

God of Blackfield

Chapter 21: Things that Couldn't be Imagined (1)

'Why are those assholes Sharlan and Smithen here?'

Kang Chan felt like the question was tightly entangling him.

Seok Kang-Ho's face randomly popped up in his mind While he was deep in thought What would Seok Gang-Ho say?

Ah shoot! That wasn't important right now.

Kang Chan knew Smithen was alive and well. After all, he was on the verge of death but wasn't actually killed.

To be blunt, however, Sharlan and Smithen hadn't even saved a country. How was he supposed to understand that the two assholes had become executives for Gong Te automobile company?

After shaking hands with Kang Dae-Kyung, Sharlan and Smithen looked at Kang Chan strangely.

"Chan, please have a seat and introduce yourself."

Kang Chan then realized that he was standing in a hotel lobby, and those two were here as the vice president and an executive of a French automobile company.

"I'm Kang Chan. I'm here to assist with interpretation."

When Kang Chan offered his hand hurriedly as if he was caught off guard, Sharlan confidently leaned his head and smiled as if he knew something.

"I'm Sharlan. You have really good pronunciation, and your social habits are also familiar. This is Smithen, the director in charge of Asian affairs."

"Bonjour, Kang Chan."

When Smithen finished his greeting, he sent Sharlan an amused glance.

They all sat down.

Kang Chan was able to gain his bearings while a female employee wearing a very revealing royal blue skirt and a white blouse took orders.

Smithen licked his lips while looking at the female employee's butt.

'The director in charge of Asian affairs? You should introduce yourself as the director in charge of adultery instead.'?

“Smithen.”

Sharlan gave a low warning.

As Smithen looked away, his eyes met Kang Chan’s.

“Is the name Kang Chan common in Korea?”

Kang Chan’s heart had barely calmed down when it started hammering violently again at the question. He secretly wanted to jump in, twist Smithen’s neck, and ask him if he remembered ‘God of Blackfield’. But that kind of action was only suitable for the old Daeryu.

“There would be around 20 people with the same name in a phone book. I assume that you know someone with the same name?”

At that moment, Sharlan quickly looked at Kang Chan.

“I only asked because your name seemed familiar.”

‘*Familiar?*’ Kang Chan smirked while looking at Smithen.

“Your names sound familiar to me as well.”

While Smithen was making a somewhat uncomfortable expression, their coffee and juice arrived.

“Mr. Vice President, our Kang Yoo Motors is having difficulties accepting your sudden proposal. So we are hoping to lower the exclusive contractual terms of 500 cars.”

The interpreter passed on Kang Dae-Kyung’s words.

He was around 40 with a slim body and greased hair that was neatly combed, which made him seem like an old-fashioned public official.

“We never changed the terms. If desired, Kang Yoo Motors can purchase and sell 50 cars as per the contract. In such a case, we’ll also sell the cars to Suh Jeong Motors under the same contract. Friendly competition in good faith needs to be respected. It brings good results.”

“We have already paid half the price of the 50 cars. If the balance is paid as per the contract, Kang Yoo Motors will monopolize the exclusiveness of AS for the ‘Chiffre’ in Korea. You and Suh Jeong Motors need to consider this fact.”

While the interpreter passed on Kang Dae-Kyung’s words to Sharlan, Smithen found the server and kept staring at her.

“We acknowledge the exclusiveness with AS, but only if the following prerequisites are fulfilled: you must have facilities that meet the regulations of

the Gong Te headquarters, stock up the mandatory parts, and hire employees.”

Sharlan responded. The interpreter raised his head again after interpreting to Kang Dae-Kyung and the two executives of Kang Yoo Motors.

“The facility has contracts with 10 car centers that are currently running and are planning on using the employees there. The parts will be equipped with consumables that can be replaced immediately.”

“It only needs to meet the regulations of the headquarters,” Sharlan briskly replied as he placed the coffee mug down. Even a newbie that doesn’t know anything about businesses like Kang Chan could see that they were pathetically hanging on.

Sharlan looked like a businessman on the outside, but he had the same expression and look in his eyes that Kang Chan had seen on the battlefield.

‘Those fuckers. Did they somehow survive, get discharged, and become executives because they were recognized for their work?’

Someone that sold off their teammates could be watching out for them, which meant that a deal had been made in exchange for his crew’s death.

Kang Chan stared at Smithen’s thick neck.

‘I should twist his neck first. The truth will come out then.’

The boring conversation allowed Kang Chan to calm down and regain his composure. He found it funny that Sharlan had turned into a businessman and that Smithen couldn’t keep his eyes away from the female employee. However, it was still hard for Kang Chan to endure the desire to rush in and attack.

As the conversation continued, Kang Dae-Kyung and the two executives’ faces darkened, while Sharlan remained relaxed. It seemed like he was conveying that the result had already been decided. When one executive was about to state that they were going to consider legal actions, Kang Chan quietly shook his head.

They wouldn’t even think of that if they knew Sharlan, that fucker. That smile only ever appeared whenever he was waiting for the other party to provoke him first.

As soon as the words ‘legal actions’ were delivered, it was clear that Sharlan would leave the place, stating that Kang Yoo Motors had declined their final

consideration. If they knew how cruel Sharlan could be after his smile disappeared, they wouldn't consider saying such simple threats.

If it ended like this, then those two would ignore Kang Chan in order to sever their ties with Kang Yoo Motors.

"One moment please."

Kang Chan interrupted the interpreter and stood up.

"Mr. Vice President, it seems that you came here with your mind made up, but could you give us some time?"

Even though he tried, when Kang Chan asked Sharlan a question he couldn't hide the glint in his eyes.

"It seems to me that Kang Yoo Motors won't be able to fulfill the requirements. Is there really any need for us to waste time?"

Kang Chan forced a smile when he saw Sharlan's face harden.

"That's true. But we can't be entirely certain of the possibilities, can we? Hence, it should be plausible to at least provide us with the time that's equivalent to half the price of 50 cars."

The interpreter was still busy interpreting Kang Chan's words to Kang Dae-Kyung and the two executives.

"Monsieur Kang? It seems that you don't have authority here. Are you allowed to give such offers?"

When the interpreter passed on Sharlan's words, Kang Dae-Kyung looked at Kang Chan, flustered. It was as if his high schooler son just took over and said something foolish.

"Mr. Vice President, please give me time to persuade the president. It won't take longer than 5 minutes."

Sharlan gave Smithen a subtle glance.

"I hope you succeed."

He accepted Kang Chan's words with good grace and an amused expression.

"Don't interpret what I'm about to say."

Kang Chan first warned the interpreter not to open his mouth.

"If the situation remains unchanged, the deal will be over right here. I think it'll be better to take some time to consider it some more before resuming negotiations."

Sharlan gazed at the interpreter but then looked elsewhere with a sly smile when the interpreter didn't say anything.

"French people are snobs and won't accept offers even if we cling on. It will be better to take some time and consider legal actions or propose different conditions."

Kang Chan spoke stiffly because the executives and the interpreter were there.

There might be a solution to the Kang Yoo Motors situation, but Kang Chan couldn't tell Kang Dae-Kyung and the executives that he had fought with Sharlan and Smithen in Africa even if it meant cutting off the two men's necks. Moreover, he needed to figure out how they survived.

When Kang Chan noticed Kang Dae-Kyung's hesitation, he spoke, "Father."

Kang Chan desperately needed time.

"Remember the previous phone call? From my knowledge, it hasn't been long since the two became executives."

The interpreter checked the paperwork and nodded.

Wasn't it obvious? The two men were soldiers until 2007, and it was now 2010.

"Let's end it here for today and buy some time. We need to act accordingly against them in response to their characteristics."

A short moment passed. Kang Dae-Kyung's eyes now seemed determined.

"Are you confident?" asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

"Mr. President!" One executive protested with a frown.

"I'll find a solution for the person waiting," answered Kang Chan.

This was about Yoo Hye-Sook, which only the two of them knew.

Kang Dae-Kyung smiled handsomely.

"Thank you for waiting, Mr. Vice President. We have two conditions."

Sharlan leaned his head forward slightly. It was his habit whenever he asked for others' opinions.

"We require a week, and one night of that week."

Sharlan gave a broad grin.

"Remarkable. Will a week really be sufficient?"

The question was asked to the interpreter. When Kang Dae-Kyung replied through the intrpreter, “Yes, it’ll be enough,” Sharlan looked at Kang Chan again.

“What do you mean by ‘one night’?”

“We’re thinking of providing an unimaginable experience.”

Smithen's eyes sparkled.

“Hmmm... Will you give up your exclusive rights to AS if 500 cars aren’t bought in a week?”

“There’s no need to worry about that.”

The interpreter hurriedly translated Kang Chan’s stern reply.

The two executives groaned, but Kang Dae-Kyung kept staring at Kang Chan with a surprisingly calm demeanor.

“Please confirm if the president also agrees.”

The interpreter passed on his words, and Kang Dae-Kyung answered with a nod.

“Korea is a surprising country.”

‘Why wouldn’t it be, Sharlan?’

Even the things happening in front of them were hard to handle.

“All Asians look similar. Speaking of which, Kang Chan looks very similar to someone. Especially the way he speaks, the look in his eyes, his expression, and how he suits a bandage in his hand.”

Little did they know, even Kang Chan’s neck-twisting techniques were the same.

Kang Chan regained his composure.

“Is everything in order, then?”

Sharlan nodded widely.

“Sounds good. When will the said night take place?”

“We’ll let you know by tomorrow.”

“We have plans, so please make the reservation at least one day in advance.”

“Of course.”

The conversation ended there. Everyone stood up and said their goodbyes. Only after Sharlan and Smithen walked towards the elevator did the Kang Yoo Motor group sit down. The two executives sighed while side-eyeing Kang Chan.

Even Kang Dae-Kyung seemed like he was regretting what had happened, but what could they do now?

The boat— no—the two men, had already gone up the elevator.

The two executives scolded and expressed their concerns by asking “What are you thinking?” and “This is very reckless,” but Kang Dae-Kyung remained surprisingly still.

He told them he would see them at the office and left with Kang Chan.

Kang Chan glanced at the sky while walking out of the lobby with Kang Dae-Kyung.

‘It must be fun to watch, right? No matter what happens, I won’t resent you as long as the contract with Kang Yoo Motors goes well.’?

Kang Dae-Kyung sighed heavily after getting in the car. Then he burst out laughing.

“Ha! Now that I think about it, what I did was really strange. I can understand the executives’ expressions now.”

“Do you regret it?” Kang Chan asked.

Kang Dae-Kyung only stared at him while lowering his head towards the steering wheel.

“Are you really my son?”

Kang Chan only smiled.

“Are you still going to say that you learned French online?”

“You wouldn’t believe me even if I told you.”

Kang Dae-Kyung’s upper body heaved as he laughed with a “Hah!”

He seemed dumbfounded. Throughout the drive, Kang Dae-Kyung muttered to himself, “Lease? No that’s not it,” and “Could we connect with the capital? What about interest?” but it seemed like he couldn’t afford to handle the large cost of purchasing the cars.

When they arrived at the underground parking lot, Kang Dae-Kyung seemed stumped.

“What should we tell your mom?”

“How about we tell her that we were able to buy a week?” Kang Chan responded.

“What if she asks about the solution?”

Kang Dae-Kyung shook his head.

“How am I running a business when I’m asking my son these questions?”

Both of them got on the elevator.

“Tell her that the executives found a way.”

“Don’t think about getting help from the gangsters from before.” Kang Dae-Kyung warned him.

“Then please make a reservation at an appropriate place.”

“If you’re thinking about confronting them, then I’ll do it instead.”

At Kang Chan’s glance, Kang Dae-Kyung smiled awkwardly.

“Keep it a secret from your mom.”

Even if that wasn’t what he was planning, Kang Chan still decided to refuse Kang Dae-Kyung since he wouldn’t be able to handle what Kang Chan was planning on doing that day.

The atmosphere was fairly good when the front door of the apartment opened.

It had already happened anyway, and there was an absurd sense of relief that they still had a week.

“Did she go somewhere?”

When Kang Chan saw Kang Dae-Kyung going inside the master bedroom, he went inside his room, picked up his phone on his desk, and gave Seok Kang-Ho a call.

— What happened?

Seok Kang-Ho sounded worried. He knew of today’s meeting, after all.

“Do you have time to spare?”

— I’ll be at the front door of your house. Come out in about 30 minutes.

“Okay.”

Kang Chan’s heart started hammering again when he ended the call. This was different from meeting Seok Kang-Ho for the first time. Kang Chan

decided to leave the house first. Meanwhile, Kang Dae-Kyung was sitting on the living room couch.

“Are you going somewhere?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“What about mom?”

“She’s sleeping because she had a hard time yesterday.”

Kang Dae-Kyung stared at the master bedroom like a student hiding his grades.

“There’s a person I know in France. I believe they might be helpful.”

This was Kang Chan’s last hope.

Kang Dae-Kyung seemed suspicious of it, but he couldn’t disguise the small amount of hope he had.

“Is it a person you met in the internet?”

Kang Chan couldn’t say that he got to know Seok Kang-Ho in Africa. Hence, instead of replying, he just smiled.

“I’m going out for dinner. I’ll be back.”

Kang Dae-Kyung, saddened by his lack of abilities, faced the reality that their only hope was someone his son met in the internet. Nonetheless, he felt proud of Kang Chan above all else.

Kang Dae-Kyung’s smile looked painful to Kang Chan.

Kang Chan felt confused as he walked out the front door and pressed the button for the elevator.

This was more than Sharlan and Smithen.

The gap in mental capacity and a senior high schooler’s body also played a role.

As his current appearance was being ingrained in his brain, his previous appearance was becoming harder to remember. He also felt apologetic every time he thoughtlessly swore at Seok Kang-Ho.

Ding

There was a mirror inside the elevator.

Currently, there was the Kang Chan with only his appearance and the Kang Chan with only his thoughts.

Which one was real?

Kang Chan sharply glared at the high schooler in the mirror.

The look in his eyes was the same as before. So were the bandage that was wrapped around his hand, his uncanny smirk, the way he talked, and his personality.

'Do I have to live like this?'

He might be stuck in a form that would be impossible to escape until death.

Ding.?

The elevator sound indicated that he had arrived on the first floor. It was like a warning that he should devote his best to what was in front of him instead of messing around.

Kang Chan smirked.

“Fuck it, let’s twist their necks first!”

He walked unhurriedly to the bench.

Sunday afternoon. He took a deep breath, curious about how Seok Kang-Ho would react.

1. AS stands for After Service in Korea
2. The Korean phrase “the boat already left” is similar to the English phrase “missed the bus.” Basically, they were too slow and it was too late to do anything