

Blackfield 63.1

Chapter 63.1: Unicorn Project (3)

That evening, Kang Chan walked with Kim Mi-Young for about thirty minutes around the apartment. He fell asleep early afterward.

The following Tuesday morning, he decided to run around the apartment first, which caused him to leave the house rather late. He called Seok Kang-Ho as he was leaving.

- Will you be okay?

“I doubt anything strange would happen. Alion was the one that brought five gangsters to D.I. anyway, and they also brought weapons. I should be able to reach a reasonable agreement with them.”

- Do you think the gangsters would actually file a lawsuit? It has to be that bitch Lee Ha-Yeon and that guy named David or something. You should draw up a report around them instead. I'll talk to President Kim Tae-Jin while you're there.

“Damn, all of this is messed up. At any rate, I'll call after I go there and check the situation out.”

- Sure.

Kang Chan got in a taxi and headed to the Gangnam Police Station.

“Tsk!”

The consequences were tedious, but he didn't regret what he did. Kang Chan truly felt satisfied for defending his company's employees and actors, even if he had to beat some people up in the process.

After reaching his destination, he went up to the second floor after finding out that was where the Criminal Affairs Department was through the information desk. He then opened a door that had a sign that said 'Criminal Affairs Department.' Upon entering, he found neat, long rows of iron desks and a middle-aged man that seemed to have a bad temper in the innermost part of the room. The man raised his head.

“What brought you here?” The man at the other side of the door suddenly spoke informally to Kang Chan.

What's he saying?

“Kang Chan?” the middle-aged man in the innermost part of the room asked as Kang Chan stared intently at him.

Is that person the Head of this department?

Kang Chan walked toward the man and noticed a nameplate that said 'Yang Jung-Mook, Criminal Affairs Department Head' on the divider of the desk.

“Are you Kang Chan?” The man asked again.

“That’s right.”

Yang Jung-Mook looked at Kang Chan with a murderous look in his eyes.

“Sit down.”

Kang Chan sat on the chair in front of his desk.

“You’re a student, right?” Yang Jung-Mook asked.

“Yes. So?”

“Hey, punk! How can you claim to be a student when you just incapacitated five people with a baseball bat? You also broke a woman’s nose with a slap and destroyed another person’s eardrum!” Yang Jung-Mook suddenly shouted.

Kang Chan smirked.

“You’re smiling? Sure, keep smiling. Smile,” Yang Jung-Mook sarcastically replied like he was talking to himself as he flipped through the paperwork in front of him.

“Tell me what happened yesterday first before I draw up the report about your case,” said Yang Jung-Mook.

Kang Chan sighed, then told him a concise summary of what happened in order.

“So you’re saying that a fight broke out because when you went into the D.I. office, Alion employees were scaring the D.I. staff with baseball bats?” Yang Jung-Mook asked.

“That’s right.”

“You knocked down five people by yourself, and you only slapped Lee Ha-Yeon and Choi Bong-Pal?”

“Who’s Choi Bong-Pal?” asked Kang Chan.

“Choi Bong-Pal! The president of Alion!”

What an awful name!

When Kang Chan smirked, Yang Jung-Mook glared at him in a detestable way.

“Son of a bitch!”

“Be careful of what you say,” Kang Chan told Yang Jung-Mook.

The office quieted down at that moment, almost as if cold water was poured on the surroundings. This was proof that everyone was listening to their conversation.

“This fucker’s asking for it!” a nearby detective swung a file at Kang Chan’s head.

Bam!

Kang Chan blocked it with his hand and got up from his seat.

“Do you want to die?” asked Kang Chan.

“What?”

Another detective got up from his seat as well, his chair causing a loud, screeching noise. He then started to film Kang Chan with his phone.

“If you’re going to investigate me, then do it properly. Don’t mess around like fucking gangsters,” Kang Chan warned.

“You—I’m going to deal with you later.”

The detective glanced at the cell phone that was filming them, gritted his teeth, and stepped back.

Kang Chan looked through the inner part of the office.

Except for Yang Jung-Mook, the detective that came toward him just now, and the detective that was holding the cell phone, everyone looked worried. The atmosphere seemed to suggest everyone knew what the case entailed, but they couldn’t criticize Yang Jung-Mook publically, as he was the head of the department.

“You’re saying that you’re coming out strong, right? Alright. Sit, Kang Chan.”

Yang Jung-Mook also seemed a bit dispirited.

Yang Jung-Mook started reading the conventional lines, such as that his testimony could be used against him and that he had the right to a lawyer. Afterward, he raised his head.

“You have broken the shoulders and knees of five Alion employees yesterday at the D.I. office, correct?” asked Yang Jung-Mook.

“Yes.”

Yang Jung-Mook smiled in a vulgar way while looking at the computer monitor.

“Furthermore, you slapped Lee Ha-Yeon three times, breaking her nose. You then threatened her after she collapsed to the floor, saying that you’ll break her knees if she doesn’t get up, correct?”

“Yes.”

Yang Jung-Mok looked satisfied with his answers.

“You also slapped Alion President Choi Bong-Pal several times and caused his eardrums to burst, which is a severe injury. Correct?”

“Yes.”

“Hmm. Together with Lim Soo-Sung, you also assaulted a victim in the office, correct?”

“That’s not true.”

Behind the computer monitor, Yang Jung-Mook glared at Kang Chan and straightened his posture.

“We have all of the testimonies now, so just come out clean,” Yang Jung-Mook told Kang Chan.

“The case about Lim Soo-Sung isn’t true, so please note that down accordingly.”

“Hmph! So you’re still going to act tough, huh? Alright. Let’s proceed with this for now.”

After Yang Jung-Mook quickly typed something on his computer, he stretched his hand toward the printer.

“Let’s have your confessions signed with your thumbprint for now. We can gradually go through the rest later and spend some time on it,” Yang Jung-Mook said.

Yang Jung-Mook took out the paperwork from the printer and held it out in front of Kang Chan. It already had his name, address, and his lack of religion written on it.

As Kang Chan signed the document with his thumbprint, Yang Jung-Mook gestured with his head to the detective that was beside him.

Kang Chan swatted away a hand that was rushing toward him.

“Did you get that on camera?” asked Yang Jung-Mook.

“Yes!”

“Charge this fucker for interfering with a public official in the execution of his duty. What are you doing? handcuff him and put him in a detention cell now!”

The detective in front of Kang Chan came toward him again.

“Kang Chan, you have the right to remain silent—”

“Stop spouting nonsense. Are you really going to try to arrest me?” Kang Chan asked, then gritted his teeth.

Rattle.

The door opened, and Kim Hyung-Jung and other men in suits rushed inside.

“What’s going on?” Yang Jung-Mook tilted to the side to look at the people that had just entered, then jumped up from his seat.

“Salute!”

The last man to enter had a muscular build and really fierce eyes. His hair was clearly dyed black.

“Be quiet. Head Yang, do you have the letters of complaint that you received from the gangsters?” the man asked.

“Pardon?”

“The letters of complaint that came in for Mr. Kang Chan here! Are you not aware that the gangsters listed on the complaint as plaintiffs are targets that are to be managed by the fourth team?”

“I didn’t know.”

The man’s face twitched as he looked at Yang Jung-Mook. He then stood in front of Kang Chan.

“Good day, Mr. Kang Chan. I’m Lee Eun-Ho, chief of the Gangnam Police station. I apologize for the lack of a proper investigation on this case. We’ll be handing Head Yang over to the Department of Internal Affairs, and we’ll let you know about the punishments we’ll be enforcing after we’ve performed a self-audit. I sincerely apologize once again for the inconvenience this has caused you today.”

When Kang Chan glanced at Kim Hyung-Jung, the latter gave him a brief nod.

“Tsk! Alright. But I see room for improvement in this place,” Kang Chan commented.

“We’ll spare no efforts in taking all the necessary actions and reporting the results to you.”

Yang Jung-Mook had a blank look on his face.

“We’ll get going now, chief. I hope the measures you implement are sufficient. The prosecution will also investigate Woo Ak-San gang and Alion. I ask that you and others do a good job at this to avoid something shameful needlessly happening to you and the Gangnam Police Station,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

“You have nothing to worry about.”

Lee Eun-Ho bowed his head while politely shaking hands with Kim Hyung-Jung.

“Let’s go, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Kang Chan didn’t know what was going on, but he felt relieved.

As Kang Chan left the Criminal Affairs Department, he heard Lee Eun-Ho screaming inside the room. “I said to not take on cases after receiving money!”

When he got out of the police station, he found three vans parked in a line.

“Please get in,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

An agent opened the door that Kim Hyung-Jung had pointed to for him.

Kang Chan did as Kim Hyung-Jung requested. The latter went around to the other side and got in as well.

As they drove past the police station’s front gate, Kang Chan heard a police officer in complete uniform loudly yell, “Salute!”

“Jeez, Mr. Kang Chan! Why would you personally go to things like this?” asked Kim Hyung-Jung.

This was a bit shameful.

“Would you like to head to your school? Or how about we have a cup of tea? I also want to smoke a cigarette.”

“I’m fine with that,” Kang Chan answered.

With a wide smile, Kim Hyung-Jung bent forward and told the driver, “Head to the branch office.”

“From now on, please call us in advance whenever something like this happens. Criminal immunity is the same thing as pardons. Pardons are given to those that have been found guilty, and Criminal Immunities are for those whose crimes are still being investigated,” Kim Hyung-Jung told Kang Chan.

“I see.”

“There are less than ten people in South Korea that can enjoy this right. You should take advantage of it when you have it.”

This nonchalant attitude of Kim Hyung-Jung was similar to Kim Tae-Jin's.