

Blackfield 58.1

Chapter 58.1: They're Really Doing This?

“Channy, did you know how to do business in this industry before today?” asked Michelle.

What's she saying?

Kang Chan glanced at Michelle while drinking coffee.

“I just found your response so amazing. Despite how they left, I bet they're going to think you have experience working in some parts of this industry.”

“I just talked about what I saw on the internet,” Kang Chan answered.

Michelle was excited, but she looked upset by the time Kang Chan placed the coffee cup down.

“What's wrong?” Kang Chan asked.

“I'm worried about how we should work out the rest of the situation. It would certainly be satisfying to do as you said, but we won't just be facing losses if we fail after getting the investment. Eun So-Yeon and the trainees will also find it difficult to be successful.”

Kang Chan remembered their trainees, who kept leaping out of pure joy.

“I'll think about it, so don't worry about it too much and just stay put.”

“Okay, Channy. On a different note, can you spend some time with me today?”

Kang Chan shook his head upon noticing the coquettish look in her eyes.

“My parents are inside this hotel. I told them I'll be meeting with them.”

Michelle pursed her lips, seemingly disappointed. A lot of the nearby guys were glancing at her. If Kang Chan wasn't around, they probably would've already asked her to have a cup of tea.

“Then I'll say hi to them before leaving,” said Michelle.

“Only speak French around them. I told them that you're learning Korean, so don't speak Korean too fluently.”

“Oui.” Michelle got up from her spot. Her fluttering blonde hair was always very charming during times like this.

She paid for the tea with the company credit card.

Kang Chan heard that the second floor was the Vantree Hall, so they headed up the wide stairs that were in the inner part of the lobby.

On the second floor, they were met by noisy conversations and the sight of people eating lunch in a buffet restaurant. When tried to enter the restaurant, a waiter blocked them.

“You guys need to put a sticker on you,” the waiter said.

When Kang Chan was wondering what they were talking about, Michelle intervened.

“We’re just here to greet some people. We’ll go right after.”

“I’m sorry, but we have to follow the rules.”

So can we go in or not?

Despite Kang Chan’s gaze, the waiter only stood there while pretending not to notice.

“Please stick it on both of us,” Kang Chan replied.

“Understood.” The employee started taking off the papers on the back of the stickers.

“Welcome!” A middle-aged female manager came toward Kang Chan as if she was flying.

Have I seen her somewhere?

“I served you at the restaurant on the first floor before. It’s an honor to meet you again,” She continued.

“I see. We were just about to go and say hello to my parents. They’re inside.”

“Then let’s head inside. If you tell me their names, I’ll find them for you.”

With an eye gesture from the manager, the employee quickly backed off.

“That will likely be too much of a hassle. I’ll find them myself. What about the sticker?” Kang Chan asked.

“It’s not needed. It seems like our employee made a mistake since they didn’t recognize you, but you don’t really need to have it on you.”

The manager exquisitely bowed her head while smiling.

There was no need to continue arguing, so Kang Chan went inside with Michelle and looked around the restaurant while walking around the buffet.

Kang Chan cocked his head upon finding Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Dae-Kyung sitting at the table in the corner. Kang Dae-Kyung was a mess, having seemingly spilled coffee on his chest and stomach, and Yoo Hye-Sook looked dispirited.

Kang Chan got extremely enraged. He felt like he was seeing Cha So-Yeon when she was eating alone in the cafeteria at school some time ago. It’s during moments like this that his eyes burned fiercely.

At Kang Chan’s side, the manager clasped her hands together in front of her.

“Are you looking for the president of Kang Yoo Motors?” asked the manager.

“What’s going on?” Kang Chan asked back.

The female manager gave Kang Chan an awkward smile.

“While they were eating, the person that was sitting next to them dropped their steak onto him. We wiped the stain for him, but we couldn’t do more than that.”

When Kang Chan turned his head, the manager looked back at him as if asking if he had any more orders for her.

“Ms. Manager, I’m going to ask you just one thing honestly. Is there something that I don’t know?” asked Kang Chan.

The manager seemed to hesitate.

“That’s not a common occurrence, is it? I think you know best what happened today and what the atmosphere was like. I’m also pretty sure you’ll be honest with me.”

The manager pursed her lips, then smiled brightly.

“Based on the atmosphere while they were eating, it seemed to me like the others were jealous of them. I also got the feeling that they were somewhat disregarding them. I didn’t witness it myself, but according to the employee that served them food, they said the person was in a position where they couldn’t drop the food at all.”

“So you’re saying the person did that on purpose, right?” Kang Chan asked again.

“I’m just passing on what I heard.”

Kang Chan’s expression softened, showing he wasn’t going to make a big deal out of this.

“I heard them talking while I was wiping their clothes. The madam said they should go home, but the president insisted they should stay until the event ends. However, despite a few people asking them for a business card and voicing out their intention to purchase a car, they still didn’t look that good,” the manager continued.

Kang Chan roughly understood the situation with the information he got. He slightly bowed his head toward the manager.

“Thank you. And please call Joo Chul-Bum over,” Kang Chan said, then smiled lightly upon noticing the manager’s eyes hardening.

“Please don’t worry,” Kang Chan reassured her.

“Understood. Thank you, Mr. Kang Chan.”

The title was awkward, but Kang Chan ignored it. He approached Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook with Michelle.

As expected, Michelle was the best at catching people’s attention.

About half of the buffet restaurant was looking at Kang Chan and Michelle.

“Mother!” When Kang Chan called, Yoo Hye-Sook raised her head in surprise. She then looked flustered, seemingly not wanting him to see them like that.

“You two know Michelle, right?” asked Kang Chan.

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook got up and greeted Michelle.

“Hello? I’m Michelle. I’m learning Korean. I’m really glad to see you two again.”

Even in the midst of this, Michelle put in a marvelous French accent in her Korean.

“You’re a fast learner. It’s so good to see you.” Yoo Hye-Sook shook hands with Michelle first, and Kang Dae-Kyung only lowered his head while smiling.

“It looks like you spilled food,” Kang Chan said.

“Unfortunately, we did.”

When Yoo Hye-Sook turned around and looked back with a pitiful expression, Kang Dae-Kyung wiped his shirt while smiling awkwardly.

“That’s a pity. You just bought those clothes,” Kang Chan told Yoo Hye-Sook.

“We can wash it at home. Have you had lunch? If you haven’t, you should eat with us,” Yoo Hye-Sook suggested.

“Should we do that?”

Kang Chan asked Michelle if she wanted to eat lunch in French, and she satisfactorily answered with “oui,” which everyone understood.

More than five couples dropped by and asked who he was since then, and Kang Chan courteously greeted them every time they did.

Perhaps it was because Michelle amazed them or it was because of Kang Chan, but people crowded near their table and were showing their interest in them.

“You were looking for me?” Joo Chul-Bum tactfully took out the ‘hyung-nim’ when he reached Kang Chan.

“There’s a stain on his shirt. Can I get a shirt somewhere?”

“There’s a tailor shop in the basement. I’ll contact them and have them prepare accordingly. Are you going to have lunch here?”

“Yes. Why?”

“It’s nothing. I’ll take all the necessary measures for the shirt right away.”

Joo Chul-Bum grandly bowed, then walked away.

Yoo Hye-Sook and Kang Dae-Kyung looked stupefied. Those who were watching also looked like something had bewitched them.

No one asked what Kang Chan's relationship was with him, however.

"Let's have lunch," Kang Chan said. As he was talking, the manager approached him with two other employees.

"Will you be dining here?" The manager asked Kang Chan.

"Yes. I should put on a sticker."

"Then please allow me to serve you."

With an eye gesture from the manager, the two employees skillfully got rid of everything on the table starting with the plates, laid out a new tablecloth, and set out new sets of plates, forks and more.

Everything happened in an instant. It was as if they were watching magic unfold.

The manager didn't stop there.

Immediately afterward, another employee held out and showcased a wine, then filled Kang Dae-Kyung, Yoo Hye-Sook, Kang Chan and Michelle's glasses.

"I wasn't aware you two were Mr. Kang Chan's parents. It's an honor to be able to serve all of you. From now on, please feel free to look for us whenever you guys stay here in the hotel," the employee said.

Both Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook looked like they got repeatedly slapped. Whilst everyone in the buffet was glancing at them, a clothing rack with a lot of shirts in different colors hanging on it came into the restaurant.

Joo Chul-Bum ran ahead of it and bowed.

"We prepared this in a hurry, so we're not sure if any of them will be to your liking."

Soon after, approximately more than twenty shirts arrived in front of the table.

"Hello, I came from the tailor shop in the basement," a man that had graying hair glanced at Kang Dae-Kyung.

"We thankfully have a shirt that will fit you. How does this look?"

The man took out three shirts from the hanger and spread them out in front of Yoo Hye-Sook with two hands.

"Oh my." As Yoo Hye-Sook admired the shirts, the man chose the shirt in the middle, seemingly satisfied with it.

"This is my recommendation. Please try this on. The color of your eyes is beautiful, so I chose a shirt in the same color."

The shirt that the man chose for Kang Dae-Kyung was also light blue.

“Do you like it?” The man asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

“Yes, I do.”

“Why don’t you try it on?”

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at Kang Chan.

“Please go for it. Where can he change?” Kang Chan asked the man.

With a gesture from the man’s eyes, the two employees that dragged the hanger into the room spread out a folded room divider.

“You can change on the other side of the divider,” said the man.

Isn’t this a bit too much?

Kang Chan turned his gaze away, and Joo Chul-Bum only looked ahead while being very still, as if he was a statue.

After changing clothes, Kang Dae-Kyung came out.

“It looks nice. Thank you. I’ll pay for this on my way down,” Kang Dae-Kyung said.

“These three have already been paid for.” The man put the shirt that Kang Dae-Kyung took off in a fancy shopping bag.

“I’ve also put three more shirts inside the bag. As for the shirt you’re wearing, please consider it as a token of my sincerity to serve you and have you dine with us. Please enjoy your stay.”

When the man left with the employees, Joo Chul-Bum bowed grandly again and followed behind them.