

Blackfield 33.1

Chapter 33.1: Things are Starting to Get out of Hand

When Seok Kang-Ho's family said that they were going to visit him on Saturday morning and planned on staying with him on Sunday as well, Kang Chan decided not to visit him this weekend. Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho's family were bound to meet each other someday, but he currently didn't look presentable, and their first meeting didn't have to be in the hospital.

Yoo Hye-Sook had recovered to some degree, and she was happy the entire Saturday since she kept receiving congratulatory calls from her acquaintances.

"Yep! It's 3 pm next Saturday. Thanks, sweetie!" Yoo Hye-Sook smiled from ear to ear as she invited Kim Seong-Hee to the presentation for Gong Te automobile next Saturday.

Kang Chan hoped this peace would last.

Kang Chan had lunch, then asked Michelle if he could have a private meeting with Cecile. Doing business with a brokerage firm in Korea was burdensome, considering word about the large amount of money they had in the bank and in stocks could get out.

They discussed how they'd allocate the stocks, the issue with remittance in the Swiss bank account, and how to track down Kang Chan's money that was in Crédit Paris.

There were a lot of problems.

They first took care of the stocks in the form of donations, which meant he'd have about half of that amount in taxes. Since the money would come from overseas, it would be difficult to report it as foreign exchange.

"My head hurts. Just leave it, and I'll order Smithen to collect it later. It wouldn't be a problem if the branch manager of Korea brings his own money with him, right?" Kang Chan asked Cecile.

"Okay. I'll contact you after I look into it more."

They parted ways on that note that Saturday.

The next day, Kang Chan received a call from Cecile while he was resting at home.

She proposed that he use a fairly petty and complicated method, suggesting Smithen should put up the stocks as collateral to receive a loan at the HNC branch, then collect the money that was in the Swiss bank to repay it.

It would be expedient if they took it as Smithen lending money to Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho in the end. Cecile also told him it would solve the problem of bringing money into Korea immediately and the problem of receiving gift tax.

"Seok Kang-Ho and I have to pay him back, then?"

- We can create a bond expiration paperwork in advance. Our legal team will prepare that themselves.

“What about the taxes?”

- I’m proposing that we don’t handle it as a donation. Since everyone else does this too, it won’t stand out, and the paperwork will perfectly cover it up.

“Will this be a violation of the law or not?”

- Let’s just say that it’s an expedient, Channy. I’ll take care of it myself.

“Tsk! Don’t do anything that’ll create more problems. I don’t want to live like a coward.”

- As I said, leave this to our team.

“Okay.”

What on earth is she saying?

Kang Chan trusted Cecile to handle everything after he pointed out just three things. Smithen himself didn’t need to prepare anything, so Kang Chan was told everything would be resolved if he went to Smithen’s room in the afternoon and got his signature on six pages of documents.

Seok Kang-Ho had a bank account, and Kang Chan needed to create one on Monday.

Damn it!

Kang Chan felt annoyed, finding it quite tedious. He told Seok Kang-Ho to put everything in his account, but Seok Kang-Ho said that it would be wiser to deposit the money into separate accounts. This gave Kang Chan no choice but to go to the bank on Monday at lunch time.

Monday.

Kang Chan bore through the morning classes, ate lunch, then went to the bank to open an account. Afterward, he took a picture of the first page of the paperwork and sent it to Cecile. No matter how many times he thought about it, these actions were out of character for him. He gritted his teeth and did as Smithen asked, however, upon remembering how he whined about wanting a house.

- Please sign the promissory note at dinner tonight, Channy. The law firm will hold onto it, and the loan will be released sequentially when Smithen repays it.

Kang Chan was told that after the stocks were split into three, the stocks would be taken care of in a way that would prevent Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho from selling them immediately.

Kang Chan couldn’t completely understand what she was saying, but every complicated and headache-inducing matter appeared to have ended at least.

He felt better when he went to the hospital and visited Seok Kang-Ho.

“Did something happen?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

“I just can’t take all these requirements for bank accounts and paperwork. I’d much rather be ordered to join a knife fight.”

“Phuhuhu,” Seok Kang-Ho laughed as he made him a cup of coffee.

“Smithen’s apparently going to move into an apartment with Alice after the money comes in tomorrow,” He said.

“Tsk! That’s actually better. That’s the best way to learn a language. There’s also no one that can take care of that injured bastard right now.”

“That’s true.”

“Daye.”

Seok Kang-Ho gave Kang Chan a serious look after he put the rest of the coffee in.

“The money that’ll be deposited tomorrow is all yours. It’s for the price of your life. Do what you want with it,” Kang Chan said.

“Can I do that?”

“Smithen will be buying a house, phone, and clothes immediately. He’s going crazy. So do what you want with it—whether you want to give it to your wife, buy a car, or drown in alcohol.”

“Thank you.”

“It’s not like I gave it to you.”

“But didn’t we get this money because of that bloody fight with Sharlan? I feel bad for getting an equal share of it.”

“Stop with the nonsense and give me a cigarette instead,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

They put a cigarette in between their lips.

“Let’s end the money talks here,” Kang Chan concluded.

“Alright.”

Seok Kang-Ho knew his personality. Kang Chan would never bring up conversations that he had already closed. While they were talking about school, Cecile came in. After she got Kang Chan’s signature on a whopping six sheets of documents, she took out two more pages.

“What’s this?” Kang Chan asked.

“This is for applying a charge to the account that’s in Credit Paris. Write your social security number and password here. You’ve told me you remember them. The legal team should be able to take care of it with that information.”

Kang Chan signed this with more care, feeling as if this money was more precious than the money that came over from the Swiss bank.

“Channy. We’ll be deducting commission fees, company expenses, and a month’s worth of interest from the money that’ll be deposited tomorrow. You know that, right?”

“How much will that be?”

“About fifty thousand dollars per person?”

“Okay. You did well.”

“I’m thankful that you raised my work performance. Let me buy you a drink next week in return.”

“Does it matter who buys it?”

“Fair enough, Channy. I’ll go now since this meeting is strictly for official matters only.”

Cecile left without saying anything else.

“She seems okay when she’s like that,” Seok Kang-Ho commented.

“Yeah. And she’s dressed neatly as well.”

They had finally finished the long organization of the documents. The thought made Kang Chan feel kind of strange, perhaps because it was as if his life in France and Africa had ended.

Tuesday.

Kang Chan turned on his phone at lunch and saw two messages.

[Deposit from HNC.]

[Deposit from HNC.]

Why did these fuckers send two separate transactions? They’re just annoying people.

He didn’t even try to read the amount in the first message as it had too many numbers. However, his heart fluttered strangely when he checked the second message.

Kang Chan immediately called Cecile.

- Channy, I was actually debating on calling you.

“What’s with the second deposit of two hundred thirty million won?”

- It’s from Credit Paris. You had signed a contract with an operating profit clause[1], which has accumulated quite a lot of money. I can’t believe you made such a decision, Channy.

Even Kang Chan wasn’t aware of it. If things had gone wrong, he probably would’ve lost his capital. At any rate, he again reminded himself of the lesson that he shouldn’t trust the fuckers in the financial sector.

“Thank you for all your efforts. I can’t express my gratitude enough. After all, this money actually means something to me.”

- You’re such a strange person. Anywho, due to the amazing currency exchange rate, you got over 1.5 billion won from the Swiss account. There aren’t that many people your age that would have that much wealth. Our accounting team will manage it, so make sure to inform me if Korea’s National Tax Service or other related organizations contact you.

“Got it.”

Kang Chan ended the call to eat lunch.

Kang Chan’s presence in the cafeteria seemed welcomed since nobody cut in line, pretended to be tough, or acted dramatic and silly anymore. They actually even left two seats in front of Cha So-Yeon for Kang Chan and Kim Mi-Young. They took all the other seats beside them, eating comfortably even with Kang Chan nearby.

Kang Chan checked his phone on his way home after class, finding six missed calls from an unknown number. He pressed the call button.

- Hello, Mr. Kang Chan? I’m Song Gi-Wook, the Bank of Korea’s Sin-Mook branch manager. I called to introduce myself because of the deposit you’ve made. I was wondering if you’d be interested in using our bank’s other products. I’d be more than glad to visit you at your earliest convenience.

Is this person acting like this even though he knows I’m a student?

“I have no plans on touching it for the time being so just leave it.”

Kang Chan quickly turned off the phone before the caller could say anything further.

“What’s wrong?” Kim Mi-Young asked.

“Nothing. It’s just a solicitor.”

It was an expression that would make Song Gi-Wook, the branch manager, dwell on his own misfortune and cry sorrowful tears, but what could he do? It was one hundred times better than Song Gi-Wook blabbing to him because he had about one point eight billion won in his bank account.