building 5’s door, a sniper blew his brains out.

Bang.

Kang Chan stood by the door of building 3 and counted with Gérard through eye gestures, his rifle aimed and ready.

One, two.

Bang! Swoosh.

Gérard kicked the door, and Kang Chan ran inside.

Tang. Tang. Tang.

Blood spattered all over behind three people.

Swoosh.

Gérard ran inside as well.

There were two desks in front of the entrance and a hallway to their left. There were rooms on both sides.

They kept hearing gunshots from outside the building.

Kang Chan and Gérard leaned against the room that was at the very front of the building.

Whoo. Whoo.

The structure of the room required the door to be pulled for it to be opened.

Gérard pulled the door, and Kang Chan quickly examined its interior, finding captives inside.

He couldn't even distinguish their faces, which were swollen and covered in blood. Some of their bones had also been exposed, almost as if their fingers had been ripped apart.

This was also the case for the next room.

Gunshots continued to echo. Every now and then, the unique gunfire of sniper rifles would mix in.

Kang Chan stood in front of the next room, then made eye contact with Gérard.

Swish! Swoosh.

This was his gut feeling. Things like this could really only be described as his senses.

The moment the door was opened and they ran inside, Kang Chan was sure there would be an enemy waiting for them.

Ta-ang! Thud.

Whoo. Whoo.

Fortunately, the captives after the first two rooms were fine.

Even though they were wounded to the point where they were unrecognizable, Kang Chan knew he hadn't found Kim Hyung-Jung yet. He could tell by their body types.

Ta-da-da-da-da-dang. Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-da-da-da-dang.

Kang Chan heard gunfire that he hadn't heard until now. This meant that the enemies had gotten into their positions to some degree.

Rattle!

At the same time, two people ran inside the building through the entrance.

Ta, Ta-ng. Ta-ng.

Kang Chan and Gérard pulled the trigger at almost the same time. Kang Chan fired another bullet.

Considering the situation, this showed their snipers were busy enough to let enemies run into building 3. If so, then it also meant that all of their troops were busy.

Kang Chan decided to hurry a bit more.

So far, the rooms up to the fifth room were empty.

Gérard seemed excited for some reason. Kang Chan could tell from the subtle differences in his movements as he moved with his gun aimed.

If they weren't in the middle of an operation, then Kang Chan would've already stopped Gérard and swore at him.

Considering the gunshots were increasing in number, their troops were at a disadvantage. Seok Kang-Ho was in a guard post that was made up of wooden boards.

Kang Chan hesitated for a moment when he walked into the seventh room. He had found Kim Hyung-Jung dangling from the ceiling with both arms tied above him. He also had an awl stabbed into his left index finger.

He was alive, though. That was what mattered.

If they could ensure the captives' safety after searching through the rest of this building, then they'd have accomplished their objective here.

Kim Hyung-Jung gave them a subtle glance, then flinched. Now was not the time to release him.

Kang Chan carefully drew back while aiming his gun.

There were three rooms left.

Damn it!

Kang Chan fiercely glared at Gérard because he took Kang Chan's place. He tightly gritted his teeth, but he couldn't tell Gérard to change places right now.

'Son of a bitch. I'll deal with you later.'

When Gérard received a look from Kang Chan, it felt like Gérard's eyes were saying, 'Do whatever you want. Just open the door first.'

Kang Chan was forced to put his hand on the doorknob.

The moment when their eyes met...

Swoosh.

Kang Chan opened the door, and Gérard charged into the room.

Tang. Ta-da-dang. Tang.

Sounds like this shouldn't be heard.

Kang Chan pushed the door with his foot, then knelt down with his right knee. The enemy had sunk to his knees.

Ta-ang! Thud!

Gérard?

Gérard had collapsed in front of the door.

Bang.

At that moment, the two remaining doors opened, and more enemies jumped out.

Ta-ang! Ta-ang!

Kang Chan twisted his upper body and opened fire.

Bam! Pow!

Blood spattered on the wall behind his targets.

Kang Chan checked the remaining two rooms first, finding only captives in them.

Chk.

“We've cleared building 3 and secured the objectives. The captain has been shot,” Kang Chan radioed.

Chk.

“Captain? What do you mean?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan quickly ran over to Gérard and immediately noticed his left shoulder and chest were completely soaked with blood. He then noticed a hole in between his shoulder and heart.

“Captain!” Kang Chan yelled.

Gérard opened his eyes with difficulty. Kang Chan examined the rest of his body. Fortunately, it seemed the bullet wound on his shoulder was the only injury he sustained.

“What about the objectives?” Gérard asked.

“We've safely secured all of them.”

“What are you doing? Please go out quickly and look after the members.”

“Son of a bitch.”

Gérard smirked. “Hearing Korean swear words feels quite great.”

They had to hurry. Gérard was conscious, but if he kept bleeding like this, he'd be in a critical condition.

Ta-ang. Tang. Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-da-dang. Tang.

The firefight continued.

Chk.

“Radio operator,” Kang Chan radioed.

Chk.

“Radio operator here.”

Chk.

“Request for a helicopter. I’m going to check every ten minutes to know when it’s coming. The captain is wounded, and the captives are in critical conditions, so request medical supplies as well, especially blood,” Kang Chan ordered.

Chk.

“Understood.”

Kang Chan went out of building 3’s entrance.

Chk.

“Firing team, provide the situation report,” Kang Chan ordered.

Chk.

“There’s only the 4th building left. Our troops aren’t wounded.”

Kang Chan hid at the entrance, then stood and looked at the guard post.

Ta-da-dang. Tang. Tang. Ta-dang. Ta-da-dang.

Seok Kang-Ho kept shooting from the third guard post, but the enemies were resisting from inside a cement building that made it difficult to take them down.

Chk.

“Daye, we’ve secured the objectives, but the captain is wounded,” Kang Chan said.

Chk.

“Fuck. How bad is it?”

This fucker is talking like this on the radio!

Chk.

“A bullet went through his shoulder. We’ve called in for a helicopter, so we have to take care of building 4 in twenty minutes,” Kang Chan answered.

Chk.

“Alright. What’s the plan?” Daye asked again.

Ta-da-dang. Tang. Tang. Ta-da-da-dang.

Fragments of the guard post that Seok Kang-Ho was in were noisily shot off.

Chk.

“I’m going. Get ready to cover me! Keep covering fire!” Kang Chan yelled.

Chk.

“Alright!”

Ta-da-da-dang. Tang. Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-da-dang.

Chk.

“This is the God of Blackfield. I’m going into building 4. Starting now, we’re switching to volley fire[1]. Fire three shots at building 4 every time I signal to prevent the enemies from coming out. Join me once I’m inside.”

Chk.

“Roger that.”

Ta-da-da-dang. Tang. Tang. Tang.

Chk.

“Shooting group 1, I’m running in from building 3. Cover me,” Kang Chan ordered.

Chk.

“Copy.”

Kang Chan reloaded.

Chk.

“Cover me!” Kang Chan yelled.

Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-dang. Ta-da-dang.

The gunshot sounds’ rhythm changed. Gunshots from the snipers butted into the middle of the firefight as well. The snipers could now open fire due to the opportunity presented whenever those resisting by the window were forced to hide from the concentrated gunfire.

Swoosh!

Kang Chan now stood close to the entrance of building 4.

Ta-da-dang. Tang. Tang. Ta-da-dang.

He kept seeing sparks from inside the building.

Whoo. Whoo. Whoo. Whoo.

Kang Chan caught his breath.

One, two.

He then ran into the building, his rifle aimed.

Tang. Tang.

When Kang Chan took care of the enemy by the entrance, the others dangling on the window turned around.

Tang. Tang. Tang. Tang. Tang. Tang.

Click!

He quickly examined the building to see if anyone was still moving.

It was an old-style accommodation. The corpses of the enemies he had taken down were scattered all over the floor, the beds facing each other on either side of the room, and the hallway.

The members ran inside and urgently aimed their guns at the corpses.

What happened? Did he really go through all of these bodies by himself?

Most of their face was covered with a bandana, but their eyes were enough to show their surprise as they looked at Kang Chan.

“Form teams of two and search through the rest of the buildings,” Kang Chan ordered.

“Understood.”

“Don’t let your guard down.”

Four members ran out, and Kang Chan went out of building 4.

Chk.

“What’s the status of the helicopter?” Kang Chan asked afterward.

Chk.

“It’s expected to arrive in fifteen minutes.”

When Kang Chan went into building 3, he found Dayeru tying Gérard’s shoulder with a bandana.

Kang Chan took out a bayonet, released the captives, and moved them into the office space starting from the first room. That was what Kim Hyung-Jung would’ve wanted Kang Chan to do.

Dayeru helped release and move the captives after taking care of Gérard, increasing their pace.

Kang Chan ran to Kim Hyung-Jung, then pulled out the awl that had been stabbed into his index finger before anything else.

“Urgh!”

Kang Chan cut the string that was used to tie Kim Hyung-Jung’s hands with a bayonet. He then held him in his arms. “You okay?”

Kim Hyung-Jung looked at Kang Chan with surprise in his eyes.

“A helicopter is on its way. We’ll wait outside,” Kang Chan added.

He looked like he was thinking, 'Kang Chan?' Kang Chan had covered most of his face, but Kim Hyung-Jung could still see his eyes.

When Kang Chan went out to the office space while supporting Kim Hyung-Jung's shoulder...

"Those fuckers are really fucking cruel."

They heard Seok Kang-Ho grumble.

"Mr. Seok? Is that you?" Kim Hyung-Jung asked.

Seok Kang-Ho had uncovered his face.

When Kim Hyung-Jung saw Seok Kang-Ho smirking, he looked at Kang Chan stupefied. However, there were too many things that Kang Chan had to take care of right now.

"I'll see you in a little while," Kang Chan responded to Kim Hyung-Jung's stare.

It took quite a long time to search through the other buildings and move the captives to the office.

Chk.

"The helicopter should be here in five minutes," someone radioed.

Chk.

"Sniper team, Signaller, on me," Kang Chan ordered.

Chk.

"Roger that."

Kang Chan took off the bandana covering his face, then approached Kim Hyung-Jung.

"Mr. Kang Chan?" Kim Hyung-Jung asked.

"I'm glad you're alive."

Kim Hyung-Jung kept frowning because of the pain.

Ddu-ddu-ddu-ddu-ddu.

From the distance, they heard the sound of helicopter rotors.

Chapter 92.1: On Their Way Back (1)

It had been a while since Kang Chan heard a Chinook's noise, but he was glad to finally hear it again.

While the team was moving Gérard and the captives to the front of building 3, the snipers and the signaller came down.

The look in their eyes showed pride for their operation's success, having managed to defeat infamous enemies. If this were to happen two or three more times, the members would wholeheartedly trust the commander.

Du-du-du-du-du-du.

Helicopter rotor sounds bounced off from the rock wall that surrounded the military base, causing its ringing to echo.

Chk.

“Delivery team, this is the stork[1]. We see the military base,” someone radioed.

Chk.

“Copy that, stork.”

The helicopter noises had become so loud that it was as if they were coming from right above them.

Du-du-du-du-du-du.

The helicopter finally came into view as a dust cloud violently rose upward. With the rock walls trapping the helicopter noises inside, the sounds became loud enough to render Kang Chan unable to think.

“Move out!”[2]

They helped the evacuees toward the Chinook’s door. Likewise, Dayeru ran while holding Gérard in his arms.

“Hurry up!” Kang Chan yelled again, knowing full well how dangerous a helicopter landing and take-off could be. Every second was precious.

The members frantically ran until everyone finally got on the helicopter.

By the time Kang Chan boarded it as well, it was already in the air.

Du-du-du-du-du-du.

“Whoo,” Kang Chan sighed deeply.

The army surgeon on board inserted blood and an IV into Gérard’s arm.

“How is he?!” Kang Chan asked the army surgeon.

“He’s losing too much blood!”

Kang Chan frowned. Currently, all he could do was watch.

Son of a bitch. The idiot got too excited for participating in an operation!

Kang Chan felt it was unfair that he believed someone like Gérard had become a middle-sized chicken.

The army surgeon, who had inserted two IV medications into Gérard, looked frightened upon seeing the evacuees. He first tended to a person in critical condition. His finger had been sliced open, leaving his bones exposed.

Kang Chan sat down and leaned against the helicopter. A Foreign Legion member soon handed over a cigarette.

Du-du-du-du-du-du.

After trying hard to light up the cigarette, Kang Chan succeeded on the second attempt. It might as well have been everyone who bit on a cigarette. Smoking would anger the Chinook's pilot. However, in this situation, nobody would listen even if they were told to extinguish it.

“Whooh!”

Kang Chan felt much better.

Biting on a cigarette that someone had put in his mouth, Kim Hyung-Jung looked at Kang Chan and around the helicopter's interior, appearing as if he still couldn't believe what was happening.

Click.

Lanok's assistant opened the door, approached Lanok's desk, and leaned toward his ear. “We've received word of Monsieur Kang's successful rescue operation. They're on their way back. The Foreign Legion suffered no casualties, only one wounded.”

While looking at his assistant, Lanok looked as if he couldn't believe what he had just heard. He checked the clock on the desk. “It's likely a little over 6 pm in Mongolia.”

“All of the North Korean special forces soldiers had also been killed in action. This operation will be recorded as the Foreign Legion's most perfect and brilliant operation in their history.”

“This result is truly unbelievable,” Lanok commented with a slight shake of his head. “How are China and the United States reacting to it?”

“We haven't confirmed any unusual movements yet.”

Lanok straightened a ballpoint pen on the desk and gave a strange smile. “China's plan to transport their captives and pressure me and South Korea has completely fallen through. The special forces soldiers North Korea had deployed to Mongolia have also been killed. This outcome will make people think I perfectly gained the upper hand, at least in special warfare.”

Lanok slightly twisted his head and looked at his assistant. “Contact the DGSE and make sure they reward the members that participated in this operation.”

“Duly noted.”

When his assistant left, Lanok sank lower into the chair and mumbled to himself, “Monsieur Kang, this situation has made it truly worth competing against China.”

The C295 transport aircraft left the Darkhan airport a little past 8 pm local time. It took some time to examine Gérard's condition and do other things such as looking after the Korean team's wounds.

As usual, they ate c-rations for dinner.

Kang Chan only felt relieved when the aircraft had risen up into the sky and began to maintain its usual altitude.

The atmosphere also improved when Gérard regained consciousness and asked for a cigarette.

They were a specialized team. Hence, even the army surgeon, who had roughly guessed what operation they participated in, didn't say anything about Gérard smoking.

“Would you like some coffee?” the new recruit asked Kang Chan. His eyes showed he respected Kang Chan. And although how each member gazed at Kang Chan differed, the look in their eyes was the same.

“Do you participate in operations often, by any chance?!” the group 1 sniper yelled at Kang Chan from the other side of the helicopter, causing everyone's eyes to immediately rush toward Kang Chan.

“Please let me join you in the next operation as well!” the sniper yelled again.

When Kang Chan smirked, another soldier yelled even louder, “We're all thinking the same thing! I was going to tell the captain that later!”

The new recruit gave everyone paper cups of instant coffee, then took a seat. As he did, he kept glancing at Kang Chan.

“Why are you looking at me?” Kang Chan asked the new recruit.

“Can I have your beret and bandana?”

“What did he say?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“He wants to have my beret and bandana.”

“Are you sure he didn't say he wants your signature?” Grinning, Seok Kang-Ho looked at the new recruit, who avoided his eyes.

Kang Chan took off his beret and placed the bandana in it. He then threw it to the new recruit.

He didn't intend to show off. Rather, he just hoped that the new recruit would find the beret and bandana helpful when he was really scared and breathless.

“Fuck, I don't want to go to work,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

Seok Kang-Ho sounded sincere. Although he had been talking about his wife until morning, this fucker had now come to like this lifestyle.

Relaxed and sedated by the dozen of IV packs hung up on the plane's walls, Kim Hyung-Jung and the captives fell into a profound sleep.

Kang Chan was taking out a cigarette when his eyes met Gérard's, who was lying right next to him.

“Want one?” Kang Chan offered.

Gérard shook his head.

As Kang Chan bit on a cigarette and tried to light it, Gérard swallowed with difficulty and asked, “When's the next operation?”

“There aren't any more operations now. Even if there were, I refuse to fight alongside a captain who gets too excited during an operation.”

“I couldn't help it.”

“And that's exactly why you've got a hole in your shoulder.”

“What else could I do? I like being a part of such missions.”

“Crazy fucker.”

“I'm going to go visit you if I get a vacation,” Gérard said with a smirk when Kang Chan swore in Korean.

“Don't do that.”

“Why not?”

“I don't have plans to stay with a madman.” Kang Chan exhaled cigarette smoke.

“Are you going immediately?” Gérard asked.

“To where?”

“I mean are you going to leave the Osan army base immediately?”

“I'll see you off first.” Kang Chan smirked, thinking the fucker was acting like that because Gérard met and grew attached to him while he was lonely. There was no way Gérard acted like this because he had found out that he reincarnated.

Go Gun-Woo and Moon Jae-Hyun started to walk along the trail in the Blue House a little past 9 am.

“Mr. President, we've received word that the kids who went out for a walk are on their way home.”

Moon Jae-Hyun briefly looked at Go Gun-Woo, then pretended he didn't hear anything. He just kept walking forward.

“Kang Chan got France's support and left South Korea in absolute secrecy. This information was clearly intentionally leaked from France's DGSE,” Go Gun-Woo continued.

“How many people are returning to South Korea?”

“We were told there are fourteen individuals, including the manager.”

Moon Jae-Hyun groaned and gritted his teeth.

“We were also told that all of the North Korean special forces soldiers had been eliminated.”

Go Gun-Woo's words made Moon Jae-Hyun turn his head and look at Go Gun-Woo. "That's hard to believe."

"It has actually been confirmed. However we still have to validate the report that fourteen people, including Kang Chan the student, ambushed them. With this opportunity, we're also thinking of confirming the hotline with France's DGSE."

"What did the director say about this?" Moon Jae-Hyun asked.

"That it's what he was hoping for."

Moon Jae-Hyun stood at the crossroad in the middle of the trail, then looked down at the Blue House.

"We basically slapped China mercilessly," Go Gun-Woo worriedly commented.

"If we did something worthy of getting hit for, then we should get hit," Moon Jae-Hyun answered without second thoughts. "Even though it won't be done publically, we have to be as considerate of the dead agents and their families as possible."

"We've already taken actions to make that happen."

"The same goes for the agents on their way home and their families. Information leaked out because we did something wrong, not because their capabilities were inadequate. If needed, I'll meet them in person and apologize."

"The Director has promised to meet them. We won't leave anything out, especially not the agents' treatment and compensation."

Moon Jae-Hyun smiled brightly upon hearing Go Gun-Woo's answer. "This is the first time in recent years that I've felt relieved."

Looking as if he was forcibly suppressing a smile, Go Gun-Woo said, "Aside from North Korea, which acted out carelessly because they trusted China, even the people that helped them enter South Korea using North Korea's backing are going to have a restless sleep."

Moon Jae-Hyun nodded, then breathed in deeply. "Meeting Kang Chan would be a predicament in all respects, wouldn't it?"

"That's not a good idea, Mr. President. For Kang Chan's sake as well."

"That's true. But as the president and as a man, I still want to reward him for his contributions. Would there be a way to do that?"

Moon Jae-Hyun turned his gaze away. Go Gun-Woo looked as if he thought of something.

Chapter 92.2: On Their Way Back (1)

After getting off the helicopter at the Osan airfield, Gérard, the members of the Foreign Legion, Kim Hyung-Jung, and the Korean specialized team were assigned two barracks for them to stay at.

“You’re really absurd,” Kim Hyung-Jung commented toward Kang Chan despite having trouble speaking. He had bandages wrapped around his head, chest, finger, and thigh.

Kim Hyung-Jung’s eyes still weren’t clear due to the IV drip constantly sending painkillers into his body.

“Please get some rest. I was told an ambulance will come here from Seoul tomorrow morning to transfer you to the police hospital,” Kang Chan said. He couldn’t say anything else while looking at Kim Hyung-Jung since he appeared to be feeling angry, wronged, and even miserable.

He wouldn’t have that look in his eyes just because he got wounded during an operation they carried out. Anyone would feel similar emotions if they walked into a trap that killed thirteen of the agents that followed them and critically wounded the others.

“You were unlucky this time, Mr. Manager. You should get better quickly so we can get revenge. Now that they’ve attacked us, we should strike back and make them pay for all the damages they caused.”

Kim Hyung-Jung smiled bitterly.

“Please sleep.”

“Thank you,” Kim Hyung-Jung closed his eyes softly.

Tsk.

Kang Chan went out of the barrack, sat at the stairs at the entrance, and bit on a cigarette.

Creak.

Seok Kang-Ho came out to the stairs from the barrack next door. “You were here? The spicy ramen was amazing. I can make you one real quick if you want.”

Seok Kang-Ho was sniffing. He looked satisfied.

“It’s fine—just head inside and make a lot of coffee,” Kang Chan said.

“There aren’t instant coffees here.”

“I know. Just make a cup of light roast coffee.”

When Seok Kang-Ho stepped through the door and started talking in one of Algeria’s languages, they immediately heard someone reply “Okay[1]”

Seok Kang-Ho sat next to Kang Chan after closing the door. “Is something bothering you?”

“No,” Kang Chan answered, then crushed the cigarette out into the floor.

“You look like you’re on the verge of exploding and actually will if someone messes with you. Didn’t you see the people checking your mood after you came into the barrack?”

Did I do that?

“Anyway, considering you made those men wary of your mood even though you haven’t even been with them for twenty hours yet, it seems you’re born with the ability to make people listen to you,” Seok Kang-Ho added.

“Why aren’t you wary about my mood, then?”

“I’ve always been this way.”

Kang Chan laughed out loud. This fucker had truly acted like that from the beginning.

“Please feel better. Manager Kim being wounded is unfortunate, but isn’t it good that we brought him back alive? Let’s just focus on that. It’s already a relief that he’s not that severely injured aside from the wound on his finger.”

Creak.

The new recruit brought over mugs in both hands while looking happy.

Regardless of the location, the new recruits always ran errands for the seniors... but Kang Chan and Dayeru were the exceptions.

The new recruit went inside right away after handing over the coffee.

“Let’s forget about the agents that were killed in action. This always happens in this kind of work,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

Although he appeared to be Seok Kang-Ho again, he was still Dayeru. Nevertheless, he was acting smart again. At any rate, his ability to adapt was amazing.

Creak.

The door opened again.

Gérard frowned as he came down the stairs with difficulty. He looked pale, and he had bandages wrapped around his shoulder.

“What are you doing?” Kang Chan asked.

“I was feeling cramped in there.”

When Kang Chan smiled lightly, Seok Kang-Ho stood up from his spot with a grin and told Kang Chan, “This fucker really can’t read a room.”

Seok Kang-Ho's eyes uncomfortably met Gérard's as he headed inside the barrack. These two fuckers were making Kang Chan quite tired.

“Sit. Want a cigarette?” Kang Chan asked.

Gérard carefully approached Kang Chan, then sat by him. Kang Chan lit up two cigarettes and handed one of them to Gérard.

“Who are you really?” Gérard asked. He exhaled cigarette smoke as if sighing, then looked at Kang Chan. “The fact that we rested for twenty minutes after eating, that you hit all of the enemies you shot either in the heart or the forehead, that you did everything yourself without ordering the members to do it, and swearing in Korean—those are all well and fine. After all, others could do all of those. However, as far as I know, there has only been one person until now that has forbidden the Foreign Legion members from covering fire.”

Kang Chan was just looking back at Gérard.

“I was happy. I got excited when we were searching the buildings because I had previously thought that I would be happy if I could fight like that one last time with someone I can depend on, even if it meant my death... Hmph! Even if I die, I'd be happy to fight alongside someone who can protect me in any situation. I've always missed that kind of day. So please be honest with me. Who are you?” Gérard added.

The cigarette completely burned up while it was in between Gérard's fingers.

“Captain,” Kang Chan called.

“It's Gérard. The operation is already over, so call me Gérard. We all know each other's names anyway. Now, what's your real name? Ah! Is it a secret?”

“Are you going to believe me if I tell you?”

“Whether I believe it or not is up to me. Just be upfront with it, please. If I go back like this, then I'm going to shoot some random bastard's head off unintentionally because I'm confused.”

Kang Chan smirked, then said with a sigh, “my name is Kang Chan.”

“Damn it. Don't play with me.”

“You don't believe me, fucker?”

Gérard looked at Kang Chan with puzzled eyes when Kang Chan suddenly swore in Korean.

“There's not even a way to explain everything, so just make of that what you will. How should I or Daye explain ourselves? Would you believe us if we say that our bodies changed or if I say that I died and my spirit had been shoved into this body by the time I opened my eyes? There's no way to explain what happened. So just think whatever you want.”

“Let me ask you one thing,” Gérard said afterward.

“What is it?”

“How much oil am I supposed to mix in gasoline?”

Kang Chan couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Mix 3 parts oil with 1 part gasoline when you're going to Africa. You mixed in too much oil last time. Where did you get that lighter?"

"No one was taking the mementos, so I did."

"Don't you know the saying that you'll be unlucky if you take a dead person's stuff?"

"Hmph! Can people still say that if they realize you've returned to life like this?" Gérard asked.

"Crazy fucker."

"Please don't swear in Korean out of nowhere."

Kang Chan smiled, then took a sip of the coffee.

"I won't be able to join an operation for three months. Please schedule the next one when I get back," Gérard requested.

"I don't participate in operations anymore."

Gérard looked at Kang Chan with a hint of dissatisfaction on his face. "What do you do in South Korea?"

"I go to school."

"Understood."

"What do you understand?" Kang Chan was suddenly worried about the future.

"I mean that I understand that you go to school. Why do you ask?"

Why is this fucker acting like this as well?

"I'm going inside," Gérard said.

When Kang Chan looked at Gérard's back, who had carefully stood up and headed into the barracks, he sighed for some strange reason.

6 am.

Six ambulances went into the military airfield in Osan.

"I'll visit you in the hospital, Mr. Manager," Kang Chan carefully held Kim Hyung-Jung's bandaged hand. He then watched him until the back door of the ambulance was closed.

At 6:30 am, Kang Chan had breakfast with Gérard and the crew members. The menu was toast, cereal, and fruits.

Afterward, Kang Chan and Gérard sat on the stairs in front of the barracks and drank a mug of coffee each.

When Kang Chan offered him a cigarette, Gérard took it.

Chk chk.

“Whoo.”

“When are we seeing each other again?” Gérard asked.

Kang Chan, who had been looking at the runway, looked at Gérard while smirking. “I wanted to see you once, no matter what. I’m already thankful that I did, but we even fought together. I don’t want to see an idiot again that gets a hole in his shoulder because he got excited like a dickhead.”

Gérard smirked, then stood up from his spot. “Understood.”

“What do you mean ‘understood’?”

This fucker had learned a trick that made people uneasy.

“I’m saying that I understand that you, a person who doesn’t want to see someone who had been shot in the shoulder, are going to school.”

When Kang Chan smiled faintly, the door opened and the members came out.

They were all wearing comfortable outfits and were each carrying a bag. Only the new recruit was carrying two bags.

“We’ll be going now,” Gérard told Kang Chan.

“Okay.”

Kang Chan immediately turned around.

From there, they were going back to where they all lived. They shouldn’t drag on this type of farewell for a long time.

Seok Kang-Ho blankly looked at Kang Chan.

“God of Blackfield!”

That shout didn’t sound as if it came from Gérard.

When Kang Chan looked behind him, he found the members saluting with the sun rising above their shoulders.

Chapter 93.1: On Their way Back (2)

Kang Chan slightly smiled at the Foreign Legion members, then walked toward the entrance. Seok Kang-Ho followed him.

Two French agents, who had been waiting for them, politely opened the van. They left as soon as the two got in.

The members getting on the military transport aircraft watched the van leave.

Have a safe way home. And survive.

The van soon turned toward the main gate, preventing Kang Chan from seeing the members anymore.

“Monsieur Kang, there’s a phone call for you.” The agent sitting in the passenger seat handed him a phone.

“Ello.”

- Mr. Kang Chan, it’s Lanok.

“Yes, Mr. Ambassador?”

- Can I see you for a moment?

“Sure. Where should I go?”

- Please come straight to the embassy in that car.

“Understood.”

Kang Chan handed over the phone to the agent.

“Lanok wants to see us. Let’s drop by the embassy for a bit,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“Alright.”

The van went onto the highway, then headed to the embassy using the bus-only lane.

He saw peaceful, everyday life on the way—people going through their everyday lives and fully filling up the highway without knowing about the horrible tortures or desperate battles happening behind the scenes.

Kang Chan knew that the spite that he had within him hadn’t been relieved. He often felt this way after joining a fight.

If they had lost Gerard, Kang Chan wouldn't have dealt with people for at least two days.

He wanted to get a good night’s sleep. He wanted to relieve the spite that was lurking inside him, even by sleeping.

It didn’t take long for the van to reach the embassy, despite the morning rush hour.

The agents quickly opened the door and guided Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho to the upper floor.

They soon arrived in Lanok’s office.

Lanok’s assistant and Louis had been standing at the entrance. They bowed their heads toward Kang Chan.

Lanok came toward them the moment they went inside the office. “Mr. Kang Chan.”

“Mr. Ambassador.”

After they shook hands, they sat at the spot that Lanok had pointed to. The employees immediately prepared simple cookies and tea.

Click!

Lanok's assistant and Louis headed outside and closed the door behind them.

"Thank you for your hard work," Lanok said.

It was difficult to respond to things like this.

"The United States and China and its Intelligence Bureau were thrown into chaos this morning. Not only are they surprised, but their pride has likely been hurt as well," Lanok continued.

Lanok pointed to the tea, then added, "We have given the best rewards to the Foreign Legion specialized team as laid out by our regulation. Moreover, even though it's small, we prepared something for the person that worked with you as well. Consider it the Intelligence Bureau of France's gesture of sincerity."

Kang Chan didn't refuse since Lanok was saying that he was giving it to Seok Kang-Ho. Seok Kang-Ho kept munching on a biscuit, unaware of what Lanok was saying.

"Shok Kwang-Ho?[1] We're going to deposit five hundred million won in cash to his bank account. We've already compromised with the Korean government, so you won't have to worry about problems like taxes."

"Thank you, Mr. Ambassador."

They had to consider the money as hazard pay.

Kang Chan turned his head and told Seok Kang-Ho exactly what he heard right now.

"What about you?" Seok Kang-Ho asked afterward.

"He's only talked about you so far."

"Am I allowed to take that?"

"He's saying that France is giving it to you, so I don't see why not."

"But it's too much," Seok Kang-Ho argued, but he immediately stopped talking after he saw Kang Chan's eyes.

"He's saying thank you, Mr. Ambassador," Kang Chan answered instead.

Seok Kang-Ho awkwardly bowed his head, and Lanok responded in a relaxed and sophisticated manner.

"Mr. Kang Chan, you remember that I was going to give you shares of Gong Te automobile last time, right?" Lanok asked.

"I've forgotten about that. Please don't be pressured to make that happen."

"I knew you would say that. It took time because it was a large amount, but we've managed to convert it into cash through our recent trade with the Korean National Intelligence Service."

“You don’t have to do that. I already have enough money to live.”

Lanok took a sip of the tea looking as if he thought that Kang Chan was incredible. He then put down the teacup. “You’re probably only saying that because you have no idea how valuable the operation you’ve executed truly is. Europe’s friends, Russia, and a few countries can now breathe easily again because of your success. All of my friends whom you’ve seen at Loriam have passed on their gratitude, and my position has become more solid thanks to you. This outcome is hard to put any price on.”

Just what is he trying to say that’s making him drag it out like this?

“We’re expecting the ‘Unicorn’ to be announced a bit earlier than we had initially thought,” Lanok said.

If things like this were what Lanok wanted to say, then Kang Chan liked it.

“Europe’s friends have also shown their sincerity, little by little. They’re expressing extreme satisfaction with this operation. After all, those friends of ours have always been a target for assassination. The truth is, they’re satisfied because if this operation failed, they would’ve had no choice but to be wary of China’s mood.”

“I went there to rescue manager Kim. You helped us with that. I’m already satisfied with being able to bring all twelve agents back home,” Kang Chan responded.

Crunch. Crunch.

What a tactless fucker!

When Kang Chan and Lanok smiled lightly, Seok Kang-Ho, who had been munching on cookies, smiled along with them without even knowing what they were saying.

“Six countries have expressed their sincerity. All thirty billion won are going to be deposited into your bank account. Of course, we’ve also finished discussing this with the Korean government, so you won’t have to worry about problems like taxes,” Lanok added.

“That’s too much.”

“In addition, twenty billion won will also be deposited into your bank account. It came from the liquidation of the Gong Te automobile shares, and they were converted into Korean won. I promised to give you. Consider this my and my friends’ sincerity, as I had promised to give you this.”

Kang Chan had met Lanok multiple times, so he already knew that there was something else that Lanok wanted to say just from looking into his eyes.

“Europe’s friends will likely ask me—or you, to be precise—to participate in operations,” Lanok continued.

Kang Chan couldn't immediately understand what he was saying.

"This means that they're going to rely on me to take care of raids related to the 'Unicorn' project."

They wanted him to continue to participate in more battles like this? Kang Chan couldn't answer right away.

He did want to repay Lanok for calling the Foreign Legion specialized team for this rescue operation, and he was also willing to participate in operations to rescue his captured allies or if it was absolutely necessary to accomplish the 'Unicorn' project. But on the other hand, he didn't want to keep joining battles of this nature.

"I understand that it's not something you can decide on immediately. Please take your time thinking about it," Lanok said when Kang Chan didn't respond.

"That would be ideal."

"And Mr. Kang Chan..."

Lanok took out and handed over a USB from the pocket of his vest that he wore inside the suit.

"That contains detailed information related to Woo-Ang Jeon-Woo,"[2] Lanok said when Kang Chan looked at him.

It made Kang Chan unable to stop himself from bursting out with energetic laughter.

"Please rest for a few days. Let's have dinner together someday," Lanok told Kang Chan.

"Understood."

"You must be tired, yet I still took away your time in vain because I wanted to see you."

"What are you saying? I'm a bit more comfortable now that we've met again."

As he stood up from his spot, Kang Chan thought, 'Oh shoot! This sly fox got me again!' Their conversation ended without giving Kang Chan time to refuse the fifty billion won.

Soon after, they left the embassy.

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho got in the embassy's van, then headed to the specialty coffee shop that was located in the intersection in front of their houses.

They sat on the familiar terrace, had iced coffees, then smoked.

It felt like Kang Chan had just woken up from a long dream.

"I feel blank," Seok Kang-Ho commented.

"Same."

When Kang Chan took a sip of the coffee...

“Since we told everyone that we’ll be back in three days, should we go somewhere first?” Seok Kang-Ho grumbled as if he was disappointed.

“I just want to go somewhere I can get a good night’s sleep.”

“Let’s go to a jjimjilbang[3], have a hot bath, and sleep. We should eat something delicious afterward.”

“That sounds nice.”

Finding Seok Kang-Ho’s suggestion tempting, Kang Chan stood up right away. He wanted to relieve his spite.

He strangely became full of spite after a battle.

On top of having restless sleep, Kang Dae-Kyung felt like he got bombarded starting that morning due to Yoo Hye-Sook’s school friends, whom they had seen at the hotel, gathering with their spouses to congratulate the start of their Foundation.

Even if it was called an office, it was just a small twenty square meter officetel.

“Honey, what should we do?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

Kang Dae-Kyung comforted Yoo Hye-Sook, who was flustered. He then gathered the visitors to Kang Yoo Motors’ office, which was located in the building right next to the officetel.

“Oh my! Hye-Sook! Congratulations.”

Kang Dae-Kyung was a businessman, so he wasn’t ignorant of the sense of superiority that was in the expressions of the women that greeted Yoo Hye-Sook.

He fully understood the mockery in the strange glances that showed they were thinking, ‘Even if you think you’re all that just because you have a good son, you’re still nothing,’ and ‘I heard that it was a Foundation, but it’s only an office this big?’

That wasn’t all.

“Could I receive an estimate for a car? It’s time for us to change my wife’s car.”

Kang Dae-Kyung also clearly knew the intentions of the husbands that looked down on him by treating him as if he was a salesperson, even though they knew fully well that he was the President of Kang Yoo Motors.

‘I’m this powerful, so don’t act out just because you have a good son. Listen well to what I ask you to do, then I’ll buy a car from you.’

Their gazes and attitudes were so obvious that anyone could fully understand what they were thinking unless they were stupid.

Kang Dae-Kyung gave in for Yoo Hye-Sook, and Yoo Hye-Sook did as well to avoid disrupting Kang Dae-Kyung's business. Nevertheless, it was dumbfounding that they were acting arrogant even though they walked in here without anyone asking them to come.

Since it was morning, even the sales representatives that didn't have any appointments had all worked on preparing refreshments and tried their best to entertain the guests, but Kang Yoo Motors was the definition of disordered because the number of people that only a hotel could handle had come into the office.

“Hey! Give me more drinks.”

The second man to receive Kang Dae-Kyung's business card spoke informally and treated the employees rudely, which was uncomfortable to hear.

The female employee that was selected to work for the Foundation was still young. Right after graduating high school, she was a child that was trying to work hard because of her difficult family circumstances, but they were walking over her just because of her appearance.

“So you're saying it's going to be a little over one hundred million won if I pay in a lump sum?” the husband asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“That's right, Mr. President.”

“Why are you like this—isn't there an employee discount? I'm buying this because of you, so shouldn't you give me a discount? I told you I'm paying in cash. Why is this company acting so cheap when even all German car companies are giving discounts? How are you going to make any sales at this rate?”

The man, who had already received an estimate sheet three times, clearly never had the intention to buy a car. Even so, he still kept loudly negotiating the price.

“I'm sorry, honey” Yoo Hye-Sook apologized.

“For what? This always happens in the car business industry.”

Kang Dae-Kyung comforted Yoo Hye-Sook while pretending that nothing was wrong.

Chapter 93.2: On Their way Back (2)

The guests showed interest by saying many things that Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook weren't thankful for at all, such as complaining that the office was too small, asking if they would even receive support funds because of their Foundation's current state, and asking how many cars Kang Yoo Motors sells per month. They also had conversations about Kang Chan once in a while. A lot of people snorted while looking at the flower pots that the Prime Minister and the President had sent.

“Please move aside for a moment.”

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook then saw a man come inside and ask people to move while asking for their understanding.

Kang Dae-Kyung sighed quietly enough to prevent Yoo Hye-Sook from noticing. He couldn't imagine how much they were going to show off if they came here with their own employees.

He also found it ridiculous that they came here to see if they could benefit from Kang Chan yet were acting powerful and influential by having someone make way for them.

Did anyone tell them to come here? Did Kang Dae-Kyung or Yoo Hye-Sook ever brag that their son was great?

Kang Dae-Kyung still felt suffocated because he was worried about Kang Chan. He just wished his son would show up and say, "I'm here," or give them a call at least. He didn't need any of this.

"Honey," Yoo Hye-Sook called and held his hand.

"Yeah?" Kang Dae-Kyung forced himself to smile. He didn't want to let Yoo Hye-Sook know that he was worrying about their son.

"Oh my!"

At that moment, they heard someone being surprised near the door.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook looked at their surroundings to check what was happening. Upon seeing the person that came into the office at almost the same time, they stiffened in shock.

People clapped.

President Moon Jae-Hyun walked inside while greeting the people that were clapping with his gaze.

"Mr. President. This is Mr. Kang Dae-Kyung, and this is Mrs. Yoo Hye-Sook, who took on the role of the Foundation's chief director," a middle-aged man who had his hair neatly combed back introduced the married couple before the security guards who were sharply glaring at the entrance and the windows.

"This is President Moon Jae-Hyun," the middle-aged man introduced the President to Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook.

Did they still really have to introduce the President?

"It's nice to meet you. I'm Moon Jae-Hyun."

"Hello, sir!"

Looking flustered, Kang Dae-Kyung held Moon Jae-Hyun's hand. At that moment, Moon Jae-Hyun unexpectedly squeezed his hand and said, "I heard from the Prime Minister that you're experiencing a lot of inner struggles because I'm lacking as the President."

Kang Dae-Kyung couldn't have guessed that he would hear something like that. No, he couldn't even have dreamed that the President would appear before him in person.

"You must be Kang Chan's mother," Moon Jae-Hyun lightly shook hands with Yoo Hye-Sook while smiling. "It's great to see so many people doing amazing things, but I feel ashamed and as if I couldn't do as much."

“Yes,” Flustered, Yoo Hye-Sook immediately made the President a person that had done something shameful.

“I’ll have to go now, unfortunately. I only dropped by for a bit in the middle of my schedule because I heard that you two were doing amazing things.”

When something suddenly came across Kang Dae-Kyung’s mind, he said, “Thank you for what you sent to the hospital last time and for the flower pots.”

“The flower pot is deducted from the expediency fund, but what I’ve sent to the hospital was bought with a month’s worth of my salary. I’ve been nagged a lot because of that,” Moon Jae-Hyun burst out with laughter after his strange response.

“Anyway, I’ll get going now.” Moon Jae-Hyun said his goodbyes to Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook with his gaze, then strolled out of Kang Yoo Motors.

“Honey, what did the President mean just now?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked afterward.

“Huh?”

“I’m asking what he meant by our inner struggles. Is he talking about Channy, by any chance?”

“We heard from the Prime Minister at the hospital that Channy connected them with a higher-up in France because he knew them. Maybe he was talking about that?”

The office was still silent. Everyone was in a daze.

Kang Dae-Kyung absently looked around the office, and the people that made eye contact with him politely bowed their heads.

“Oh my!” the new female employee of the Foundation yelled. Still out of her senses, she ended up spilling a drink on a man who was already hot-tempered.

“I’m sorry! That was my fault!” the female employee apologized.

“It’s okay! It’s okay! Why should you be sorry for this kind of thing? Everyone can make mistakes when they’re busy—you’re human! It’s not like the drink was poison or anything!”

“Honey! Why are you talking informally? She said she’s an employee of this Foundation!” the wife yelled.

“Ah! Did I do that? I apologize. I talked that way because you just seemed like my niece and my daughter. It’s okay, right?”

The man observed Kang Dae-Kyung’s mood while consciously giving a wide smile...

“I don’t need a discount when I’m buying a good car! Um, I’ll pay in installments for a year, so please bring over the contract when you can. I should be the one grateful for being able to buy a good car!” the man exclaimed.

Kang Dae-Kyung watched people thank them by bowing their heads whenever their eyes met. He really missed Kang Chan.

“Hey! This is amazing!” Kang Chan exclaimed.

“Phuhuhu,” Seok Kang-Ho laughed as he was eating boiled eggs like a famished person.

“Didn’t you say that we should go somewhere to eat?” Kang Chan asked.

“Would I not be able to eat food just because I ate a few of these?”

Kang Chan thought that if it were him, he wouldn’t be able to eat anymore.

Should I buy anthelmintic[1] and feed it to Seok Kang-Ho?

After sleeping soundly for about two hours, they woke up and took a hot bath. They then came out. He felt much more refreshed after receiving a massage from a machine.

Everything was okay, except for the surprised looks that they received from people after they saw the scars on their bodies.

Kang Chan looked at the clock. It was 2 pm.

“Let’s go out for lunch,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“Right now?”

“I’m craving something spicy. Let’s have stir-fried octopus and rice.”

Kang Chan could only laugh.

As they got changed, Kang Chan retrieved his phone that he had left at the front desk to charge. They then went out of the jjimjilbang.

On the way, Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho about the money that Lanok said he’d give him.

“That’s great,” Seok Kang-Ho commented afterward.

Didn’t this fucker get greedy about money? Well, to be fair, Kang Chan would’ve said the same thing and ended the conversation if Seok Kang-Ho had told him that.

“The person who received a lot of money should buy lunch,” Seok Kang-Ho added.

At times like this, Kang Chan strangely felt poor and thought a couple tens of thousands of won was a lot.

“Should I pay?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“I will.”

“Phuhuhu.”

Kang Chan wanted to laugh like Seok Kang-Ho did, to snicker as he responded. He wished the spite would leave him already.

‘Should I meet Mi-Young?’

Kang Chan thought for a moment, then shook his head. She was studying.

He was thinking of calling Yoo Hye-Sook after eating.

Cho Il-Kwon Yang Jin-Woo’s chief secretary, pushed up his glasses resting on top of his thick nose with his index finger.

“There’s clearly a relationship between them. Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook weren’t relaxed enough to do things like this. It’s also suspicious that Moon Jae-Hyun dropped by this morning,” a man told Cho Il-Kwon.

They weren’t in the office of the chief secretary but were on one of the top floors of an office building where they could look down at the Gyeongbokgung Palace[2]

Cho Il-Kwon turned over the A4-sized photos on the desk one by one.

Kang Dae-Kyung going to work, Yoo Hye-Sook walking out of the apartment wearing shabby clothes and carrying a bag, and the couple comfortably going about their daily lives were unfolded in order every time Cho Il-Kwon turned over the photos.

“Please check this one out. The people here and here are the same guys. They’re clearly employees of a private security guard company. Considering Kang Chan goes to Yoo Bi-Corp often, there’s a high chance that they’re Yoo Bi-Corp employees,” the man continued.

“I heard that the guys that were wounded in Yongin were admitted to the police hospital?”

“Yoo Bi-Corp and the police hospital are under contract with each other. We think that’s because the police hospital is overall the best in the country for treating external wounds and bone injuries.”

“And how high are the chances that they’re government agents?” Cho Il-Kwon asked again.

“It’s unlikely. According to the regulations, they’re supposed to be moved to a military hospital if they’re government agents. Moreover, the hospital bills were all paid in cash.”

“Who did that?”

“It’s difficult to track the source since they paid in cash.”

Cho Il-Kwon nodded while pursing his lips. “You know why we’re doing this, right?”

“We’re only loyal to you and the Chairman. We don’t know anything more than that.”

Cho Il-Kwon smiled. “The next regime should be run by a person the Chairman wants. People that don’t even have lineage coming into power are the same as unlicensed people driving a car. Act relentlessly for the country and for the people. Have a sense of duty that you’re doing work to maintain this country’s public order.”

“Serving you and the Chairman is an honor.”

“Go now. If possible, find ways for Yoo Hye-Sook to get into a believable accident. I can’t believe the members of the National assembly have been disgraced because they trusted a mere gangster,” Cho Il-Kwon looked at the man standing in front of the desk, dumbfounded.

“A robbery should work,” the man suggested.

“A robbery?”

“Our best option is to call two people from Vietnam and arm them with knives. We’ll say that they came into South Korea as apprentices for some company, gambled, and committed an accidental crime out of anger when they lost their money.”

“Hmm.”

“The line of people who’d want to do it themselves would reach all the way to Vietnam if we offer a billion won.”

“It’ll take some time, won’t it?” Cho Il-Kwon asked.

The man smiled. “We’ve already prepared quite a lot of people.”

“The Chairman is going to be happy.”

“Thank you, Mr. General Manager.”

Cho Il-Kwon looked out the window with a satisfied expression.

Chapter 94.1: You’re doing this because you want to die, right? (1)

Kang Chan didn’t exactly like spicy foods, but the stir-fried octopus he was eating with Seok Kang-Ho put him in a good mood. He chuckled as the spiciness set his tongue on fire.

“Alright. Let’s grab some iced coffee and a cigarette,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“Okay, okay. Let’s go.”

Kang Chan left the restaurant with Seok Kang-Ho feeling much better. They headed to the specialty coffee shop just across it.

“Your eyes look a bit like a human’s now,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“Was it that bad?”

“Those in the Foreign Legion noticed it, which should tell you something.”

“Tsk.”

“Phuhu, you had the same look in your eyes back in Africa. Phew! When was that? When I almost had my forearm chopped off just to stop you was the first time I thought you were scary. If that knife hadn't stabbed my arm, you would've been kicked out of the Foreign Legion. Do you remember that?”

Seok Kang-Ho suddenly brought out a memory that Kang Chan had barely managed to forget.

“Ah, right. It's just a feeling, but don't you think you've become much sharper than when we were in Africa? From what I've seen, you were even quicker than you were in your prime, especially when you were shooting while running from the guard post,” Seok Kang-Ho added.

“When building 4 was opened?”

“That's right! You were famous even in the past for shooting on the move, but you actually pulled off perfect headshots this time. I was astonished.”

Did I do that?

“Phuhu, Before we left, one of the two Algerian members asked me to bring him along for the next operation. You remember the sniper who asked you when you would be participating in an operation again, right? He thought that we were part of the Korean specialized team.”

“At this rate, I feel like you're going to go over to France behind my back.”

“Phuhu.” Seok Kang-Ho laughed and drank his coffee, then chewed on the leftover ice. “I was happy because I went there with you. I don't know about others, but I bet that fucker Gérard is terrified of going on an operation without you.”

“Forget about it. Let's go home,” Kang Chan said.

“Let's do that.”

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho stood up. It was about time they headed back to their daily lives.

Kang Chan got in a taxi with Seok Kang-Ho and got off at the entrance of the apartment. All he cared about right now was seeing Yoo Hye-Sook before anything else.

He never imagined that he would live a life where he would feel this happy about his home and family.

Ding.

Upon getting out of the elevator, Kang Chan immediately opened the door and entered the house. He examined the living room and looked into the master bedroom, but Yoo Hye-Sook was nowhere to be found.

Did she go somewhere?

Her missing from home when there was someone looking for an opportunity to kill her was not a good sign. Just in case something had happened, Kang Chan found his mother's number in his phone and pressed the call button.

The dial tone beeped a few times, but she didn't answer.

As a cold glint appeared in Kang Chan's eyes, the call connected.

- Hello? Is it you, Channy?

“Yes, Father. Is something wrong? Where's Mother? And why do you sound like that?”

- Nothing's wrong. I'm just happy to get a call from you. Are you sick or...

Kang Dae-Hyung trailed off for a moment.

- You aren't injured, right?

He almost whispered the question.

“Of course not. I'm at home right now.”

- What? Really? Have you finished work?

“Yes. Why were you the one that answered Mother's phone, though?”

- The Foundation office opened today, so your mom's busy with the guests that came to visit.

Kang Chan felt Kang Dae-Kyung sounded different from usual.

“Is there really nothing going on, Father?”

- What would happen to me? I'm just happy to hear your voice.

“Should I go there? I should congratulate mom.”

- No.

Kang Dae-Kyung answered immediately.

- It's going to end soon, and I'm going to go home early today anyway, so you should just rest. I'll see you at home. You aren't going anywhere, right?

“Yes. I'll see you later, then.”

- Okay. See you later.

Kang Chan hung up, still feeling as if something was off. He didn't feel like his parents were in danger, however, or that they were in a crisis.

He went to his room, changed into comfortable clothes, then plopped onto the bed.

He didn't care about anything else, but he had to quickly take care of the people behind the attack in Yongin.

The material that Lanok had handed over to Kang Chan about Yang Jin-Woo investigated the case in a different direction compared to the material the National Intelligence Service had given him.

In particular, there was a lot of information about the ways Yang Jin-Woo managed his slush fund and information about his bank account, the politicians connected to him, detailed personal information about his chief secretary, Cho Il-Kwon, and even information about the separate office and the personal organization that Cho Il-Kwon led. As Kang Chan read it, the massive amount of information made him feel as if he had Yang Jin-Woo right under a microscope.

“So this shows that fucker Cho Il-Kwon did all of the actual work. Tsk, he even secretly hoarded twenty billion won from Yang Jin-Woo's slush fund. What a greedy fucking snake,” Kang Chan said to himself.

Cho Il-Kwon had indeed bought two apartments for women to stay in. However, he clearly had a beautiful wife in the attached family photo, not to mention a daughter in the first year of middle school.

“Well, well, would you look at these fuckers!”

Among the people that Cho Il-Kwon controlled, the most noticeable one was Yoon Bong-Sup, the fixer[1] that used to be in a gang. He had a substantial criminal record—three convictions for violent crimes, making threats, labor law and Foreign Exchange Act violations, , and more. The material even recorded the fact that he was acquitted in two cases of instigating murder.

Kang Chan couldn't help but smirk as he looked at Yoon Bong-Sup's face, which was glaring at him from the PC screen.

‘So you're the guy who actually did the dirty work, huh?’

The material was recorded in great detail. It even had personal information about Yoon Bong-Sup, his place of residence, and the places that he frequented.

“Let me take a look at you first.”

Kang Chan would get the answer to whether Yoon Bong-Sup was involved if he checked things from the bottom up. If Yoon Bong-Sup received orders from Cho Il-Kwon and was paid a sizable amount of money, then there was a high chance that he was connected to the attack in Yongin.

As Kang Chan was glaring at the photo of Yoon Bong-Sup, he heard the front door opening.

Kang Chan closed the material that he was looking at on the computer, then immediately went out of his room.

“Channy!”

“Welcome home. Congratulations on the Foundation, Mother.”

Yoo Hye-Sook hugged Kang Chan as soon as she took off her shoes.

It was nice. Being hugged by Yoo Hye-Sook was really nice.

Kang Dae-Kyung looked relieved as he examined Kang Chan's expression.

"Did something go wrong at the retreat, Channy?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

"No. I was told that I didn't have to do more work since I completed the tasks that were prepared for me better than people expected."

Yoo Hye-Sook nodded. She looked as if she had no idea what Kang Chan was saying.

"Did something good happen?" she asked.

"I probably just look happy because I got to see the two of you early."

Kang Dae-Kyung laughed cheerfully.

"Honey... You're the one who told me that I'm doting on our son too much, but look at you now!" Yoo Hye-Sook said.

"Yup. I really enjoy seeing my son these days."

Kang Dae-Kyung remained firm even after seeing Yoo Hye-Sook's dumbfounded expression.

After the couple got changed and came out to the living room, the three of them sat on the sofa. They told Kang Chan about the event, starting with the people that visited. They also mentioned that the President had visited them in person, but Kang Chan had no idea about that.

"Maybe he dropped by on his way somewhere because the Prime Minister told him about the Foundation?"

He actually had no clue why that had happened.

For dinner, they had bibimbap[2], which Yoo Hye-Sook had made with vegetables, kimchi, and fried eggs.

As Kang Chan enjoyed the delicious rice bowl, he suddenly thought of Gérard.

No—rather than appreciate the food, that fucker was the type to look at others weirdly and start ranting.

At any rate, they enjoyed dinner and whiled away the time while watching TV together.

In the morning, Kang Chan ran a bit faster than usual, wanting to shake his depressing thoughts off.

They had saved Kim Hyung-Jung, and aside from Gérard, nobody was injured.

Seok Kang-Ho was given five hundred million won, and Kang Chan heard that fifty billion won was going to be deposited into his bank account.

Fifty billion won? In his previous life, Kang Chan had received three to five million won monthly for shooting things every day in Africa. He got slightly annoyed because he wondered how many awful tasks they were going to pile on him to get their money's worth.

Of course, people had very different ways of counting money, depending on how important it was to them. If the ‘Unicorn’ project earned profits in the trillions, as he had been told, then it wasn’t unusual for him to be paid fifty billion won.

However, no matter how much money they gave him, that wouldn’t guarantee Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook’s safety.

Huff. Huff.

Breathing heavily, Kang Chan arrived at the bench in front of the apartment.

Even though he hadn’t been able to do anything when Kang Dae-Kyung had gotten attacked, he wasn’t going to let anyone mess with Yoo Hye-Sook.

Who do those sons of bitches think they’re messing with?

The spite that he had barely suppressed suddenly surged. However, he was now in a much better condition.

“Why don’t you rest for just a day?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked when Kang Chan entered the apartment.

“I like doing this, father.”

“Wash up quickly and let’s have breakfast, Channy” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

“Alright.”

He took a good look at Kang Dae-Kyung’s content expression and Yoo Hye-Sook, who was preparing breakfast. He then went into the shower.

After breakfast, Kang Chan sent off Kang Dae-Kyung. He then went into his room, called Kim Tae-Jin, and told him that he had arrived home earlier than he had promised and to set up an appointment with him at 9:30 am at Yoo Bi-Corp.

Kang Chan wore a plain shirt with a suit jacket. Yoo Hye-Sook had now grown accustomed to him wearing these kinds of clothes.

“Mother, I’m going out.”

The word ‘mother’ now came out very naturally from his mouth. He really liked that.

“Have fun, Channy!”

“I will.”

Is this what they call happiness?

Kang Chan took a taxi to Kim Tae-Jin’s office.

Chapter 94.2: You’re doing this because you want to die, right? (1)

“Welcome. It seems like things went well?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan.

“Yes. Thank you for taking on the role of protecting my parents. I came here to tell you to withdraw the employees starting today.”

“Since you’re back now, I’ll do that. The National Intelligence Service is going to keep guarding them, right?”

“I wasn’t told that they were going to stop, so yes.”

Kang Chan hesitated for a moment, but he decided not to tell Kim Tae-Jin about what had happened to Kim Hyung-Jung. It was not the kind of topic that others could discuss without the person in question bringing it up.

“How should I pay you?” Kang Chan asked.

“If you’re going to say something like that, I’m never going to see you ever again.”

“Come on, don’t be like this!”

As Kim Tae-Jin frowned, an employee brought over tea.

“That aside, why hasn’t Kim Hyung-Jung contacted me? Has he contacted you, at least?” Kim Tae-Jin asked.

“He hasn’t.”

Kang Chan felt a prick in his conscience, but Kim Hyung-Jung actually hadn’t contacted him either. He spent about thirty minutes with Kim Tae-Jin, then stood up from his seat.

“Tell Mr. Seok Kang-Ho to drop by sometime. Does he plan on not meeting up with me anymore?” Kim Tae-Jin said.

“Let’s eat together next time.”

“I look forward to it.”

“I’ll schedule it as soon as possible.”

Kang Chan left Yoo Bi-Corp’s office and took a taxi to Sinsa-dong[1]. At the intersection in the Sinsa station, he looked at an eight-story steel-and-glass building to the right of the Hannam bridge.

“It must be that building,” Kang Chan told himself.

Kang Chan went into the specialty coffee shop right next to the building, bought an iced coffee, and sat down on the terrace.

Yoon Bong-Sup usually stayed on the fifth floor of that building in the morning, then went elsewhere after having lunch. From running a private loan company to placing foreign workers in different workplaces, he lived quite a busy life.

“Huh?”

Kang Chan’s eyes sparkled as he was lighting up a cigarette.

He saw Yoon Bong-Sup.

The man had a big build and hunched shoulders, but it was his slanted eyes, protruding cheekbones, and mean-looking lips that made Kang Chan certain he was Yoon Bong-Sup. If there was something

different about him from the photo, it was the shade of his skin, which was dark enough for Kang Chan to wonder if he was Black.

Yoon Bong-Sup was going into the building where his office was located, accompanied by two Southeast Asians with fierce eyes.

Kang Chan put out his cigarette and got up immediately.

In any case, his fight was with Yang Jin-Woo. It would be reported to Cho Il-Kwon if Kang Chan messed with this fucker, which in turn would make Yang Jin-Woo act.

Kang Chan wasn't thinking of beating up Yoon Bong-Sup without any evidence. He visited him to ensure they wouldn't mess with Kang Dae-Kyung or Yoo Hye-Sook and to let them know that he was already watching Yang Jin-Woo.

Doing that usually caused the enemy to either hesitate and stop what they were doing or blatantly try to kill their target.

Kang Chan went into the building, pressed the button for the elevator, and waited for a moment. He then went up to the fifth floor.

The organization was called Gentleman Inc.

Kang Chan checked the nameplate on the left side of the office door. Afterward, he opened the tempered-glass door and went inside.

This was Kang Chan's first time seeing an office with a sofa right in front of the door.

Three mean-looking guys sat there, glaring at Kang Chan.

"What brings you here?" asked the man at the desk on the left side of the sofa.

There were two desks in the room. Beside the desks sat a woman in her thirties. She looked as if she would never be successful.

"I'm here to meet Yoon Bong-Sup," Kang Chan answered.

"Who are you? Where did you come from?" the man at the desk frowned. When he stood up, the three on the sofa also lumbered to their feet and checked to see if there was anyone else behind Kang Chan.

"I'm Kang Chan. Yoon Bong-Sup is inside, right?"

"Kang Chan?"

'These fuckers know my name.'

The look on their faces showed they clearly recognized him.

As he looked around, he saw the door to a conference room on his left, and another door with a nameplate that said 'President's Office' on the right.

"Yoon Bong-Sup is inside, right?" Kang Chan asked again.

For some reason, these people weren't acting recklessly.

Kang Chan didn't want to waste his time on these goons, so he immediately headed to the room on the right.

They knew his name thanks to Oh Gwang-Taek.

The ones in the office didn't even stop Kang Chan. They just followed him with confused expressions.

Kang Chan opened the door, finding a sofa right in front of the door in this room as well. It was quite wide, and on its right side was a stately desk and a bookshelf.

Kang Chan's gaze was attracted to the things on the table in front of the sofa.

They were photos of Yoo Hye-Sook. Among them was her walking from the entrance of the apartment with a plastic bag. There were also close-up photos of her face.

What...are those?

Yoon Bong-Sup looked down at the photo, then raised his eyes toward Kang Chan again. The two Southeast Asians sitting on the sofa on the other side of Yoon Bong-Sup were looking at Kang Chan and Yoon Bong-Sup with an expression that said they had no idea what was going on.

These fuckers dare?

Kang Chan had been barely holding himself back from killing them for attacking Kang Dae-Kyung, and now he found out that they were up to something else too.

"Fuck. No wonder I had a bad dream," Kang Chan told himself.

There was no way that someone who knew Yoo Hye-Sook wouldn't know Kang Chan.

Click.

Kang Chan closed the door.

Reading the room, the two Southeast Asians got up immediately.

"Sit down," snapped Kang Chan.

However, they ignored his sharp tone.

Kang Chan smirked.

These two were in a room with Yoon Bong-Sup, looking at photos of Yoo Hye-Sook. They also had the guts to glare at him and ignore his orders.

Kang Chan immediately went to them.

The one closer to him flinched, while the other quickly took a step back. When Kang Chan slightly raised his right hand, the man reflexively raised his left arm.

Kang Chan grabbed his wrist and yanked it hard.

The man was clearly experienced. As Kang Chan pulled him forward, he used the momentum of the pull to throw a hard right at Kang Chan.

Bam!

Kang Chan deflected the man's fist as if he was swatting a fly away, then twisted his left arm.

“Argh!”

The attack caused the man to bend over. As soon as he did, his face met Kang Chan’s left foot at full speed.

Crunch!

His head shot up, but since his left arm was still locked, it bounced back down.

Crunch!

When Kang Chan kicked him in the face again, blood mercilessly splattered on the table, the floor, and Yoon Bong-Sup’s face and chest.

Crash!

He fell down, face-planting on the sofa. Kang Chan pulled his left arm up, then stomped on his elbow with his right foot as hard as he could.

Crack!

With a terrifying sound, the dislocated arm was pulled beyond its natural length.

He fainted, but Kang Chan still dragged him by the arm to the front of the door and twisted his neck. He was fully aware that the goon could die, but he couldn’t care less.

When Kang Chan straightened his posture, the remaining Southeast Asian urgently looked at Yoon Bong-Sup.

You think you have time to chat?

Kang Chan darted toward the Southeast Asian still standing between the table and the sofa. The latter tried to avoid Kang Chan by moving toward the desk. At the same time, Yoon Bong-Sup put his hand under the table.

Kang Chan turned around, twisting his hips and elbowing Yoon Bong-Sup square in the face in one swift motion.

Crack!

When Kang Chan grasped onto Yoon Bong-Sup’s hair with his left hand, the filet knife that the latter was holding fell under the table.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Kang Chan struck Yoon Bong-Sup four times with his elbow.

Cough! Cough!

Yoon Bong-Sup choked as he breathed in the blood flowing down his face. His nose was completely crushed, and his left cheekbone had caved in. Only the right side of his face still looked somewhat normal.

When Kang Chan stood up and looked behind him, he found the other Southeast Asian in a combat stance, holding a pointy knife.

“What’s this? Are we playing tag?” Kang Chan asked.

Smirking, Kang Chan jumped over the long three-seater sofa. He and his opponent were now facing each other from each side of the desk.

When Kang Chan moved, the man quickly backed away, keeping his distance.

You think I’m gonna let you off just like that even though you were looking at a photo of Yoo Hye-Sook while carrying that kind of knife?

Whoosh!

Kang Chan jumped onto the top of the desk.

Swoosh!

When the man darted toward the door, Kang Chan jumped down.

Whish!

The guy swung the knife widely, but Kang Chan had already guessed that he would do that.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

He slashed at Kang Chan again and again, showing substantial knife-fighting experience.

Whoosh.

You didn’t expect me to do this, did you?

Kang Chan grabbed the knife by the blade! With a speed that almost made it look like a single attack, he struck his opponent in the ribs, armpit, and neck.

“Gahh!”

Kang Chan grabbed and twisted his target’s right arm, causing the knife to turn toward the ceiling. The former then grabbed the latter’s weapon, blood dripping on the floor from the deep gash in his left palm.

Thud!

Kang Chan drove the knife as deep as he could into the guy’s shoulder.

“Ugh! Urgh!”

Thud!

Kang Chan stabbed him in the same place. The knife pierced through the man’s shoulder and out the other side. Blood streamed down and pooled on the floor. He had absolutely no intention to let these people off easily.

Clink-clank.

Kang Chan threw the knife on the floor, then mercilessly stepped on the man’s elbow with his right foot.

Crack!

“Eeepp! Eep!”

His screams were quite strange.

“You do know I’m not done yet, don’t you?” Kang Chan asked.

He grabbed the man’s head and kned him in the face four times. Following the gut-wrenching crunchy sounds of bones being crushed, the man fell limp.

“This is my last move,” Kang Chan said.

Crunch. Thud.

Throwing his opponent to the side, Kang Chan turned his gaze toward the last person still standing in the room. “Yoon Bong-Sup! I should also take care of you, shouldn’t I?”

Yoon Bong-Sup was sitting on the sofa, leaning heavily against the backrest as if he was trying to phase through it to escape.

Chapter 95.1: You’re doing this because you want to die, right? (2)

‘Let’s not kill him. I shouldn’t kill him.’ Repeating those words to himself, Kang Chan approached Yoon Bong-Sup.

‘I should find out if Cho Il-Kwon ordered him to kill Yoo Hye-Sook first.’

However, when he saw the blood that had splattered on Yoo Hye-Sook’s photo, which was on top of the table, Kang Chan’s lid ended up flipping.

Bang!

Crash!

Kang Chan booted Yoon Bong-Sup in the chest, knocking over the sofa as the latter toppled over. Right next to the table, Kang Chan noticed the filet knife that Yoon Bong-Sup had tried to pick up but missed.

Kang Chan smirked.

This son of a bitch was looking for an opportunity to kill my mother?

Even at a glance, Yoon Bong-Sup clearly intended to use foreigners, then send them back to their country.

Kang Chan picked up the knife.

‘I should not kill him!’

Kang Chan knew what not to do. He even yelled it in his mind.

But of all occasions, Kang Chan had to run into a situation—one that would’ve flipped his lid even on a day when he was feeling perfectly normal—while he was still feeling spiteful.

Kang Chan frowned while holding himself back from killing Yoon Bong-Sup, who was crawling and wiggling on his back.

If Kang Chan killed that fucker right now, then he would have to run over and kill Cho Il-Kwon and Yang Jin-Woo immediately as well.

“Hey,” Kang Chan called.

“Yes, sir!”

“You son of a bitch. Why are you whining like a child?”

“I’m sorry, sir!”

Kang Chan stepped on Yoon Bong-Sup’s right shoulder with all his might.

Crunch!

“Urgh! Ugh! Urgh!”

Yoon Bong-Sup groaned like a puppy that got kicked.

“Hey, you son of a bitch.”

“Yes—ugh...”

Yoon Bong-Sup flinched.

“Whoo, let’s talk like civilized people.” Kang Chan truly considered doing so.

But during the short moment that Kang Chan was walking to sit on the table, he saw Yoon Bong-Sup’s eyes checking the door.

This fucker was still expecting the guys outside to call someone that would save him.

Of course, Kang Chan knew that Yoon Bong-Sup’s subordinates wouldn’t just stay quiet and do nothing. They couldn’t fight him right now since they had heard Oh Gwang-Taek’s name, whom they knew, but Kang Chan guessed they were at least asking for help or gathering people. After all, they were aware that he came alone. Their arrival was what Yoon Bong-Sup was waiting for with anxious eyes.

“Yeah? I’ll also call someone, then,” Kang Chan said.

Kang Chan first stepped on Yoon Bong-Sup’s neck.

Bang!

“Argh! Agh! Argh!”

“You son of a bitch! I almost dropped my phone!” Kang Chan yelled.

Kang Chan stepped on Yoon Bong-Sup, who was struggling, and held the knife in his right hand.

Kang Chan had taken out his phone, thinking he was really about to kill anyone who would disturb them. Right now, he was so full of hostility that it felt as if it would explode out of him.

For the first time, Kang Chan pressed the radio app on his phone.

Drrr.

“It’s Choi Jong-Il.”

“Where are you?”

“We’re on the fifth floor of the building you’re currently in. We’ve also got some agents stationed by the entrance. ”

Knowing this would happen, Kang Chan said, "Come into the Gentleman Company on the fifth floor."

"Understood."

When Kang Chan pressed the app one more time, the red light flashing on his screen turned off.

"Urgh. Ugh. Urgh."

"Ah! Sorry, I was talking to someone on the phone. I was stepping on you for too long, wasn't I?" Kang Chan asked.

"Cough! Cough! Cough!" Yoon Bong-Sup tightly grasped onto his throat as he gasped for breath.

"Son of a bitch. Have you caught your breath now?"

Bang!

"Ugh! Urgh! Urgh!"

Only the right side of Yoon Bong-Sup's face was visible now. Moreover, his eye was so swollen it looked as if it was about to burst.

If Kang Chan kept his foot on Yoon Bong-Sup for just thirty seconds longer, the fucker would've died already.

Kang Chan removed his foot from Yoon Bong-Sup's face.

"Cough! Cough! Cough!"

"Hey," Kang Chan called.

"Agh! Arghh! Urghh!"

Startled, Yoon Bong-Sup let out a strange groan that sounded as if he was crying. He only ever really looked scared now.

I've had multiple opponents a hundred times more spiteful than people like you in Africa.

"What the!"

At that moment, Kang Chan heard a rough shout and people fighting out. He also heard the sound of a desk falling to the ground.

Bang!

The door was forcibly opened when one of the foreigners that had fallen to the floor was violently pushed into the room.

"It's Choi Jong-II."

“Guard the door. Don’t let anyone come in, no matter who they are. Make sure nobody interferes even if they’re the police or some other bullshit,” Kang Chan ordered.

“Understood.”

Yoon Bong-Sup’s eyes were full of fear.

“Are you willing to talk now?” Kang Chan asked.

Yoon Bong-Sup nodded.

Bang!

“Urgh! Ugh! Ugh!”

“Son of a bitch, you dare nod instead of answering me?”

Yoon Bong-Sup sounded like the croaks of a frog that had gotten stepped on.

Kang Chan removed his foot from Yoon Bong-Sup just before he died.

As Yoon Bong-Sup inhaled as if he was sobbing, Kang Chan heard people engaged in brutal combat outside the room again.

Kang Chan smirked.

Startled, Yoon Bong-Sup trembled.

Kang Chan perched on the armrest of the sofa that had fallen to the ground, then took out a cigarette.

Bang!

He then heard a loud noise that sounded as if someone had hit the door with an iron pipe or a baseball bat. Simultaneously, the door caved in right at the height where a human’s head would be. People kept yelling and screaming outside, but he wasn’t worried. He had seen Choi Jong-II’s skills.

Chk chk.

“Whoo!”

The yelling soon decreased a little, but they still continued to hear furniture breaking and horrible screams.

Although they were on the fifth floor, they could also hear the noisy sirens of police cars from the roads.

A glimmer of hope flashed across Yoon Bong-Sup’s eyes.

Kang Chan smirked.

“Whoo!” Kang Chan deeply inhaled the cigarette smoke, then exhaled it as if he was sighing.

Acting out because gangsters backed them up and Kang Chan acting out because he trusted National Intelligence Service or Lanok were both dirty deeds. However, if it meant saving Yoo Hye-Sook, Kang Chan was willing to do even worse things.

Yoo Hye-Sook couldn't buy expensive clothes for herself, not even once, because of the kids in the orphanage. Moreover, even though she had to give up her well-off lifestyle to marry her husband, she never hated him and only ever felt sorry for him whenever people looked down on him. After all, Yoo Hye-Sook had never resented anyone. Moreover, she had even decided to follow her son to the grave if he died due to his earlier injuries. When he survived, she held her tears back even as she witnessed and accepted all the changes that he had gone through.

They're trying to kill a woman like that?

Strangely, Kang Chan laughed.

“Cho Il-Kwon ordered you to kill my mother, right?” Kang Chan asked quietly after exhaling the cigarette smoke.

Yoon Bong-Sup's face was covered in blood, and he was barely breathing. At this rate, he would eventually faint.

“Oh, so you think you can just faint, huh?”

When Kang Chan stood up, Yoon Bong-Sup's right eye shook.

“Let's end this quickly. Did Cho Il-Kwon order you to kill my mother?”

Pow!

“Ugghh!”

Kang Chan stabbed the knife into Yoon Bong-Sup's broken right shoulder. In doing so, the fucker would only barely be able to use his right arm to eat.

“If you ever hesitate to answer me again, I'll dig your eyeball out next. Got it?”

“Yeeaaaaa!”

Yoon Bong-Sup's answer came out strangely since he had been stabbed.

The sound of people fighting outside had already died down.

“The police can't come in here, so make sure you carefully think your answers through. Otherwise, I'll make sure nobody would be able to find you even after I've killed you, wrapped you up in a carpet, and carried you outside,” Kang Chan said.

Yoon Bong-Sup nodded, then urgently answered with a strange sound.

“Did Cho Il-Kwon order you to kill my mother?”

Kang Chan was looking straight into Yoon Bong-Sup's eyes. If he did something stupid again, Kang Chan was thinking of just killing him and going straight to Cho Il-Kwon.

“Yeea!”

It sounded like Yoon Bong-Sup was speaking Japanese.

“Good. Do you have evidence to back up your claim?”

“The recording, phone... there’s a recording on the phone. I also put a billion won in the trunk of a car for the expected cost.”

Sons of bitches. They were going to use a billion won to kill a civilian in this world where some children would have to scoop up rice into a bucket so they could eat?

“Where are the car keys?” Kang Chan prodded on.

“Inside the closet.”

“That’s it, you fucker. See how much better it is for the both of us when you tell me things quickly?”

Smack!

Kang Chan violently slapped Yoon Bong-Sup, then stood up. Yoon Bong-Sup still had a knife stabbed into his shoulder, so he couldn’t even twist his body properly. Tears mixed with blood dripped down his face.

Kang Chan headed to the desk. When he opened the closet behind the chair and searched through a suit, finding the keys to a Benz in one of its pockets.

Afterward, he looked for the phone. He searched under the desk since the phone wasn’t on top of it, discovering that it had fallen to the ground in front of the chair’s wheel.

He didn’t know the phone’s model.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Kang Chan heard someone knocking on the door that was broken at the top.

“It’s Choi Jong-II.”

“Come in.”

Choi Jong-II opened the door a little and poked his head in. When he saw Yoon Bong-Sup on the ground, he swung the door fully open.

Creak.

Choi Jong-II’s shirt was drenched in blood, and more could be seen oozing from the right side of his forehead. He also had a handkerchief wrapped around his left hand as if he was wounded.

“The police have decided to arrest the people who came in here for multiple reasons, including the creation of an illegal organization and instigation of murder. We’ve also contacted the prosecution,” Choi Jong-II said.

“Are your wounds severe?”

Choi Jong-II smiled lightly as if he heard a funny joke.

“Yoon Jong-Sup said that evidence is recorded in this phone. Find it and play it,” Kang Chan continued.

When Kang Chan handed over the phone, Choi Jong-Il examined it. “It has a password.”

Chapter 95.2: You’re doing this because you want to die, right? (2)

Once Choi Jong-Il realized the phone had a password, he and Kang Chan turned to Yoon Jong-Sup at the same time...

“2796. It’s 2796.”

Choi Jong-Il immediately entered the passcode into the phone. After a while, he said, “There’s more than a few recordings.”

“Play the most recent once.”

Choi Jong-Il scrolled through the phone with his index finger for a moment, then double-tapped on the screen.

“You were looking for me?” The recording started. After some time, they heard, “Find ways for Yoo Hye-Sook to get into a believable accident,” and “A robbery should work.”

They even heard, “The line of people who’d want to do it themselves would reach all the way to Vietnam if we offer a billion won.”

Kang Chan sat on a desk and handed over a cigarette to Choi Jong-Il, who accepted it. He then immediately took out a lighter and lit it.

“Is there any other evidence?” Choi Jong-Il asked.

“Yoon Jong-Sup said the one billion won he received is in the trunk of his car.”

“It’s probably going to be one hundred thousand won cheques and cash. If we hand over the recordings, the people arrested here, Yoon Jong-Sup, and the two foreigners, then we’ll be able to convict them of instigating murder.”

Kang Chan shook his head while exhaling cigarette smoke. “That would only cut the tail of the problem. Let’s keep the evidence for now. We’ll settle this after paying Cho Il-Kwon a visit.”

“How did you know I was here? As far as I’m aware, weren’t you told that the Yoo Bi-Corp employees are training?”

“Manager Kim told me no country would ever leave a special security target alone. Honestly, I thought there would at least be someone else in my vicinity.”

“I’ll take them to the hospital. If we leave them like that for much longer, they’ll bleed to death.”

Kang Chan turned his head and looked at Yoon Jong-Sup. A puddle of blood had formed under him and the two foreigners.

“Take care of them yourself. I already stopped a big incident from happening when I came here to warn them, so I have no more business with them,” Kang Chan ordered.

“Please wait for just twenty minutes at the coffee shop that you were at earlier.”

“I can’t go out in these clothes.”

Blood had hardened on his left hand, and his right sleeve, shirt, knees, and feet were covered in blood.

“We’ll contact the hospital and prepare clothes right away,” Choi Jong-II said, then headed outside.

The agents also had to change anyway.

Remembering something that he had completely forgotten about, Kang Chan went to the table and looked at the photo of Yoo Hye-Sook, which seemed ominous due to the blood splattered on it. Leaving this in a place like this displeased him.

Kang Chan brought over the iron trashcan inside the desk, threw the photos in it, and lit it up with a lighter.

Crackle.

The photos gradually turned to ash as their corners curled up.

‘You’re next, Cho Il-Kwon.’

Now that it had come to this, Yang Jin-Woo and Cho Il-Kwon would be busy cutting their tails, so it would be difficult for them to start something else. Even if so, Kang Chan didn’t want Cho Il-Kwon to just be sloppily convicted for something like inciting murder and letting Yang Jin-Woo escape.

After burning all of the photos, Kang Chan left the room. He didn’t like the smoke stinging his eyes.

The ambulance and the police arrived almost at the same time. As soon as they did, they started receiving orders from Choi Jong-II.

Kang Chan went to the bathroom, lightly washed his hands, and applied medication that one of the agents had bought from the pharmacy. Afterward, he bandaged his left hand. As he did, an agent prepared clothes and shoes for him. It was probably difficult for the agents to handle the cost of laundry with a low-paying job.

Choi Jong-II had gauze on his forehead and bandages around his hand, but the blood seeped through them, making him look like he had been involved in a fight.

“Tell all of the agents to come here,” Kang Chan told Choi Jong-II.

They had already fought together, so what use was there for them to hide now?

Choi Jong-II smiled awkwardly in response.

“What are you doing? We should all have a drink, then catch Cho Il-Kwon,” Kang Chan said again.

“Are we also going with you?”

“You guys are going to follow me anyway, right? Do you guys have a car?”

“Yes, and we do.”

“See?”

When Choi Jong-Il took out his phone and contacted the agents, two of them appeared. Like Kang Chan and Choi Jong-Il, they also had bandages around them, so the people in the specialty coffee shop kept an eye on them.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to a building in Sejongno[1]. Cho Il-Kwon has created a personal office on the twenty-first floor of that building.”

Choi Jong-Il didn’t bother asking how Kang Chan found out about that. After spending ten minutes drinking coffee, they got in a gray mid-sized car and went to a building in Sejongno.

Lee Doo-Hee and Woo Hee-Seung sat at the front, and Choi Jong-Il and Kang Chan sat at the back of the mid-sized car.

Since it was a Saturday, the way downtown was quite crowded. When Kang Chan saw the cars that had densely filled up the roads, he as if he was being suffocated.

What were the limits of a person’s greed? Most individuals couldn’t even dream of having as much money as they had, so how could some of these people still try to kill someone just because they couldn’t own the distribution rights for cars they weren’t even in line for in the first place? How can they think of killing a housewife of a family that didn’t even know anything?

“We’re here. It’s that building up ahead.”

Lee Doo-Hee twisted his head and looked at the building to their right.

After parking the car at the entrance, Woo Hee-Sung and Choi Jong-Il got out of the car with Kang Chan. The road was congested, but the building was quiet.

The three got in the elevator and pressed the button for the twenty-first floor.

“Did you check if Cho Il-Kwon is here?” one of the agents asked.

“He stays here if he doesn’t have any special schedule. He’ll drop by a woman’s apartment in Bang Bae-Dong later before eating dinner. He’ll then go home to his house in Daechi-Dong.”

This information was written in the schedule that Lanok had handed to Kang Chan.

Room 2107.

The keypad lock above the door’s handle made it look difficult for them to open it.

'If we knock, he's going to ask who we are first...'

If he saw Kang Chan's face, then Kang Chan would be basically saying 'I'm Kang Chan.' What should they say? It would be detrimental to say his name from outside the office when its door was still locked.

As Kang Chan smacked his lips, Choi Jong-Il gestured with his eyes, then suddenly pressed the bell.

Ding-dong. Ding-dong.

Kang Chan blankly looked at the door...

- Who is it?

"I came here to run errands for Bong-Sup hyung-nim!"

Kang Chan stepped aside to get out of the peephole's field of view.

Would something like that fool him?

- He didn't say anything about sending someone to run errands?

"He told me to inform you that he has to urgently go to Vietnam?"

Click.

Choi Jong-Il smirked while looking at Kang Chan.

But Cho Il-Kwon was a difficult guy to handle. He kept the door chain latched, preventing the door from opening all the way.

"Just give me the documents."

The moment they clearly heard Cho Il-Kwon's voice...

Choi Jong-Il put his arm through the gap between the door and the frame, then violently struck downwards.

Crunch. Whoosh!

The door chain immediately fell off, and the door swung open.

"What?! What is—!"

Bam.

Choi Jong-Il punched the pit of Cho Il-Kwon's stomach, causing him to double over in pain and preventing him from screaming.

"Please go in."

Kang Chan went into Cho Il-Kwon's office, feeling dumbfounded.

"Cough."

Cho Il-Kwon kept screaming after barely getting his breathing under control...

Pow!

Choi Jong-Il struck Cho Il-Kwon's neck.

“Urgh!”

Cho Il-Kwon hunched his fat body forward. He was standing between the desk and bookshelf, which were placed near the window, and the sofa in the middle of the office.

Tsk!

Kang Chan went to Cho Il-Kwon's desk before anything else.

This son of a bitch.

As expected, a photo of Yoo Hye-Sook was on one side of it.

Just as spite radiated from Kang Chan's eyes...

Pow!

It seemed Cho Il-Kwon was about to make a sound again, seeing how Choi Jong-Il had punched the pit of his stomach once more.

By the time Kang Chan approached Cho Il-Kwon, his glasses were already halfway down his nose, and he was in so much pain he vomited saliva.

“This fucker is definitely going to scream and spout some bullshit if he ever regains his senses. If you entrust him to me for just twenty minutes, I'll make it so that won't ever happen.”

Kang Chan realized how Choi Jong-Il felt when he looked into his eyes. Choi Jong-Il had interfered first because he had guessed that Kang Chan would kill him if he laid his hands on him.

Yeah. That could be the wise thing to do.

Yang Jin-Woo wouldn't budge even if they killed this son of a bitch.

“Alright. You've started to beat him up anyway,” Kang Chan answered, then sat on Cho Il-Kwon's desk, took out a cigarette, and bit on it.

Chk chk.

“Whoo.”

Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.

Cho Il-Kwon's beat down sounded very rhythmic, perhaps because he was fat.

“Urgh. Ugh.”

Choi Jong-Il tightly grasped Cho Il-Kwon's head and lifted it. He then took off the glasses that were hanging on his chin.

“Cho Il-Kwon,” Choi Jong-Il called.

“Ugh.”

Pow. Pow.

Choi Jong-Il struck the pit of Cho Il-Kwon's stomach and his neck again. Afterward, he looked straight at him.

“He's going to ask you questions, and you're going to answer immediately. If you scream or do something stupid, I'll twist your neck. What happens to you is on you now.”

Cho Il-Kwon urgently nodded.

Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.

Choi Jong-Il struck the back of Cho Il-Kwon's neck a couple more times. The hits were light enough to keep him from fainting.

Why did he keep beating Cho Il-Kwon up when he had already said that he was going to listen to Kang Chan?

Kang Chan cocked his head while inhaling cigarette smoke.

“There's still five minutes left. If you faint, I'll kill you and bury you where I buried Yoon Jong-Sup a little while ago,” Choi Jong-Il explained.

Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.

Jeez, you cruel fucker!

When Kang Chan turned his head, he saw Woo Hee-Seung quietly glaring at Cho Il-Kwon from the corner of the room.

Chapter 96.1: Let's do this until the End (1)

Seeing the look in Woo Hee-Seung's eyes, who was quietly standing in the corner, made Kang Chan's heart sink.

South Korea's best agent, and a superior whom Woo Hee-Seung respected, was beating up an ordinary person.

Kang Chan had comfortably accepted that it would be better to let Choi Jong-Il beat Cho Il-Kwon up since Kang Chan could end up killing him otherwise. He thought Choi Jong-Il interfered because he shared the same sentiment, so Kang Chan took it lightly.

“Let's stop.” Kang Chan ordered. Choi Jong-Il stopped beating up Cho Il-Kwon.

Kang Chan felt bitter.

It was fine until he suddenly thought of calling Choi Jong-Il to Sinsa-dong instead of Oh Gwang-Taek. However, Kang Chan shouldn't have used South Korea's best agent to beat up Cho Il-Kwon. He shouldn't get their hands dirty for this kind of ugly fight.

“Do you guys want tea?” Kang Chan asked the two agents.

“I'll make some.”

“No, I'll do it.”

Kang Chan poured bottled water into the electric kettle on one side of the room, turned it on, and then poured instant coffee into a paper cup.

In truth, Choi Jong-Il and the two agents were government employees dispatched to help out during incidents and prepare for an attack from outside the country. They weren't sent to be at Kang Chan's beck and call and for his personal matters.

He had ordered the agents, people who lived with pride, to handle such a trifling matter.

When the water started to boil, Kang Chan poured some into the paper cup containing the coffee mix.

He was ashamed. It felt as if he had begun thoughtlessly using people just because he acquired power by working with the people responsible for the 'Unicorn' and France's Intelligence Bureau.

Kang Chan calmed down a little when he smelled the instant coffee.

"Cho Il-Kwon, go over there and stay seated," Kang Chan ordered.

Kang Chan didn't intend to cut Cho Il-Kwon some slack, however. Regardless of whether he killed him or let him live, he was ready to do it himself.

Groaning, Cho Il-Kwon sat on the sofa near the wall.

Kang Chan handed over coffee to Choi Jong-Il and Woo Hee-Seung. He then took out and offered them cigarettes.

"Open all the windows," Kang Chan ordered.

As Woo Hee-Seung opened four windows, the heat outside suddenly rushed into the room and overpowered the air conditioner.

They lit up a cigarette and shared coffee with each other.

"I'm sorry." As he should, Kang Chan apologized for his mistakes and wrongdoings. It was for the best.

Choi Jong-Il and Woo Hee-Seung looked at Kang Chan, seemingly asking what he meant.

"Even though this is my fight, I needlessly made you guys interfere. I got too angry because my family is involved in this," Kang Chan continued.

He couldn't just say things about what they had done as agents because Cho Il-Kwon, who was sitting on the sofa with his head hung, could hear them.

"Please let it pass just this once."

"Please don't mind it too much." Their strange smiles showed they understood what Kang Chan meant.

Kang Chan felt a lot calmer after drinking coffee.

He had gone through the fight in Mongolia, Yoon Jong-Sup, the blood-splattered photos of Yoo Hye-Sook, and was now dealing with Cho Il-Kwon.

He certainly felt as if he suddenly came to his senses in the middle of a fight that he had been dragged into before he could even think about it.

“What’s your plan?” Choi Jong-Il asked.

Kang Chan stopped drinking the coffee and looked at Cho Il-Kwon. “I’ll ask a few questions. If he gives me nonsensical answers, I’ll throw him out the window.”

He really wasn’t above doing so.

Cho Il-Kwon had thought lightly of killing people because he mooched off of power that wasn’t even his. He secretly hoarded Yang Jin-Woo’s slush fund and ordered people to kill a civilian to keep it.

Cho Il-Kwon had money and the chief secretary position, but Kang Chan had even more money and the power to kill Cho Il-Kwon.

It didn’t matter whether Kang Chan ordered someone else to kill Cho Il-Kwon or if he killed Cho Il-Kwon himself.

“Let’s settle this quickly and go out to eat,” Kang Chan said.

“Understood.”

After drinking the rest of his coffee, Kang Chan sat across Cho Il-Kwon. “Yoon Jong-Sup has given me all the evidence. He recorded your entire conversation.”

Cho Il-Kwon looked at Kang Chan’s chest, then tightly gritted his teeth.

“Yoon Jong-Sup also said that a billion won is in the trunk of a car. I know you did everything because Yang Jin-Woo ordered you to. Give me the evidence of that and of you all bringing in those obnoxious people from Japan. Confess about Yang Jin-Woo’s sins that I’m not aware of. Oh, I also know everything about the slush fund, so don’t even think about saying something about it. I even know everything about the twenty billion won that you hid.”

Cho Il-Kwon’s face flushed, then he quickly looked away. This son of a bitch was thinking of trying to play tricks again.

That wasn’t surprising for this kind of fucker.

“You two should stay outside for a moment,” Kang Chan told the agents.

He wasn’t trying to scare Cho Il-Kwon. He didn’t tell the agents to get out because of his spite or anger.

Kang Chan was just saying that he was going to fight his own battles by himself.

Creak. Rattle.

Choi Jong-Il and Woo Hee-Seung left Cho Il-Kwon’s apartment.

“Cho Il-Kwon?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yes, sir?”

Son of a bitch, his answers are good.

“You know me, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Cho Il-Kwon replied so quickly that Kang Chan didn’t even have the time to slap him.

“Let’s go through this step by step. What’s the real reason Yang Jin-Woo wants to kill me?”

Cho Il-Kwon briefly looked away because he didn’t want to answer but soon said, “He knows you’re related to matters concerning the rail’s connection.”

“Yeah, and I’m saying that people can earn more money if that rail gets connected, so why is he fucking complaining!”

Kang Chan became very irritated.

“He believes that if the laborers become financially stable, they’re going to have more conditions, more thoughts, and more reasonable demands from the rich and the political circle...”

As Cho Il-Kwon glanced over and checked Kang Chan’s reaction, Kang Chan became really curious about something.

“Hey—!” he yelled.

“Yes, sir!”

The son of a bitch answered so quickly Kang Chan got cut off.

“Doesn’t that just mean Korea will earn an outrageous amount of money if we get connected to the rail? The chaebols are the ones who will profit the most from this, so can’t they just listen to people’s reasonable demands and whatnot?” Kang Chan asked.

“If the rail brings us close to a hundred trillion won in revenue, then the regime won’t change for the next thirty to fifty years. According to research findings, if we continue with how things are done with this current regime, the chaebols will be disassembled and disappear.”

Kang Chan straightened his posture and breathed out slowly. “Is that why you’re showing your loyalty to Yang Jin-Woo with this bullshit? When Yang Jin-Woo orders you to kill normal people?”

“I was wrong.”

Kang Chan noticed Cho Il-Kwon’s eyes were moving quickly to think of a way to get out of this situation.

How could he say he was wrong when his eye movements showed otherwise?

He's looking for an opportunity to escape while he's in front of me?

“You and Yang Jin-Woo helped out the people brought in from Japan last time, didn't you?” Kang Chan asked, then smirked.

Although this fucker was scared of Choi Jong-Il right now, he wasn't too scared of Kang Chan.

Since Kang Chan was speaking nicely, Cho Il-Kwon became more and more relaxed. He was even blatantly looking for an opportunity to escape now.

“Um...”

“What?”

“Chairperson Huh Sang-Soo and assistant Kwak Do-Young were the ones in charge of bringing people in from Japan. The chairman and I only provided support by giving them the money that they said was needed.”

“Who's Huh Sang-Soo?” Kang Chan asked.

“He's a member of the National Assembly, and he's from a noble family whose members have been part of the National Assembly for generations. In fact, its Chairman is his older brother Huh Ha-Soo.

Kang Chan smirked.

Yeah, keep bullshitting.

Kang Chan remembered the recording of Huh Sang-Soo talking about what would happen if people without a lineage got behind the wheel.

“A noble family? Can they still be called a noble family if they secretly brought in North Korean special forces to prevent South Korea from getting the opportunity to advance, even if it meant assassinating people? Why is that fucker Huh Sang-Soo or something so opposed to the rail anyway?”

“He's opposed to it because of his past. His family used to export rice since they had received a title from the Japanese emperor. If this current government continues to stay in power and the citizens gain wealth, then previous settlement problems are bound to resurface.”

Kang Chan burst into a silly laugh. In the end, all he kept hearing were bullshit.

“Do you have evidence of money being sent over to Huh Sang-Soo?”

“I don't.”

Kang Chan took out a cigarette while smirking.

Chk chk.

“Whoo, do you smoke?” Kang Chan asked.

“No.”

The wind blew in through the open window.

“Um, Mr. Kang Chan.”

When Kang Chan looked at Cho Il-Kwon, Cho Il-Kwon slightly raised his head. Their eyes met.

“I can give you five billion won for now.”

This son of a bitch is only offering five billion won when he has twenty billion won? I'm going to receive fifty billion won.

“That's all I can give you right now. If I take out more money than that, it's going to be indicated on the slush fund.”

“Whoa!”

When Kang Chan deeply exhaled cigarette smoke, Cho Il-Kwon's eyes sparkled.

“Six months! No—if you wait just one year, I'll give you an additional three billion won.”

Kang Chan couldn't help but burst into laughter while holding the cigarette.

This son of a bitch keeps treating me as if I'm an idiot.

“You know what, I'll give you an additional five billion won in a year. That's the best offer I can give you.”

“Even if you give me the money, what's stopping you from going behind my back and trying to kill me again?” Kang Chan asked.

“Pardon? About that, I'll interfere and make sure that—”

“Hey!”

“Yes, sir?”

“Can you even do anything with Yang Jin-Woo ordering you around? Won't you just hire someone and badmouth a person's background to them again? Why would you pay me a year later when you can just end things cleanly by hiring a foreign hitman to kill me for a billion won?”

“If you feel that way, then I'll give you six billion won—no, I'll give you seven billion won right now.”

How painful would what he had just heard be if he was extremely poor like in his past life or if Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook were in a difficult situation and he didn't even have a cent in his bank account?

Cho Il-Kwon basically showed he broke poor people's hearts this way. In the end, he'd laugh, mock, and look down on his unfortunate victims even though he himself didn't have a good lineage either and was just sponging off Yang Jin-Woo while working under him.

Chapter 96.2: Let's do this until the End (1)

When Kang Chan dropped his cigarette on the ground and stepped on it, Cho Il-Kwon raised his head.

"I'll guarantee your safety and your family's," Cho Il-Kwon continued.

"How?"

"The chairman listens to what I say to some degree. If you trust me and leave now, then—"

SMACK!

"Cho Il-Kwon?"

Startled, Cho Il-Kwon straightened his posture. On his cheek was a handprint with enough details for Kang Chan to see his fingerprints.

SMACK! Thud!

Cho Il-Kwon buried his face into the armrest of the sofa, then straightened back up while trembling so much his head shook.

SMACK!

The outer edge of Cho Il-Kwon's left eye and the end of his lips got torn and were bleeding, and his cheek had become swollen. He stood up with difficulty.

With his bandaged left hand, Kang Chan tightly grasped onto Cho Il-Kwon's head.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Since Cho Il-Kwon had thin skin, rips started appearing all over his cheek. It was as if someone had cut him with a razor blade. The blood seeping out from around his eyes, his nose, and the end of his lips completely covered his face.

Kang Chan's grip on Cho Il-Kwon's hair tightened even more.

Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack.

Having lost strength, Cho Il-Kwon's head shook from side to side.

Just like Yoon Bong-Sup, this fucker was about to faint.

"If you don't open your eyes properly, I'm going to call the people outside so we can bury you," Kang Chan threatened.

Cho Il-Kwon flinched, then put strength in his head to open his eyes properly.

This son of a bitch is trying so hard because he doesn't want to die.

"Give me all the evidence for what you said just now. Got it?"

People in a crisis answered with a nod first before expressing their agreement using words.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

“You dare nod instead of answering me, you son of a bitch?”

“I’m sorry, sir!”

When Kang Chan released him, Cho Il-Kwon wavered.

“I want all evidence brought over before this cigarette is extinguished,” Kang Chan ordered.

While taking out a cigarette, Kang Chan sharply glared at Cho Il-Kwon. He had never glared at Cho Il-Kwon with such eyes until now because he felt sorry for ordering Choi Jong-Il to do something irrelevant.

Cho Il-Kwon urgently dropped his gaze.

Chk chk.

“Whoo, bring them over.”

Cho Il-Kwon staggered once as he urgently went to the desk.

Son of a bitch.

Those that worked for Yang Jin-Woo were sons of bitches who weren’t any different from bullies who clung to gangsters to commit atrocities or Cho Il-Kwon who stayed by Yang Jin-Woo’s side and thought that it was okay to rashly kill people. However one thing set them apart: bullies directly exercised violence, while Cho Il-Kwon hid behind violence using money and his petty power.

When Kang Chan stood up, Cho Il-Kwon started to hastily open drawers.

What an idiot, I was just going over to get a paper cup to ash my cigarettes in.

That fucker would sacrifice even his wife if it meant getting out of this mess. Once their power had been taken away from them and they had been subjected to unimaginable violence, anyone would act like that.

Countless people had been snapped and broken by that fucker’s petty power and violence.

When the cigarette made a ‘chkk!’ sound inside the paper cup, Cho Il-Kwon brought over a bundle of documents and a USB. He then stood in front of the sofa.

“Explain what those are,” Kang Chan said.

“The material in here shows the date and the amount of money sent to chairperson Huh Sang-Soo and the money that was used to...” Cho Il-Kwon hesitated but noticed Kang Chan’s expression. “It includes expenses the chairman has used for personal reasons and information about the incidents that have been covered up.”

“What are the incidents that have been covered up?”

The fucker had already spilled so much information, so why would he hesitate now? Although Kang Chan was frowning, he had become curious deep down.

“The chairman is a pedophile, so...”

What did he just say?

“We couldn’t bring ourselves to buy children that were too young, so we bought girls that were more than ten years old and...”

Kang Chan felt his blood boiling.

“We mostly bought kids that had run away from their homes.”

Kang Chan wanted to rip Cho Il-Kwon’s mouth.

“How old is Yang Jin-Woo this year?” Kang Chan asked again.

“He’s fifty-nine years old.”

A sudden thought came into Kang Chan’s mind. “You have a daughter, right?”

“I do. This year she’s...”

Cho Il-Kwon closed his mouth, seemingly having figured out Kang Chan’s intention.

“She’s in first-year middle school. How do you think you would’ve felt if Yang Jin-Woo touched her?”

“I’m sorry.”

“Yet you could still cover up the incident by paying the girls who were sexually assaulted behind closed doors?” Kang Chan asked.

“I didn’t do that directly—Yoon Bong-Sup...”

Kang Chan breathed in loudly. He almost killed Cho Il-Kwon right there and then. It would be so easy to stab Cho Il Kwon’s neck, twist his head, throw him out the window, or strike the pit of his stomach.

Kang Chan gritted his teeth and turned his gaze to the rest of the material.

“That also has information about the chairman’s family, including Yoon Bong-Sup, and proof that money was remitted to two private organizations with guys like Yoon Bong-Sup,” Cho Il-Kwon explained.

“Two other organizations have people like Yoon Bong-Sup?”

“I’ve put all the evidence in there.”

“Whoo!” Kang Chan exhaled loudly. “What do you want to do now?”

“I’ll go out to a foreign country.”

This son of a bitch thinks he can go to a foreign country with twenty billion won? Dream on!

“Cho Il-Kwon, how many years will people stay in jail if they’re convicted of something like instigating murder?”

“Five to ten years.”

Kang Chan nodded. “Do you want to stay in a hospital for now? Or do you want to go to jail?”

“Please let me go, just this once!”

Kang Chan smirked.

This fucker who’s terrified of so many things was trying to negotiate while playing tricks again.

Kang Chan tightly grasped Cho Il-Kwon’s hair. “Even if you guys are sent to prison, you’re all going to be released for having an illness anyway. If so, then you should just head straight to the hospital.”

SMACK!

Kang Chan slapped Cho Il-Kwon with all his might, causing his head to snap to one side.

Kang Chan then let go of Cho Il-Kwon’s hair and reached over with his right arm, pulling on Cho Il-Kwon’s left sleeve.

Thud.

When he slammed Cho Il-Kwon’s head onto the sofa’s armrest, his arm naturally bent.

This son of a bitch is unbelievably tactful!

Kang Chan stood up from his spot and grabbed Cho Il-Kwon’s wrist with his left hand. He then put his knee over Cho Il-Kwon’s elbow and struck down with all of his might.

Crack!

Cho Il-Kwon, who had fainted, regained consciousness because of the pain, but then immediately fainted again.

Even though Kang Chan had already beaten him up so much, he’d only be in a hospital for a year with his current injuries.

Kang Chan grabbed Cho Il-Kwon’s head. He then threw it the other way as he pulled his right hand.

Crack!

Cho Il-Kwon would now have to stay in a hospital for a total of two years. Kang Chan had three to seven years left to add.

That was easy.

Kang Chan grabbed Cho Il-Kwon by the hair and pulled him up, straightening his upper body. The bandages on Kang Chan’s left hand were now drenched in the blood that covered Cho Il-Kwon’s face.

Kang Chan grabbed onto Cho Il-Kwon’s head with both hands, then quickly and briefly twisted it.

Crunch! Thud!

Cho Il-Kwon wouldn't die from that, but he'd have to live the rest of his life sitting or lying down if he was unlucky. He probably would never be able to move his neck or his body below his waist ever again either.

This much should be enough to punish the fucker for now.

Kang Chan took the material on top of the table, then headed to the desk and found photos of Yoo Hye-Sook. One of them had fallen to the floor, and drops of blood had fallen onto the other.

This son of a bitch!

While gritting his teeth, Kang Chan folded the photos and put them in his inner chest pocket.

It didn't look like there was a place for him to burn the photos in this office.

Rattle. Creeaak.

When Kang Chan opened the door and headed outside, Choi Jong-Il and Woo Hee-Sung, who had been standing in front of the door, moved aside.

“What should we do?” Choi Jong-Il asked Kang Chan.

“I've twisted Cho Il-Kwon's neck, so send him to the hospital.”

“Understood. It'll just take a minute.”

Choi Jong-Il went inside the office while holding onto the door, then came outside after they heard a 'click.' He had changed the password to the office.

“This will allow the hospital officials to open this office themselves and take Cho Il-Kwon,” Choi Jong-Il explained.

It seemed this guy also had a wide range of talents.

“Let's go out to eat,” Kang Chan said.

Choi Jong-Il radioed someone while they were going down the apartment. When they got to the entrance, a car was already waiting for them.

“Let's go somewhere where we can eat in peace,” Kang Chan continued.

“There's a restaurant that sells delicious hanjeongsik[1] down this road.”

“Okay. It should be a place where we can talk among ourselves.”

“There's a good place for that. You know where it is, right?” Choi Jong-Il asked Lee Doo-Hee.

“Yes.”

Kang Chan gazed out the window upon hearing Lee Doo-Hee's answer.

Should they report Cho Il-Kwon to the police? If they did, Yang Jin-Woo would make even more effort to cover up Cho Il-Kwon's wrongdoings.

That fucker was worse than dogs.

When Kang Chan was tightly gritting his teeth while recalling the impression he had of Yang Jin-Woo, which was based on the report...

Chapter 97.1: Let's do this until the End (2)

After deciding what restaurant they should go to, Choi Jong-Il called someone.

"There's a patient in the building on Sejongno Street. He's in room 2107. Take him to the hospital and make sure the police or the prosecution can't interfere."

Choi Jong-Il dropped the call after passing on only the necessary information.

"Do you call that number for the police as well?" Kang Chan asked.

"If the headquarters contact them directly, the police will already be aware of the situation before they go to the scene. That eliminates the need for explanations."

Kang Chan didn't know they could contact the police that way.

The restaurant came into view after passing Gwanghamun[1] and driving for about ten more minutes. A restaurant emerged when they drove for about ten minutes after they passed the Gwanghwamun. The restaurant was a hanok[2] that had been renovated in a sophisticated way.

"Welcome."

An easygoing elder pointed to the door inside the living room.

Rattle.

They opened the hanji paper door[3] and went inside, finding four cushions.

"Please stay here for a moment," the elder said.

Kang Chan comfortably sat inside the room. He didn't want the four of them to make a show out of trying to get the others to sit first.

Choi Jong-Il sat across from Kang Chan.

"Doesn't this place take people's orders?" Kang Chan asked Choi Jong-Il.

"I called ahead and ordered."

When did he do that?

Kang Chan asked another question, "Can we smoke here?"

"Yes. There's even an ashtray."

"Great. I'm thinking of smoking after we eat."

He felt as if he was just sitting in a room in a regular house.

"I did something wrong to the agents. Let me buy dinner to compensate for that," Kang Chan added.

"Please don't worry about it."

Just as they had finished their conversation, they heard people outside the room. A small table was soon brought inside.

Kang Chan couldn't help but smile a little.

Choi Jong-Il had said that this restaurant served hanjeongsik, but things like this should be called baekban.[4]

Just as Kang Chan was about to pick up his utensils, his phone rang. Oh Gwang-Taek was calling him.

“Hello?”

- Kang Chan, it's me.

“Why did you call?”

- Did something happen to you at Sinsa-dong?

“I fought with the fixers that belong to a certain company. It was for something personal.”

- It wasn't related to Bundang, was it?

Oh Gwang-Taek sounded somewhat tired.

“No. As I said, they were fixers of a company.”

- Alright. I just asked because three or four gangsters were among the people that were beaten up. I knew you were the one who did it the moment I heard what happened. If it's okay with you, let's meet up for a bit tomorrow.

“Tomorrow won't work. Let's see each other some other time.”

- Alright.

After Kang Chan ended the call, he scooped up a spoonful of doengjang-jjigae[5] and ate it. “This is amazing!”

“I've heard this restaurant is good. Seems like the rumors are true.”

Utensils could be heard being used throughout the room.

They talked about various normal topics while eating, which could be why it just took them thirty minutes to finish their food.

Lee Doo-Hee went out of the room and came back with coffee and an ashtray.

After Kang Chan lit up a cigarette...

“I'll pay for lunch,” Choi Jong-Il offered.

“Why are you like this? I already said I'll pay for it as an apology.”

“I just thought I'd offer anyway.”

Was Choi Jong-Il planning on asking him for a favor? From the sound of it, that didn't seem like the case.

"I'm paying for this. You can pay for the next one instead."

Their conversation ended with Choi Jong-Il smiling in response.

"Speaking of which, let's change our bandages before we leave," Kang Chan said.

Lee Doo-Hee went to the car and brought over bandages and medication. Afterward, all four of them changed their bandages into clean ones.

"What are you going to do now?" Choi Jong-Il asked Kang Chan.

"I'm thinking of going over to beat up Yang Jin-Woo."

"Yang Jin-Woo isn't a pushover. You should examine the material you received a moment ago from Choi Il-Kwon a bit more and look for an opportunity to use it. Meet Yang Jin-Woo after you find evidence that can eliminate all chances of him being able to run away."

Kang Chan nodded.

In fact, meeting Yang Jin-Woo would already be difficult in itself, much like his meeting with Cho Il-Kwon. Just as Choi Jong-Il had said, even if they were to run into each other, it would be hard to take care of Yang Jin-Woo.

"Tsk, fine! Let's call it a day. It won't be bad for me to lay low while examining the material anyway," Kang Chan answered, then stood up while thanking them.

Kang Chan paid sixty thousand won for the food.

After Kang Chan burned the photos of Yoo Hye-Sook in front of the hangari ashtray[6] outside the restaurant, he got in the car that Lee Doo-Hee was driving. He was then dropped off at the entrance of the apartment.

Kang Chan immediately went up to his house.

When he remembered the photos on Yoon Bong-Sup's table, he unconsciously sighed.

What would he have done if he didn't visit Yoon Bong-Sup and Cho Il-Kwon today?

At any rate, he should take care of Yang Jin-Woo quickly.

Ding.

Kang Chan got out of the elevator, walked to their unit, and immediately opened the front door.

"I'm back."

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook greeted Kang Chan from the living room.

"Welcome, Channy."

"Welcome home."

“Father, you’re home early.”

“I’m already resentful for having to work on a Saturday, so it’s only right that I come home early. Have you had lunch? What’s wrong with your hand this time?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“Oh my, Channy! Did you injure your hand? How bad is it?”

“I’ve had lunch, and I just got scratched a bit while doing some good.”

“How could you get hurt when you’re doing some good? You should be more careful,” Yoo Hye-Sook replied.

Despite being scolded, Kang Chan was happy for getting to see Yoo Hye-Sook.

Kang Chan changed into comfortable clothes, then inserted the USB that he had received from Cho Il-Kwon into his computer.

“Ha!”

This son of a bitch!

Kang Chan initially thought Cho Il-Kwon had organized the remitted money into charts. But no matter how stupid Cho Il-Kwon was, there was no way he wouldn’t know what jargon like H1 Statement of Accounts, fixed costs, and current assets meant.

Kang Chan looked through all the documents just in case Cho Il-Kwon had secretly written the remitted money in any of the tables, but they were all just titled ‘balance sheets’ and ‘income statements.’

Kang Chan couldn’t help but smile bitterly.

It was a crime that he didn’t check the evidence even though he was up against someone smart and clever.

He smiled again when he opened the documents that he had placed in the inner chest pocket of his jacket.

Under the title, which was along the lines of ‘H1 Statement of Accounts Per Subsidiary’ the target sales and amount of sales they achieved were organized, looking nice and neat.

Ah! That son of a bitch!

‘What was he going to do if I had checked this on the spot?’

If anything, Kang Chan thought Cho Il-Kwon had balls of steel for risking his life in such a way.

Should Kang Chan visit him at the hospital? Since Choi Jong-Il had admitted Cho Il-Kwon to one anyway, he could just go there quickly and...

Tsk!

Kang Chan decided to just be thankful for now that he managed to protect Yoo Hye-Sook. He then made engraved in his mind not to make this kind of mistake again against Yang Jin-Woo.

“Channy! Let’s have dinner!”

Kang Chan rubbed his eyes twice just in case his eyes were glinting, then went out to the living room.

While Kang Chan was having breakfast on Sunday, Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook said that they didn’t have any special plans. For some reason, though, Yoo Hye-Sook’s phone kept ringing, and none of the conversations ended quickly.

“Mom seems very popular,” Kang Chan commented.

“I personally think it’s good to see her that busy,” Kang Dae-Kyung replied.

Kang Dae-Kyung glanced at the master bedroom, then asked, “Nothing else is going on, right?”

“Yes.” Kang Chan momentarily hesitated, wondering if he required Kang Dae-Kyung’s help with protecting Yoo Hye-Sook. But the moment he saw Kang Dae-Kyung’s worried eyes, Kang Chan decided to take care of this without him.

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

Kang Chan’s phone, which was on top of his desk, started to ring.

“Seems like it’s your turn this time. Go answer it quickly,” Kang Dae-Kyung said.

Kang Chan hurriedly went into his room.

“Hello?”

- What are you doing?

It was Seok Kang-Ho.

“I’m just loafing around.”

- Let’s go out. Why don’t we go to Misari? We always go there at times like these. Let’s have a cup of coffee there, then grab some lunch.

Kang Chan agreed to the plan. Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook had told him that they didn’t have anywhere to go today anyway.

“Sure. Should I come out now?”

- I’m in front of the apartment.

Kang Chan hung up while smiling slightly, then called Choi Jong-Il.

- It’s Choi Jong-Il.

“I’m going to go to Misari and have a cup of tea. I called you because I’m worried about my mother. Instead of following me, just protect her.”

- I reported to my superiors yesterday, so more agents have been assigned to your parents since this morning. Twelve of them even have your mother as their sole responsibility. I was actually going to ask you to introduce two of them to your mother.”

“You want me to introduce two agents to her?”

- They're female agents that are in their mid and late twenties. Please tell her that one of them was dispatched to manage the Foundation from the Prime Minister's office, and I hope we can come up with a believable excuse that would let the other agent guard your mother from a close distance. As for your father, six agents have joined his company as salespeople.

Kang Chan felt like he had received a tremendous gift. The worry taking up a part of his heart seemed to have somewhat shrunk.

“Thanks. They said they're just staying at home today, so I'll think of a good excuse and introduce the agents to her tomorrow.”

- Are you meeting Mr. Seok Kang-Ho?

“Yeah.”

- I see. So that's why I saw the security guards that are in charge of protecting Mr. Seok Kang-Ho earlier.

“Why don't we have everyone greet each other and have a cup of coffee?”

- We're all going to have to write a detailed explanation or get a salary deduction if we do that.

Kang Chan smiled lightly and hung up the call in a good mood. He changed into jeans and a comfortable shirt.

“Father, I'm going to see my teacher for a moment.”

“Did something good happen?”

“Yes! Something really good happened.”

Kang Dae-Kyung didn't pry further. “Be careful, okay? I'll tell your mom that you've gone out, so feel free to go now. She's talking to someone on the phone.”

“I'll be back.”

Kang Chan felt much better.

Chapter 97.2: Let's do this until the End (2)

Seok Kang-Ho was waiting for Kang Chan at the entrance of the apartment, so it didn't take long for him to get into the car.

“Did something good happen?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Not exactly.”

As they left, Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho everything that had happened the day before.

“What? So you're saying that you left me out for something like that?” Seok Kang-Ho asked afterward.

Rather than getting mad about Yoon Bong-Sup's plan or Cho Il-Kwon's petty tricks, this fucker was spouting bullshit about something irrelevant instead.

“Hey! That’s not the point!” Kang Chan exclaimed.

“Then what’s the problem?!”

“Did you even listen to what I told you?”

Dumbfounded, Kang Chan burst out with laughter as they arrived at Misari.

After ordering coffee and lighting up a cigarette, Kang Chan thought he had returned to his everyday life with Seok Kang-Ho again.

“Do you know we’ve got a break until this coming week?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Really?”

It didn’t matter to Kang Chan, though, since Lanok had said that he would take him out of school in the second semester.

Kang Chan took a sip of his coffee when it was served to him, then his phone rang. He had forgotten about this fucker.

“Hello?”

- Captain, it’s Smithen.

“Got news for me?”

- I’ve already met all of them and even slept with one.

Already?

Smithen had gotten some progress, but he hadn’t said anything important yet.

“So, did you get something?”

- This is amazing. I think I’ll be able to sleep with four people in a week. Captain, this task is fantastic. It’s also thrilling.

Kang Chan glared at the innocent river. He didn’t send Smithen to the women just so he could sleep with them.

“Smithen, I’m asking if you’ve obtained any information.”

- No, captain. It’s an interim report.

“Alright. Call me if you get information.”

Kang Chan tightly gritted his teeth after he hung up, so Seok Kang-Ho discreetly observed his behavior.

“What did he say that’s making you angry?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“Smithen said that he even slept with one of the women yet hasn’t gotten any information yet.”

“He’s an idiot,” Seok Kang-Ho swore when Kang Chan held up his coffee.

It was strange, but this fucker wasn't close with their crew members in their previous life. He had always acted as if he was bullying everyone by himself, so he only followed Kang Chan that much more.

"If we don't have anything else to do, then let's go visit Manager Kim," Seok Kang-Ho suggested.

"Let me think about it."

It wasn't like Kang Chan hadn't thought about doing that as well.

"Half of his members died, and the other half had to be rescued from captivity because he failed to accomplish the operation. He probably wants to die right now, so I'm not sure about us suddenly going over to visit him. If I were him, I doubt I would want to meet anyone right now."

"That's true." Seok Kang-Ho nodded while picking up the coffee cup.

"Right! President Kim Tae-Jin was upset that you never contacted him, not even once. I told him that we should eat together sometime, to which he replied that he's going to be waiting with bated breath."

"Should I call him right now, then?" Seok Kang-Ho asked while grinning. Kang Chan nodded since it didn't seem like a bad idea.

"Hello? Mr. President? It's Seok Kang-Ho."

Seok Kang-Ho happily began conversing with Kim Tae-Jin. However, without even doing small talk, he immediately started to explain how to get to Misari.

"Please take your time."

Seok Kang-Ho put down his phone, then said, "He said that he's coming here."

Deciding to rest for the day, Kang Chan smirked while looking at the riverside in the distance.

Yang Jin-Woo. How do I kill that fucker?

The official office of Yang Jin-Woo, the chairman of Suh Jeong Group, was located on the twenty-ninth floor of the Suh Jeong Group's company building in Teheran-ro[1] in Gangnam.

He used an entire floor that was close to thirty-five thousand square feet[2] as his office. Moreover, even though it was Sunday, everyone in the secretary's office had come to work. Thirteen employees were on stand-by with grave expressions as well.

The floor had five meeting rooms, two waiting rooms, three conference rooms, an office with a desk, and a bedroom that had a shower facility. Lastly, there was a lounge where people could practice golf. It also had simple exercise equipment.

Yang Jin-Woo sat facing Kwak Do-Young, looking uncomfortable and displeased, in the first meeting room.

“Does this country even have laws? The chief secretary of Suh Jeong-Group got beat up so much in his own office that he got crippled, yet you just want me to sit back and watch? What on earth are you guys thinking?” Yang Jin-Woo asked.

Kwak Do-Young sighed deeply. His head was slightly lowered.

“I don’t know how busy Chairperson Huh is, but I understand what he’s thinking now since he has already sent you twice. From this moment onward, I’m going to take care of everything by myself, so please tell him that.”

“Mr. Chairman, I don't think you need to take this that far.”

Displeased, Yang Jin-Woo smiled. “For as long as it’s for Chairperson Huh, I’ll act as I please. If people threaten me for such a shallow reason, then I’m confident that I won’t die even if I were alone. I’ll deal with this myself from now on, so please tell him that I don’t want him to contact me for the time being.”

Yang Jin-Woo turned his head toward the window, then suddenly glared at Kwak Do-Young. “My god! This isn’t even a presidential election, yet they still took ten billion won from me to bring in dozens of people into the country. Ten billion won! Even so, you still want me to hold in my anger? They even hurt Chief Secretary Cho, who had been working with me all this while, after taking the money! If I said I would pay ten billion won for Kang Chan’s head, there would be a ton of people who would bring it to me on a tray tonight!”

“Mr. Chairman, we have made all the preparations needed to deal with Kang Chan. Our plans were ruined only because Moon Jae-Hyun interfered in the middle of it all.”

“Moon Jae-Hyun?! Until when are you going to use that guy as an excuse?! He doesn’t even have a good background! Considering how bad the current situation is, can you all still reclaim the regime even without the rail being connected to us?! There are even labor unions being formed in the building that I’m in, not to mention factories! Is that all you can do? Blame Moon Jae-Hyun even though you guys have taken more than twenty billion won from me within the past few months while dogs are sitting and facing each other at a dining table and are asking for the utensils?!” Yang Jin-Woo’s veins bulged with anger, showing his determination. It also evidenced that he had concluded that he should no longer expect anything from Suh Sang-Soo.

“Everything would turn out fine if we can just get the position of Director of the National Intelligence Service,” Kwak Do-Young explained.

“When will that happen? After I’ve been rendered severely disabled like Chief Secretary Cho and am already lying in a hospital? I’ve already taken measures.”

“Mr. Chairman...”

“How dare you glare at me!”

“That wasn’t my intention. I’m sorry, Mr. Chairman.” Kwak Do-Young immediately lowered his head. “I shouldn’t say this, but I have something to tell you so you wouldn’t misunderstand us further.”

Yang Jin-Woo, who had turned his head toward the window, shifted his eyes toward Kwak Do-Young.

“The chairperson and the assemblyman are in China right now,” Kwak Do-Young continued.

“Hmph! They want Chinese food for lunch, huh?”

“Moon Jae-Hyun had sent over a specialized team to Mongolia.”

Yang Jin-Woo’s head slightly turned toward Kwak Do-Young.

“We’re having a hard time digging out the details, but we know China’s senior official and the chairperson have failed to accomplish the matter they had been preparing with the utmost secrecy because of Moon Jae-Hyun’s actions.”

“So in short, you’re saying that they lost my money!” Yang Jin-Woo yelled.

“China currently has thirteen bodies affiliated with the Korean specialized team. This is expected to receive widespread media coverage on the internet and the news sooner or later. Their identities will be kept hidden, but wouldn’t at least one person know who they are if their faces are disclosed? What do you think would happen if people find out that Moon Jae-Hyun is the one who sent them to Mongolia?”

“We’re going to do that to Moon Jae-Hyun?”

“Moon Jae-Hyun is hard to deal with. However, this would force the Director of the National Intelligence Service to step down. China will also state that they won’t pursue the matters any longer or cause more trouble. The chairperson and the assemblyman are still currently busy in China,” Kwak Do-Young added.

Before Yang Jin-Woo knew it, he was already looking straight at Kwak Do-Young.

“Anyway! I’ll keep an eye out. I’ve already done something on our end, so please keep that in mind!” Yang Jin-Woo said.

“I’ll be looking forward to your wise judgment.” Kwak Do-Young bowed his head.

Yang Jin-Woo opened the drawer of the end table, then pushed an envelope toward Kwak Do-Young. “Here! I’m giving you this to show my gratitude for how good you’ve been to me, even if we don’t get to see each other in the future anymore.”

“Please think about the chairperson’s passion, Mr. Chairman. I’ll contact you when we get good news.”

“You should take it. If you refuse, then I really will stop meeting up with you anymore, assistant Kwon.”

Kwak Do-Young sighed quietly as he put the envelope in his inner chest pocket. “I’ll leave now.”

He then went out of the meeting room after saying goodbye in a disciplined manner.

“Hmmm.” Yang Jin-Woo sighed, then held up the phone on the end table and called someone.

“What happened? The Serpent Venimeux? Yeah! We should use a renowned organization like theirs! We shouldn’t become like Chief Secretary Cho, who just tried to steal money! That’s right! We should send Asians instead of Westerners. Be quick, but be careful!”

After ending the call with a satisfied expression, Yang Jin-Woo pressed the intercom on top of the end table.

- Yes, Mr. Chairman.

“Come inside for a moment.”

- Understood, Mr. Chairman.

Click.

The door opened, and a neatly dressed female employee walked toward Yang Jin-Woo. She looked quite young.

When Yang Jin-Woo walked to the window, the female employee’s expression hardened.

“What are you doing? Why aren’t you coming here?” Yang Jin-Woo asked.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Chairman.”

The female employee walked to the window with her head lowered, and Yang Jin-Woo roughly pulled her toward him.

Bang.

She bumped against the window as Yang Jin-Woo pulled her skirt upward from her back. He then pulled down her underwear even quicker.

“Bend over already!” Yang Jin-Woo yelled.

Yang Jin-Woo was too busy pulling the female employee’s waist toward him with one hand and unbuckling his belt with the other. Hence, he didn’t see the female employee close her eyes in shame.

Chapter 98.1: Strangely, he gets pushed aside (1)

After having lunch with Kim Tae-Jin and Seok Kang-Ho, Kang Chan immediately went home.

He already had dinner and was watching TV when he got a text message from Kim Mi-Young.

[Are you home?]

Ah, shoot! Kang Chan had told her that he was coming home in about three days.

He called her soon after, then met with her at the apartment's bench. She seemed pale, enough for Kang Chan to be worried.

"Why do you look so pale?" Kang Chan asked.

"I have to study. I'm going to study abroad in France no matter what."

Kang Chan stared at Kim Mi-Young. She had been quietly putting her heart into her classes so she could study abroad with him.

"Mi-Young, should we just go to a university in Seoul? If you're fine with it, let's prepare for that instead."

"A university in Seoul?"

"Yes. I actually got accepted to a university in Seoul as well. I got a special admission or something, so I'll probably get notified in the second semester," Kang Chan said.

"Really?"

"Yes, so take it easy. You told me you're going to finish one semester in a Seoul university anyway while preparing to study abroad in France. You should study French after we've seen how everything turns out."

She appeared to be disappointed at first, but she soon looked thankful for his consideration.

She suddenly grew up. It felt as if the tough times had brought out the maturity in Kim Mi-Young's face.

Kang Chan hugged Kim Mi-Young, who was coming toward him.

He smiled quietly. Unlike how she had gone into his arms awkwardly and was stiff at first, she was now hugging him back so tightly it seemed as if she was embracing him with all her strength.

Kang Chan and Kim Mi-Young sighed.

"What are you going to do if someone sees us?" Kang Chan asked.

They were in front of the apartment building. The older ladies in their neighborhood were so good and fast at gossiping it was as if they could spread new rumors via telepathy.

Kim Mi-Young raised her head to see Kang Chan, the look in her eyes passing on her desperate wish.

Smooch.

Kang Chan kissed Kim Mi-Young's forehead.

Kim Mi-Young smiled brightly as her snow-white face blushed.

“Let’s go on a trip again once I get accepted to a Seoul university,” Kim Mi-Young suggested.

“Sure.”

Kang Chan felt as if he could hear Kim Mi-Young’s heartbeat. A strange excitement engulfed him as her body temperature and breathing were passed onto him.

A moment later, Kim Mi-Young, who had been snuggling her head on Kang Chan’s chest, took a step back while looking disappointed.

“Go home and cheer up. Okay?”

“Okay! Don’t forget that we decided to go on a trip,” Kim Mi-Young replied.

“Alright.”

“Bye!”

Sunday passed with Kang Chan leaving behind strange excitement and disappointment.

On Monday, two female employees joined Kang-Yoo Foundation as requested by the Prime Minister’s office. According to the request, one of them was going to manage the Foundation, while the other was going to work for just three months as a form of commissioned education.

Six of the salespeople at Kang Yoo Motors were agents.

One of them was tasked to guard the office with their life, while those that worked outside stood by within the area. Another agent commuted to and from work with Kang Dae-Kyung with the excuse that they lived nearby, so Kang Chan worried less, to some degree.

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed surprised that there was more work in the Kang-Yoo Foundation than she expected, but she still looked happy. Although she felt sorry for not being able to take care of Kang Chan properly, she at least seemed satisfied with having something to do.

After positioning the agents, Kang Chan spent the day searching for information about Yang Jin-Woo.

He then had dinner, then sat on the sofa.

“Is work really that difficult?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook. He held onto her shoulders and carefully massaged them.

“Ah! Ah!”

She twisted her shoulders whenever Kang Chan put strength in his hands, but she seemed to like it.

“What should we do? I can’t take care of you while I’m working,” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“You’re doing work that helps those who are in more difficult situations than us, so don’t worry. However, don’t strain yourself, okay?”

“Thanks, Channy,” Yoo Hye-Sook said, then turned her arms and stroked Kang Chan’s hand. “Fortunately, the new employees are doing great.”

“That’s good to hear.”

“It’s all thanks to you. Thank you, Channy.”

Kang Chan thought that there could be a cool response in situations like this, but he just ended up smiling.

Kang Dae-Kyung soon returned home. Kang Chan went into his room after they talked for about an hour.

When he sat at his desk, his phone flashed a blue light. He didn’t notice he received a call, perhaps because the vibration was overwhelmed by the sound of the TV.

It was Lanok.

Kang Chan quickly pressed the talk button.

- Mr. Kang Chan, it’s Lanok.

“Mr. Ambassador. I apologize for not being able to answer your call right away.”

- It’s alright. It happens. Can we meet tomorrow for a moment if it’s okay with you?

Lanok probably didn’t want to meet just to see him.

“Understood. Where should I go?”

- The Namsan Hotel would be good.

Is this gentleman thinking of devoting his life to the Namsan Hotel?

Kang Chan couldn’t say anything about the location, though.

- Would 11 am be okay? Let’s have lunch together.

“Yes. I’ll be there.”

Lanok had to have something he wanted to say, but it was difficult to figure out what he was thinking since he was such a sly person.

Then again, why should Kang Chan annoyingly guess, when he was going to find out tomorrow at lunch anyway?

Tuesday morning.

Kang Chan sent off Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook, who were going to work together. This was to be expected, as the Kang-Yoo Foundation was right next to Kang-Yoo Motors.

“Channy, what will you have for lunch?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Chan.

“I’ll be eating with the Ambassador of France this afternoon.”

“Alright. Enjoy lunch.”

Kang Chan joyously stroked her back, finding it great to see her happy.

“Drive safely,” Kang Chan said.

His parents went to work.

Kang Chan found it dumbfounding for a high schooler to have a lunch appointment with the Ambassador of France and for his parents to be surrounded by around twenty National Intelligence Service agents at work.

The people concerned were completely unaware of all of those happening, too.

Kang Chan decided to have a cup of coffee and then change clothes since Joo Chul-Bum would likely somehow find out that he came to the hotel and meet him.

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

Just as Kang Chan took off his clothes, his phone rang.

“Hello?”

- Channy, we got to export our drama!

Michelle sounded excited.

“That’s good to hear. Where is it being exported to?”

- All over Europe. This is the first time a South Korean drama is being sold to all of Europe! If it does well, we might just earn back our investments before the drama is even finished. Articles are going to be published soon! Eun So-Yeon could become a world-famous star. No—I’m going to make that happen no matter what, Channy!

It was a relief she wasn’t near him right now. Whenever she got this excited, she would get turned on and throw herself at him.

- Aren’t you happy?

“Why won’t I be? You’ve done and gone through so much, Michelle.”

- While I have you on a call, drop by sometime to cheer our employees on. Everyone is down because you couldn’t come to the last company dinner.

“Is everyone at the broadcasting station today?”

- We’ll have everything done by 4 pm since we don’t have an outdoor shoot today. The trainees are staying at the company. They keep practicing even though we’ve told them to go back to their dorm. Since So-Yeon is persistently practicing the script as well, everyone is going to be at the office.

Kang Chan remembered the trainees and how they jumped up and down with happiness.

“I’ll call you and let you know if I can come over after my lunch appointment.”

- I didn’t expect to ever get this far when I started working at this job. Thank you, Channy. Thank you so much.

“Why are you thanking me when you did all the work? I’ll call you later after I see how things go.”

After he hung up the phone, Kang Chan changed into a shirt and a suit.

He was going to get through today safely and without getting into any fights!

Kang Chan was wearing a luxury suit, but it was already difficult to count how many times he had washed it. He hoped to return home with it still wearable at least for today.

Kang Chan arrived at the hotel at around 10:20 am.

He couldn’t help but laugh for having actually gotten used to it now.

Kang Chan ordered coffee after sitting down in the lobby, but Joo Chul-Bum got to him faster than they could even serve it.

How can this fucker do this?

“Welcome, hyung-nim.”

“Hey! Greet me normally. Don’t refer to me as hyung-nim.”

“I don’t know about anyone else, but I at least want to serve you as my hyung-nim until the end.”

He’s full of shit.

“Reserve a suite for me,” Kang Chan said.

“Understood, hyung-nim. If you’re going to smoke, then I’ll accompany you to my room—I can tell the employees to bring the coffee there.”

“That’s troublesome.”

“I’ll be back after I’ve taken care of your order.”

Joo Chul-Bum went to the front desk, and an employee brought over coffee.

Drrrr.

The coffee cup noisily shook because the hands of the female employee, whom he hadn’t seen before, were trembling profusely.

Clatter.

The cup almost fell.

“I’m sorry!”

The female employee had leaned downward to place the cup on the table, allowing Kang Chan to read the name tag on her chest.

‘Probationary employee Lee Ji-Yeon.’

Looking startled, the female manager ran toward Kang Chan. “I apologize, Mr. Kang Chan. There was an event yesterday, so we only have two probationary employees this morning. It seems she made a mistake while I was looking elsewhere. I’ll prepare a new coffee.”

The female manager gestured with her eyes to Lee Ji-Yeon. Her reaction was excessive, considering that the employee had only spilled some coffee on the saucer.

“It’s okay—please just leave it. I won’t be able to come here anymore if you keep acting like that since it makes me uncomfortable.”

While Kang Chan was refusing the female manager’s offer with a faint smile, Joo Chul-Bum approached them. “Is something wrong, hyung-nim?”

“I spilled some of the coffee while accepting the cup. Sit down. Do you want coffee?”

“Do you have time?”

“I came here a little earlier to have a cup of tea or coffee with you.”

“Thank you, hyung-nim,” Joo Chul-Bum bowed while looking touched. He then sat down.

“Please give us some coffee,” Kang Chan said.

The female manager went back with Lee Ji-Yeon with a thankful expression.

“I prepared room 1701 for you, hyung-nim.” Joo Chul-Bum politely handed over the card key.

That room was where Kang Chan had cut open Sharlan’s side, but it didn’t really matter.

“How is Gwang-Taek nowadays?” Kang Chan asked.

“He’s sharp, hyung-nim. So much so that even nearby gangster organizations are keeping an eye on him.”

As Joo Chul-Bum lowered his head with a dismal expression, the female manager brought over the coffee herself.

“And how’s Do-Seok?” Kang Chan asked again.

“He still hasn’t regained consciousness, hyung-nim.”

There was nothing that he could say about this.

Chapter 98.2: Strangely, he gets pushed aside (2)

Kang Chan was drinking coffee when his phone rang. Cecile was calling him.

“Hello?”

- Channy! Fifty billion won has been remitted to your bank account!

“Really? So that has been deposited, huh.”

- Who on Earth are you really? The branch manager is kicking up a fuss while telling me to let him meet you right now!

“I’m busy, so let’s talk later.”

- Sorry! Please call me.

“Alright.”

It seemed the money that Lanok had told Kang Chan about had been deposited.

Perhaps it was because he couldn’t see it in front of him, but it didn’t feel real at all.

“Did you get displeasing news?” Joo Chul-Bum asked.

Did I look displeased?

Kang Chan gave a vague response and resumed drinking coffee until his phone rang again.

“Mr. Ambassador, it’s Kang Chan.”

- Mr. Kang Chan, I’m arriving in five minutes.

“Understood.”

Kang Chan told Joo Chul-Bum that he would see him later, then went to the entrance.

A moment later, a black car and a van parked in front of him. “Mr. Kang Chan.”

“Mr. Ambassador.”

They gave each other a French greeting, then immediately headed to the guest room.

After preparing tea, a cigar, and an ashtray, the secretary and the agents headed into the inner part of the living room.

“I have one bad news and one good news,” Lanok started.

Why did Westerners like using that kind of expression? It wasn’t funny at all.

While biting on a cigar, which he hadn’t lit up yet, he continued. “The bad news is that China has the bodies of the Korean specialized team members who died in the recent operation. It seems they’re preparing photos to let people confidently recognize them. We have concluded that they’ll go through several procedures to file an official complaint to the Korean government, then they’ll report this on the news and make major headlines soon.”

Tsk!

Kang Chan didn’t know about the countries’ international interests, but the situation made the agents who were saved from captivity, the dead agents, and the National Intelligence Service, which was in charge of the operation, unable to avoid being internationally shamed.

Right now, Kang Chan was worried about Kim Hyung-Jung the most.

“What’s the good news?” Kang Chan asked after taking out a cigarette and lighting it.

“I got contacted by Europe’s friends yesterday.”

Since they were so sly and wily, Kang Chan couldn't even guess what they had talked about. As he was thinking that, he remembered what he had completely forgotten about.

“Ah! Mr. Ambassador, I heard you deposited the money today, yet I haven’t thanked you for that. Thank you, and please tell your friends as well that I’m thankful for the money.”

“You look like you’re not very happy about it?” Lanok asked.

“It just doesn’t feel real to me yet.”

Looking as if he found Kang Chan funny, Lanok continued, “We’re expecting to announce the ‘Unicorn’ project next week. Two days after that, articles that will list the countries that they’re estimating to be a part of the project will be published in the newspapers, making that information circulate.”

Is the ‘Unicorn’ project really happening?

Kang Chan looked at Lanok while feeling stunned.

“Please meet up with the Prime Minister as soon as possible and tell him my intentions. Can you request cooperation for something as well?”

“A request for cooperation?” Kang Chan asked.

Chk chk!

Like the sly fox that he was, Lanok held up the lighter and finally lit up his cigar only after making Kang Chan curious.

“China intends to put me and the South Korean government in trouble, so we’re determined to announce the ‘Unicorn’ project in South Korea. The people in charge of it, which are in Europe and Russia, are thinking of coming to South Korea because of that. If they proceed with it, then China will also have to completely abandon the news reports they plan on broadcasting. Can you request South Korea’s cooperation for that, Mr. Kang Chan?”

Kang Chan smiled brightly at Lanok. “You’re trying to make it so I’d make an enormous contribution to our government. Do you, by any chance, want something else than that?”

“Hahahaha.”

That was Kang Chan’s second time seeing Lanok laugh like this.

“Even the heads of the National Intelligence Service of each country are all coming here, so we’re thinking of requesting cooperation with South Korea’s National Intelligence Service as well. We want to put you in charge of that,” Lanok said. He puffed on the cigar, then continued. “Mr. Kang Chan, once the ‘Unicorn’ project is announced in South Korea, about fifty trillion foreign capital will hope to come into this country by the end of the year. Almost every company

will try to build a branch office, an assembly plant, or a logistics center here. The property value that South Korea has right now will increase by a minimum of over three times its current value.”

That didn't sound that good.

Noticing Kang Chan's expression, Lanok looked curious about what he was thinking.

“If that happens, then won't only the rich people that already have real estate properties become even more well-off? It'll put the people that are trying to buy homes in even more difficult situations.”

Lanok softly exhaled as he nodded. “That's not necessarily true. The companies that will come into the country from abroad will need to employ Korean employees, and they will obviously focus on housing, wages, and welfare to preoccupy talented people. Hence, the pre-existing Korean companies will also have no choice but to follow them if they don't want to lose talented people. Moreover...”

Lanok smiled strangely as he was watching Kang Chan's expression relaxing. “The small companies that were under large companies will obtain the opportunity to work with the best companies in the world. It will open a world where the organizations and the chaebols in South Korea will find it difficult to survive by using the same pre-existing way that they're currently used to. As a result, even the employees that work at small companies will be able to enjoy a more abundant, relaxing life than now, with just their wages.”

That was what Cho Il-Kwon had said!

Kang Chan vaguely guessed what Cho Il-Kwon had told him.

“Lastly, the country will get an enormous amount of tax revenue. The welfare for the poorest people or the elderly will increase to a level that's completely different than now—it will reach a level that people can't even imagine,” Lanok added.

“That's amazing.”

“This year is just the start. From now on, an economic effect will occur that's several times greater than before. This is the reason why China and Japan are willing to go as far as assassinating people. After all, Japan will be completely ignored in this market and will collapse contrary to South Korea, which will rise.”

Thanks to Lanok's explanation, Kang Chan roughly understood why people had been clinging onto the 'Unicorn' project so persistently.

“Will you request cooperation?” Lanok asked.

“I don't have a choice but to do that anyway. They're going to be really happy.”

“Even though I'm not sure of it...” Lanok had a sip of the tea that he had been holding, then continued. “They probably won't be able to sleep for a few days.”

Kang Chan smiled brightly, and Lanok burst out laughing.

Kang Chan didn't know about anything else, but he was at least relieved that Kim Hyung-Jung's efforts weren't fruitless.

They ordered lunch in the hotel room and ate together while talking mostly about Anne's recent activities. Lanok had a very bright expression as he told Kang Chan the news, perhaps because she was doing better than he had thought.

They then had dessert as Lanok asked, as if in passing, "Mr. Kang Chan, is there something that demands your money right now?"

Kang Chan only glanced at him.

"Please invest twenty billion won in stocks, and about thirty billion won in futures[1] by tomorrow. Selling both of them a week later is the wisest."

"I know stocks, but what are futures?" Kang Chan asked.

Lanok smiled in a relaxed manner. "If you tell the brokerage firm that you're trading with about it, they'll know what that means. But please don't tell other people about this, no matter what."

"Let's just not do that—I don't even know what that is, and I'm not greedy about money. I don't want to earn easy money by taking advantage of the 'Unicorn' announcement."

I knew this would happen.

Lanok's expression showed that was what he was thinking. "I told you to sell them a week later because that's when the people that want to buy stocks and futures will be desperately placing orders. Of course, they are also going to earn at least several times more than their original amount. Hence, with a week's worth of investments, you would be able to help even more people in difficult situations. There's still a lot of kids that are starving to death in Africa."

Lanok sounded strangely convincing.

"I know I've already told you this, but you should never tell anyone outside your circles about this. If you find it hard to buy stocks, then please tell me your stock account number and password. I'll have my assistant take care of it," Lanok added.

"That'll be great."

"Excellent decision, Mr. Kang Chan."

Lanok put down his dessert fork. He then smiled as if he was satisfied while wiping his mouth with a napkin.

Chapter 99.1: Strangely, he gets pushed back (2)

After Kang Chan parted ways with Lanok, he called Cecile first because Lanok had asked him to do so twice.

- Hello? Channy?

“Can you talk right now?”

- Of course. I'm sorry for calling you a little while ago when you were busy. I probably just got flustered because I have never dealt with that amount of money except with a few VIP customers in our firm.

“Forget about that. I'm going to place an order for stocks with twenty billion won, and the thirty billion won will be for... futures? I'm going to place orders for that. All of that is possible, right?”

- Oh! You're going to invest in derivatives?[1] To trade futures, your signature is mandatory. You have to prove that you were notified of its risks as well. Where are you right now? I'll prepare it right away and come over.

“I'll call you in an hour or two, then. I might meet Michelle at dinner, so we can just meet over there if you're okay with that.”

- Okay, Channy! I'm going to empty out all of my future appointments, so call me anytime.

“Alright.”

Just as Kang Chan finished the call, Joo Chul-Bum approached him. “Are you going? How are you going to get home, hyung-nim?”

“I have someone to call and someone to meet, so I'll take care of it.”

“Alright, hyung-nim. Please take care of yourself.”

If anyone who didn't know them saw this situation, they would certainly think of Kang Chan as a gangster.

Kang Chan first went into the lobby and ordered something because he had to, then looked for the number that was supposed to be waiting around the clock for his call. He then pressed the call button.

The ringtone only rang once before it got picked up.

- How may I help you?

Had someone really been assigned to just wait for Kang Chan's call for twenty-four hours every day?

“It's Kang Chan.”

- Yes, I know. Tell me what you need, and I'll take action right away.

The person was polite, but they couldn't get rid of the somewhat business-like feeling in the phone call.

“I wish to see the Prime Minister as soon as possible. Can you contact him?”

Kang Chan couldn't help but smirk because he felt the female employee hesitate.

- Is it for an urgent matter?

“Yes.”

- I'll contact him right away and get back to you.

Kang Chan hung up. He then put down his phone while laughing in a silly way.

How boring and hard could it have been for the employee waiting for Kang Chan's call? If Kim Hyung-Jung was available, Kang Chan wouldn't even have dialed that number.

The drink that he had ordered had been served when his phone rang.

"Hello?"

- Mr. Kang Chan, it's Go Gun-Woo. I heard you have to meet me for something?

"Yes, Mr. Prime Minister. I wish to tell you something in person."

- Is it for something urgent?

"It's something related to the 'Unicorn' project."

- Alright. Where are you right now?

Go Gun-Woo suddenly started to speak quickly.

"I'm at the Namsan Hotel. I can go to you, so please just tell me where to go."

- You don't have to do that. Hmm...

Go Gun-Woo stalled for a moment, perhaps because he was checking the time, then continued.

- I'll send a car to the hotel in twenty minutes. See you soon.

"Understood, Mr. Prime Minister."

Kang Chan stared at the drink while placing his phone on top of the table. He didn't want to drink it since it hadn't been long since he had lunch.

Should I have just asked for a cup of water instead?

Kang Chan leaned back against the chair, then saw Lee Ji-Yeon. Considering she was a probationary employee, she was likely at least a high school graduate. She looked young enough to be in middle school, though.

She was obviously nervous, too, and looked flustered. She was stiff, and her movements didn't seem natural.

Since it wasn't graduation season, Kang Chan wondered if she had just been staying at home when she got the job.

Kang Chan turned his gaze to the window.

He couldn't say that the kids that only studied were happier than Lee Ji-Yeon, but Kang Chan thought that she might want a life where she could study.

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

While lost in thought and looking outside the window, his phone rang again.

“Hello?”

- I’m contacting you from the Prime Minister’s office. If you come out to the entrance of the Namsan Hotel, you’ll find a car ready for you.

“Alright. I’ll head out now.”

They were also quick—it hadn’t even been twenty minutes yet since their phone call.

He paid for his drink and went out to the entrance, finding a man standing next to a black car. The man opened the back door.

Click.

When Kang Chan got in the car, the man closed the door for him and quickly got in the passenger seat.

“We’re going to the place that the Prime Minister told you about,” the man told Kang Chan as the car drove off.

Kang Chan roughly guessed where they were heading. It was the art gallery where he met Go Gun-Woo.

The man in the passenger seat immediately got out and accompanied Kang Chan inside the building.

Neatly dressed agents and employees were all already waiting with their IDs on their clothes, but no one was on the sofa.

“He’s arriving in five minutes. Please wait for a moment,” someone told Kang Chan.

Kang Chan sat on the sofa. Five minutes was nothing.

While he was slowly looking at the paintings hung up on the walls, Kang Chan wondered what went on in this art gallery.

He had looked at about four paintings when he heard footsteps getting faster. The secretary and an agent had gone inside.

Kang Chan stood up from his spot when he saw Go Gun-Woo coming into the entrance.

“Mr. Kang Chan, I’m sorry for being late,” Go Gun-Woo apologized.

“It’s not a problem. I requested to see you urgently, after all.”

“Let’s take a seat. Get us some tea.”

Kang Chan really wanted to refuse the tea.

Go Gun-Woo sat down, then exhaled. “You have gone through so much this time. I should’ve met you earlier and thanked you, but a lot of things were going on.”

Kang Chan certainly did go through a lot of things, though he did receive a lot of help while he was taking care of Yoon Bong-Sup and Cho Il-Kwon.

The secretary placed the tea on the table.

“Let’s talk after having tea,” Go Gun-Woo continued.

Kang Chan only placed his lips on the teacup and immediately put it down because he was full.

“Mr. Prime Minister, I’m sorry to ask this of you, but could you send out all of the entourages?”

Go Gun-Woo looked around their surroundings, surprised. “Is what you’re going to say that important?”

It wasn’t like Kang Chan didn’t understand Go Gun-Woo’s response, but there weren’t just one or two people around them. Kang Chan thought he shouldn’t tell him about the news in front of fifteen people or so.

“Yes. I apologize, but I think that’s the right thing to do,” Kang Chan replied.

Go Gun-Woo cocked his head for a moment, then answered while looking as if he had made up his mind. “How long will it take?”

“Ten minutes? That should be enough.”

Right after Kang Chan answered...

“Alright. Everyone, please excuse us for a moment.”

The employees and the agents standing along the wall of the art gallery all went outside with a look from Go Gun-Woo.

Only then did Kang Chan start telling him the news. “I had lunch with Ambassador Lanok today. The first thing he told me was that China has the bodies of the Korean specialized team members and that they are going to pressure him and the Korean government by sending photos of the bodies to the press.”

Go Gun-Woo held up the teacup while pursing his lips, seemingly to hide the fact that he was angry rather than just being thirsty.

“Lanok then told me they’re going to announce the ‘Unicorn’ project next week,” Kang Chan added.

Go Gun-Woo, who was holding the teacup, froze like a wax figure.

“He told me to pass on his intention to announce it in South Korea. The people in charge of Europe and Russia’s Intelligence Bureaus are coming here for it, and he also said that they want to take this opportunity to establish ties with our National Intelligence Service.”

Click.

Go Gun-Woo put down the cup as roughly as Lee Ji-Yeon, causing the tea to splatter on the table.

“Mr. Kang Chan, I couldn’t anything properly after you said the ‘Unicorn’ project is being announced next week, so please correct me if I’m wrong. Did you just

say it will be done in South Korea, the heads of the other countries' Intelligence Bureaus are all attending that announcement, and they're going to exchange information with our National Intelligence Service?"

Even though he seemed excited, Go Gun-Woo still clearly understood what Kang Chan had told him. Kang Chan thought Prime Ministers were indeed different from other people.

"That's correct. I heard that the people responsible for the 'Unicorn' and the heads of the other countries' Intelligence Bureaus are all coming."

"Phuhuhu." Go Gun-Woo was laughing like Seok Kang-Ho. "This is... How should I put it? Phuhuhu."

Go Gun-Woo organized what Kang Chan had said so neatly only to utter complete nonsense and continue to burst out with strange laughter as if he was crazy.

"I'm feeling very emotional, but it also doesn't feel real," said Go Gun-Woo. He smiled awkwardly at Kang Chan. "I'll call you by tomorrow. Of course, this is an issue that our government should fully cooperate with Lanok, but we also have to decide on the staff that'll be working at the announcement, so we need around a day."

"Please do what you have to do"

"Haa."

Since Go Gun-Woo had stood up while exhaling, Kang Chan also stood up with him.

"Mr. Kang Chan." Go Gun-Woo held out his hand as if they were going to shake hands, but he tightly held onto Kang Chan's right hand with both of his hands instead. "Thank you. Your name might be excluded from the 'Unicorn' project right now, but the President and I are never going to forget about you. Once the announcement has been made, we'll let the world know of your contributions."

"No thank you, Mr. Prime Minister! Please don't do that," Kang Chan stopped Go Gun-Woo while shaking his head.

Kang Chan would feel annoyed and inconvenienced by that. He thought he would be able to relax more after the announcement, but what Go Gun-Woo was saying would instead only further restrain him.

Go Gun-Woo let out a hearty laugh upon seeing Kang Chan's expression, then quietly exhaled again. "Let's discuss this later. Where are you going now? I'm on my way out anyway, so I can drop you off."

"Mr. Prime Minister, I'm fine with taxis."

"Hmm, I guess that's alright. If that's the case, then let me drop you off by the hotel instead."

"Thank you."

Kang Chan left the art gallery with Go Gun-Woo, then went out of the car near the main gate of the hotel. He managed to immediately get a taxi since they were lined up in front of the hotel and were waiting for customers.

On his way to D.I., he called Michelle and Cecile.

He was really busy today.

The ‘Unicorn’ project? Trading stocks and futures with fifty billion won?

He didn’t want this life, but he was thinking of trying his best anyway.

He did feel burdened as well by the constantly increasing amount of money that he kept getting. It wouldn’t be wrong to say it was as if he was being dragged into a pit that was hard to escape from.

Tsk! I’ll just keep earning and see how things go for now. To help those in difficult situations, the more money the better.

Kang Chan smirked while looking outside the window.

The world looked quite unfair.

Chapter 99.2: Strangely, he gets pushed back (2)

Kang Chan arrived at D.I., then headed into the office that was on the second floor.

“Hello?”

The wardrobe stylists and makeup artists were the first to greet him. They had been sitting at the desk with tired expressions. Department Head Kim Jae-Tae and their accountant Choi Yoo-Jin then stood up and greeted him, and Michelle and Lim Soo-Sung urgently came out of their respective rooms.

“Welcome back,” Lim Soo-Sung said.

“Welcome back, boss!” Michelle greeted Kang Chan.

At a glance, the employees had bright expressions, but they couldn’t hide the fact that they were tired, which was to be expected.

“You all seem to be having a very hard time—don’t we need more employees?” Kang Chan asked.

“Not at all!”

“We don’t need more employees, Mr. President.”

The wardrobe stylists and the road managers said no and even waved their hands.

“Mr. President, we can recruit more employees after we’re done producing the drama and checking the viewers’ reactions. This drama will serve as work experience for not only myself but all of the employees. We’re even getting calls from people that want to work for us for free, so you don’t need to worry about us.”

The employees even nodded to Lim Soo-Sung's response. What more could be said when the employees themselves were the ones saying they didn't need more people?

Kang Chan went to the President's room with Michelle.

"Mr. President, would you like anything to drink?" Choi Yoo-Jin asked, and Kang Chan replied with coffee.

When Kang Chan looked behind him while sitting on the sofa, he noticed documents neatly placed on top of the desk.

"Those are documents that the President should review and see for himself," Michelle explained.

"I told you to take care of those yourself."

"I know, Channy, but I prepare to report the documents to the President anyway because that makes the employees more nervous and keep their guards up. If I tell them I'm currently the acting President, then everyone will be disappointed."

Kang Chan smiled softly as Choi Yoo-Jin brought over the coffee.

"We got the official contract from Europe by email. Once the law firm is done examining it, you will have to come here in person for the contract signing. Since the atmosphere has changed, even the relationships between the actors have improved so much that the veteran actors who have supporting roles in the drama are teaching the trainees on the side," Michelle continued. She looked excited. "I feel as if everything I hoped for when I said I'll try working in this job has been achieved. That's why the employees and I don't realize that we're having a hard time."

Kang Chan put down the cup after he drank the coffee. "Don't assume that you can endure everything forever just because you can handle it right now, Michelle. The leader has to see two steps ahead. That way, you can quickly decide if we should provide more support or if we need to stop here. What you have to do right now is to decide when we should work on the next drama, and to hire more people who are well-suited for the tasks at hand. Cooperate with the employees in this drama, then make it so that the employees who have just been hired can properly get used to working here for the next drama."

Michelle looked at Kang Chan with admiration in her eyes.

You should go to war and fight for your life. You naturally learn things like this.

Someone knocked and opened the door.

"Hello?"

It was Cecile.

Michelle welcomed her in. Cecile asked for tea, then sat down on a chair.

“I forcibly stopped the branch manager when he tried to come with me, so I might get fired if you move your account to another brokerage firm,” Cecile told Kang Chan.

Michelle turned her head while looking confused at what Cecile was saying when someone brought tea into the room.

“Now! Here you go. You have to sign the places that I’ve circled with a pencil. After that, you’ll be able to place orders immediately.” Cecile took out a few pages of documents from a paper envelope that had the mark of the brokerage firm stamped on it, then placed them in front of Kang Chan.

“Trading derivatives[1] is dangerous. You should read the document first before deciding, Channy,” Cecile explained.

Kang Chan roughly pretended to read the documents, then quickly finished signing.

“Channy, you’re thinking of trading stocks?” Michelle asked.

“Yes. I want to try and study it. Right, what’s the password for the orders?” Kang Chan asked Cecile.

“You don’t need that—just call me anytime, Channy. I’ll take care of it.”

“Someone else might call in my stead, though.”

“I’ll take their order and call you to confirm, then. Will that be alright?”

“Sure.”

When would the fifty billion won feel real?

Cecile took the documents and put them back in the paper envelope. Looking satisfied, she then said, “I’ll buy us dinner today. Is that okay?”

“Everyone has to eat, though. That includes the trainees upstairs,” Michelle mentioned.

“Don’t worry, Michelle! I got a company credit card thanks to Channy! Eat to your heart’s content today! It probably won’t be a problem for as long as I don’t spend over twenty million won!”

“Oh my! How did that happen?”

“Channy has entered into an enormous contract with us! Whenever he makes an order, there’s a billion won in commission from the stocks and the futures, but from that, our branch will get three hundred million won in commission, and I’ll get thirty million won in commission. So let’s eat without worrying today, Michelle!”

“Wow! That’s amazing, Cecile! Congratulations!”

“This is all thanks to you Michelle. You connected me to Channy.”

The two talked noisily, then made a huge commotion as they hugged in the end.

“Channy, thank you so much.”

Kang Chan just smiled in response to Cecile thanking him. Lanok made this happen—Kang Chan didn’t even know much about what he was doing.

Michelle was definitely perspective, and she had a way of thinking that was peculiar to French women, so she didn’t ask how much money Kang Chan was investing despite seeing Cecile’s excitement.

They all had sashimi at a nearby Japanese restaurant for dinner.

Kang Chan chose that menu since the trainees requested to only eat light meals. They shouldn’t gain weight, after all. The atmosphere was still completely harmonious, though, because nobody acted arrogant like Lee Ha-Yeon.

“When are you guys going to appear on TV?”

“The trailer is starting next week and the drama will be broadcasted ten days after that. So-Yeon, Yeon-Hee, and Eun-Jeong over there are all in the trailer.”

The trainees looked at Michelle with big smiles on their faces; they appeared to be happy just hearing that news.

The group ate, conversed, and just had fun for quite some time.

The employees seemed to be feeling secure as they were watching Kang Chan, perhaps because of what happened with Alion in the past.

If there was one thing that bothered Kang Chan, it was Eun So-Yeon.

‘She seems to be hiding something.’

Kang Chan felt uncomfortable with the look in Eun So-Yeon’s eyes whenever their gazes met. Even if so, it was weird to ask, ‘What’s wrong with you?’ in the middle of eating. He also wouldn’t be able to do anything if she later said that she wants to terminate her contract and go somewhere else.

Dinner ended after they had dessert.

“Michelle, Cindy said that she’s done with work now. It’s been a while, so why don’t we all go out together and have a glass of wine—my treat,” Cecile offered.

“Should we? What do you think, boss? Come with us.”

“I have to go home now—I have something to do that requires me to be there a bit early,” Kang Chan said.

Michelle looked disappointed, but rather than clinging to him, she just went with it.

Kang Chan got in a taxi and headed home first.

That was the end of his long Tuesday.

On Wednesday, Kang Chan had breakfast and sent off Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook, then turned on his computer.

Yang Jin-Woo was still around.

While he was searching about Yang Jin-Woo and the Suh Jeong group on the internet, he came across a short news report that stated that a female employee committed suicide yesterday by jumping off the Suh Jeong group's company building in Gangnam.

'Depression?'

The news report only included testimony from a colleague that stated that the female employee suffered from depression. Kang Chan was also going to suffer from depression if he didn't take care of Yang Jin-Woo quickly.

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

While Kang Chan was looking at his computer screen with a profound expression, his phone rang.

"Hello?"

- Mr. Kang Chan, it's Go Gun-Woo.

"Yes, Mr. Prime Minister."

- Our government wholeheartedly accepts Ambassador Lanok's request and will cooperate to the fullest of our capabilities. Please pass that on to him. Afterward, can you tell him that we hope he'll give us an official request?

"Yes, I'll do that."

- Thank you, Mr. Kang Chan.

"I'm only passing on what I've been told."

After Kang Chan hung up, he immediately called Lanok. He first passed on Go Gun-Woo's intentions, then told him Cecile's work number.

- We will likely make the official request tomorrow. I don't know if the announcement would be delayed a bit, but the official request will publicize the 'Unicorn' project. It's better to be careful since we don't know what China is going to do.

"Understood, Mr. Ambassador."

Kang Chan hung up, then glared at the material about Yang Jin-Woo that was on his monitor.

Should I have a cup of coffee first?

Kang Chan went to the kitchen and boiled water. As he did, Cecile called him to confirm the person in charge of the orders. He just answered three questions, and the call ended.

As Kang Chan took his coffee back to his desk, he got another damn phone call. He had been getting calls nonstop today since morning.

“Hello?”

- Mr. Kang Chan, it's Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Ah! Mr. Manager, how are you?”

- I'm a lot better now, thanks to you. If it's alright with you, can we have a cup of tea?

“Of course! Where should I go?”

- Let's meet at the specialty coffee shop located at the intersection where we met last time. Let's invite Mr. Seok Kang-Ho as well if it's okay with you. I want to thank him.

“When should we meet?”

- At your earliest convenience.

“Please choose the time that's comfortable for you.”

- How about around 11 am, then?

“Let's do that.”

It should be difficult for him to move yet, but it seemed his pride wouldn't let him stay in bed any longer.

Kang Chan first told Seok Kang-Ho about the meeting's details, then sharply glared at his monitor again.

For some strange reason, this son of a bitch kept being pushed back.

Chapter 100.1: Who would be quicker? (1)

When Kang Chan arrived at the specialty coffee shop at 11 am, Kim Hyung-Jung was already sitting near the terrace and had opened the door of the smoking room.

He was wearing a gray suit and a shirt, but he still had scars all over his face. On his left index finger, he was wearing a cast.

“Mr. Manager!”

“Mr. Kang Chan!”

Kang Chan felt pity and worry, but he felt happiness first and foremost when he saw Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Aren't you straining yourself too much?” Kang Chan asked.

“I'm okay. It doesn't feel right to stay hospitalized for this kind of wound.” Kim Hyung-Jung raised his index finger that was in a cast.

“What do you want to drink? My treat,” Kang Chan suggested.

“Let's order when Mr. Seok Kang-Ho gets here.”

That wasn't a bad idea.

Just as Kang Chan sat down, Seok Kang-Ho got out of the taxi and walked toward them.

"Have you ordered yet?" Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

"No. Order coffee for me."

"Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, I hate to ask, but could you get me coffee as well? I'm injured and can't move very well," Kim Hyung-Jung requested.

"Of course, don't worry about it," Seok Kang-Ho gave a straightforward answer, then walked to the counter to order.

"I've talked with Kim Tae-Jin," Kim Hyung-Jung commented.

"What did he say?"

"I told him that I got a little wounded while on a business trip, but he made a fuss and said that he wanted to see me. I'm thinking of meeting him in the afternoon, but I still can't make up my mind about what excuse to give. In our line of work, saying we got wounded immediately makes anyone think it happened during an operation."

Kang Chan smiled lightly as Seok Kang-Ho came toward them with three cups of coffee on a tray.

"Now! Let's drink coffee," Seok Kang-Ho said.

Seok Kang-Ho placed the tray on the table, then looked at Kim Hyung-Jung while taking out a cigarette. "Getting to see you again feels good."

"Thank you, Mr. Seok Kang-Ho. Thanks to you, I can still sit down with the two of you, have coffee, and smoke a cigarette."

"Don't mention it."

It felt a little awkward, but things like this were often forgotten after a day or two.

"How did you two end up joining the Foreign Legion's specialized team, though?" Kim Hyung-Jung asked, then brought his cup up to his lips while discreetly looking around their surroundings.

"We were prepared to go to Mongolia with just us two if we had to. Fortunately, this gentleman visited and pestered Lanok twice. He initially planned to go to Mongolia without me, but I caught him."

Kim Hyung-Jung nodded in response to Seok Kang-Ho's grumbling.

"That's what I thought. The Director came to the hospital in person, and as he apologized about the information being leaked, he mentioned that he thought the Foreign Legion went to Mongolia because Mr. Kang Chan intervened."

“Why would you give yourself a headache by thinking of things like that? We’re alive, so let’s just have a drink and shake it off once your wounds have healed.” Seok Kang-Ho then chewed on ice.

Kang Chan thought for a moment and made a decision. “Mr. Manager, I was told that the ‘Unicorn’ project is planned to be announced next week here in South Korea, so we expect the people in charge of it and the heads of the other countries’ Intelligence Bureaus to come here.”

Seok Kang-Ho stopped chewing on the ice, then discretely looked around their surroundings.

“It seems the European countries are planning to leak this information first, probably around tomorrow. Just this morning, I was informed that the South Korean government has also decided to cooperate,” Kang Chan continued.

“Whoo!” Kim Hyung-Jung pursed his lips, then deeply sighed. “It’s really happening.”

“You went through so much trouble for this.”

“That’s true. Still, I can’t help but be dumbfounded because it’s actually happening.”

“Even the Prime Minister said that it doesn’t feel real.”

“I feel the same way right now,” Kim Hyung-Jung said with a nod, then drank coffee.

“Are you going back to work immediately?” Kang Chan asked Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Lying down actually puts me in even more pain, so I decided to return to work tomorrow.”

Kang Chan felt as if a reliable ally had just returned.

“I heard that a lot of things had happened within the past few days.” Kim Hyung-Jung commented.

Since they were on the topic, Kang Chan explained everything starting from how he coincidentally met Yoon Bong-Sup while digging into Yang Jin-Woo’s past and how he met Cho Il-Kwon afterward.

“I want to go over and kill him right now, but I can’t make up my mind on what I should do about this,” Kang Chan said. He held up a cigarette, and Seok Kang-Ho and Kim Hyung-Jung also took out their own

“Let’s just twist his neck. Can’t all this be resolved if we just tell that fucker Smithen to find out when Yang Jin-Woo goes to which woman’s house so we can come over and kill him as he’s coming out of one of those houses?”

“That’s not a good way to settle this.” Kim Hyung-Jung shook his head in response to Seok Kang-Ho. “While it can be done because Mr. Kang Chan has criminal immunity, things get a bit more complicated with Yang Jin-Woo involved, but not because he’s a chaebol. It’s because he also has a lot of personal connections in Japan and China, and he has quite a lot of connections with worldwide figures that are related to sports as well. If we kill him, then it’ll become significantly burdensome for the government to take care of the aftermath.”

“Can’t we just avoid getting caught?” Seok Kang-Ho asked again.

You stupid fucker!

While Kang Chan rubbed his face in frustration, Kim Hyung-Jung carefully answered, “That’s true, but without a suspect, the police will have difficulties trying to cope with the criticism that will follow that. On the other hand, if people become aware of even a small clue, then that’ll also become a problem. With Yang Jin-Woo, it’s also difficult to control the press.”

“Hmph!”

“I’ll think about this some more as well. Mr. Kang Chan, we can’t stop you if you really want to do it, but we should try finishing it in a way that would give us minimal problems in the future.” Kim Hyung-Jung smiled, then looked at Kang Chan. “Let’s go. It’s a bit early, but I’ve been meaning to treat the two of you to lunch.”

“I’ll buy lunch,” Kang Chan interfered, but he couldn’t stop Kim Hyung-Jung.

Since it was a hot day, they decided to simply eat dumplings and naengmyeon. Afterward, Kim Hyung-Jung left first, saying that he was going to meet up with Kim Tae-Jin.

“If things go wrong, his emotions are going to last a long time,” Seok Kang-Ho commented afterward.

“Yeah.”

The sadness and despair that were in Kim Hyung-Jung’s eyes were the problems.

It would be better not to send a commander who had just lost a lot of his subordinates to the next battle. There had been numerous cases where the commander ended up dying because they went ahead with an impractical attack.

“What are you going to do now?” Kang Chan asked.

“I have to go to school. There’s quite a lot of documents that I have to take care of because next week is the first day of school.”

“Alright. I’ll be at home. That should keep me comfortable.”

“If you’re going to make a move because of Yang Jin-Woo, then you better take me along with you. Don’t act alone like last time.”

“Hey! As I said before—things ended up like that because I had just gone over to check who they were on that day.”

“Phew! Yang Jin-Woo you motherfucker! Son of a bitch!”

Seok Kang-Ho’s curses could be enough for anyone to misunderstand that Yang Jin-Woo had tried to kill Seok Kang-Ho’s family. After the incident at Mount Jiri, Seok Kang-Ho expressed a lot of anger over things that messed with their family.

“You should go to school with me if you’re bored.”

“It’s fine. I exercised long enough in the morning.”

“Jeez! Should I just resign and join Yoo Bi-Corp?”

“Didn’t you say that you don’t want to work there because there are no breaks?”

“That’s true.”

Seok Kang-Ho headed to school while smacking his lips in pity, and Kang Chan returned home.

He sat at his desk after changing into comfortable clothes, unable to come up with a viable way to beat up and catch Yang Jin-Woo.

‘Should I just kill this fucker?’ Kang Chan thought. It wasn’t easy, but if he and Seok Kang-Ho put their minds to it, it wouldn’t be impossible to accomplish.

“Whoo!” Kang Chan ran his fingers through his hair.

He couldn’t spend eternity looking for nice ways to settle this since Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook’s lives were on the line.

‘I’ll keep looking for a good plan until the end of this week. If I don’t come up with any, I’ll just kill him.’

In any case, Yang Jin-Woo was the one who started this fight.

Kang Chan didn’t turn on his computer. Every time he saw Yang Jin-Woo’s photo, he was reminded of the photos of Yoo Hye-Sook that he saw a few days ago. That made it hard to hold in his anger.

Being at home was great, except for the fact that it was a horrible place to smoke.

In the afternoon, the news channel and the internet started to report stories about the Eurasian rail.

With a provoking title like 'Enormous Business Changes World Economy Dynamics,' the new reports hinted that while it wasn't finalized, it was absolutely certain that it would happen. They also discussed the astronomical economic effects that would result from the Eurasian rail.

In addition, there were reports that said they were almost certain that North Korea was included, and the majority of the news stated that South Korea would

likely be excluded. As Kang Chan listened to the news reports, he found them so convincing that even he thought, 'Is South Korea really excluded from this?'

Kang Chan talked for a bit with Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung, then spent time in the afternoon working out at home. His senses felt sharper than ever, not to mention his physical condition.

After a shower, he returned to his room and saw that Seok Kang-Ho had called him. Kang Chan immediately pressed the call button.

- Hello? It's me.

"I was showering. Why did you call?"

- The acceptance letter and the scholarship certificate from the national university in France have arrived from the French embassy. An official document also came with it, asking the school to excuse you from classes because you'll be getting lessons at the French cultural center starting from the second semester. The faculty office is in chaos right now, and the principal is foaming at the mouth and saying shit like we need to advertise this to the press. They're even urgently stamping a certificate of commemoration because they want to give it to you in front of the entire student body at the opening ceremony.

"What's a certificate of commendation?"

- It's basically a certificate that the school awards you for being a good model student. It makes the school's name look better or something as well, I guess?

The fuck? Model student? Making the school's name better?

It felt as if centipedes were crawling on his back, even though he just listened to what was going to happen.

"Hey! I'm going to skip school on Monday, so cover it up yourself."

"The school is just going to wait until Tuesday, then. I can somehow stop them from advertising it in the press by saying we have to confirm that with the French embassy first, but it's going to be difficult for you to avoid receiving the certificate of commemoration in front of the entire student body. What are you doing for dinner? Let's eat later after school."

"Alright. In any case, let's not go overboard."

- I'll call you after work.

Kang Chan got very annoyed, but he wouldn't have to deal with it if he didn't go to school. He was thinking of not attending school in the second semester anyway.

That was the end of his uncomfortable school life, at the very least. He even got a proper ID that the South Korean government gave him.

It felt as if a big part of his worry was being resolved.

Chapter 100.2: Who would be quicker? (1)

Kang Chan completely dried his hair, placed the towel in the laundry room, then returned to his room. Soon after, his phone rang. Yoo Hye-Sook was calling him.

Is something going on?

“Hello?”

- Channy! I heard your school received an acceptance letter from the national university in France!

“How did you find out?”

- You knew about it? The principal called us himself and said that we raised you well! I’m feeling so emotional—I’m proud and thankful for you at the same time.

Yoo Hye-Sook couldn’t keep talking anymore, perhaps because she had burst into tears.

What should he say at times like this?

At that moment, from the phone, Kang Chan heard Kang Dae-Kyung asking, “Who are you on the phone with, and why are you crying?”

After some time...

- Is that you, Channy?

“Yes, father. Is mother crying?”

- She is, but she’s just overwhelmed with emotions, so don’t worry about it. I heard that you got an acceptance letter. Congratulations.

Kang Chan couldn’t think of what to say in response this time as well.

- I think I’m going to have to comfort your mom a bit, so I’ll call you later.

“Alright.”

Could she really be happy enough for her to sob despite already knowing for certain that this was going to happen?

Kang Chan felt an ominous feeling that he would have no choice but to attend the back-to-school ceremony, so he sat at his desk, frowning.

There were only a few days left now, so Kang Chan picked up the phone and dialed Smithen’s number.

- Hello? This is Smithen.

Smithen answered in Korean.

“Smithen, let me know immediately if you ever find out Yang Jin-Woo is going to visit a woman’s house—regardless of whose house it is—starting next week.”

- Next week?

Kang Chan deliberately spoke in French, but Smithen still answered in Korean.

“That’s not it. I’m just telling you to tell me as soon as you confirm the day that has the highest possibility of Yang Jin-Woo going over to visit a woman—regardless of when he’s visiting them—starting next week.”

- Alright.

Kang Chan was sure that this fucker was with a woman. The fact he was acting respectable gave him away.

It would be good if Kang Chan first killed Yang Jin-Woo, that son of a bitch...

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

His phone rang again.

- Channy!

“Are you okay, Mother?”

- Of course. I just got emotional when I suddenly remembered what you told me while hugging me when you were six, and it also reminded me of the past. We decided to buy dinner for the employees of your dad’s company and the employees of this foundation—do you want to come over?

What a horrible suggestion!

“I’m going to meet Mr. Seok Kang-Ho for dinner.”

- Ah! That’s right! I need to thank that teacher as well. Will you tell him that I’m really thankful and that I’ll visit him one day?”

“I will.”

Kang Chan didn’t plan on doing it.

After he hung up the phone call with Yoo Hye-Sook, Kang Chan looked at his phone with a cold expression.

How could Cho Il-Kwon order people to kill a woman like her?

After Kang Chan had baekban at Misari with Seok Kang-Ho, they headed to the cafe.

They ordered and drank coffee, then smoked.

“What do you think about buying something like this?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Captain, you’re financially stable, right? Wouldn’t it be nice if you buy something like this and turn it into a cafe that only allows people we know inside? You can even create a workout facility in the backyard over there. That will give us a

comfortable place to talk in, and we won't have to be considerate of other people when we smoke there."

For the first time, Kang Chan looked around the back part of the cafe. He couldn't blame Seok Kang-Ho for suggesting that.

"We can divide it in half and make this part a personal area for you, and that part the exercise area," Seok Kang-Ho suggested.

"How much does something like this cost?"

"I'll look into it. It'll be great if you create a personal area in a place like this since you're not going to attend school."

Kang Chan nodded. "I'll think about it."

"Alright."

Kang Chan took a sip of his coffee, then said, "I'm thinking of monitoring Yang Jin-Woo until this week. If needed, I'll probably twist his neck next week. Let's do that together."

"Okay! I couldn't eat properly because that son of a bitch was bothering me anyway. That's a good idea."

That wasn't something a guy that ate two bowls of rice for dinner should say, but Kang Chan pretended not to notice and just moved on.

"I already called Smithen. We're going to go to Yang Jin-Woo immediately as soon as we get his schedule. Keep that in mind."

"Phuhuhu," Seok Kang-Ho laughed as his eyes glinted instead of answering.

"I feel as if my body loosened up after the operation in Mongolia. I feel it especially when I run and work out. Oh! The kids are also becoming awfully good, perhaps because they're kids—especially Ho-Jun, and, uh, Eun-Sil! Those two have talent."

"Forget about it."

Even if they had improved, with their current abilities, their necks would be immediately twisted if they got into a proper fight now.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook returned home at around 9 pm.

"Channy!"

Kang Chan hugged Yoo Hye-Sook and stroked her back while smiling softly.

"You're like a daughter being hugged by her dad," Kang Dae-Kyung joked.

"Honey!" Even as Yoo Hye-Sook got angry at Kang Dae-Kyung's joke, she was smiling.

After the two got changed, they sat in the living room with Kang Chan.

“Eat some fruits.”

Kang Chan was full, but it wasn't like he couldn't eat a few slices of oriental melon[1], so he picked up the fork.

“Right! Have you heard the news about the Eurasian rail?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan.

“Yes.”

“It's such a shame. If we just kept the stocks from Gong Te that you had, it would have immediately become twenty-four billion won.”

“Twenty-four billion won? Would its value really increase that much?” Kang Chan asked.

How did he calculate that to end up with that result?

“It's possible. Stocks can immediately double in value, after all. Moreover, Russia and France are key members of the rail, so the stocks of France's Gong Te have likely increased even more. If six billion won doubles in value, then it'll become twelve billion won, and if it doubles in value again, then it'll become twenty-four billion won. It probably wouldn't even take a week for all that to happen.”

Now that Kang Dae-Kyung explained it, it certainly seemed possible.

If that were the case, if Kang Chan bought twenty billion won in stocks, it'll become forty billion won, and then eighty billion won? Kang Chan had said that he was going to buy thirty billion won in futures, so would that become sixty billion won, then sequentially become one hundred and twenty billion won?

If he combined the two of them...

Kang Chan shook his head with a brief exhale.

“It seems we lost out because I wanted to create a Foundation,” Yoo Hye-Sook said, looking sorry as she gazed at Kang Chan. Even so, Kang Chan could never tell them that he invested fifty billion won.

“Please don't say that. If we put it that way, then it'll be on our minds whenever we help, regardless of the amount of money. Let's not calculate things like that and just help those in difficult situations whenever we financially can. I'm not jealous one bit about the stocks' price increase,” Kang Chan replied.

He secretly felt a prick of conscience, but he wouldn't have been that jealous even if he didn't invest fifty billion won. Seok Kang-Ho and Smithen still had their stocks, though, which Kang Chan thought was a relief.

[The 'Unicorn' project includes South Korea.]

[It will be announced sometime next week in South Korea.]

[A major event that marks a milestone in South Korean history.]

On Thursday morning, breaking news was shown at the bottom of every news channel, almost as if the world had turned upside down. There were even news flashes continuously being reported.

Kang Chan didn't expect Kang Dae-Kyung would stand up in disbelief at what was happening when he turned on the TV for a bit after breakfast.

"Honey, aren't you going to work?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

"I should. It's already amazing that the Eurasian rail is being connected to South Korea, but to think the announcement is going to be done here as well. It's really amazing how the current government made that happen without even making a rumor."

"Honey!"

"Yes, yes! Okay. I should go."

Kang Dae-Kyung stood up looking disappointed, then headed to the entrance with Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Drive safely," Kang Chan said.

"Thank you, Channy."

When the two went to work, Kang Chan sat in front of the TV for a moment.

It honestly hadn't hit Kang Chan yet, but it at least felt as if something big had happened as he watched the news talk about it.

The news also talked about stock prices and mentioned that the price of real estate was going to surge and what the GNP[2] and GDP[3] per capita would be once the rail is connected. Moreover, they kept reporting that inquiries about investments from foreign companies coming into the country were flooding in already.

Did people have to be that excited about something that hadn't even been announced yet?

The public probably would never even know about the agents who died in Mongolia, unable to even leave their names behind in history. They probably wouldn't even be able to imagine the agents' pain when they were tied up and a long awl was stabbed into their fingers because they wouldn't reveal their identity or the organization they belonged to.

Would the public even know how dirty people acted to stop this from happening?

Kang Chan turned off the TV and went to his desk.

