

## **Blackfield 59.2**

Chapter 59.2: Why are you smiling like that again? (1)

His parents might be troubled, but Kang Chan felt at ease—relieved, even, now that he had revealed what he had been hiding.

He was sitting at his desk when he got a text message from Kim Mi-Young.

They talked for about 10 minutes, then decided to see each other for a moment on Monday evening.

‘I have to go to D.I.’s office tomorrow.’

Kang Chan was already planning on asking Michelle if there was a way to take care of the favors that were asked of Yoo Hye-Sook once he had met with her.

He was still full.

‘What’s this guy doing?’

Kang Chan remembered Seok Kang-Ho, but he thought the latter could just be spending time with his family after moving.

Kang Chan looked at his bed and thought of lying on it, but...

*Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.*

It was Seok Kang-Ho.

“Hello?”

- What are you up to?

“Just loafing around.”

- Let’s go and have a cup of tea without worry.

They burst out laughing.

- Please come out now.

“Alright.”

Kang Chan changed into casual attire.

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The Juliana Hotel, which was near the Yeongdong[1] crossroads, was a medium-sized hotel that had a coffee shop and a hostess bar in the basement.

The sofa in the coffee shop was made out of fabric and looked plush, but it felt outdated due to its old and worn appearance.

“Would those bitches show up?”

“They probably will for the time being. Their hearts are weak, after all.”

David Choi and Lee Ha-Yeon conversed while drinking coffee in the corner. Lee Ha-Yeon was wearing comfortable attire, a scarf wrapped around her head like a headband, and sunglasses big enough to cover half of her face.

“Two of the Directors of Programming are even coming today. If we make those two drink a bunch of alcohol and push them into a room, we’ll be able to get what we want from them without much work. We can bring Eun So-Yeon to our company. What should we do about Ji Yeon-Hee, though?” asked David.

“Give her a supporting role, then I’ll console her myself.”

David nodded as his thick lips curved upward.

“That’s how people without any background or money become successful in this industry. That bitch Eun So-Yeon can become a huge star if she just pulled herself together. Why is she making such a big deal out of this when this isn’t even noticeable?” David asked.

“You’ll just have to teach her about life today.”

Lee Ha-Yeon was sitting on the sofa as if she was burying herself in it. She stretched her hand and grabbed the teacup.

“Can they handle alcohol?” David asked again.

“They probably won’t know what they’re doing anymore after just three Bomb Shots[2].”

“Phew, we can consider that done, then. The remaining problem is the rude kid.”

“Mr. President, don’t you know people that can fight?” asked Lee Ha-Yeon.

“Fight?”

“I’m talking about gangsters.”

David looked at Lee Ha-Yeon as if he found her words ridiculous.

“I know some that are notorious not just in Gangnam but in the entire country. Why? What are you planning to do?”

“How about we actually take care of him for good?” Lee Ha-Yeon asked, “I’ll call Kang Chan out by stealthily leaking what will happen today.”

David tilted his head.

“Doing that in the hotel is dangerous. I’m going to be in more of a predicament if the directors are found out.”

“Hmph.”

David frowned at Lee Ha-Yeon’s response.

“Don’t recklessly mess around,” He warned.

“That’s not it. He fights in public anyway. He even did it in the Namsan Hotel. Isn’t it wrong for a president that claims to know famous gangsters in the country to hesitate?”

“As I said before, he’s acting that way because he’s still young.”

“Alright.”

When Lee Ha-Yeon turned her head as if she was annoyed, David twisted his lips.

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Kang Chan drank coffee with Seok Kang-Ho at Misari.

He first told Seok Kang-Ho about what happened at the hotel, then discussed for a moment about the retreat schedule.

“I was told there’d be a way to help orphanages with the stocks from Gong Te automobile, so I decided to give them to my mother. I was also planning on giving her the money, but the stocks seemed to have shocked her too much. I’ll do it when I get another opportunity instead,” Kang Chan said.

“Orphanages? Are you talking about the one that you went to last time?”

“Yeah. When I went there, I saw they were eating terrible food.”

Just as Seok Kang-Ho was about to take out a cigarette, he turned his head to Kang Chan.

“Then let’s also hand over my share of the stocks that I got to the orphanage.”

“Oh, don’t. I know you have good intentions, but I had to force them to accept my stocks alone. How do you suppose we explain your share if we also give it to them?”

“Good point.”

Kang Chan also took out a cigarette.

“I’m still a bit confused. I was twenty-nine when I died. Since it’s 2010 now, then I’m already thirty-two. Having the body of a teenager confuses me. When I go home and talk to my family, I still have moments where I’m like, ‘Shoot, I’m a high schooler, right?’”

“At least you got younger. On the other hand, I’m suddenly forty. This is hard to get used to. I can treat my daughter like she’s my child now, but it was difficult for me to even hold her before.”

Seok Kang-Ho deeply exhaled cigarette smoke.

“Still, it’s a relief that it’s you that has a daughter. If it was that fucker Smithen, an awful incident would’ve occurred.”

Seok Kang-Ho nodded while frowning.

“That fucker’s definitely terrible enough for that to happen. I wonder how he’s doing, though,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“I talked to him on the phone. Smithen said he was going to sign up to learn at a language school.”

“Let’s set a date and have a meal with him.”

“Sure,” Kang Chan answered.

“Um...” Seok Kang-Ho carefully brought something up.

*What’s making this fucker act like that?*

“What do you think about visiting our house?”

Kang Chan laughed out loud.

“My wife said we should thank you while having a housewarming party now that we’ve moved. We’re going to have a housewarming party with the teachers this week, and I was told that other family members are coming. So how about sometime next week?” Seok Kang-Ho asked again.

“Why are you having a hard time asking that?”

“Because just thinking about it is already awkward in itself.”

“I’ll come. It’s uncomfortable, but I should at least know what she looks like so I can say hello whenever I run into her. Let me know when you’ve decided on a date,” said Kang Chan.

“Sure.”

Seok Kang-Ho leaned against the chair with a flop, seemingly relieved.

“Do you need anything at your house?” asked Kang Chan.

“Not really.”

Finding the straightforward answer funny for some strange reason, Kang Chan burst out laughing with a “Phuhu.”

Though the days were longer now since it was summer, the street lights that surrounded the cafe and the road had turned on.

“I wish we can find out why the two of us reincarnated into new bodies like this. There could be other guys somewhere that reincarnated as well,” Kang Chan commented.

Kang Chan looked at the river while shaking all of the remaining coffee bits into his cup.

“I’ve been dreaming about Africa lately. Honestly, I lived like a crazy bastard picking fights all over the place until I met you. Then I finally felt the fun of living for the first time.”

Kang Chan didn’t expect Seok Kang-Ho to beat around the bush like this just to say he had become a decent human being after being beaten up.

“You were the first person that I couldn’t win against with my strength. Normally, people break by the third time I pounce at them, which I do even though they’re already dispirited. Do you remember our last fight?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

When Kang Chan smirked, Seok Kang-Ho turned his gaze to the dark sky.

“I really thought I was going to die that day. Strangely after that, though, I also thought I wanted to live with you until the end. Point is, on that day, I finally found someone I wanted to follow for the first time.”

“This doesn’t suit you, you punk.”

“Phuhu, I’m also craving a glass of alcohol today. I remember when we were at Mangala. Whew! You were really cool back then.”

Seok Kang-Ho took out a cigarette and handed one to Kang Chan, then also put one in his mouth.

“When you broke off the rope for me even though you were already covered in blood, I thought I’d follow you even to the deepest parts of hell.”

Seok Kang-Ho raised his coffee cup, then placed it back down upon finding he had already drank all of the coffee in it.

These were stories that happened a long time ago.

*Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.*

At that moment, Kang Chan’s phone vibrated.

“Yes, Michelle?”

- Channy, So-Yeon called and said that Lee Ha-Yeon told her to come out to a bar today with Ji Yeon-Hee, one of our trainees. She said it was the last way to save D.I.

“Can’t they just not go there?”

- That’s true, but she seems afraid since Lee Ha-Yeon told her that the Director of Programming is also going to be there.

“Michelle, I’m fine with Eun So-Yeon calling you about her concerns, but I don’t want you to be worried as well. Let’s work fairly. Isn’t that why you asked me to acquire D.I.? You should remain calm and steady at times like this.”

Kang Chan heard the sound of Michelle inhaling loudly.

- I’m sorry, Channy. I think I got rattled a bit because I kept thinking I needed to protect the money that you invested. I’ll work properly from now on. Thank you.

“Now that’s more like you. Where’s Eun So-Yeon and Ji Yeon-Hee?”

- I told them to come to Bang Bae-dong, the restaurant where we first met.”

“Good job. Be confident, okay?”

- Okay, Channy. I’ll tell the kids that as well.

“Work hard.”

Kang Chan smirked after he hung up the phone. As expected, problems always occurred whenever he didn’t close down matters properly.

“Why are you smiling like that again?” Seok Kang-Ho asked.

Kang Chan roughly explained what happened.

*Lee Ha-Yeon?*

He needed to put a proper end to her.