

## **Blackfield 46.2**

Chapter 46.2: Business? (1)

After Kang Chan signed, Kim Seong-Gil spoke in a deep voice.

“Hey, Mr. Acquirer, if possible, please don’t fire the employees that stayed.”

*What’s he saying now?*

Kang Chan first looked at Michelle.

“Employment preservation isn’t in the terms of the contract,” Michelle replied.

“That’s why I’m asking.”

Kim Seong-Gil’s way of speaking was strange. It wasn’t formal, but it wasn’t informal either.

“Okay. We’ll do that if it’s possible.” When Michelle answered, Kim Seong-Gil pointed to the contract with his thumb.

“If you’re okay with it, then please add it to the contract in your own handwriting.”

Kang Chan smirked and looked at Kim Seong-Gil.

*It ends here.*

It would only become burdensome in the future if he acquired this company. These ruffians would later argue that they faced losses when they handed it over to him. Moreover, he didn’t want to go through all this trouble just to acquire the company.

“Let’s stop this.” Kang Chan grabbed the cheque from the table and put it in his inner chest pocket. He then grabbed the signed contract and ripped it vertically and horizontally.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

*Smirk.*

When Kang Chan smiled, Kim Seong-Gil bent his chair’s backrest backward and cracked his neck.

“You don’t seem to be in the right state of mind since you’re still young and have some money, kid. Regardless, you now have to buy the company at a billion won.”

Eun So-Yeon turned to Michelle, looking like she was about to cry. Michelle previously felt bad for her.

Kang Chan secretly shook his head.

Michelle wasn’t a fool that would make him spend five hundred million won just to save that girl. However, at the very least, she certainly did an awful job at handling her work.

This wasn’t right.

Kang Chan was about to stand up.

“It seems you don’t know me that well. In this industry, it’s hard for people to ignore me. You’re well aware of that, aren’t you, Ms. Michelle? That’s why you should accept my generosity of selling you the company for only a billion won. Or you can just give us five million won as the price for playing with us and leave. I’ll give back double that amount after we’ve finished producing a drama.”

There was no use crying over spilled milk. Looking offended, Michelle glared at Kim Seong-Gil. She was really pretty when she was angry.

The unnecessary thought made Kang Chan smirk. He got up from his spot.

At that moment, he noticed the other two girls with gaudy makeup smiling strangely.

Heo Eun-Sil. It was the exact smile that the bitch wore when she called him a ‘dick’ in front of the school.

“Do you want to stay longer? Or do you want to leave with me?” Kang Chan asked Michelle.

“Sit down!” Kim Seong-Gil growled, draping his left arm on the chair.

A head suddenly popped in from the conference room that was beside theirs, and the employee at the entrance counter hurriedly approached them.

“Ah! I’m sorry. I tried to be quiet. Please go back to what you were doing,” Kim Seong-Gil apologized.

At this rate, he was going to cause trouble. Despite Kim Seong-Gil’s attempt to lure him with danger, Kang Chan walked off as Michelle grabbed her bag.

Kim Seon-Il hurriedly blocked the entrance.

‘Phew. Why do things like this keep happening?’

“Our President hasn’t finished talking yet, you son—”

*Pow!*

“Cough!”

Kim Seon-Il bent forward when Kang Chan stabbed his side with his half-bent fingers.

As he pulled Kim Seon-Il’s head, Kang Chan blocked the space from which Kim Seong-Gil could approach.

*Pow. Pow. Pow.*

Kang Chan bent his hand up and hit Kim Seon-Il’s face with his palm. It only took two hits for Kim Seon-Il’s blood to splatter all over.

“Hey, you son of a bitch!”

Kim Seong-Gil tried going over the table, but Kang Chan swiftly shoved Kim Seon-Il away, faced Kim Seong-Gil, and hit his leg with his right arm.

*Crash. Crack!*

Kim Seong-Gil fell from the thick table and onto a chair, crushing it to pieces. He ended up on the floor.

Frightened, Michelle stood right against the wall, and Choi-Young stood at the innermost corner of the conference room with the three talents.

“Ugh!”

Kim Seong-Gil tried to get up, but Kang Chan violently struck his shoulder with his right foot.

*Crack.*

“Gaaah!”

The people that sprang out of the conference room next door quickly ran off when they saw the blood-stained carpet and the gruesome scene.

*She wants me to acquire a company that's run by these fuckers?*

Kang Chan sharply glared at Michelle, then grasped onto Kim Seon-II's head, which was now covered in blood.

Just then...

“Please don't do it.”

Eun So-Yeon stopped Kang Chan with a trembling voice. Unlike her, the other two bitches had their heads right against the wall to hide their faces.

This crazy bitch pretended to be nice while working under such pathetic fuckers.

*Pow! Pow! Pow!*

Kang Chan had recovered enough to regain his capabilities when he worked as a mercenary, allowing him to give them a proper and powerful beating.

“Sir!”

As he hit them three times, two healthy, robust men ran to Kang Chan. They appeared to be security guards.

He was already enraged, though.

Kang Chan sharply glared at the guys.

“How have you been, Hyung-nim?!”

Seemingly crazy, the two guys hastily stepped back and greeted him while bowing deeply.

It was a disconcerting sight.

“I'm Joo Chul-Bum, the one that served Do Seok hyung-nim, hyung-nim.”

*Damn it.*

He felt as uncomfortable as being caught relieving himself at the business center.

*Thud.*

Kang Chan pushed Kim Seon-Il's head, which he had been holding onto, against the wall.

"Accompany all of the customers here to the conference room upstairs and give them two VIP hotel vouchers each. The Namsan Hotel will pay for it."

"Understood."

After giving orders to the man with him, Joo Chul-Bum blocked the entrance, preventing anyone from looking into the room.

As Kang Chan calmed himself down, the basement business center was completely emptied.

"Did these fuckers go against you, hyung-nim?" Joo Chul-Bum asked.

"Stop spouting nonsense and leave."

"I'm asking because I let them use this conference room when these fuckers requested for it, hyung-nim. I only cut them some slack since I knew them when they were still gangers. If something displeases you, then I'll take care of it, hyung-nim."

After finishing his explanation, Joo Chul-Bum kicked Kim Seon-Il's bloodied head.

"Get the fuck up and offer your respects, motherfucker. He's Gwang-Taek hyung-nim's friend," Joo Chul-Bum said.

Kim Seon-Il, who was wiping his blood off with his palm, flinched and looked at Kang Chan.

"You fucking dickheads should've said something about hyung-nim coming. This is why I shouldn't take care of ex-gangsters. I'll deal with you guys later," Joo Chul-Bum continued.

The two of them hesitated and stood up, then greeted Kang Chan with a deep bow.

"I'll take care of this so Gwang-Taek hyung-nim won't hear about it, hyung-nim. Please go over there for now, hyung-nim," Joo Chul-Bum told Kang Chan.

"Forget about it. I'm leaving. Just send me the hospital bill for these fuckers and the price for immediately emptying this place. I'm going to go see Gwang-Taek myself if I don't hear from you by the end of the day, so do your best to take care of this."

Looking troubled, Joo Chul-Bum stepped back.

"Please spare me just this once, hyung-nim. If Gwang-Taek hyung-nim finds out from the kids, I'll get fired, hyung-nim."

Kang Chan felt like he was getting nauseous from hearing Joo Chul-Bum repeat 'hyung-nim' so many times.

Just then...

“I only acted that way because I didn’t know who you were, hyung-nim. I’d be in your debt if you could turn a blind eye to my behavior just this once and continue buying our company, hyung-nim.” Kim Seong-Gil bowed deeply while clutching his shoulder.

*Bullshit.*

Kang Chan didn’t even want to look at him.

“If you leave now, we’ll fall out of favor with Gwang-Taek hyung-nim, and nobody will want to buy our company, hyung-nim.” Kim Seon-II hastily clung to Kang Chan while wiping his bloody nose with his palm.

Gangsters never fucking changed. They would only act like humans after they had been beaten up.

Unable to decide, Kang Chan turned to Michelle, only to see her lower her head, which made him feel bad. This whole predicament was his fault, considering he told her to buy this company without even checking it out first.

Their relationship also wasn’t meant for business.

He felt like a coward for asking her to do this, then getting angry after things didn’t go well.

“I’m going to proceed with the company acquisition, Mr. Choi-Young. Can I still acquire it if Michelle signs as the acquirer in my stead?” He asked.

“Yes. I’ll take care of it so there won’t be any issues,” Choi-Young swiftly answered.

Kang Chan looked at Kim Seong-Gil again.

“This is your last chance. If you have any more conditions to add, then state them now. If I ever learn you cowardly said even just one word behind my back...”

Kang Chan said too much. If they talked behind his back, there really wasn’t anything he could do other than beat them up.

“Thank you, hyung-nim.”

Fortunately, Kim Seong-Gil responded quickly.

Kang Chan took out the cheque and handed it to Michelle.

“I’m sorry for getting angry,” Kang Chan apologized to Michelle.

“It’s alright, Channy. I’m sorry for how this turned out.”

“I’m going to drink coffee at the lounge. Stop by once you’re done here.”

“Okay,” Michelle nodded and smiled awkwardly.

She was certainly about a hundred times prettier when she was angry than when she was smiling.

When Kang Chan walked out of the conference room, he heard a loud slap, followed by Joo Chul-Bum saying, "I'll deal with you later, fucking son of a bitch."

Someone most likely got slapped in the face.

When he stepped into the lounge, the manager hurriedly led him to a seat.

This was why he hated this hotel.

After he ordered a coffee, Kang Chan momentarily wondered why he was so mad.

*Damn it.*

He suppressed his desire for cigarettes on a whim when Seok Kang-Ho told him that he had quit smoking.

He quit smoking once. That was back in Africa, and something similar happened that time as well. Dayeru and a few other crew members even brought him cigarettes and begged for him to smoke again because he kept losing his temper over even the smallest things.

When his coffee had been served, Kang Chan took a sip of it. As he did, his phone rang.

*Who is it?!*

Despite his sudden burst of annoyance, he picked up the call.

"Yes, Mr. Ambassador."

- Monsieur Kang, I made a reservation for 5 pm today at the Namsan Hotel. Does that work for you?

*Damn it. I have to find a way out of this at any cost.*

Strangely, he was always tangled with this hotel.

"Understood, Mr. Ambassador."

- I'll see you at 5 pm, then.

After he ended the call, Kang Chan decided he shouldn't stop smoking unless he had caught Sharlan.

Just as Kang Chan lifted his cup of coffee again, he noticed Michelle and the three girls heading to the lounge.

Everyone's eyes were completely focused on the four women.