

Blackfield 50.1

Chapter 50.1: I'll do it Properly (1)

“I want to stay.”

But Eun So-Yeon's subdued voice stopped Kang Chan's hand.

“Think about it carefully. It would most likely anger me if you say later that you regret your decision and that you want to leave,” Kang Chan warned.

Lee Ha-Yeon looked at Eun So-Yeon with contempt.

“I'm going to stay. I really want to work with Michelle unnie—no, director Michelle.”

Kang Chan looked at the contract. It said that the investment was thirty million won.

He wanted to wake up his sluggish body.

“If we have coffee, get me a cup,” Kang Chan ordered.

Startled by his words, a female employee stood up and headed to a water dispenser..

He slowly scanned through the documents under the contracts.

The investment was the fund that covered the trainees' food, accommodation, gym, and other daily expenses. Their contract lasted ten years, and it forced them to pay back six times the amount that went into them. They also had to compensate the company with five hundred million won should they cancel the contract.

‘They are essentially slaves.’

Kang Chan smiled bitterly as he took the coffee that the female employee handed to him.

“General manager Lim,” called Kang Chan.

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Do all the employees here also have this kind of contract?”

“Only department head Kim Jae-Tae, our accountant Ms. Choi Yoo-Jin, and I are full-time employees. The rest are all temporary contract workers.”

After Kang Chan had ripped the contract, Lee Ha-Yeon crossed her legs again and looked at Kang Chan while swinging her leg.

“How much are the makeup employees' salaries?” Kang Chan asked Lim Soo-Sung.

“The makeup artists and wardrobe stylists are paid one and a half million won monthly. The road managers get one million two hundred thousand won.”

“They don't get bonuses?”

“No, they don't.”

Kang Chan smirked, bringing the cup of coffee to his mouth. At the same time, Lee Ha-Yeon tilted her head with an expression that seemed to say, 'Has he finally figured things out?'

'Tsk.'

This office was full of kids who practiced non-stop in a room so hot they couldn't stop sweating, just to get the chance to participate in a drama that Lee Ha-Yeon starred in, employees who could only get paid if Lee Ha-Yeon earned money for the company to pay them, and Michelle who was trying her best to keep Kang Chan from harm.

'I need to deal with this properly, don't I?'

Kang Chan nodded, having made up his mind.

His pride couldn't tolerate the trainees having to please such a trashy bitch just so they could earn a supporting role. It was as if it wasn't sad enough that they were practicing without a salary.

Since he had made a decision, the right course of action now was to get things moving as fast as possible.

"Michelle?"

Yes, sir?"

"How much do you make per month?"

Michelle's blue eyes landed on Kang Chan. She seemed flustered.

"I actually haven't decided yet. I was hoping to decide after having a discussion about it later."

Kang Chan nodded.

"How much do you earn in a month, General manager Lim?"

"About two and a half million won."

Their salaries were at a miserable level. Kang Chan's pride was hurt.

"Give me a pen," Kang Chan ordered.

When Michelle raised her head, the accountant Choi Yoo-Jin quickly brought a pen.

"Let's start from the beginning."

Kang Chan grabbed one of the employee's contract, then pushed the contracts of the trainees to the side.

"General manager Lim. Is there a building nearby where we can obtain two floors about the same size as this place?" asked Kang Chan.

"The lower floor is empty."

"Please get it leased to us. By today, if possible."

“Pardon?”

“I need another office, so please just get the lower floor leased. It would be better if you can get it done today.”

“I’ll get to it.”

Lim Soo-Sung checked how Michelle was feeling about this situation.

“Ah, right. How much money do you need?” Kang Chan asked.

Lee Ha-Yeon made an expression that said, ‘I knew it.’

“A fifty million won deposit should be enough to make it happen,” Lim Soo-Sung responded.

“Then please obtain and furnish it as our new office. Please do the same to my room, and give the people using this office a room as well. It should be large enough for all of us, right?”

“It is.”

“Good. This place will serve as the trainees’ lounge.”

“I understand.”

Lim Soo-Sung nodded with a dazed expression.

“Starting this month, please hire the wardrobe stylists and makeup artists as full-time employees with a monthly salary of two and a half million won each.”

The employees’ heads popped up.

Smiling brightly, Kang Chan then said, “Pay the road managers two million won each,” and took a sip of coffee. He then turned his head toward Michelle.

“Michelle will get one hundred fifty million won per year.”

“Sir!”

“General manager Lim and department head Kim Jae-Tae will respectively get seventy million won and fifty million won yearly.”

Lim Soo-Sung and Kim Jae-Tae’s faces turned red.

Kang Chan looked at Choi Yoo-Jin, who seemed stunned.

“How much do you earn, Ms. Choi Yoo-Jin?”

“Pardon? Me? One million won per month.”

“Then let’s start your salary at two million won per month since it’ll keep increasing for as long as you don’t quit anyway. Is that alright with you?”

“Yes! Thank you! Thank you, Mr. President!”

Choi Yoo-Jin bowed her head as if to imitate gangsters.

“Keep supporting the trainees just like we’ve been doing, and give them seven hundred thousand won each. That should motivate them to practice. And change all of their contracts in a way that would allow them to leave any time,” Kang Chan ordered.

Lee Ha-Yeon snorted.

“Lastly, Eun So-Yeon.”

“Yes?”

Kang Chan looked into the contract.

“It says in your contract that you received thirty million won as an investment. Is that right?” asked Kang Chan.

When Eun So-Yeon lowered her head, Michelle quickly answered in her stead, “she only received half of that.”

“Forget this fucking shitty contract. Rewrite hers tomorrow. We’ll be investing one hundred million won in her. Change the terms of her contract so that she’ll only have to pay back what she’s been given if she wants to go somewhere else.”

“You really don’t know anything,” Lee Ha-Yeon said.

She swung her foot around. But even as she did, her expression showed a hint of regret. It seemed as if she thought she would’ve gotten something as well if only she endured it.

“Michelle, do you know a French company called “Yungs Ventures?” Kang Chan asked.

Michelle’s eyes widened enough for Kang Chan to get flustered even though he was the one that asked the question. Even Lee Ha-Yeon and Seong So-Mi seemed interested in the topic. And Lim Soo-Sung was no different, considering he leaned his head forward to listen closer.

“That’s an international investment company. They support a lot of joint film and drama productions, but their minimum investment is more than ten billion won.”

Is that something to be surprised about?

Sharlan kept yapping about twenty billion won that ten billion won didn’t really register for him. Honestly, he still hadn’t figured out how many pork cutlets he could buy with ten billion or twenty billion won.

“Request cooperation for drama production from that company tomorrow.”

“With Yungs Ventures? We haven’t even decided on anything other than having Eun So-Yeon as our lead actress, sir. We most likely won’t even be able to make them look our way.”

Kang Chan smirked, then nodded.

“I’ve already talked to Yungs Ventures. You just need to send a formal application for investment.”

For a moment, Michelle couldn’t move an inch, almost as if she had been frozen.

“Whoo, okay, okay, Channy—sir.”

Michelle answered with a blank look on her face, having recalled Kang Chan being related to French ambassador Lanok, Gong Te automobile, and the French gang that she saw at Namsan Hotel.

“Uh, Mr. President,” Lim Soo-Sung cautiously called Kang Chan.

“Have you really talked to Yungs Ventures? Please don’t get me wrong—I’m not doubting you. All I’m trying to say is that this will cause an uproar in the entertainment industry since this will be their first time investing in Korea.”

Lim Soo-Sung was as big as Namsan, but he could barely finish speaking. He seemed flustered.

“They’ll definitely answer. As far as I know, they’ll only be giving us their minimum investment, but we’ll know for sure once we get the results after applying for an investment tomorrow.”

“You’re talking about the drama that D.I is producing, right?”

“That’s right,” Kang Chan answered.

“Woah!” A sudden exclamation came from outside the room, but it got quiet in an instant.

“They’re acting like that most likely because they’ll each get an opportunity to take on even a small role since we’re producing the drama ourselves. If Yungs Ventures invests in it, then it’ll certainly be exported to Japan and many countries in Europe.”

“I see.” Lim Soo Sung looked like he couldn’t believe it, even as he was answering him.

Eun So-Yeon had frozen up like a statue.

“I’m going to send three hundred million won tomorrow, so lease the floor below us, then refurbish it. I want us to be comfortable in it. And don’t forget to take care of our investment in Eun So-Yeon and the trainees’ wages.”

“Yes, sir,” Michelle answered.

“Everything has been dealt with now, right? If so, then I’m going.”

“Channy! Sorry, sir. Have dinner with me before you go.”

“I wish I could, but I have to go. This was an abrupt appointment, after all. General manager Lim.”

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Please make sure I won’t ever see those two in this office or the floor below us starting tomorrow.”

“Understood.”

Lee Ha-Yeon looked like she had her money taken away from her, and Seong So-Mi appeared to be resenting Lee Ha-Yeon.

Kang Chan didn’t care how those pathetic bitches felt.

As soon as Kang Chan stood up, all of his employees except the two bitches sprang to their feet as if on cue.

When Kang Chan stepped outside after Kim Jae-Tae swiftly opened the door for him, the trainees gave him a round of applause.

“One, two, three!”

“Thank you so so much, Mr. President! We’ll work hard!”

After one of the trainees counted, they all loudly chorused their goodbyes to him.

As Kang Chan smiled brightly and headed to the entrance, some of the kids covered their mouths as they screamed and jumped.

Lim Soo-Sung said his goodbyes and quickly closed the door. It seemed like he wanted to let him be alone with Michelle.

Whoosh!

Kang Chan almost fell backward when Michelle ran into his arms.

“Mmh.”

She gave him a surprise kiss.

Since the French bitch was so excited at that moment, and they were in a situation where he could fully accept it, Kang Chan lightly returned her kiss, then moved his head back.

“You’re heavy.”

While she was glued to Kang Chan, her body warmed up enough for him to feel how hot she was.

“You were so amazing today that I feel like I can’t breathe, sir.”

Michelle pressed her lower body too close to his while wiggling her hips, so Kang Chan firmly shook his head.

“Let’s stop here, Michelle. I’m sorry for entrusting you with such a hard task.”

“No, sir. I’m perfectly happy right now.”

Smooch.

Michelle kissed him again and finally detached herself.

“Have you by any chance done business in the past?”

Business my ass. He was just acting like his personality—he hadn’t even sold a single ammunition before.

Kang Chan shook his head while smiling.

His body reacted instinctively, so when he was coming down the stairs after waving his hand, he walked as if he had a weird gait.