

Blackfield 60.2

Chapter 60.2: Why are you smiling like that again? (2)

Kang Chan and Kim Hyung-Jung each smoked a cigarette after the latter made coffee.

“For the sake of our country, please help us.”

When Kang Chan smirked, Kim Hyung-Jung nodded.

“In return, we won’t punish this hospital for the act of giving illegal medical treatment, and we’ll give you the televising rights to the drama that you’re producing right now. We’ll also give you immunity from criminal liability within the country, no matter what you do.”

Kim Hyung-Jung spewed out word after word, seemingly having memorized them.

“We’ll also give you the opportunity to receive special admission to a University in Seoul. Lastly, The National Intelligence Service will allocate a fund of ten billion won per year to you.”

Kim Hyung-Jung twisted his head to avoid exhaling smoke toward those in the room, then took out an envelope from his chest pocket and handed it to Kang Chan.

Kang Chan took the envelope for now since Kim Hyung-Jung was also holding a coffee cup.

“You can use the card that’s inside the envelope. It’s under the Sam Jeong Group and has no limit, so feel free to use it as much as you want. And if you need money, then you can just withdraw cash from an ATM or call the credit card company to remit money to an appointed account,” said Kim Hyung-Jung.

Bullshit. Why should money be remitted into my account when all I pay for is coffee and eat pork cutlets at best?

“Isn’t it weird that you’re doing things to this extent to a high schooler?” asked Kang Chan.

“This is a request from our country to someone that can contact Lanok through an unofficial workplace relationship. If we get connected to ‘Unicorn’ as well, then South Korea will be able to grow twice as big as Japan in an instant.”

“What if Lanok refuses?” asked Kang Chan.

“Then you should relieve his worries. He’s a typical French person. He has inhibitions with others, but once he considers you as his person, he’d give you unconditional trust.”

Kim Hyung-Jung swallowed dryly even though he was holding coffee.

“If South Korea can’t get connected with the railway system, then you just need to ensure that it doesn’t connect with North Korea either. We hope it links up with North Korea and South Korea, though,” said Kim Hyung-Jung.

Kang Chan smiled slowly as he observed the look in Kim Hyung-Jung's eyes, which made it seem they united with some sense of duty.

“Those that are against Lanok are in Europe. They planned to destroy him by using drugs to put Gong Te automobile on the line, but you stopped that. The Intelligence Bureaus of other countries are searching desperately for your connection with Lanok regarding that. Of course, we're about to go crazy from curiosity as well.”

Kang Chan was about to go crazy out of sheer curiosity as to why he reincarnated too.

Kim Hyung-Jung looked like he was anticipating Kang Chan to give him an answer by any chance, but there was no way to explain his reincarnation.

“Please help us. For our country.”

The atmosphere flowed strangely.

When Kang Chan turned his gaze, Kim Tae-Jin briefly nodded.

“Are you telling me to accept it?” asked Kang Chan.

“I don't think you're going to live a normal life anyway.”

“I don't think this is something I should be doing. I don't even know how Lanok is going to answer. How about I call him and ask for help after telling him that I've heard about this?” Kang Chan suggested.

When Kang Chan handed him the envelope, Kim Hyung-Jung shook his head.

“If you take that, then I'll get a promotion.”

This was a far more touching plea, more than all of the conditions that he yapped about before this.

When Kang Chan smiled lightly, Kim Hyung-Jung did as well.

“I'll be upfront with Lanok about this and ask for his help. If he refuses, then there's nothing else that I can do,” Kang Chan decided.

“Even if it's just that, we still ask that you do it, Mr. Kang Chan.”

Upon hearing Kim Hyung-Jung's straightforward answer, Kang Chan suddenly got suspicious. There had to be something that he was hiding from him.

“Congratulations on getting the promotion,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

“It's all thanks to you. I'll buy you something later.”

Kim Hyung-Jung immediately responded to Kim Tae-Jin's joke.

Is he really getting a promotion just because he asked for one favor from a high schooler?

“You probably won't believe this, but if we get linked up with 'Unicorn,' then we'll generate about a hundred trillion won each year from it. When you take that into consideration, then the conditions that I offered you are unscrupulous and

basically me shamelessly clinging onto your patriotism. If this succeeds, I'd likely be the next director of our country's National Intelligence Service," Kim Hyung-Jung explained.

It sounded like a joke, but it also seemed like the truth. In any case, Kim Hyung-Jung looked serious.

"You'll be contacted a few times by tomorrow. I'll see you again in the afternoon or at dinner after you've taken action," said Kim Hyung-Jung.

When Kang Chan looked puzzled, Kim Hyung-Jung smiled while saying, "I should get some brownie points from Lanok." He then immediately got up from his spot.

It was obvious what he was hinting at—he wanted Kang Chan to talk to Kim Tae-Jin.

They shook hands, then Kim Hyung-Jung left the room.

"Today is actually his third visit," Kim Tae-Jin told Kang Chan.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Kim Tae-Jin looked straight at Kang Chan.

"I was worried if this would mean I'd be selling you out and that it could harm you."

"What about today?"

"He asked me to trust him, so I called you."

Kim Tae-Jin's words and the look in his eyes looked cool.

"Why don't you do what he asked?" asked Kim Tae-Jin.

"I don't think it'll be that fun if I do it alone."

Kim Tae-Jin nodded and smiled knowingly.

"I'll call Kim Hyung-Jung tomorrow and deploy the five employees that you're training right now to the National Intelligence Service and let them assist you. They'll get to carry firearms, so they'll be helpful in case things go awry."

"Aren't you thinking too far ahead?" asked Kang Chan.

"This is a battle between the Information Agencies and National Intelligence Services of different countries. Compared to Europe, China, and Russia, South Korea lacks power in all respects. Still, I don't want to lose. If we're going to assume we're going to lose anyway, we might as well not join at all."

Considering I'd be doing this with someone like Kim Tae-Jin, and Seok Kang-Ho could excel in this, then...

"Understood."

“You have to take responsibility in my stead as well since deploying my employees also means we’re going to be allowed to carry firearms,” Kim Tae-Jin continued.

“It’s going to be much more fun than grappling with gangsters.”

They smiled at each other.

“You’re thinking of putting Mr. Seok Kang-Ho in this, aren’t you?” asked Kim Tae-Jin.

“If he wants to do it.”

“There’s a fat chance that he’s going to say no with that personality of his.”

They talked for quite a long time, which they hadn’t done in a while, then Kang Chan returned home.

There was a lot on his mind, but what he had to do was simple. He just needed to ask Lanok if he’d help them. If he wouldn’t, then that would be it.

Nothing was difficult about that.

On Monday morning, Kang Chan ate with his family after working out.

“The brokerage company is going to call you later in the day. Please take care of the rest, father,” said Kang Chan.

“Alright. If this goes the way you said it will then let’s make a foundation under your mom’s name.”

Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook’s faces showed that they had become much more comfortable in one night.

“This is a lot of money, Channy. Wouldn't you regret it?” asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

Kang Chan smiled happily.

“You’re going to get to do what you’ve always wanted. I don’t think anything else I can buy with those stocks can make you happier than this.”

“Thank you, Channy.”

Yoo Hye-Sook stopped eating and put her arms around Kang Chan’s shoulders.

“Ah, right. I talked to Michelle. She told me to contact the company right away if there are any kids that want to audition. She’ll take care of them if they just say your name,” Kang Chan continued.

“Really? Phew, that went well. This isn’t too much of a burden for you, is it?”

Yoo Hye-Sook still seemed worried about Kang Chan even in the midst of all this.

“On the contrary, Michelle said she’s actually asking you to do this, because she’s having a hard time finding rookie actors.”

“That takes a load off of your worries, doesn’t it?” Kang Dae-Kyung asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Yes. It’s because of our Channy.”

By the time they had finished eating, Yoo Hye-Sook had a much brighter expression than before.

Kang Chan then asked Kang Dae-Kyung if he could give him a ride to the school.

“You want me to? Alright.”

Kang Chan and Kang Dae-Kyung left together.

Just as the car headed out of the basement parking lot, Kang Chan spoke up.

“It seems like the person helping me has an amazing amount of power over in France,” He commented, deciding that at least Kang Dae-Kyung should know what was going to happen from now on, even if it was just the gist of it.

“The South Korean Government contacted me. They want me to be the bridge between him and our country.”

Kang Dae-Kyung looked at Kang Chan, his expression seemingly saying he couldn’t believe what his son just said, then concentrated on the road again.

“There could be occasions where I’d be acting differently from a regular high schooler. So I wanted to tell at least you about it in advance,” Kang Chan continued.

“Hmm...”

Kang Dae-Kyung first sighed loudly.

“Starting from when you succeeded with the contract with Gong Te automobile and you got about six billion won’s worth in stocks, I’ve always thought of you as extraordinary. However, the phrase, ‘there’s no such thing as free in this world’ exists for a reason. Isn’t this dangerous?”

“I’m just going to be passing on the South Korean Government’s request to him, so it could end quickly. On the other hand, however, there could be things that mother would get worried about.”

“You expect me not to be worried about you?” asked Kang Dae-Kyung.

Kang Chan smirked. It seemed like a serious question, but it was strangely funny to him.

“No parent wouldn’t like a talented child, but no parent would want their kid to be injured either. We’d like to live with our children for as long as possible, even if their child was a bit lacking. You get what I’m saying, right?”

“Yes.”

Kang Dae-Kyung stroked Kang Chan’s shoulder with his right arm.

“It’s a bit gross to hug you as your mom did, but I also want to show my affection.”

They both smiled gently.

Soon after, they arrived in front of the school.

When Kang Chan got out of the car and said, “Please drive safely,” Kang Chan said upon getting out of the car. Kang Dae-Kyung waved him goodbye.

There were still quite a lot of twelfth-graders that came to school, even though they were on a break.

Kang Chan opened the door of the athletics club room while thinking he should have coffee, only to find Seok Kang-Ho already making one.

“Huh? What brings you here?” Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

“What about you?”

“I’m a teacher. Have you forgotten? I still have to come here for about a week, even during breaks.”

Seok Kang-Ho handed Kang Chan a cup of coffee.

Kang Chan then told him what transpired earlier.

“What do you plan to do?” Seok Kang-Ho asked afterward.

“I doubt anything big is going to happen. I just have to call Lanok, after all. If he refuses, then I just need to tell Kim Tae-Jin and Kim Hyung-Jung about it.”

“You said they asked you to at least stop the rail from being connected to North Korea if things don’t work out, didn’t you? Would such a task really be that easy to do? I’m worried, but on the other hand, I’m also envious.”

Kang Chan smirked.

“You’re also a part of this. What made you think you’re going to be able to sit this one out? Even President Kim Tae-Jin and the five employees we’ve been training will be meddling in this matter with us.”

“But aren’t I a teacher?”

“Hey! What made you think people capable of taking care of broadcasting programs and giving us immunity from criminal liability aren’t capable of controlling something as little as your work schedule?”

Seok Kang-Ho’s eyes glinted as he smirked.

“You’re coming with us, right?” asked Kang Chan.

“Were you thinking of excluding me?”

Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho smirked at each other.

Kang Chan’s phone soon rang despite it still being so early in the morning.