

Blackfield 56.2

Chapter 56.2: Business is Tedious (1)

Kang Chan was thinking of going home, but he got the urge to head to D.I. the moment when he left the hospital.

He was also curious if the trainees were being fed properly.

Kang Chan got in the taxi that was waiting in front of the hospital.

‘Is this how military officers feel when they go around for inspection?’

During his mercenary days, high-ranking individuals often visited the battlefield to ask questions like “Do you find anything uncomfortable?” and “How’s the food?”

Kang Chan thought they could just stay at the battlefield for a few days if they were that curious, but that didn’t always seem to be the case.

As expected, people needed to experience a variety of things.

Kang Chan arrived around 3 pm. He went up the stairs after getting out of the taxi, finding the second-floor undergoing construction.

Upon reaching the third floor and entering the practice room, he found it quite crowded.

“Huh? Hello, Mr. President!”

A few trainees greeted him while bowing their heads.

“Ms. Director, the president is here!” One of them yelled toward the inner room as Kang Chan put on indoor shoes.

Michelle and Lim Soo-Sung hastily came out.

“Welcome, boss.”

“Welcome to the company.”

Kang Chan greeted them back and went inside the office.

“Welcome?”

The employees were obviously doing well. The office looked wider as well since the wardrobe stylists, makeup artists, and road managers weren’t there.

“Please come in,” Michelle told Kang Chan.

They went into a narrow room at the innermost corner. Its interior was quite cool since it had a small air conditioner on the wall.

Michelle closed the door while holding coffee and a few documents.

“Thank you so much for stopping by, sir.”

“I just had time.”

Michelle nodded while smiling brightly.

“I agreed to work with you the moment you talked to me about doing this because I believed you wouldn’t just be a rich CEO. You’d actually work with your employees. It seems I’m right about that,” She commented.

Kang Chan didn’t know about anything else, but this office strangely didn’t make good coffee.

“To ensure the company can progress nicely, we just need to develop Eun So-Yeon and three to four trainees before Lee Ha-Yeon and Seong So-Mi’s contracts end,” Michelle continued.

“I’ve always wanted to work in a company that would co-exist with its employees, instead of just a company that just lives off of its employees’ blood, sweat and tears. And in achieving that dream, I’ve been making progress as quickly and enormously as Yungs’ investment. That’s why I’ve been so happy lately.”

That was a good resolve in its own way. It was certainly better than what she had been thinking of until now.

“What’s with your expression right now, though?” Kang Chan asked.

“It’s because of the main male character.”

“One of the main characters has to be played by an actor acknowledged by Hallyu[1],” Michelle replied with a serious tone when Kang Chan smirked, “the writer also said that at least the male lead should be a top-tier actor. However, from the perspective of A-tier actors acknowledged by Hallyu, Eun So-Yeon’s skills are lacking. Even the broadcasting stations are holding their ground under the notion that they can’t give us public television programming if even our main male character is lackluster.”

He roughly understood what he meant.

“What does public television programming mean?” asked Kang Chan.

“Broadcasting stations used to produce their own dramas before. However, they all give outsourcing production nowadays. So whenever there’s an empty airing spot during the weekends, or Monday to Tuesday and Wednesday to Thursday[2], production companies fiercely compete with each other to take that spot. Basically, the one that decides the next drama is the programming department, and the person responsible for that decision is the Director of Programming.”

Kang Chan smiled brightly.

‘She’s quite good. She did say she was the chief editor of a magazine company.’

She was charming when she was passionate, as much as when she got angry.

“The big agencies that are able to win the programming slot are forcing joint production. I was told that we’re getting thirty percent in profit distribution. Hence, the big agencies are pressuring the broadcasting companies not to give it to others,” Michelle continued.

That was nothing.

He could understand why they acted that way since the fuckers that originally had the vested interests never wanted a new powerful person to emerge.

“For the ones with vested rights, the more they earn and are portrayed well, the stronger their resistance is,” said Kang Chan.

Nevertheless, Michelle’s confident face reassured him.

“Then shouldn’t everything be in order if we don’t broadcast the drama on Korean channels?” Kang Chan asked.

“That’s a bit dangerous. Even if that’s possible, the pre-sales would cause a conflict in the second round of distribution rights.”

Kang Chan thought he should just stick to things that he knew.

He decided to take this timely opportunity to honestly disclose his true intentions. Hence, he clearly declared that he wanted Michelle to take over the company if this work progressed properly.

“I understand your wishes. I will handle all administrative work, but I hope you still come by sometimes and tend to important company duties like what you’re doing now. It’s great having a president our employees respect and have little difficulty confronting. Oh, take a look at this.”

Kang Chan looked at the card that Michelle had placed in front of him.

“This is the company card for you, sir. Your name is engraved on it. It has quite a high withdrawal limit, so it should be a lot more convenient for you to use. It’ll also benefit the company since we’ll be taking care of taxes and expenses anyway. If possible, please use this from now on.”

Accepting it shouldn’t pose any problems, so Kang Chan thanked her and took the card.

“There’s an audition next week. I hope you attend things like that, especially the lead actor casting and the meeting with the Director of Programming,” Michelle continued.

“I’ll be there.”

Michelle grinned.

“And we’re planning on going to a one day, two nights company retreat that includes all of our employees and trainees. Will you come with us?” asked Michelle.

“Maybe.”

“Please? Everyone is looking forward to you coming.”

“When is it?” Kang Chan asked.

“We’ll book it once you’ve decided.”

“Alright.”

“Thank you, sir.”

The nonstop business talks made Kang Chan feel like his brain was overflowing with too much information.

He got up and left the building after receiving the trainees’ sad goodbyes.

“Whoo! I feel good!”

He couldn’t be more lighthearted.

Kang Chan arrived home early, so he went to the mart that was in front of the apartment with Yoo Hye-Sook, which he hadn’t done in a while. Afterward, they prepared dinner using the ingredients they bought at the mart—various fruits that were wrapped with green chili peppers, doenjang[3], and gochujang[4].

“This is really good,” Kang Chan told Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Right? I actually like things like this better than meat.”

Yoo Hye-Sook certainly looked like she ate more cucumbers and vegetables than rice.

“What did you and father decide to do about supporting the orphanages?”

“We’ve decided to support five orphanages for now by sending them two million won each every month. We’re going to support more orphanages when your dad’s income increases. It’s not like we could use all of what the company makes right now. And we also cover more than half of our donations with your dad’s income.”

“Would they be able to eat better food when they receive that support?”

The food in the bucket and the small girl Kang Chan saw in the orphanage suddenly came across his mind.

“We were told we couldn’t decide how our donation would be distributed ourselves. I do understand why, though. Orphanages have a lot of bills to pay, including electricity,” Yoo Hye-Sook explained, “if they couldn’t pay those on

time, then their lives would become even harder. That only makes me feel more heartbroken for those kids,”

“You’re right.”

It was fortunate that they had finished eating. They wouldn’t have managed to eat properly otherwise.

The two of them did the dishes together.

“You’re really amazing,” Kang Chan told Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Oh, my.”

Yoo Hye-Sook seemed to like Kang Chan’s compliment.

“I just think other people wouldn’t be able to think the same way you do. I’d love to meet someone like you—a woman who’s beautiful in mind, body, and soul.”

After Yoo Hye-Sook cleaned up all of the side dishes, she went to the sink.

“Please stay seated. I just need to finish this,” Kang Chan said.

“I’m living in comfort thanks to you.”

Yoo Hye-Sook sat on one of the dining chairs looking like she loved the treatment.

“Your dad said we should go to the lower part of a mountain streamlet around next weekend. What do you think?” Yoo Hye-Sook asked.

“Next weekend?”

“Yeah. We were supposed to go this weekend, but I have to go to a reunion. Your dad would always accompany me because people go there with their significant other. Unfortunately, doing so only made him feel despondent. So I’m going to go there this time and boast about him a lot.”

“Why would dad be despondent?”

When Kang Chan turned around and glanced behind him, Yoo Hye-Sook appeared to be thinking, ‘Oh shoot.’

“What’s wrong?” He prodded. “As far as I’ve seen, Dad’s amazing.”

Kang Chan rinsed a plate nonchalantly.

“A few friends of mine were envious of me. Whenever they felt that way, they’d talk about your dad’s job. Hearing about their husbands being the director of a big corporation and the senior vice president of a foreign corporation made him feel bad.”

“Hmm, I see.”

“Your dad always made me go even when I said I wasn’t going to, saying he believed I’d lose my relationships with my friends if we didn’t. Your dad is going to be really amazing this time.”

That was certainly a good reason to come to the reunion.

If something like that happened to Kang Chan, then Yoo Hye-Sook would most likely take her friends’ husbands to a quiet place and growled at them to educate their wives properly.

“Where is it taking place?” Kang Chan asked.

“It’s at the Namsan hotel on Sunday at 11am.”

Kang Chan almost dropped the plate.

God damn it.

He should hang a cross in the hotel’s direction or something.

Kang Chan’s phone rang when he finished cleaning up and came back to his room. Seok Kang-Ho was calling.

- Have you eaten?

“I just finished. What about you?”

- I’ve been busy, so I had just finished ordering food. I’m smoking a cigarette right now.

“Why? Is there something going on?”

- I’m moving tomorrow.

“Tomorrow? That’s gotta be hectic.”

- Yeah, so there’s a chance I won’t be at school tomorrow.

“I’ll take care of the kids, so don’t worry. Call me after you’re done moving.”

- Alright. My wife is extremely excited.

He happily hung up the phone.

Kang Chan then called Smithen, whom he suddenly remembered.

- Channy.

As if getting a phone call from a long-lost family member, Smithen brightly answered the phone.

- Is everything alright on your end?

“Yeah. And Sharlan has been dealt with, so feel free to go out whenever you want.”

- What about Sharlan?

“We took care of him ourselves.”

Smithen faltered for a moment, then brought up something else after pretending not to notice.

- Okay, Channy. Can I put in the application with a language school now?

“Do what you want.”

- Thank you, Channy. You, Dayeru, and I should meet up sometime.

“Sure.”

- And we should go on a summer vacation.

“I said sure! And to do what you want!”

Ah, this fucker!

- Alright, Channy.

If Smithen had listened to him in Africa as well as he did now, then Kang Chan’s need to beat him up would’ve been halved.

Kang Chan placed the phone down and plopped onto the bed.

How did I reincarnate?

Were there other people that reincarnated somewhere in South Korea or the world and were adjusting to their new lives?

Amid his thoughts, Kang Chan suddenly realized his parents from his previous life would still be alive. He went to France in 1998 and died in 2007. It was now 2010, so he hadn’t seen them in about thirteen years. Nevertheless, he thought they’d likely still be alive.

‘What am I going to do after I find them?’

He didn’t resent them despite giving him such a difficult life. And he didn’t resent them even when he wanted to eat pork cutlets so badly but couldn’t since they didn’t have enough money to pay for it.

However, Kang Chan never asked them for money so he could pay for his tuition, shoes, and clothes. And the frequent whippings and their cold eyes were hard to endure.

How could they have never hugged him throughout his childhood and even until he graduated high school?

“Gah!”

Kang Chan vigorously shook his head and decided to think about something else.