

## **Blackfield 34.2**

Chapter 34.2: Things are Starting to Get out of Hand (2)

Just as Kang Chan decided that he should leave, a beautiful, eye-catching woman walked toward their table. He assumed she would just walk by and go to the table behind them.

“Hello, unnie[1]?”

Unexpectedly, however, she greeted Michelle brightly and examined Kang Chan.

“Oh my! What brings you here?” Michelle asked.

The eyes glancing at them in the Terrace now explicitly jumped to Michelle when she spoke Korean so naturally and stood up.

“I was looking for you to say hello after the event. The reporter, Mr. Jung, told me that you came here.”

“I see, good job. Mr. Kang Chan, this is Eun So-Yeon, the model for the car today. Mr. Kang Chan is the son of Kang Dae-Kyung, the president of Kang Yoo Motors, and is the person I love.”

She was so good at bullshitting. It wasn't right for him to be rude to Eun So-Yeon just because he didn't like how she introduced him, so Kang Chan just stood up and simply bowed his head.

“I'll be going now, then. The two of you should talk,” Kang Chan said goodbye.

It was a good opportunity to leave, but things rarely went according to plan. When Eun So-Yeon saw Michelle's unhappy expression, she tried to stop him, saying, “Don't do it for my sake. I'm just here to say hello.”

People's eyes were on them already, and he also didn't want to create a situation uncomfortable for everyone. Adding to that the fact that Eun So-Yeon was also the model of Kang Yoo Motors, Kang Chan decided to stay and have a cup of tea instead.

He thought she was beautiful in a natural and healthy way but thought she didn't have the charms to draw people in as much as Michelle.

Eun So-Yeon ordered herb tea.

“Do you have other work to do?” Michelle asked Eun So-Yeon.

“I only have a drama shoot tomorrow.”

“The <I'm going to do what I want this time>?”

“Yes. I'm glad it's quite popular. That special article you wrote last time was well-received.”

Kang Chan wasn't even interested in their conversation. The few drama episodes that he watched after he changed bodies were around half of all the dramas that he watched in his life, and he knew nothing of that industry.

Eun So-Yeon got up first after she had drunk about half of her tea.

“I’ll get going now. It was nice meeting you.”

After respectfully saying goodbye, Eun So-Yeon left first.

“We should also go,” Kang Chan told Michelle. “Is it because I said something unnecessary?”

“That’s a part of it.”

Michelle seemed unhappy, but there was nothing that he could do.

“Then let’s go after we drink this beer,” She said.

“Sure.”

It wouldn’t take long for her to get over him, considering she had been living an open lifestyle.

“Oh right, Channy. You should acquire a company.”

Kang Chan only looked at her blankly.

“The company that Eun So-Yeon is a part of is good. Word got out that the president has some problems. Maybe that’s why they’re trying to sell it right now.”

“Do you really think that I’ll do that, Michelle?”

“No.”

Michelle laughed when Kang Chan laughed out loud.

“I think you never will, but I also think you’ll be really good at it. Most importantly, I don’t think you’ll make money by grilling the kids that are in difficult situations.”

“Forget about it.”

Michelle also seemed like she didn’t have intentions to keep recommending it.

She downed all of her beer without wasting any time.

“Let’s go, Channy.”

Michelle quickly grabbed the bill when Kang Chan stood up.

“I’ll pay for this with the company’s credit card.”

It was two beers and a cup of tea, so Kang Chan didn’t feel uncomfortable letting her pay. Two reporters were waiting on the sofa and walked toward them when they went out to the entrance of the hotel.

“If you can’t accept me, Channy, then I won’t cling to you. But don’t push me away.”

Kang Chan silently stared at Michelle. He felt that she was being truthful now.

“Wouldn’t that make it harder for you?” He asked.

Two reporters just gauged their mood a step away from them.

“Let’s continue casually seeing each other. You just have to start liking me, right?”

Michelle smiled at Kang Chan, seemingly satisfied when he grinned.

\*\*\*

By the time Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook came home, Kang Chan had already arrived and changed his clothes.

“Kang Chan! When did you arrive?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“I just got changed. You guys should go out and have an intimate dinner for once.”

“I actually tried to coax her, but she said that she can’t do that without you, so we just came home,” Kang Dae-Kyung replied.

Kang Chan actually assumed that they came home because Kang Dae-Kyung looked tired, but there was no need to verify that. After they lightly washed up, Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook drooped down on the sofa as if the nervousness left their bodies.

“Oh! You haven’t had lunch, have you?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked Kang Chan.

“It’s okay. I actually had a light lunch with the friend I met earlier, so let’s just have dinner.”

“Okay, let’s do that.”

It seemed like they were fairly tired.

“Have you been meeting that lady named Michelle after we first saw her, Chan?” Yoo Hye-Sook prodded.

“We’ve talked on the phone at times and met once in person for her to learn Korean and for me to learn French. I guess she was happy to see me today since it was purely out of coincidence,” Kang Chan replied.

The number of lies kept increasing with time. Yoo Hye-Sook seemed relieved, at least.

“Oh, right! Honey, the Ambassador of France offered Channy the opportunity to study abroad with a government scholarship.”

Kang Chan had no choice but to lie again after he saw Yoo Hye-Sook’s eyes light up. It was because he couldn’t explain what had happened with Sharlan.

\*\*\*

Kang Chan had just finished breakfast and was browsing the internet when got a message on Sunday morning.

[Can you come out?]

This guy was already wearing a neck brace but still didn't know how to rest.

Kang Chan called him.

- It's me.

“Stay at home. Where are you thinking of going with a neck you can't even turn?”

- To the front of your apartment.

Dumbfounded, a feeble laugh came out. However, he would indeed be happy to see him, and he did have something to tell him as well. Kang Chan left the house after using Seok Kang-Ho as an excuse.

Seok Kang-Ho's car started beeping from far away as soon as Kang Chan went out of the entrance.

“You really should rest for a bit,” Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho.

“I was thinking of doing that, but I was bored. I also want to see your face.”

The car went out of the apartment and entered onto the main road.

“I saw the event yesterday through the articles. I'm sorry I couldn't go,” Seok Kang-Ho apologized.

“It's fine. It would've been bad to introduce you there, and you wouldn't have heard anything good if you went there with a neck brace. Oh, right! Michelle came to cover the event.”

“Really? I guess it's true that she works at a magazine company.”

“I guess so.”

The car went on the outer road.

“Let's have a cup of coffee at the store that we went to before,” Seok Kang-Ho offered.

Kang Chan really liked that proposal. They arrived in about 20 minutes, took the same table as before, and ordered coffee.

Kang Chan told Seok Kang-Ho what Lanok had told him.

“Things are weirdly getting out of hand,” Seok Kang-Ho commented afterward.

“We just have to keep our mouth shut.”

“For us, that's true. But what are we going to do if Smithen, that fucker, babbles to the girl named Alice or something?”

Kang Chan didn't think of that, but it was totally possible. Smithen really was a tiring guy, after all.

"I'm going to school starting tomorrow, and the athletics club will reopen on Friday," Seok Kang-Ho told Kang Chan.

"I heard they were going to reopen it as soon as you've returned. Is there a problem?" Kang Chan asked out of worry for the athletics club members he had to take care of, not because he wanted to ditch his classes.

"There's exams from tomorrow until Thursday. I know that you're living life without caring about school, but you should at least be aware of that."

When Seok Kang-Ho smiled mischievously, Kang Chan saw Kim Mi-Young pout from the other side of the river.