

Blackfield 33.2

Chapter 33.2: Things are Starting to Get out of Hand

Smithen moved to a large villa with a view of the Han River below it, and Seok Kang-Ho got discharged on Friday, eliminating all reasons for Kang Chan to visit the hospital. His school life was peaceful, and Kang Chan had the money that he had earned as a soldier in his bank account. It was a somewhat happy week.

On Saturday morning, Yoo Hye-Sook began to look like she was heading onto a battlefield.

“It’s probably better for us to get ready ourselves, right?” Kang Chan asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“That seems like the wise thing to do.”

Kang Chan stopped Kang Dae-Kyung from going into the kitchen and made omelets. Moments later, the three of them sat at the table and ate the omelets that Kang Chan had made.

“Honey, I’m going to the salon. What time are you going out?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Around 12 pm.”

“Oh my, Chan! You look really amazing!” Yoo Hye-Sook exclaimed in a high-pitched tone. Kang Chan could no longer remember how long it had been since he last heard it.

If he could continue listening to it, then even he was confident about living like Kang Dae-Kyung and walking on eggshells around Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Kang Chan is going to be amazing today. The suit I picked for him looks really great on him,” Yoo Hye-Sook said.

She seems so happy about her husband and son looking amazing and being in the spotlight.

Yoo Hye-Sook disappeared into the master bedroom.

“Thanks. To tell you the truth, I would’ve done anything just to see her act like that again,” Kang Dae-Kyung told Kang Chan.

“You’re the one who did everything, though. Why are you saying that now?”

“Because I never wanted to sell my son for it.”

When Kang Chan discreetly sent a glance toward the master bedroom, Kang Dae-Kyung gauged Yoo Hye-Sook’s reaction with a face that said, ‘Oh shoot!’

“Will there really be no more danger from now on?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“Yes.”

“Then can I be genuinely happy today?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked again.

“Yes. We’ve already talked about this.

Kang Dae-Kyung exhaled deeply when Kang Chan laughed lightly.

Kang Chan didn’t know how much he longed for a father like Kang Dae-Kyung. It didn’t matter if he drank alcohol or if their family wasn’t well off. All he needed was a father he could sometimes laugh with and open his heart to when they sat together.

“What’s wrong?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“It’s because you look amazing.”

“You little punk!”

Kang Dae-Kyung went in front of the sink when Kang Chan stood up.

“Leave the dishes there,” Kang Chan said.

“Let’s do it together, just like how we were together for this contract.”

Kang Chan couldn’t stop this. He felt like he was receiving something that couldn’t be bought with money.

He felt really sorry for his body’s owner, but he never wanted to lose this.

Kang Chan got into the taxi with a very nervous Yoo Hye-Sook a little after 2:30 pm. The level of attention she put into this day was too strange for him to understand, so he just decided to accept it.

“What should we do? There’s a lot of traffic,” Yoo Hye-Sook complained.

This was expected since it was a Saturday. He wanted to leave earlier, but they couldn’t because Yoo Hye-Sook kept changing outfits and accessories.

“Do I look okay? I won’t be an embarrassment to your dad, right?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

The last part of her question made Kang Chan smirk.

The Latz hotel was on a hill, making it seem like the first floor was on the basement level externally when looking at it from the hotel lobby. That was where they’d be presenting the new car. By the time Kang Chan had gone inside, Kang Dae-Kyung was already standing on a podium and explaining Kang Yoo Motors’ vision while basking in the cameras’ flashes.

“Your dad looks amazing,” Yoo Hye-Sook commented.

Yoo Hye-Sook looked at Kang Dae-Kyung with an expression that made her look like a girl in love. Kang Chan was wearing a form-fitting black suit, a white shirt, and a thin tie.

“Congratulations, sweetie!”

Kim Seong-Hee walked closer and grabbed Yoo Hye-Sook’s hand when she found them. Her expression was filled with jealousy.

“How have you been?” Kang Chan asked Kim Seong-Hee.

“Hello, Chan. I hope you’re doing well. How’s studying going for you lately?”

“He’s planning to study abroad in France,” Yoo Hye-Sook answered instead.

“Oh, my! That’s good. It’s totally possible since he’s so good at French.”

Kim Seong-Hee’s eyes were burning with envy, but Kang Chan decided to take it as a good thing for now.

“Channy.”

The clueless Smithen then approached Kang Chan in a wheelchair, which Alice was pushing.

“When did you arrive?” Kang Chan asked Smithen.

It was a relief that Yoo Hye-Sook and Kim Seong-Hee couldn’t understand what they were saying since they were speaking in French.

“I arrived about an hour ago thanks to Alice.”

Smithen looked at Alice lovingly.

How long has it been since they first met?

Kang Chan introduced Yoo Hye-Sook and Kim Seong-Hee as formally as he could with a gentle expression.

“Smithen, meet Mrs. Yoo Hye-Sook, the wife of Kang Yoo Motors’ president, Mr. Kang Dae-Kyung. This is her friend Mrs. Kim Seong-Hee. Act proper around them.”

Kang Chan turned his head again and introduced Smithen in Korean.

“Mother, this is Mr. Smithen. The Gong Te automobile’s Korean branch manager.”

“Oh! They are beautiful wives!” Smithen exclaimed.

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed satisfied with the French conversation they were having, while it seemed to make Kim Seong-Hee very uncomfortable.

“I’ll see you two often from now on. I’ll invite you to my place soon,” Smithen offered.

“Chan, what is he saying?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“He’s saying that he’s happy to meet you two.”

After Kang Chan had appropriately ended the introductions, a thin French guy that looked to be in his early fifties approached Kang Chan with two entourages.

“Mr. Smithen, is this person Mr. Kang Chan?”

“That’s right. You should introduce yourself, Mr. Ambassador.”

It seemed like the two had met earlier. The ambassador held out his hand to Kang Chan.

“Mr. Kang Chan. I'm Lanok, the French Ambassador to Korea.”

“I'm Kang Chan.”

Lanok had peculiar French features—from his thin face, sharp nose and fierce eyes. In other words, his impression made him look like a difficult guy to handle. Gong Te's Korean branch manager showed up in a wheelchair, and now the Ambassador of France sought out a mere high schooler in person. Yoo Hye-Sook and Kim Seong-Hee's gazes alternated between Lanok and Kang Chan in shock. Honestly, even Kang Chan himself was surprised.

He introduced Yoo Hye-Sook and Kim Seong-Hee to Lanok.

Kim Seong-Hee actually seemed stupefied.

“Can I talk to you in private for a moment, Mr. Kang Chan?”

“With me?”

‘What's there that would require a French Ambassador to tell me in private?’

The proposal was out of the blue, but considering the Ambassador's request, it could only mean something important was going on. Kang Chan smiled at Yoo Hye-Sook, told her he was going to leave for a moment and followed Lanok outside the event hall.

Kang Chan saw an Indonesian-styled awning in the large lobby. The tables and chairs were stylishly placed nearby.

The entourage placed two coffees in espresso cups in front of them, then moved farther away.

“Mr. Kang Chan, I want to take this time to talk to you about matters involving Sharlan.”

Kang Chan didn't expect the French Ambassador would mention Sharlan this quick.

“Gong Te automobile is an automobile company that represents France. Our country wasn't aware that Sharlan tried to conduct a drug deal, so I'd like to express my gratitude in France's behalf for steering us away from disgrace and shame, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Lanok was talking in circles when all he needed to say was thanks. It made Kang Chan's head hurt, but he continued listening in silence anyway since he seemed to have more to say. Lanok smiled formally and continued.

“Since France's Intelligence Bureau has cleanly dealt with Sharlan's matters, we'd like to request for your cooperation to avoid disgraceful rumors from circulating afterward.”

In short, he wanted Kang Chan to keep his mouth shut.

“How was Sharlan taken care of?” Kang Chan asked.

“He was on his way to the airport when he got in a car accident. Sadly, he died in the crash.”

How could he get hit by a car when the Chinese took Sharlan and sliced him to pieces?

Lanok most likely just stated how he died on paper.

“Understood.”

“France wants to pass on its sign of appreciation. We would like to invite you to be an international student at a National University in Paris with full scholarships, and, if you wish, an opportunity for you to obtain French nationality,” Lanok offered.

“That’s very extreme, considering this is for Sharlan’s matters.”

“There’s also a bonus,” Lanok’s smile looked natural for the first time.

“We’ve taken care of the remittance issue with the Swiss in France, so the Korean National Tax Service isn’t going to have any issue with it. And Gong Te automobile is going to give you stocks with the condition that you’ll take care of the taxes. You probably won’t have to worry about money for the rest of your life.”

‘These fuckers were aware of everything.’

Kang Chan smiled bitterly.

“It’s all in the past. Is it necessary for the Ambassador to insist on coming here and acting like this?” He asked.

“There’s going to be a Presidential election in two years. The leading candidate is connected to Gong Te by a relative. Hence, if word gets out to the world and it deteriorates into a scandal, the election’s results and the political landscape will be hard to keep under our control. The internal interests of Europe that you, Mr. Kang Chan, don’t understand are also a bit tangled in this.”

I knew it.

“You can rest assured, then.”

“Thank you. Lastly, if you have any favors that you want to personally ask me, feel free to contact this number.”

Lanok took out a business card wallet and handed him a small business card. Kang Chan received and looked at it, then returned his gaze to Lanok.

“Could I by any chance get the battle records of a mercenary?” Kang Chan asked.

Lanok tilted his head, finding his inquiry interesting, before answering.

“It’s best to leave everything related to Sharlan alone, Mr. Kang Chan.”

“I’ll take note of that.”

Kang Chan willingly stepped down instead of delving further since there wasn’t any need for him to get on the Ambassador’s nerves.

“I got an interesting report from the Main Directorate. You, Mr. Kang Chan, are a teenager with no record of learning French from anywhere. Where on earth did you learn it?”

“Would you believe me if I said I learned it through the internet?”

“Indeed, that’s not surprising as Korea is a leader in IT,” Lanok replied, though his expression showed he didn’t believe him. He then turned his head toward the event hall, conveying that their conversation was over.

“You should go back,” Kang Chan told Lanok.

“That would be wise.”

Both of them stood up from their seats. “If word gets out, then the DG SE[1] will take care of loose ends,” Lanok quietly spoke to Kang Chan with a very friendly expression.

The DG SE was an organization that mainly operated in the shadows, assassinating key figures and executing the dirty jobs of the government. Kang Chan had never seen anyone talk about murder with such a soft expression.

“It would’ve been better if you didn’t say that last part.”

Lanok’s formal smile didn’t change despite Kang Chan’s reply. When they walked into the event hall, they found Smithen on the platform, wishing for the development of Kang Yoo Motors and Gong Te automobile.

Yoo Hye-Sook and Kim Seong-Hee quickly came toward him.

“Is everything okay, Chan?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

Kang Chan couldn’t think of any excuse to give.

“He invited me to be a full scholarship student in a National University in Paris.”

He didn’t mean to brag but just blurted that out since he had to give a suitable answer to why the Ambassador had to urgently talk to him in private. However, when Kang Chan saw the end of Kim Seong-Hee’s lips tremble, he truly felt bad for her and her son Bang Dae-Sik, who didn’t even attend the event.

After Smithen’s speech ended, the lights dimmed and music blared loudly.

Pak!

A car drove through the wall and slowly went forward with a spotlight on it. The wall was made of styrofoam, but the lighting made it look real. The audience applauded as cameras flashed

ceaselessly. Simultaneously, two models came up from the left side of the presentation hall and stood at each side of the car.

Everyone in the presentation hall focused on the car.

Amongst the reporters that continued to take pictures, there was a beautiful woman that especially stood out.

‘Michelle?’

She was busy giving orders to a cameraman and a female employee with her finger. She wore a black suit and a white blouse—not a translucent outfit.