

## **Blackfield 61**

Chapter 61: Unicorn Project (1)

The phone number was just a bunch of zeroes.

“Hello?”

- Monsieur Kang, it's Lanok.

The 'Unicorn' or the rail aside, Kang Chan was glad to hear from Lanok.

“Mr. Ambassador, I hope you're doing well.”

- Unfortunately, I'm not.

*He sounds fine, though.*

- I miss you a lot.

*Was this sly fox able to say things like this?*

When Kang Chan smiled brightly, he heard the sound of Lanok's laugh over the phone.

- Mr. Kang Chan, I've essentially finished all my affairs here in France. I'll be arriving in Korea tomorrow. I'd like to see you for a moment in the evening then. Would that work for you?”

“Understood, Mr. Ambassador. Please let me know about the time and location once you've decided.”

- I'll do that. See you tomorrow.

“Yes.”

Kang Chan put the phone down and told Seok Kang-Ho about the call.

“Why would Lanok seek you out the moment he comes to Korea?” asked Seok Kang-Ho.

“Wouldn't it be to talk about Sharlan's backer or the rail?”

“Right?”

“Yup.”

They had similar thoughts.

Since he already accepted a call anyway, Kang Chan called Cecile and gave her Kang Dae-Kyung's phone number, then expressed his wish for them to liquidate the stocks and hand them over to Kang Dae-Kyung.

- We'll act accordingly then, Channy. We'll just need your signature for the remittance.

“Alright. Talk to my father first, then let me know when you're going to remit the money.”

- Okay.

Kang Chan dropped the call. After a while, the athletics club members came in one after another. The girls changed inside.

As Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho got out of the athletics club room and walked down the stands, the five employees from Kim Tae-Jin's company ran over and politely greeted them.

"Hello, Mr. Director."

*Director? Director of what?*

"There was a notice that you were appointed as the Director of Yoo-Bi Corp as of Monday. We look forward to working with you," one employee explained to Kang Chan.

Kang Chan smacked his lips.

Kim Tae-Jin pulled it off in the end. Kang Chan had to be careful not to say the wrong thing now. Otherwise, he'd be ruining Kim Tae-Jin's image.

"And tomorrow, we'll be going to a commissioned education session for two weeks," the employee continued.

"Commissioned education session? What's that?" Seok Kang-Ho asked.

An employee got really close and answered, seemingly in a whisper, "Hasn't it been decided that you're also going with us?"

"I am?"

"We heard it's for the country's National Intelligence Service, and that you're also included as a specially employed agent. We're apparently supposed to enter the Sam-Gun Military Academy tomorrow, but the President said that he'll call at around 10 am."

Seok Kang-Ho turned his head and looked at Kang Chan, but the latter knew nothing about it either.

'What on earth did that guy do?'

Seok Kang-Ho appeared to have mixed feelings about it.

"We'll only have the morning training session for today, then." Kang Chan said. The employees then returned to the sports field again.

"So I'm one of the specially employed agents in the National Intelligence Service now?" Seok Kang-Ho asked Kang Chan.

"That seems to be the case. They said Kim Tae-Jin will call at 10 am, so let's talk about this after that."

Kang Chan was in a pretty bad mood.

Seok Kang-Ho wasn't just a random person. Kang Chan was offended Kim Tae-Jin had put Seok Kang-Ho on the list of those that would receive the commissioned education session without discussing it with them first.

“You should loosen up. As far as I know, President Kim isn't thoughtless or a bad person. There had to have been a situation that was a good enough reason to do this,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

“That's true, but this still doesn't make sense. He only informed us about this after deciding for us to join it. Even if we assume it makes sense for me to join, how can he do this to you when you're going to be directly affected by this?” asked Kang Chan.

“As I said, we should listen to what Kim Tae-Jin has to say for now before we decide.”

Seok Kang-Ho looked like he was secretly excited.

Having finished changing, the kids headed out to the sports field. Kang Chan and Seok Kang-Ho returned to the athletics club room.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Wondering if it was Kim Tae-Jin, Kang Chan checked the screen, but the call was from an unknown number. He tilted his head, then answered the phone.

“Hello?”

- Is this Mr. Kang Chan?

The voice sounded old and dignified.

“Yes, it is. Who am I talking to?”

- Nice to meet you, Mr. Kang Chan. I'm Yoon Hak-Suh, the president of SBC. I'm calling you to convey our interest to broadcast the drama you're currently producing.

Kim Hyung-Jung clearly delivered his words about working on the programming issue.

“Thank you, Mr. President.” Kang Chan didn't know a different procedure, so he first thanked him.

- We'll send over Moon Bon-Geun, our director of programming, to your company within the day. Please let him know of any necessary conditions and the price per episode once you've come to a decision. Feel free to use this number to inform us as well if anything bothers you. We'll be sure to take action. What would be the best time for him to visit the company?

“3 pm at D.I. works for me.”

- We'll send him over at that time, then. Should you happen to pass by Yeouido[1] at any time, then please don't hesitate to pay our company a visit.

“I'll do that when I get the chance.”

Sing this morning, Kang Chan had been on the verge of going crazy. He looked for Michelle's phone number as he told Seok Kang-Ho about the call.

*Rattle.*

However, Kim Tae-Jin suddenly came into the athletics club room. He was wearing a tidy suit.

"You've gotten discharged from the hospital?" Kang Chan asked Kim Tae-Jin.

"Mm, can we talk for a moment?"

"Of course."

Seok Kang-Ho was going to make coffee, but Kim Tae-Jin made him sit.

"First, I'd like to apologize for not being able to contact you earlier. Things progressed too quickly this morning."

Kang Chan felt unhappy, but it softened to a certain degree when Kim Tae-Jin started with an apology.

"Four people from the National Intelligence Service came to my room at the hospital this morning. They insisted that Mr. Seok Kang-Ho and the five employees be given the qualifications of an agent no matter what, which resulted in a long conversation. They didn't care about anything else. I said I wasn't going to take on this role without hearing your and Mr. Seok Kang-Ho's opinion first. They then hastily contacted me at around 8 am, telling me that they were going to take care of Mr. Seok Kang-Ho as a specially employed technical agent. He's going to be handling private information on the scene for now because of his age."

"Is that how the talk about the two-week training session came about?" Kang Chan asked.

"That was the best that I could do to allow him to keep his job as a teacher. I was worried about his age. Hence, we decided to ensure he'd be spending the two-week education session around paperwork.. I'm really sorry for not getting your consent first."

Kang Chan thought Kim Tae-Jin looked cool. He hoped he would look like him when he grew old. Seok Kang-Ho's expression seemed to agree with his opinion as well.

"I'm sorry. I got upset since I didn't know what was happening," Kang Chan apologized.

"That's totally understandable. That's how you should think if you care about your people."

"Thank you for understanding."

“Our employees are going to go to a two-week training session tomorrow, and Mr. Seok Kang-Ho is set to only enter the military academy on paper. We need to be extra cautious not to be involved in any accidents or criminal cases, including car accidents, during that period,” Kim Tae-Jin continued.

“Alright,” Seok Kang-Ho answered.

“Mr. Seok Kang-Ho, seven hundred million won will be deposited into your bank account today. Since Kang Chan was appointed as the director today, his wage will be arranged separately. I was also informed that the National Intelligence Service will be providing special extra payments. However, they said they’ll take care of it themselves, so we won’t actually know how much they’d be giving until we receive it.”

Seok Kang-Ho refused multiple times, but Kim Tae-Jin was adamant. In the end, the conversation ended with Seok Kang-Ho treating them to a expensive dinner.

Kim Tae-Jin asked for coffee after he finished talking. He didn’t even stop to take a breather.

“Phew, I feel a bit relieved now,” said Kim Tae-Jin.

“About what?” asked Kang Chan.

“I couldn’t help but be worried since I made a decision on my own. I was also concerned if this meant I sold you out to put five of our employees in the National Intelligence Service.”

“Is this mission really that great?”

Kim Tae-Jin grabbed the coffee that Seok Kang-Ho handed to him and nodded.

“If I could pay to put them in the National Intelligence Service, I gladly would’ve even if it would cost me a billion won. Having experience working in that organization makes a huge difference.”

As Kang Chan watched Kim Tae-Jin take a sip of his coffee, he realized he forgot to tell him something.

“Right! Lanok had called me,” Kang Chan told Kim Tae-Jin.

“Huh! Shoot!”

At that moment, coffee spilled onto Kim Tae-Jin’s pants. He wiped it with his hands.

“Lanok called you?” He asked.

“Yes. He said he’s arriving in South Korea tomorrow, and that we should meet in the evening then. We decided to talk again when the time and location have been finalized.”

Kim Tae-Jin laughed, seemingly dumbfounded.

“What’s wrong?” asked Kang Chan.

“I just think even the National Intelligence Service’s higher-ups will be powerless against you. They left after pestering me to allow them to quickly contact Lanok since this morning, so let’s see what would happen when Lanok arrives in the country and meets you before anyone else. He’ll probably tell you to state your bank account information immediately, even if you tell him that the budget has been raised to twenty billion won.”

“Should I actually ask them to plan a two-month training session, then?”

“Why are you like this?” Seok Kang-Ho bluntly replied when he received Kang Chan’s meaningful stare.

“That’s not a bad idea. Money and honor aside, this will greatly benefit our country. Please help with everything you’ve got,” Kim Tae-Jin answered Kang Chan.

“I’ve already decided to do it anyway. Let’s take our time discussing the rest after observing how this progresses.”

“Sure.”

Kim Tae-Jin had quite a great sense of duty.

Their conversation continued until lunchtime, and Kim Tae-Jin happily decided to pay for lunch. Kang Chan then told the athletics club members that the employees would temporarily be unable to come to the club starting today.

Everyone was upset. Surprisingly enough, Cho Sae-Ho seemed to be even more so.

“Make sure you don’t neglect your training and always listen to your instructor properly, you punk. I’ll make it so you can study at the University for Athletics. If that’s not possible, then I’ll at least look into how you can join our company. You just need to have the skills for it,” one of the employees told Cho Sae-Ho.

It seemed like the two of them had enough chemistry for the employee that hit Cho Sae-Ho to stroke his head.

After having lunch, Kim Tae-Jin and his employees left the school, and the kids studied in the athletics club room that afternoon.

Before he went to D.I., Kang Chan sat with Seok Kang-Ho in the stands.

“Thank you. My heart is fluttering with excitement. This hasn’t happened in a long time,” Seok Kang-Ho said.

Upon seeing Kang Chan smile, Seok Kang-Ho smiled in return. He looked satisfied.

“Whenever I meet you, my life always overflows with excitement. I thought I’d spend the rest of this life as a school teacher, but then something like this happened. Phuhuhu!” Seok Kang-Ho continued.

Kang Chan just smiled brightly at him.

How upset and empty would Kang Chan have felt if he didn’t have this kind of guy with him?

“I’m going. See you tomorrow,” Kang Chan said.

“Sure. Got any plans this evening?”

“I’m going to spend some time with Mi-Young.”

“Alright. I’m going to have a housewarming party with the school teachers today.”

He decided to meet Seok Kang-Ho tomorrow morning. Kang Chan raised his hand as a form of goodbye, then left the school.

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It was around 1:30 pm when Kang Chan took a taxi to D.I.

Cecile called and told him about her phone call with Kang Dae-Kyung. He had only looked into the current price of the stocks, and they had decided to talk again after a few days.

Kang Dae-Kyung pretended to be calm, but it seemed like his shock was simply far too strong. No matter what Kang Chan said, his high schooler son just gave them six billion won. Wouldn’t it have been a lot weirder if he was just happy about it?

“Tsk.”

Kang Chan felt sorry for Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook, both of whom had to go through so much distress because of this matter. As he was thinking of spending some time with them at dinner, the taxi stopped in front of D.I.

Now that he thought about it, he hadn’t received any calls from Michelle recently. At any other time, he would’ve gotten at least a few.

‘Is the construction not finished?’

If that were the case, then Michelle would’ve called him to tell him not to come by today. Moreover, from a glance, he could tell the second floor had already been completed.

‘What’s going on?’

Kang Chan felt uneasy, but it wasn’t like he was going to go back just because he felt that way. He opened the door of the office.

He found a desk inside the wide lobby. There were three rooms to its right and a conference room to its left.

Kang Chan smirked while looking around the office.

David Choi and Lee Ha-Yeon were sitting arrogantly in the innermost chair with five guys glaring at Kang Chan. They were undoubtedly gangsters.

Michelle, Lim Soo-Sung, Kim Jae-Tae, their accountant, wardrobe employees, and trainees were crowded into a corner. Even Eun So-Yeon and Ji Yeon-Hee were among them.

Kang Chan closed the door and locked it.

“Who’s he?” One of the gangsters asked crudely.

“Hey! He’s the president of this company.” David Choi answered sarcastically while twisting his head to the other side.

“What’s going on?” Kang Chan asked.

“Lee Ha-Yeon here asked me to make it so that D.I. could broadcast a drama for old times’ sake, so I gathered people yesterday. I invited two directors of programming, but I’m facing a big loss in return because Eun So-Yeon and the trainee bailed on me. I’m going to get compensation for that. Now that you’ve come at just the right time, negotiations should be easy. What are you going to do about this?”

Smirking, Kang Chan looked at the gangsters. They were quite huge, and two of them had baseball bats.

“Are those thugs also Alion employees?” He asked.

“What? Ha! I heard that you were selling Oh Gwang-Taek’s name. Have you gone out of your mind now?”

“Hey! Are these Alion employees or not?” Kang Chan gestured at the gangsters with a nod.

Flustered, David looked at the gangsters.

“Hey, fucker.”

Kang Chan looked at the guy that just cursed at him.

“Can’t you guys understand me? Answer me. Are they employees of Alion or not?” Kang Chan prodded on.

The trainees were looking at him with an expression that asked, ‘that kind of person really does exist?’

“They’re not employees! What about it?”

“Then get out.” Kang Chan gestured to the door with his gaze.

“Is this fucker crazy?”

The buffed gangster suddenly walked forward.

“Hey! Do you want to di—!”



*Bam!*

Kang Chan swiftly stabbed the gangster's neck with his middle finger.

“Urgh!”

Most people would lower their heads after being hit with such an attack. The same went for his opponent.

*Thud.*

Kang Chan grasped onto the gangster's hair.

*Bam! Bam! Bam!*

He then hit the gangster's philtrum upward with the ball of his right palm.

“Hey! You fucker!”

Only then did the remaining four gangsters run at Kang Chan, screaming.

Holding onto his current opponent's face, Kang Chan kned him on the chin.

*Thud!*

*Crash.*

The muscular gangster fell backward onto a chair. It broke under his weight, causing him to fall all the way to the floor.

Afterward, Kang Chan swatted the fist of the guy to his left, then hit the pit of his stomach with a half-clenched fist.

“Cough!”

His opponents weren't that good in combat.

Kang Chan violently kicked the groin of the gangster charging at him head-on.

*Thud!*

“Cough!”

Just as his current target fell to his knees, his hands grasping his groin, one of the gangsters swung a baseball bat at Kang Chan's head. Kang Chan dodged and pounced at him the moment the weapon passed by him.

*Bam!*

“Keuk!”

Kang Chan stabbed his enemy's armpit with his hand, causing the latter to tilt to the side.

*Crunch! Crunch! Crack!*

He held onto the gangster with his left arm, then elbowed his face three times.

To Kang Chan's left, the guy that got hit in the pit of his stomach raised his red, flushed face. To his right stood the other gangster holding a baseball bat. He seemed to be hesitating.

*Stupid fuckers.*

Smirking, Kang Chan picked up the bat that was on the floor. Anyone who fought with his life on the line would never let their opponent freely pick up a weapon, but these idiots couldn't pounce at him due to the shock brought by the unexpected gap in their skills.

*Boong. Crack!*

"Gaaahh!"

Kang Chan broke the right collarbone of the gangster he had hit the groin of.

"You're too fucking loud," Kang Chan commented.

*Boong! Crunch!*

He then hit the gangster's left knee.

Now unable to scream, the gangster's eyes and mouth just widened.

"Geesh!"

*Boo-ng.*

At that moment, the thug with a baseball bat swung his weapon at Kang Chan from behind.

*Bang!*

*Why can't they just block with the bat?*

Kang Chan swung at the bat that was coming toward him again.

*Crack!*

"Urgh!"

His attack completely shattered the thug's right collarbone.

Kang Chan then turned around, finding the gangster whose stomach pit he hit. Behind the thug was another gangster looking for an opportunity to attack him.

*Boong!*

Kang Chan first struck the thigh of the guy that stood in the front.

When his target pretended to jump backward, the man tilted to the left with a 'Bam!' sound.

*Bam! Crack! Bam! Crunch!*

Kang Chan shattered his target's shoulder and knee without giving him any time to scream.

The gangster stepped away from Kang Chan only for his back to hit the trainees. Unable to go anywhere else, he closed the distance between him and Kang Chan again. Lim Soo-Sung clasped his hands together and violently struck the gangster's neck from above.

*Baam!*

“Kyaaak!”

The gangster sank to the floor as the trainees screamed.

Kang Chan grabbed the head of the fainted gangster and dragged him to the middle of the office.

*Boo-ong! Crack! Boong! Crack!*

He then broke the gangster’s knee and collarbone.

Kang Chan walked forward.

“Stap!” a guy yelled.

“Fucking bastard, you’re making a mess!” Kang Chan yelled back.

The guy that got hit on the face at the beginning struggled while letting out whiny noises.

Kang Chan was right in front of Lee Ha-Yeon.

*Boong! Crack!*

“Aaaargh!”

*Boo-ong! Crack!*

“Ugh! Uggh! Urggghh!”

When Kang Chan glared at her, Lee Ha-Yeon quickly dropped her head to the floor in fear. She had turned pale.

“I’ll deal with you in a bit,” Kang Chan told Lee Ha-Yeon.

Kang Chan went to the gangster that only had his collarbones broken and completely broke his knee. He then threw the bat onto the floor.

“General Manager Lim, please pile these useless pieces of garbage in a corner,” Kang Chan ordered.

“Understood.”

Lim Soo-Sung, Kim Jae-Tae, and two of the road managers dragged the gangsters on the floor to one side of the entrance.

“Gaaahhh!”

Kang Chan sharply glared at the thug that was screaming.

“Are you not going to be quiet?”

“Ugh. Ugh.”

In response, the son of a bitch closed his mouth and groaned.

Kang Chan slowly walked toward Lee Ha-Yeon.

David flinched, but he quickly dropped his head when Kang Chan’s gaze fell on him.

“Hey,” Kang Chan called Lee Ha-Yeon.

“Why... are you calling me?”

Lee Ha-Yeon stealthily glanced up at Kang Chan, then dropped her gaze.

*Smack!*

*Thud.*

As she did, however, Kang Chan slapped her, causing her to collapse to the floor with a flop.

Kang Chan pulled Lee Ha-Yeon’s hair to lift her.

Lee Ha-Yeon was trembling so much that her body was shaking from side to side.

When Kang Chan smirked, Lee Ha-Yeon trembled even more.

“Lee Ha-Yeon?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yes! Yes!”

*SMACK!*

*Flop.*

Lee Ha-Yeon sprawled out on the floor as if she was dead. She couldn’t even move an inch.