

## **Blackfield 47.1**

Chapter 47.1: Business? (2)

The four women approaching Kang Chan all had different expressions.

Michelle looked sorry but happy to see him, Eun So-Yeon seemed both surprised and happy, Lee Ha-Yeon looked suspicious and rude, and Seong So-Mi appeared to be imitating Lee Ha-Yeon.

“I have signed the contract, Channy,” Michelle said.

“I’m sorry for making you go through so much.”

The people around them couldn’t take their eyes off the four women.

“The trainees and employees are probably already on their way to this hotel, Channy. What should we do?” She asked.

“We all should just have lunch together.”

He answered not because he liked them, but because he didn’t want to insist they go back when they were already on their way.

“I’m looking forward to working with you,”

When Eun So-Yeon greeted Kang Chan by bowing her head, the other two bitches made bitter expressions. They looked like they couldn’t publicly express their distaste for Kang Chan because they saw him beat people up and because Joo Chul-Bum bowed to him respectfully.

Kang Chan didn’t even want Eun So-Yeon to greet him, much less those bitches. Bluntly put, he felt like he was sitting across two old Huh Eun Sil’s, which didn’t make him feel good.

As Michelle finished her phone call, a hotel employee came over. They ordered tea.

“They said they’re almost here.”

“What do you want for lunch?” Kang Chan asked Michelle.

“There’s an amazing Japanese restaurant here,” Lee Ha-Yeon suggested.

Detestable bitches would always be detestable, no matter what they did.

“Don’t we need a reservation to eat there?” Eun So-Yeon asked.

Michelle tilted her head when Lee Ha-Yeon told them her preferences out of nowhere.

“We can ask an employee about it.”

Kang Chan noticed Eun So-Yeon hiding her displeasure, and Michelle also didn’t seem up for it.

“What’s wrong? Don’t you want to go to a Japanese restaurant?” Kang Chan asked in French.

“She’s probably saying that on purpose,” Michelle joyously answered. “A lot of employees and trainees are on their way here. She’s acting high and mighty

because she's the most popular out of the three actresses here, and because you're young."

Amazed, the two bad bitches looked at Kang Chan.

"So what does the large number of people coming here have to do with going to a Japanese restaurant?" Kang Chan asked again.

"Channy, that place is really expensive. The bill can come out to about five times the price of everyone going to a buffet or a normal restaurant. So it's going to cost over five million won just for food."

Kang Chan finally understood the bullshit behind why Lee Ha-Yeon wanted to go to a Japanese restaurant.

"How long before her contract ends? Just let her go," Kang Chan suggested.

"That would instantly make it difficult to maintain the company, Channy. We get to keep it and our trainees because of her. And her contract ends in a year, which is partly why she's acting like this. Her value has gone up a lot."

When Kang Chan looked at Lee Ha-Yeon while smirking, she smiled just like Huh Eun-Sil. He really wanted to take her to the roof of the school or Tron Square.

"Will terminating her contract cause problems?"

"That's a dangerous thought, Channy. This is business. You can only make money if you persevere through the displeasure."

"Okay, so is there a problem in terminating her contract or not?" Kang Chan prodded.

"There isn't. But doing so would result in the company needing about an additional thirty million won per month in expenses, Channy."

"Alright."

When he ended the conversation, Kang Chan took a sip of coffee, then raised his head.

The manager standing with her hands clasped together in front of her courteously approached him when their eyes met.

"Can you check if there are seats available in the Japanese restaurant?" Kang Chan asked the manager.

"How many seats should we prepare?"

Kang Chan looked at Michelle.

"Including all the employees and trainees, we'll have about twenty people," Michelle answered in his stead.

“I’ll look into it and let you know.”

The manager headed toward the entrance.

“You seem to have a lot of money,” Lee Ha-Yeon quipped after wiping the lipstick mark off her cup with her thumb.

“Did you insist to eat at the Japanese restaurant without even knowing that?”

The corner of Lee Ha-Yeon’s eye twitched.

“I heard that you’re just a high schooler,” She said.

“So?”

The atmosphere turned cold, but it didn’t matter. Kang Chan would just treat her like that bitch Huh Eun-Sil if she kept acting like her.

Frowning, Lee Ha-Yeon turned her head away.

“The office is in Cheongdam-dong[1],” Michelle told Kang Chan.

“Alright.” Kang Chan briefly answered.

Soon, about fifteen people entered the hotel. A glance was enough to tell they were the employees and trainees.

When Michelle stood up and gestured at them, some of them crowded into the lounge while greeting them.

The table was crowded, considering there weren't even spots for them in the first place.

After a while, the manager tactfully returned to Kang Chan.

“We have finished getting your seats ready. We’ll prepare accordingly if you decide to go there, or do you prefer to stay here and have tea?”

Of course, they chose the restaurant.

With Kang Chan in the lead, they headed to the Japanese restaurant on the other side of the conference room.

The employees and trainees each scrutinized Kang Chan with varying expressions, then looked at each other, their gazes asking what happened.

When they went down the stairs, a stone ornament released water from its mouth, seemingly greeting Kang Chan.

“Welcome. It’s an honor to serve you,” An older female manager politely greeted Kang Chan.

Upon reaching the innermost part of the restaurant, they found multiple tables brought together in an area made with partitions.

Kang Chan sat in the middle, and beside him sat Michelle and Eun So-Yeon. In front of him were three older guys and three bulky guys.

Lee Ha-Yeon and Seong So-Mi sat diagonally from them, and the younger kids in jeans and shirts filled the leftover spots. They were all girls, which was almost uncanny.

As they were given wet towels and tea, Michelle pointed to the person in front of her.

“This is Mr. Lim Soo-Sung, the general manager.”

A man big enough to be described as a giant bowed his head.

“That’s Mr. Kim Jae-Tae, the department head. And beside him are the road managers.”

Sitting comfortably, Kang Chan greeted them with a bow of his head.

“And those are the employees in charge of wardrobe and makeup. The rest are the trainees.”

“How do you do?”

The restaurant manager approached Kang Chan when the trainees finished greeting him with such young voices.

“How should we prepare the meal?” She asked.

Kang Chan looked at Michelle.

“We should have sashimi,” The distasteful bitch said.

“Please give us sashimi.”

Kang Chan ordered raw fish without responding to Lee Ha-Yeon.

“I heard that you’re a friend of Gwang-Taek hyung-nim,” Lim Soo-Sung told Kang Chan—in a booming voice that was peculiar to giants—after they were done placing their order.

“Are you a gangster?” Lim Soo-Sung prodded.

“No, but I do know a few people.”

He did seem awkward, but the look in his eyes wasn’t challenging.

He was in an uncomfortable situation.

Kang Chan wanted to end this quickly and smoke.

He spoke to Michelle in French:

“Michelle, I want to smoke. Do you have any cigarettes?”

“Yeah, I do, and I want to smoke as well. Do you want to go outside for a bit?”

“Sure.”

When Kang Chan spoke in a foreign language, the trainees looked at him with faces full of respect.

“We’ll be back shortly. We’re just going to step outside for a bit,” Michelle excused both of them. They then went up the stairs and headed to the smoking area outside the entrance.

“Here.”

*Click.*

“Whoo.”

Kang Chan felt much better. He suddenly felt generous, and like he could concede with most things unless someone had punched him.

“I’ll send you about three hundred million won to your bank account tomorrow. Use that to manage the company,” Kang Chan said.

“Channy, that’s too much money.”

“And look into producing another drama. Someone from France will likely be coming to Korea.”

“From France?”

“They’re coming for matters related to drama production, so look into dramas related to France if possible.”

Michelle briefly shook her head.

“We need at least two billion won to produce a drama, Channy.”

*What bullshit was this?*

“Popular leading actors all require a deposit, and the same goes for the writers and directors. That’s why I’m trying to keep Lee Ha-Yeon. Her participation brings about a sense of trust in all respects. And D.I. hasn’t accomplished anything in drama production yet, which is why president Kim Seong-Gil couldn’t get an investment.”

“So how much can we earn from it?” Kang Chan asked.

“If it goes well, then we’ll hit the jackpot. If it doesn’t, then we’ll lose all of our principal.”

The taste of the cigarette suddenly turned bitter.

Why did Lanok say that this was an excellent choice?

“Okay. I’ll make a phone call about the drama production. Then there’s going to be no reason for me to see that girl Eun So-Yeon or something again, right?”

“She’s only being slipped into where Lee Ha-Yeon is being taken to. That’s how we progress our trainees’ growth as well. Things like that will be an opportunity

for even Eun So-Yeon if we produce a drama since we can choose who plays the parts, Channy.”

Kang Chan stayed silent, not wanting to know more.

“But you were really sexy when you fought a little while ago,” Michelle commented.

That wasn’t something a bitch that had retreated and trembled right against a wall should say.

“Let’s go eat.”

“Okay, Channy.”

As Michelle walked gleefully, her ample breasts swayed between her black jacket. She was definitely an excellent woman, but only as eye candy.

The tables were already full of elegant-looking dishes when they returned to the restaurant, and many of the trainees were pouring drinks. They ordered alcohol when general manager Lim Soo-Sung asked for it.

“Please say a few words.”

“Michelle is going to be in charge of the practical affairs from now on. Everyone, please take care of her.”

Kang Chan gave a brief speech as Lim Soo-Sung recommended, and they all downed their glass. Afterward, they began to eat.