

Blackfield 60.1

Chapter 60.1: Why are you smiling like that again? (2)

Kang Chan asked Seok Kang-Ho to give him a ride to the cafe in Bang Bae-Dong. They arrived forty minutes after his call with Michelle.

When he went into the cafe, Michelle was startled. Eun So-Yeon and Ji Yeon-Hee were even more so.

“Hey, boss!”

“Hello.”

After Kang Chan sat down, he ordered a small bottle of beer.

Eun So-Yeon was twenty-three this year, and Ji Yeon-Hee was twenty.

Though they looked a lot younger than him, there was no way for him to know if they saw themselves as older than him anyway.

If they accepted and treated Kang Chan according to the maturity he had in his previous life, then everyone would find the situation okay. Otherwise, they’d all likely be uncomfortable. That was also the case when he went to France.

The contents of the call that Eun So-Yeon passed to him were simple.

“Good job. From now on, avoid talking to Lee Ha-Yeon as much as possible,” Kang Chan told Eun So-Yeon.

“I’m thinking of doing that.”

The fact that she hadn’t gone to that kind of place alone was praiseworthy in itself.

Kang Chan asked about what Eun So-Yeon and Ji Yeon-Hee were worried about and listened to their opinions.

“We really don’t want you or Michelle unnie to face a loss. This would’ve been a different story if D.I. was powerful or if Yeon-Hee or I was a star, but neither of those is true. We just feel upset for not being able to stand our ground right now.”

“What about you, Yeon-Hee? Do you have anything to say?” asked Kang Chan.

“The trainees are very satisfied right now, but they’re worried that the drama would be ruined or that they wouldn’t be able to appear in it because Ha-Yeon unnie is being cruel.”

Kang Chan roughly understood.

“Let’s not rush into things. This is also my fault, considering I was the one who insisted we should produce a drama immediately because we’ve finalized the investment.”

Honestly, this happened because Lanok had asked him to quicken things up as much as he could, but he didn't want to use that excuse.

“Michelle, is this drama really okay?” asked Kang Chan.

“It's a good drama, boss. There's a large possibility for it to succeed overseas as well.”

He needed to trust Michelle when it came to things like this.

“Can you get a drama production team?” Kang Chan asked Michelle again.

“The director Pyo Min-Seong said that he just needs to gather other staff members, then he'll film it. All that remains is the casting.”

“Then let's start filming the drama.”

The three women looked at Kang Chan with dumbfounded expressions.

“You said that you're confident, right? So just film it. Make it so that our kids can star in it, if possible,” Kang Chan continued.

“Are you thinking of doing a pre-production?”

“Yeah. We've secured the investment anyway. Oh, can you test a few kids for me as well?”

“You mean we should hold an audition?” Michelle asked again.

“Don't make it grand. We just need to sound out their potential if possible.”

Kang Chan recalled Yoo Hye-Sook's awkward expression.

“That is something we're supposed to do anyway.”

“Tell them clearly if they have no potential,” said Kang Chan.

“Don't worry about things like that. I won't be conducting the audition alone anyway. Everyone's going to be watching it, including the trainees.”

Kang Chan nodded. He was satisfied.

“Alright. Let's not worry about the programming anymore and just focus on producing the drama. Since we have no experience, get good actors even if we have to spend more money.”

Michelle looked like she had come to a decision.

“Noted, sir. Since we're doing this, I'll cast well-known people even for the supporting roles.”

Eun So-Yeon and Ji Yeon-Hee looked half-excited and half-worried.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

In the middle of their conversation, Kang Chan received a call from Kim Tae-Jin.

“Mr. President. How can I help you?”

- Do you have time to spare right now?

“Yes. I’m in Bang Bae-Dong right now, but I can go elsewhere.”

- Can you visit my room at the hospital, then?

“Understood. I’ll leave right now.”

Kang Chan warned them once more not to let Lee Ha-Yeon rattle them if ever she were to call again. He then got up from his spot.

Has he not been discharged still?

Kang Chan took a taxi to the hospital.

He sometimes wished he had a senior like Kim Tae-Jin—someone who genuinely cared for his subordinates or crewmates.

When Kang Chan got off at the hospital and opened the door of Kim Tae-Jin’s room, he found Kim Tae-Jin talking with a man that looked easy-going.

Yet the atmosphere was heavy.

“What’s going on?” asked Kang Chan.

“Why do you have that expression on your face?” Kim Tae-Jin asked back.

The man got up from his seat and turned toward Kang Chan.

“Let me introduce him. He’s my friend that I was telling you about. He was in the military with me before, and he’s in the National Intelligence Service now.”

“I’m Kang Chan.”

“Kim Hyung-Jung.”

He had quite a strong grip.

“I’ve been pestering him to introduce me to you. It’s nice to finally meet you,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

Kim Hyung-Jung held out his business card.

<Kim Hyung-Jung – Nam-Young Corporation Department Head>

“Do you want a cup of coffee?” Kim Tae-Jin asked Kang Chan.

“I already drank a lot of coffee today.”

Kang Chan and Kim Hyung-Jung sat diagonally from each other and faced Kim Tae-Jin.

“This friend of mine would’ve tried to sympathized with me even if I were to betray him, saying that there must be a clear reason for it.”

Kang Chan didn't know what Kim Hyung-Jung was going to say, but he started quite strong.

"There's something I'd like to say, so I'll be upfront. To begin with, I'm going to disclose information I recently received from our best intelligence agency. However, I ask that this stays between us," Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

"If you don't want others to know about it, then please just don't say it." Kang Chan firmly cut off what he was about to say.

"I have one person that I trust deeply. I always end up telling him everything. Considering there's a possibility that you're going to be suspicious that what you're about to say has been leaked, then I don't want to hear it at all," Kang Chan continued.

Kim Hyung-Jung glanced at Kim Tae-Jin, then replied, "Alright. I'll leave that to your judgment."

"Is it that important that I'm made aware of this information?" asked Kang Chan.

This was the first time Kang Chan saw Kim Hyung-Jung. Regardless of the method, he didn't want to hear anything that would make him feel burdened.

"For my sake, let's hear what he has to say for now," said Kim Tae-Jin.

"Alright." Kang Chan sighed softly. Now that Kim Tae-Jin had said that, Kang Chan thought this was now worth enduring.

"France is pushing some sort of plan to reign supreme over Europe," said Kim Hyung-Jung.

Is this related to Lanok?

Kim Hyung-Jung checked Kang Chan's reaction before continuing. "They have a plan for a railway system that will connect Russia with France. I was told that its codename is 'licorne.'"

"That means unicorn, doesn't it?" Kang Chan commented.

Kim Hyung-Jung smiled sheepishly, seemingly apologetic for his poor pronunciation.

"The chief manager of that plan is someone you also know very well."

Lanok!

Kim Hyung-Jung didn't say the name.

"The problem is North Korea."

Kang Chan tilted his head.

"The Unicorn plan includes North Korea."

Kim Hyung-Jung said that with a troubled expression, but it sounded nothing more than unremarkable news to Kang Chan.

“North Korea is even showing signs of being severely divided. Its people have split into two factions—those that suggest North Korea should refuse this case because they support China, and those that argue North Korea should participate in Russia’s plan.”

“And why do you find the need for me to hear about this?” asked Kang Chan, not wanting to further interfere in this situation.

“Mr. Kang Chan, if ‘Unicorn’ connects with North Korea, South Korea will be put in a very awkward position,” said Kim Hyung-Jung.

South Korea wouldn’t be put in an awkward position just because they couldn’t buy train tickets for it, would they?

“To start, seventy percent of the cargo load will go to North Korea. If that happens, then South Korea will have to be wary of North Korea even when we export goods. However, the bigger problem is China,” Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

Kang Chan sighed softly.

“China would find it hard to accept North Korea being financially independent.”

Rather than informing a high schooler, this should be said in a meeting with government cabinet members.

Kim Hyung-Jung stopped speaking when he noticed annoyance in Kang Chan’s eyes. The room’s atmosphere was already cold, and Kang Chan’s irritated expression didn’t make it any better.

“It seems like he wants you to negotiate with Lanok,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

Kang Chan ended up smirking.

Was he asking Kang Chan because there was no one else that could negotiate with Lanok about this kind of thing in South Korea?

“The chief executives of each country have a secret communications network, which we call an unofficial workplace relationship. Unfortunately, Lanok never approved to be in one with anyone in South Korea. For some reason, though, you seem to be an exception, considering he’s privately talked to you on the phone multiple times already,” Kim Hyung-Jung said.

“You should’ve just looked for someone else in France if you have time to figure something like that out.”

Kim Hyung-Jung smacked his lips with Kang Chan’s words.

“Honestly, you can’t really get away from this matter either way. You’ve become a figure that not only France but even the Intelligence Bureaus of China, North Korea, Russia, and all European countries are paying attention to,” Kim Hyung-Jung continued.

Damn it! No wonder ten billion won was suddenly thrown at me when I spoke.

“The money that Lanok supported you with all came from France’s Intelligence Bureau, and it was also because of you that Lanok’s opposition was settled properly.”

Kang Chan felt bitter.

“Let’s rest for a bit. I want to smoke a cigarette and drink a cup of coffee,” said Kang Chan.

“Let’s do that.”

Kim Hyung-Jung got up from his spot while hitting both of his thighs as if he was slapping them.

“I’ll make it,” said Kang Chan.

“No, let me. It’s only proper for the person asking for a favor to make the coffee.”

Kim Hyung-Jung gave Kang Chan a pleasant smile, which made him seem like a good person.