

Blackfield 46.1

Chapter 46.1: Business? (1)

Thursday morning.

The open area of the apartment looked peaceful.

But Kang Chan was at war with a cunning enemy that was hiding like a fucking rat while looking for an opportunity.

Taking a deep breath and strengthening his resolve, he warmed up, then ran out of the apartment.

‘Come at me! You’re welcome to attack me!’

A shooting? An ambush?

Would the bastards aiming to kill Lanok and leave in ten days use guns in the middle of South Korea?

Instead of Kang Chan’s death, the media and the prosecution would conduct large-scale interference in such an occurrence.

It was fortunate that firearms weren’t allowed in South Korea.

Damn it!

Feeling as if he had been shot, sharp pain started to course through his body—including his side, waist, and back. This critical moment similar to when he had a knife in his hand while facing an opponent.

Kang Chan straight-up ignored the pain. It was difficult to protect those he loved with physical strength that required him to tie a knife to his hand with a wire.

“Huff huff.”

He had run out of breath.

Running was quite strange. If one were to stop running for a couple days, they’d be clearly reminded of their limit once they started running again.

‘Do what you want!’

If it festered, he just needed to disinfect his injury and ignore the pain.

He exhaled heavily upon reaching the five-kilometer mark.

“Huff huff. Huff huff.”

By the time he had circled back to the apartment’s park, Kang Chan was sweating like it was raining.

After stretching for about five minutes, he went up the apartment using the stairs. Not only did he not want to fill the elevator with the smell of sweat, but he also needed to cool his heated body down slowly.

Upon opening the door to their home and heading in, Yoo Hye-Sook, who was preparing breakfast, and Kang Dae-Kyung, who looked like he had just woken up, greeted him.

“Oh my! Look at how sweaty you are,” Yoo Hye-Sook commented.

She seemed to have assumed that Kang Chan went on a run to prepare for the University of Physical Education’s entrance exam.

“How far did you run?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

“About ten kilometers.”

Kang Dae-Kyung looked startled.

“I would’ve collapsed if I came with you.”

“That’s not it. You just need to start exercising through walking first.”

“I see.”

The danger of Kang Dae-Kyung joining Kang Chan in his morning workouts noticeably decreased with just a few words.

“I’ll come out after I wash up,” Kang Chan said.

“Sure, my love. I’ll make you a delicious breakfast,” Yoo Hye-Sook replied.

“Okay. I look forward to it.”

Kang Chan had noticed Yoo Hye-Sook was the type to appreciate one’s words, which was why he faithfully replied to her. She always did pass happiness, gratitude, and love to others.

Heading to the bathroom, Kang Chan thought he needed to get rid of Sharlan as soon as possible. When the intense shower of cold water hit and doused him, the burning pain that made him feel as if his skin was on fire died down a bit.

‘Did I overexert myself?’

Kang Chan immediately shook his head.

He never would’ve had such a thought if he was in Africa.

After drying his hair, he looked in the mirror.

As he got used to his current look, his previous appearance became hazier. At the very least, however, the look in his eyes was far from that of a teenager’s.

He looked into the mirror while placing his arm on the sink.

“If you can hear me, then you probably saw everything that has happened up to this point. I’m trying my best. Don’t think that I stole your parents. Consider this as my way of finding an outcome where we can all be happy.”

It was embarrassing and awkward, which was different from the last time he talked to the previous owner of this body, but he at least wanted to portray his emotions. If the previous owner of his body could hear and understand what he was saying, then the previous owner would’ve also already been aware of all the thoughts he had to endure anyway.

As Kang Chan went out after washing up, Yoo Hye-Sook finished preparing breakfast.

“What are your plans for today?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Kang Chan.

“I promised to meet some people, so I’ll be out until dinner. Why do you ask?”

They sat down at a table and started to eat, starting from Kang Dae-Kyung.

“I’m planning on meeting Smithen, the Korean branch manager. There’s been a constant increase in Orders here in Korea, but that gentleman strangely hasn’t done anything. I’m worried he’d be dissatisfied with the interpretation, so I thought I should meet him with you instead.”

“Really? But does it have to be the branch manager of Korea that has to do something?” Kang Chan asked.

“His signature on the invoice is mandatory. We also need the headquarters’ help because orders are flooding in beyond our expectations.”

“Really?” Kang Chan asked.

“Your dad is talented, Chan.”

It was nice to see her so proud.

“Oh? Why are you complimenting me? That’s unlike you,” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Honey!”

“No, no. Let’s just eat quickly.”

Kang Dae-Kyung’s mischievous gaze met Kang Chan’s eyes.

“I’ll try calling him,” Kang Chan said.

“You will?”

“Yes. He gave me his business card the last time we met, and I also thanked him for helping us successfully sign the contract. It wouldn’t be that difficult to make a private appointment with him.”

“That would be great.”

Yoo Hye-Sook brought more stew for Kang Dae-Kyung when he had finished eating his Kimchi stew.

“But how many more cars do you currently need?” Kang Chan asked.

“I’m not sure. The last batch was all used for display or demonstration. I think we’ll need at least two hundred cars for now.”

“Wow!”

Kang Dae-Kyung shook his head as if to say it wasn't that big of a deal when Kang Chan and Yoo Hye-Sook expressed their surprise.

"It's not something to be that amazed about."

"Really? But isn't that still impressive?" Kang Chan asked.

"Impressive enough to have everyone's eyes on me, I guess? Something like that."

They finished dinner merrily.

Of all the places, they decided to complete the acquisition contract at 11 am at the Namsan Hotel.

Kang Chan called Smithen when Kang Dae-Kyung had gone to work.

- Hi Channy!

"Where are you?"

- I'm at home. I haven't gone outside since that day.

That fucker would no doubt live for a long, long time.

"I was told that the purchase order sheet for the cars of Kang Yoo Motors needs your signature. Sign more copies than they need so they'll have extra. And I don't think you're the target right now, so feel free to go out starting today, but make sure you keep a low profile and that the places you'll be going to are crowded.

- Will that be really okay?

"I think everything will be decided within two weeks, so just be careful until then. Oh, right! Call the headquarters of Gong Te and ask them to quickly send over the cars that had been ordered.

- Okay, Channy. I'll call them right away.

"Don't forget to sign first."

- I'll call Kang Yoo Motors immediately and tell them to bring over the documents. Then I'll call the headquarters as soon as I sign.

"Okay. How's your injury?"

- I'll go to the hospital today and get an artificial eye if it's okay to go out. Then I'll look much better.

Is he saying that to make me feel bad?

"Okay."

- Channy.

Just as he was about to hang up, Smithen called out to Kang Chan again.

- Can I apply to study at a Korean language institute?

Kang Chan was wrong. This fucker had always been insincere.

“Wait the next two weeks out for now. After that, doing that shouldn’t be a problem.”

- Okay, Channy.

Kang Chan sighed when he ended the call. There was no doubt that Smithen had gotten tired of the woman he was with, or he simply wanted new women.

Kang Chan spoke to Seok Kang-Ho on the phone, then left the house a bit before 10 am. Since it was an important day, he wore a comfortable-looking jacket.

He went to the bank and got a cheque worth five hundred million won, then headed straight to the hotel.

The meeting took place in the conference room at the Namsan Hotel’s basement, which was a business center.

The lawyer’s or D. I’s office would’ve been a much better and more comfortable venue. This wasn’t Michelle’s way of handling things.

By the time Kang Chan had gotten out of the taxi at the hotel and entered the conference room, a lot of people were already there.

“Channy!”

She hugged Kang Chan and noisily kissed both of his cheeks.

“Channy, This is Kim Seong-Gil, the CEO of D.I. He made a reservation at this hotel today on purpose,” Michelle introduced.

Kim Seong-Gil stood up and held out his hand intrusively.

His big head, large and bright eyes, and thick neck and body seemed to indicate he was a former gangster.

“And this is Mr. Kim Seon-II, the vice president,” Michelle continued.

“I’m Kim Seon-II.”

He held his hand out without bothering to hide his distaste for Kang Chan.

“And this is attorney Choi-Young, a lawyer from the law firm Taeyang. He’ll be in charge of the contract.”

After Kang Chan had greeted them, Michelle turned toward three women.

“And these are our actresses So-Yeon, whom you’ve already met, Lee Ha-Yeon, and Seong So-Mi. We decided to meet with the other trainees and employees after the contract signing.”

The heavy makeup wearers Lee Ha-Yeon and Seong So-Mi nodded at Kang Chan to greet him, then sat down.

Kang Chan sat down in the middle after the complicated greetings ended, leaving only Michelle and Eun So-Yeon standing.

On Kang Chan’s left sat Choi Young, and on his right sat Michelle.

“I already examined the contract with the lawyer,” Michelle said.

The lawyer, Choi-Young, slid the contract toward Kang Chan and Kim Seong-Gil.

It wasn’t like it was going to change even if he looked at it now.

Kang Chan wordlessly took out a cheque for five hundred million won and handed it to Michelle.

“A young gentleman with a lot of money,” Kim Seong-Gil commented provokingly.

The way he spoke was full of complaints, so much so that Kang Chan would’ve thought he was surely picking a fight with him if he saw him elsewhere.

Kang Chan smirked in response, and the atmosphere instantly turned cold.

“Where do I need to sign?” asked Kang Chan.

He wanted to end this quickly.

“Didn’t you bring your stamp?” The young lawyer, Choi Young, asked in a flustered way.

“No. I thought all I needed to do was sign.”

“Ha, my god.”

Vice president Kim Seon-Il gave Kang Chan a distasteful gaze.

Are these fuckers crazy?

If people saw that, they would probably think those two were being robbed of their company.

“Michelle, do these people know French?” asked Kang Chan.

“No, why?”

When Kang Chan spoke French, everyone looked at him in surprise.

“They seem to have complaints. Don’t do this if this contract is going to cause trouble.”

Unlike Kang Chan, Michelle thankfully didn’t lose her smile.

“They probably feel disappointed for having to sell the company. They were producing a drama when it all came crumbling down, after all. In this industry, people earn as much as they put in, yet they still had to sell the company despite already having struggled to get investments. That made them result in such perverse behaviors. I mean, just look at them! They look like the rough and tumble type[1]. They most likely hope you’d invest in their company instead even though they’ve already decided to sell it.”

Kang Chan nodded, then turned to Choi Young.

“Can’t it be done with a signature?” asked Kang Chan.

“It doesn’t matter for the acquirer, but you will need to give us your ID and registered dry seal for notarization later.”

“I’ll do that.”

Kang Chan signed where Choi-Young had pointed to. He then exhaled to get rid of his discomfort and handed over the pen to Michelle.