

Blackfield 47.2

Chapter 47.2: Business? (2)

As they ate, Kang Chan and Michelle talked about drama production and the inner workings of a broadcasting station in French. Kang Chan also occasionally answered Lim Soo-Sung's questions.

When the trainees seemingly felt the food they ordered wouldn't be enough, Kang Chan ordered more.

"Can we really eat as much as we want?" A girl asked cautiously. Even from Kang Chan's inexperienced eyes, she looked like she was never going to be very successful.

"Yeah. Since you're already eating anyway, do so to your heart's content."

When Kang Chan casually responded, the trainees began choosing dishes from the menu on their own, which caused quite a commotion.

"How much money do they each get?" asked Kang Chan.

Michelle, grabbing a piece of raw fish, shook her head.

"We only provide them with a commuter allowance. They all live in a dorm together, and we hardly give them any money."

"In return, the company pays for their gym memberships and other expenses," Lim Soo-Sung added.

If this was what this industry was like, then there was nothing he could do about it.

Kang Chan didn't like it, but he kept quiet for now.

They took nearly two hours to finish lunch.

It was going to be quite costly, but he felt great seeing the trainees eat as much as they wanted since they looked like they were starving. Not having to see the two bitches sitting with troubled expressions also made him quite happy.

He couldn't help but feel this was the law of this jungle.

Lee Ha-Yeon treated the trainees as lower-class people, and she treated the manager, wardrobe staff, and makeup employees as if they were her slaves.

She never had to pour a glass of water or alcohol herself since she kept ordering the nearby trainees and employees for everything—even getting a facial tissue to wipe her mouth with.

After they ate everything, including the fruits that were given as dessert, the relatively long meal ended.

"Where are you going to go now, Channy?" Michelle asked.

"I have one more appointment at 5 pm here."

"Then can you have a glass of beer with me?"

“Sure.” He accepted. He had something he wanted to talk about with Michelle anyway.

“Now, then! Time to leave.” Lim Soo-Sung announced after ensuring they were all done eating, and everyone got up from their spots.

“We enjoyed the meal today.”

When Lim Soo-Sung thanked Kang Chan, the trainees loudly chorused, “we enjoyed the meal.”

The manager at the counter held out their bill, her expression a mixture of gratitude and guilt because of how much he’d be spending.

“We’ve also given you the executive discount,” She said.

Damn. If our total is five million and three hundred thousand won with the discount, then how much is it without it?

He shouldn’t say this since he enjoyed the meal as well, but he could’ve bought a year’s worth of the medicine that made Yoo Hye-Sook happy with the price of this one meal.

The trainees turned their heads away and went outside, pretending not to see it.

Kang Chan held out his card.

A moment later...

“The credit card limit keeps stopping the transaction from going through.”

I can't believe I'm hearing such bullshit.

“It seems like your card no longer has any remaining balance, Mr. President. Don’t you have another card?”

When Lee Ha-Yeon and Seong So-Mi, who had been watching him, laughed as if finding this situation funny, Michelle took out her card.

“Use this for now, Channy.”

Oh, shoot! This card has a limit of fifty thousand won per transaction.

“Please try to pay the bill after splitting it up to fifty thousand won per transaction,” Kang Chan told the manager.

“Okay.”

When the manager classily took care of the card, the transaction finally went through.

“Thank you. We’ll see you again next time,” the manager said.

Kang Chan didn’t really want to see her again, so he just smiled at her and went outside.

“We’ll be going ahead.”

“Until next time, Lim Soo-Sung bid him goodbye with his deep voice after the two bitches with caked makeup left.

“Goodbye, Mr. President,” the others then chorused. Eun So-Yeon said goodbye last. She was hiding in the crowd.

Finally, everyone started to leave.

Kang Chan felt very relieved since he no longer had to be around an old Huh Eun-Sil.

Michelle tactfully took out a cigarette for him.

“I’ll get you a company card, which has a high credit limit. Use that from now on. Your personal expenses can just be deducted from the operational budget you’ve provided, so don’t feel pressured.”

“Let’s do that later.”

I doubt I’ll ever need to use money like this again.

Kang Chan relaxed and enjoyed the cigarette.

They came back to the lobby and ordered a beer each, then talked about work.

Kang Chan couldn’t tell Michelle that Lanok was the one who wanted to produce a drama, but he ordered her to come up with a plan anyway.

“I didn’t suggest doing this to pressure you, Channy.”

Michelle seemed to think that he was making things too big.

“And Eun So-Yeon is definitely a good kid. We just need to support her a bit more, and she’ll definitely grow,” Michelle continued.

“No, I already had something in mind. And it doesn’t matter to me what happens to Eun So-Yeon, so just proceed with the drama production. I’ll leave the rest to you.”

Michelle tilted her head, then smiled strangely.

“What?”

“Are you perhaps doing this because of me, Channy?”

I’m doing this because of Lanok!

He couldn’t tell her that either, though.

“I’m doing this to earn money,” answered Kang Chan.

“How about we go to our room and talk there instead?”

Michelle’s eyes fluttered as she tossed back her blonde hair.

“Just drink beer,” Kang Chan answered, then smirked when they clinked their glasses against each other.

There was no question Michelle looked like a doll from head to toe, which made him wonder why he couldn't feel any sexual urges toward her. It was nonsensical, but if he had no choice but to sleep with either Michelle or Snow White...

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

He stopped thinking.

“Hello?”

- Channy, it's Smithen.

“Why did you call? What's wrong?”

- I've signed the paperwork for the headquarters, and I was just on a call with them. They said they'd only be able to ship Korea's supply after about three months because of Chiffre's high popularity.

“Can't they just take out two hundred cars for us?”

- They said it would be difficult to provide that many because the orders from Korea opted for quite a lot of options.

This is unbelievable. They want us to wait for our turn, even though we're selling 'Chiffre,' that expensive car, for them.

“Okay.”

- I got an artificial eye put in. It hardly looks fake.

“Good job.”

- I'm going to go home after having dinner, Channy.

“Do what you want. Just be quick and don't unnecessarily go to inappropriate places.”

- Okay, Channy.

It's like I'm raising a kid over here.

He checked the time after ending the call. It was only 2 pm.

Kang Chan felt Michelle's warm gaze when he was contemplating on what to do for three hours.

He should send her home first before thinking about that problem.

“I should go. It's almost time for my next appointment,” Kang Chan said.

“I feel hurt, Channy.”

Michelle truly did look unsatisfied.

“We're going to see each other frequently from now on anyway.”

“Okay. Let's see each other very often, Channy.”

He felt genuinely relieved when she left after doing her noisy cheek kisses to bid goodbye.

Kang Chan first called Kim Tae-Jin.

- Hello?

“It’s Kang Chan. Can you talk right now?”

- Of course. How can I help you?

Kim Tae-Jin had a sense of familiarity, almost as if they served in the military together, even though they hadn’t seen each other that much.

“Do you have any employees that can properly fight with combat techniques?”

- Many of our employees can perform martial arts, but only a few can execute actual combat techniques. Even if there were, their experience came from the special forces, so their skills would look terrible at your level. Why? Have you finally decided to start teaching them?

Kim Tae-Jin sounding so happy weighed on his mind. Even if it didn’t, it would still be beneficial since it would improve their skills.

“For now, please send only a few of them to the school. I’ll try teaching them while I exercise with them.”

- Ha! Did I have a good dream yesterday? I guess things like this really do happen. Okay, I’ll send about four employees that are a bit better than others.

“Go ahead. Has there been any updates?”

- We’ll most likely catch their trail soon.

“Alright. Take care.”

Kang Chan smiled satisfactorily after he ended the call, having found excellent sparring partners for Seok Kang-Ho.

Now he needed a place where he could sit and smoke in comfort.

It would be better to go and take a nap in the room that Lanok had reserved instead of going somewhere uncomfortable.

When Kang Chan called Lanok and told him he’d be arriving early, Lanok provided him with the name the room was booked under without hesitation.

Kang Chan went to the front desk and told them the name used for the reservation. Soon after, they gave him the key to the room.

Entering the elevator, he inserted the hotel card and pressed the button for the nineteenth floor.

Now that he thought about it, however, he didn’t have cigarettes.

Kang Chan tried to leave the elevator right before the doors closed, but he bumped shoulders with someone that suddenly came in.

“I’m sorry,” Kang Chan apologized, then left. However, upon getting an eerie feeling, he swiftly turned around.

The man was glaring straight at Kang Chan.

Only those that had completed special training and killed a lot of people could have such a burning look in their eyes.

Neither of them looked away, even as the doors gently closed.

It was impossible to press the upper buttons in a guest elevator without a card key. Hence, the man waited for Kang Chan to press a button before getting in at the last minute.

The elevators that were on his left and behind him were on floors far from the first floor.

‘Sharlan?’

The guy that he had bumped shoulders with wasn’t just a part of a mafia organization. He had received professional training. The look in his eyes was so fierce that it was Kang Chan’s first time seeing them since he reincarnated.

Kang Chan called Lanok while crossing the lobby. As the ringtone buzzed, he scanned his surroundings.

- Monsieur Kang. Have you arrived at the room?

“Mr. Ambassador. There are people in this hotel who seem to have received special training. We should move to another place.”