

Blackfield 62.1

Chapter 62.1: Unicorn Project (2)

Kang Chan walked up to David.

“Hey.”

David didn't answer. He still had his head down, seemingly clinging onto his pride. Kang Chan smirked. He had seen enough fuckers like him for Kang Chan to be bored.

David thought he just needed to get out of here. He was one of those guys that thought he'd be able to get revenge and show how scary he could truly be for as long as he managed to survive this moment.

Grab.

Kang Chan grabbed a fistful of David's hair and lifted him upward.

“Agh! Argh-ah!”

“Does it hurt?” Kang Chan asked.

“Agh! argh-ah!”

David straightened up, seemingly about to go up on his toes, as he continued to scream.

Smack!

His screams suddenly stopped.

“Hey!” Kang Chan yelled, then smirked.

Smack!

“Hey!”

“Yes!”

David flinched when Kang Chan smirked.

“Never mess with the last pride of people who are trying to live diligently ever again. That could've been just another night for you, but it could've left a wound on them for the rest of their lives,” Kang Chan continued.

Smack!

The left side of David's face was now red and swollen, and blood was running down from his lips and nose.

“Is it a crime to be a trainee?” asked Kang Chan.

“No, it's not.”

David's body started to tremble a bit.

“Hey, you son of a bitch.”

“Yes!”

Smack!

“Kheuh. Ugh.”

Startled, David couldn't breathe properly.

“Is it a crime for the trainees to want to work hard and compete with their skills, regardless of whether it's in dramas or broadcasts?” Kang Chan asked again.

“No, it's not!”

Smack!

“Kheup. Kek. Kek.”

“Do you all have to do whatever it takes just to crush people that are going through a hard time? What were you guys going to do to those young kids after calling them to a bar, huh?” Kang Chan continued.

“That wasn't our intention...”

Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack.

“Keuk. Kaughh.”

“Why don't you stay quiet?” asked Kang Chan.

David trembled like a leaf rustling in the wind.

What should I do with him?

Kang Chan strangely flew into a rage.

Just because he had a bit more money and was a bit more successful than others, David would force the type of pain that one would have to carry for the rest of their life onto others without even blinking an eye.

Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack. Smack.

David's body drooped when Kang Chan hit him five more times.

Still holding a fistful of David's hair, Kang Chan dragged David to where the gangsters were.

Thud.

Kang Chan's right hand was already covered in dirty blood.

He saw that half of the trainees, Eun So-Yeon, and the accountant were crying.

Kang Chan walked to Lee Ha-Yeon, then smirked. She wasn't moving at all now, even though Kang Chan had seen her wiggling earlier.

“I'm going to break both of your knees if you don't get up right now,” Kang Chan warned.

Upon hearing his words, Lee Ha-Yeon swiftly raised herself up as she trembled.

“Lee Ha-Yeon.”

“Y-yes?”

“I’m warning you. If I ever see you again…”

Lee Ha-Yeon flinched and cowered while looking at Kang Chan’s right hand.

“Go and stay over there,” Kang Chan continued.

Still shaking pitifully, Lee Ha-Yeon moved to the gangster’s side.

She acted tough when she didn’t even have as much guts as Heo Eun-Sil.

“Michelle, do we have wet towels here?” Kang Chan asked.

Unable to answer, Michelle just approached Kang Chan while holding wet wipes.

“Clean this place up a bit,” Kang Chan ordered everyone as he wiped his hand.

Lim Soo-Sung, Kim Jae-Tae, and the road managers swiftly got to work, starting with returning the chairs and table to their proper positions.

After organizing the office a little, Kang Chan heard someone knocking from the outside.

The employees looked at Kang Chan and the gangsters with surprised eyes, but they had no other choice now.

“Tsk! Please open the door,” said Kang Chan.

When Kim Jae-Tae walked to the door and opened it, Moon Bon-Geun came inside. He looked at David, Lee Ha-Yeon, and the gangsters. The scene surprised him so much he couldn’t even breathe properly.

“Director Moon,” Kang Chan called.

“Yes! Yes!”

“Please sit on this side.” Kang Chan pointed to the chair that was on one side of the office on purpose.

Moon Bon-Geun hesitantly did as instructed. Kang Chan took out another wet tissue, wiped his hands with it, and sat beside him.

Moon Bon-Geun was sitting in front of a desk and in a place where Michelle, their trainees, and employees could easily see him.

“I heard you have something to say,” Kang Chan said.

Kang Chan looked sharply at Moon Bon-Geun. This fucker was also a son of a bitch.

This fucker would trample on the weak if he had the opportunity but would immediately back down when faced with overwhelming power.

“Uh, our broadcasting station has agreed to broadcast the drama that D.I. is producing. We don’t mind whether it’s aired on Monday-Tuesday or Wednesday-Thursday, or if it’s a mini-series or whatever. Just let us know about your final decision—”

“Um.” Kang Chan interrupted Moon Bon-Geun just as Eun So-Yeon and the trainees covered their mouths, their faces filled with surprise. “I don’t know much about practical affairs. I think it would be better to discuss this with Director Michelle. Would that be okay?”

“Of course. Let’s do that.”

On the contrary, Moon Bon-Geun looked like Kang Chan was doing him a big favor.

“Michelle, discuss this matter with him in a different room. And tell me if there’s anything about the deal that doesn’t match our conditions,” said Kang Chan.

“Noted, sir.”

Michelle still looked afraid and flustered, but it was nothing compared to the trainees.

Michelle and Moon Bon-Geun went to the conference room.

“There’s a lounge on the floor above us for the trainees, right?” Kang Chan asked.

“Yes.”

They had decided to turn their old office into a lounge earlier.

“Then go up there and get some rest.”

“Okay.”

Like a flock of lambs in the presence of a wolf, the trainees stuck close together as they headed out of the office.

“Eun So-Yeon,” Kang Chan called.

“Yes!”

“You should go up to the lounge as well and stay with the female employees for now.”

“Okay.”

Eun So-Yeon went out of the office with the wardrobe employees and the accountant.

“Can I have a cup of coffee?” asked Kang Chan.

“I’ll make it.”

One road manager quickly walked up to the water purifier.

After a few moments, the road manager handed Kang Chan a cup of coffee. The latter felt a little better upon taking a sip of it.

“Would you like a cigarette as well?” An employee asked.

“Please only give me one if you’re going to smoke with me. Otherwise, I’d rather not smoke right now.”

Lim Soo-Sung seemed quite tenacious and had a strong personality. If he didn’t, he wouldn’t have hit the nape of one of the gangsters, making him faint.

Lim Soo-Sung took out a cigarette from the inside pocket of his suit and handed it to Kang Chan. He then sat in front of him and lit a cigarette.

Kang Chan’s spite dissipated much faster than before.

“Lee Ha-Yeon, wake him up and get out,” Kang Chan said.

Upon hearing Kang Chan’s words, David got up. He looked disheveled.

Stupid fuckers.

Having a broken knee made walking extremely difficult, even with one good foot remaining. After all, they’d need to hop to get around, but doing so required moving their broken bones around.

The gangsters would have to be carried by their shoulders, but even that wouldn’t be easy since Kang Chan had shattered their collarbones.

The gangsters got out of the office while miserably crawling on the floor.

They needed to change their clean carpet now because of those sons of bitches.

When Kang Chan sat for a moment after he finished smoking the cigarette, Michelle and Moon Bon-Geun came out of the conference room.

“I’ll get going now.”

Kang Chan turned his gaze as he stood up. Michelle then nodded, seemingly satisfied.

“Thank you for your hard work,” Kang Chan told Moon Bon-Geun.

“Not at all. We’re happy we get to broadcast such a good drama.”

Moon Bon-Geun got out of the office almost as if he was running away.

“Sit down,” Kang Chan said.

After Kang Chan sat in his seat, Michelle sank down on a chair that was next to him, seemingly collapsing. Her hands were trembling slightly.

“Michelle.”

Michelle looked at him with surprise in her eyes.

“I don’t know the specific details of a business.”

There was something that Kang Chan wanted to firmly tell her on this timely opportunity.

“But at least protect the people that trust and follow you at all costs. And don’t keep anyone by your side if you don’t have the confidence to protect them. If you can’t do that, then stop working in this business. I don’t have plans to make money through dirty means. Even if this fails, just protect my people. Do that, and I’ll never resent you even if I face a loss—no matter how big it is.”

Michelle nodded while looking straight into Kang Chan’s eyes.

“That’s done, then. There’s no problem with broadcasting the drama now, is there?”

“Yes, sir. Can we talk for a moment?” Michelle asked.

“Sure.”

When Kang Chan answered, Michelle stood up.

“There’s something we should talk about in private.”

Since Kang Chan had already said yes, he just followed her into the innermost room, which had a sophisticated desk and a matching sofa.

When Michelle closed the door, she suddenly hugged him around his waist. Kang Chan smiled lightly and stroked her back.

She had endured her fears while pretending to be calm, but now she was trembling like a chihuahua that was covered in ice water.

They stayed like that for about five minutes, her quiver weakening little by little.

“Are you okay now?” Kang Chan asked.

“Thank you. Thank you so much.”

“Let’s take a seat, shall we?”

“Okay.”

Michelle genuinely smiled after she detached herself from him.

The two of them sat on the sofa.

“This is your room. Do you like it?” asked Michelle.

“It’s decorated nicely. Anyway, do you regret not accepting Alion’s deal?”

Michelle’s expression was a lot more natural now.

“This is what I wanted to do. It’s bigger and much more difficult than I anticipated, but it’s like windfall to me. I’ll bear in mind what you said in the office a moment ago, and I’ll make sure nothing else will bother you that’s related to the drama. Thank you, Channy.”

Michelle’s large eyes were filled with sincerity.

“Go upstairs. The kids had to have been really surprised, so you should comfort them.”

“Sure, Channy.”

Michelle went out of the room, and Kang Chan stayed on the sofa.

Kang Chan felt really down, perhaps because he had just fought people with horrible combat skills. He was in perfect condition, too. Hence, he couldn't help but feel like a villain when he brawled against such pathetic gangsters.