

Blackfield 49.2

Chapter 49.2: My Person (2)

After they had lunch, which lasted thirty minutes, they drank coffee from a paper cup.

Everyone grouped up and sat in comfort at the stands. After a while, all of the kids that were watching headed toward the classroom or to the library. They needed to rest for about 30 more minutes.

They had decided that Seok Kang-Ho would be in charge of teaching the employees three times a week from now on, and Kang Chan would serve as a backup instructor.

About 30 more minutes had passed.

When Seok Kang-Ho called them in, the employees' expressions and gazes were very serious.

He was killing two birds with one stone.

With Seok Kang-Ho at the helm, he'd see definite results even if he practiced that way for just two weeks. Moreover, it was clear the employees' skills would also improve for that reason.

Kim Tae-Jin sat on the stands with his elbow on his legs, then glanced at Kang Chan.

“Where did you learn to fight like that?”

When Kang Chan only laughed, Kim Tae-Jin shook his head while licking his lips.

“A high schooler that speaks French and has the combat techniques of a foreign legion. Wh-oo.”

Ignoring Kim Tae-Jin, Kang Chan watched the spar between Seok Kang-Ho and the employees. It was best not to say anything in this situation, considering Kim Tae-Jin wouldn't believe him no matter what he said anyway.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Kang Chan picked up his phone when it rang. It was Lanok.

“Yes, Mr. Ambassador.”

When Kang Chan answered the phone in French, Kim Tae-Jin looked straight ahead with mixed emotions on his face.

- Monsieur Kang, how's the drama production announcement?

“Actually, I was just told that the announcement was uploaded to an online newspaper today.”

“You have a trustworthy way of handling affairs, as expected. Please apply for an investment from a French company called Yungs Ventures by tomorrow. It'll yield great results.”

“I'll do that, Mr. Ambassador.”

- One more thing. Next Wednesday at 3 pm, I'm planning on visiting the Municipal Baseball Stadium at Yong-in. It's not an official event, so please call Sharlan and tell him about it. If you can use this matter as an excuse for him to transfer the two billion won, then please get him to remit the money to Korea as well. An amount that large will be difficult to hide, especially since it's a foreign exchange remittance.

“That sounds too dangerous, Mr. Ambassador.”

- I'm glad to have met someone like you, monsieur Kang. I'll be waiting for good results.

“Mr. Ambassador.”

- What is it?

“I want to express my sincere gratitude for what you did with Gong Te automobile. Kang Yoo Motors' employees were very happy.”

- That's pleasing news.

Lanok's laugh was the last thing he heard from the call.

Kang Chan ended it feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

“What's it like to guard a baseball stadium?” Kang Chan asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“Baseball stadium? Are you talking about baseball stadiums where there are baseball games?”

“Yes.”

Kim Tae-Jin immediately frowned.

“I've only done it twice, but crazy would be the correct term to describe their security detail. Not only could they not look away for even a moment, but they had to be ready to throw themselves whenever there was a homerun or a hit.”

“What if there are ten to twenty security guards?”

“Will there be an assassination attempt?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“Let's say that there will be.”

Kim Tae-Jin pursed his lips, then shook his head.

“If you tell me to perform an assassination in that situation, then I'm about 90% sure that I'll succeed.”

“I see.”

Kang Chan had finally figured out why he felt uncomfortable. The plan was too impractical. He knew Lanok intended to do whatever it took to catch Sharlan's backer, not Sharlan himself, but it was still too dangerous.

When Kang Chan didn't say anything else, Kim Tae-Jin wordlessly watched the spar.

Seok Kang-Ho seemed to be in his element.

From beginning to end, he consistently taught the employees, sparred with them, and taught them again. Even though he most likely no longer had any strength left due to the earlier running session, he still seemed to be having fun training them.

“Our kids have already changed,” Kim Tae-Jin commented.

Kang Chan noticed it as well.

That was why attitude was important. It was the biggest reason why instructors or seniors dampened the spirits of new recruits as soon as they arrived.

“Think they’ll be a great help to you?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“They still have a long way to go.”

“How many people do you think there are in Korea that are like you or that teacher? They just met a bad match. Those kids had gotten rid of three or four gangsters equipped with filet knives.”

When Kang Chan smiled lightly, Kim Tae-Jin also smiled, seemingly finding it funny.

“Should I also go out and warm up?”

“Want me to be your opponent?” asked Kang Chan.

“No way. I don’t want to be sent rolling on the floor in front of the kids.”

Kim Tae-Jin firmly refused and went out to the sports field.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz.

He kept getting a lot of phone calls today.

“Michelle, what’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry, Channy. Lee Ha-Yeon wants to meet with you and put a clear end to her business with you. It seems like her pride has been hurt a lot. Can you come to the company today?”

“Tsk.”

He was displeased, but he did need to deal with her properly.

“Okay. I’ll be there by 4 pm. Text me the address.”

- Thanks, Channy.

It was close to 3 pm.

Kang Chan stealthily stood up, went to the night duty room, and showered. The cold water jolted him awake when it poured on him. However, while drying himself off, he felt so tired he was starting to fall asleep.

‘Did I overexert myself too much?’

He did in fact overexert himself, but if he was going to start teaching, he needed to do it properly to help Seok Kang-Ho. And, if he were being honest, his inability to bear watching recruits act arrogant also came out.

His clothes were a bit shabby because they were for training, but it didn't matter.

When Kang Chan walked into the athletics club room, he found the kids laying their heads on their desks, sleeping, perhaps because of the fatigue from their workout earlier. They still had their books open. Soon, however, they were startled awake and got up.

“Go home so you can sleep in comfort.”

“It's okay,” Cha So-Yeon answered while thrashing her head to keep herself awake.

They were good kids. Fortunately, their expressions had gotten brighter.

“Sunbae-nim, can I also become like you if I train hard enough?” asked Moon Ki-Jean.

Kang Chan smiled brightly and grabbed his bag of clothes. He then stroked Moon Ki-Jin's head, who was looking over his mood.

“You're going to be much better than me. But don't forget that if your grades drop, you won't be able to participate in the athletics club anymore.”

“Ah! Alright.” Moon Ki-Jin looked fully awake now.

When Kang Chan went outside, Kim Tae-Jin and Seok Kang-Ho were holding onto their sides and frowning.

“I have to leave now, I'm afraid,” said Kang Chan.

“Phew, yeah. Thanks for today. Ugh, I'm going to go after I train a bit more with the teacher.”

Seok Kang-Ho only gazed at him to bid him goodbye since there were students and other people around them. Now that he thought about it, Seok Kang-Ho looked especially taciturn today.

“We'll see you in the next class, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Kang Chan went out of the sports field as the employees said goodbye with their thick voices, then got in the taxi in front of the school and told the driver the address.

After happily dozing off for about fifteen minutes, he arrived at his destination.

He got out of the taxi and looked, noticing a sign with a blue background that said 'D.I.' in white letters.

The building didn't look too bad, but it had no elevator.

Kang Chan walked up to the third floor and opened the door, finding a large area surrounded by mirrors on three sides.

"Huh? Oh, hello!" When one of the kids greeted him, the other kids followed suit.

Looking around, Kang Chan saw the kids sweating a lot. There were also two fans barely running on the floor.

"Where's Michelle?" Kang Chan asked the kids.

"She's in that office."

Kang Chan took off his shoes and put on the indoor slippers by the entrance.

One of the kids then opened the office door and said, "Ms. Director! Mr. President is here!"

Soon after, Michelle, Lim Soo-Sung, and Kim Jae-Tae all came out in an orderly fashion and greeted him.

"Welcome, sir."

Kang Chan found her abruptly calling him 'sir' strange, but he just assumed that she did that because they were in the company. If she was going to call him that, then she shouldn't talk to him informally either.

Michelle looked like she was unusually tired.

"Welcome."

"Thank you."

Kang Chan acknowledged Lim Soo Sung and Kim Jae-Tae, then followed Michelle into the office.

It was smaller than he thought. There were three tables, and in the middle of it was a sofa and a small room. It seemed to be the president's personal workspace.

When Kang Chan went in, Lee Ha-Yeon, Seong So-Mi, and Eun So-Yeon got up from the sofa and greeted him. Lee Ha-Yeon only pretended to stand up but immediately sat down and crossed her legs.

When Kang Chan sat down, Michelle sat beside him. Lim Soo-Sung, Kim Jae-Tae, and the other employees sat at the desk and the spare chairs with their heads down.

"I heard you wanted to see me?" Kang Chan asked Lee Ha-Yeon.

"Don't talk down to me... please."

When Kang Chan smirked, Lee Ha-Yeon stared into the air, seemingly dumbfounded.

"If you have something to say, then be quick about it and leave. I'm tired."

"Before I leave, I need you to apologize... please."

She ended her sentences in a weird way twice now.

"Lee Ha-Yan."

"Lee Ha-Yan? Did you just call me Lee Ha-Yan?" Angered, Lee Ha-Yeon uncrossed her legs.

"It's the same thing. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Stop spouting nonsense and leave."

"If you don't apologize, then the actors from this company will never be able to play a role in a drama or movie that I appear in ever again, and everyone's going to say that the drama being produced with Eun So-Yeon as the leading role is a scam. So apologize to me right now!"

Michelle, Eun So-Yeon, the wardrobe and makeup employees, and even the road managers all lowered their gazes.

'It seems like this bitch is quite influential?'

Smirking, Kang Chan looked at Seong So-Mi.

"What about you?" asked Kang Chan.

"I'm with Ha-Yeon unnie on this issue," Seong So-Mi shrugged her shoulders.

"What about you, Eun So-Yeon?"

Eun So-Yeon just observed Michelle and Lee Ha-Yeon, unable to say anything.

"Give me their contracts," Kang Chan said.

Kang Chan looked at Michelle. They seemed to have had them prepared since Kim Jae-Tae, the department head, swiftly placed a black clipboard in front of Kang Chan.

Lee Ha-Yeon's contract was at the very top.

Kang Chan first grabbed Lee Ha-Yeon's contract and ripped it vertically.

Lim Soo-Sung breathed out, which sounded like a groan.

Next was Seong So-Mi's contract.

"You said you feel the same way, didn't you?" Kang Chan asked again.

Kang Chan also ripped Seong So-Mi's contract the same way.

"You didn't answer, Eun So-Yeon. Does that mean you also feel the same way?"

Kang Chan also grabbed Eun So-Yeon's contract vertically.