

Blackfield 23.2

Chapter 23.2: Things that Couldn't be Imagined (3)

As Kang Chan turned his head away to avoid people's attention, he saw Suh Do-Seok ordering something at the counter. It seemed like he was trying to pay for the juice, and Kang Chan let him be for the moment because he didn't want to draw people's attention.

Buzz—

[I'm on my way now.]

It was Seok Kang-Ho's message.

There was no need for Kang Chan to respond since Seok Kang-Ho would come either way.

It was 6 pm, and he felt somewhat hungry.

Buzz— Buzz— Buzz—

This was why Kang Chan didn't like bringing his phone with him. Things like this were a hassle.

Although it was an unknown number, Kang Chan picked it up because it was an important day.

"Hello?"

– It's me, Oh Gwang-Taek.

'Tsk!'

– I heard that you were in the Namsam hotel in a suit. Isn't the teacher with you?

Is this fucker stalking me?

Kang Chan looked over the lobby.

– Suh Do-Seok, the one you greeted, is a senior director there. If you need anything, just let him know.

"I'm hanging up."

– Don't be so hard on me. I'm just trying to thank you. We were able to monopolize Gangnam thanks to your work.

"I don't need any of that. I'm hanging up."

Kang Chan swiftly ended the call.

'This doesn't feel right.'

"Tsk!"

Keeping his frustration in check, he returned his attention to the view.

As his emotions calmed down a little, he turned back toward the lobby, only to see everyone else looking toward the entrance. Kang Chan followed their gaze to see three people coming in.

It was Michelle and her two friends.

“Hah!”

The moment Kang Chan sighed...

“Channy!”

Michelle’s eyes widened as she saw him. When she waved her hand at him, everyone’s attention deliberately turned to Kang Chan.

Michelle was wearing a black skirt and a thin blouse that was basically transparent, Cecile was wearing leggings and a tight top, and Cindy—the only one that looked Korean—was wearing a denim skirt and a top that showed a few good centimeters of skin above her belly button. They stood out so much that everyone in the lobby, including the female server, was staring.

There was no doubt they could catch Smithen’s attention.

“Chanie? You look so sexy wearing that!”

Pretending to be happy to see him, Michelle displayed a surprised expression.

They were really pretty, all three of them.

“Welcome.”

“Have you been waiting long?”

When the three of them sat down, the jealous stares from the men around him made even Kang Chan feel uncomfortable.

All three of them were wearing see-through clothes that clearly showed their underwear. Michelle in particular was wearing a blouse that was transparent enough to explicitly show her sensuality. Seemingly unbothered by the attention they were getting, they ordered beers.

“What’s today’s plan?”

“I’m thinking of going to the club after dinner.”

“Here? The club in this hotel?”

“Yep.”

All three of them seemed satisfied.

“Michelle, I need to tell you something.”

Michelle glanced at her two friends and then looked at Kang Chan.

“There’s an American named Smithen that’s staying in this hotel. If he comes, then he might sit with us.”

“So it’s all five of us together?”

She seemed to be having the wrong idea. Fortunately, Kang Chan didn’t want to lie about this kind of thing.

“That’s not what I meant. We only agreed to have dinner today. Just have fun, and if he shows up, then there’s something I have to talk about with him.”

“Did you want to meet us here because of him?”

Seemingly suspicious of him, Michelle grabbed a beer.

“Something like that. This is important work for me.”

He felt sorry for Michelle, but it was all the same for Kang Chan.

It would be the end if Smithen didn't show up until they were at the club, and if he showed up Kang Chan would have to drag them somewhere with another excuse.

“Hmmm.” Michelle blinked.

“Is this about the family issue that you said got messed up?”

“It's not just about that. There's something I need to personally check,” Kang Chan answered.

“It could be fun with the five of us.”

Even though he had told them that wasn't the plan, when Michelle raised her glass, Cecile and Cindy smiled slyly and clinked their drinks against hers.

They decided to go to the Western restaurant on the other side of the lobby. However, when they went to the counter to pay for the beer, the bill had already been settled.

“It's already paid for. Please come again anytime.”

A middle-aged man with a navy suit and a silver name tag respectfully bowed toward Kang Chan.

There was nothing good about being stubborn when eyes were on them. As such, Kang Chan thanked them and went into the restaurant.

“Chanie! Are you richer than we thought?”

Looking at Kang Chan in surprise, Michelle linked arms with him, close enough for his arm to touch her breasts. It was uncomfortable, but for the sake of dealing with Smithen, he was willing to endure it.

It was clear that Oh Kwang-Taek's influence extended into the Western restaurant as well. As soon as they arrived, a classy-looking female manager greeted them respectfully and led Kang Chan into the restaurant. Her respectful actions didn't suit someone like him.

It wasn't that he disliked being treated like a VIP, but he hated the fact that he might come across as cocky because he was merely borrowing the authority of gangsters. How might the hotel employees feel about serving him? Did they feel the same way they did when serving the other customers?

The employees might be holding in their vomit.

‘Smithen, that fucker!’

Though it was in vain, he couldn't help getting angry at Smithen for forcing this situation on him.

Kang Chan took a seat right in front of the artificial garden along the inside of the middle wall. Upon checking the menu, he grew even more annoyed. The steak they were planning to order was twenty times the price of a regular pork cutlet, which meant that the four of them would eat the

money equivalent of eighty pork cutlets. He ordered in an appropriate range while feeling sorry for Seok Kang-Ho.

After the female manager removed the unnecessary plates, she brought and poured a bottle of wine into their glasses.

“To thank you for gracing us with your presence. We have prepared a wine suitable for your choice of dinner. If you prefer a different wine, please let us know!”

They were doing a perfect job at catching people’s attention, that was for sure.

Kang Chan assumed that this process would repeat even if he refused, so he took it after thanking her.

Michelle and her two friends seemed slightly hyped up. They had become friends due to a few things they had in common: age twenty-six, mixed ethnicity, graduated from the same university in France. They even currently lived in the same neighborhood, Bang Bae-Dong.[1] Michelle was an editor for a Fashion magazine, Cecile was a broker for HNC, and Cindy seemed to be unemployed, as she described herself as a ‘freelancer’. Kang Chan had held the impression that pretty girls were rather empty-headed, but what they told him about their jobs seriously challenged his stereotypes. Of course, he couldn’t say anything about it since there was no way for him to verify whether they were telling the truth.

As the dinner progressed, they presented a lot of questions for Kang Chan, ranging from how he had learned French, why they were treated this way in the hotel, what he meant by ‘family business’, and even why his hand was bandaged.

To answer their questions, he needed to explain everything else, which was that he had reincarnated into a new body upon death. However, he didn’t really want to be treated as a delusional person.

In any case, all that mattered was that they were the center of attention in the restaurant. Sometimes, an older lady would point at them and complain, but the female manager would continue to smile and shake her head.

The atmosphere had been warming up for about an hour when Kang Chan’s phone vibrated.

Buzz—

[I’m in the basement.]

After Kang Chan checked Seok Kang-Ho’s message, Kang Chan called him back.

– What’s wrong?

“Come up instead. It’s not like they’re going to recognize you, right?”

– That’s true.

“Wait for me at the lobby.”

– Understood.

He explained to Michelle that there was a person related to his work waiting, and added that Smithen was the key to a very important contract so he planned on negotiating with him right then and there.

It was around 7:30 pm when the three of them finished the bottle of wine, and it was still too early to go to a club.

Cecile ordered another bottle of wine.

As they emptied the new bottle, Kang Chan's heart started pounding.

'Will Smithen show up? Will I be able to drag him to a quiet place? How did he become a businessman?'

When the feeling of nervousness and strange excitement started to take place in his heart, Michelle looked at Kang Chan with eyes full of lust.

"Chanie, those eyes of yours are very charming."

Would she still say that if I twist her neck?

He smirked at her bullshit.

Buzz— Buzz—

It was Seok Kang-Ho.

– It's Smithen. He's looking around the lobby.

He's here!

Kang Chan quickly looked at the entrance.

– Huh?

Did he go up again? Should I go out and grab him for now?

"What's happening? What's wrong?"

– Serpent venimeux?

It meant 'venomous snake' in French.