

Blackfield 67.2

Chapter 67.2: Don't Go Overboard (1)

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—.

Just as he took out his workout clothes, Kang Chan got a call from Lanok.

“Mr. Ambassador.”

- Mr. Kang Chan.

Lanok didn't hide that he was glad to talk with him.

“Could you give me about a day of your time? You just need to tell me when you're free about two days in advance.”

- Is this for a personal matter?

“That's right. I'm going to reserve a golf club.”

- Hahaha!

This was Kang Chan's first time hearing Lanok laugh like that.

- Please wait for a moment.

While still on the phone, Lanok had a conversation with someone else about whether he could adjust his schedule.

- “Mr. Kang Chan, how does next Monday sound?”

“That works. What about the time?”

- I think having the tee up^[1] early in the morning would be good. It's pretty hot outside.

“I'll call you after I check. I was told that the golf club is called the 'Kyung-Seoul.'”

“Mr. Kang Chan.”

Kang Chan listened because Lanok sounded so serious all of a sudden.

- Thank you. Can I take someone with me that day?

“Of course, Mr. Ambassador. But you should probably think that you're golfing alone. My golfing skills are a disaster.”

- Hahaha! Just golfing in and of itself is already pleasant when done with a friend. This weekend was boring, but I'm finally going to get some excitement thanks to you. I'll be looking forward to it.”

After Kang Chan hung up the phone, he contacted Kim Hyung-Jung. He then told Kim Tae-Jin about the schedule.

“You should also empty your schedule for that day,” said Kang Chan.

“Alright,” Seok Kang-Ho answered with a smile, then drank the rest of his coffee.

After doing a strength workout, the two briefly practiced hand-to-hand combat. Seok Kang-Ho's skills weren't bad.

"I'm a bit relieved now," Kang Chan commented.

"I feel that way as well—I finally feel like I can move as I used to in my previous life."

They ordered and ate lunch after they showered.

The atmosphere was cold, but it couldn't be helped. After all, Kang Chan had told even Oh Gwang-Taek to donate everything he had to the less fortunate in exchange for his help finding a company worth recommending.

Kang Chan left the school early, since he couldn't stand the sight of the bullies. His phone rang as he did. The call was from an unknown number.

"Hello?"

- It's Eun So-Yeon, Mr. President.

Her voice slightly trembled, which made her seem like she was nervous.

"What's going on?"

- I just saw the news articles and was wondering if you're okay.

Eun So-Yeon shouldn't be this free, should she?

"I'm okay. Don't you still have work to do?"

- I do, Mr. President. We had just gone into reading right now.

"Reading?"

- Practicing the script.

"Work hard."

- I will. Is it alright if you visit us while we're reading, Mr. President?

"Why?"

- Just because. I think we will all feel encouraged and cheer up if you come by. I also feel a bit shy. The casting has just ended, and many famous people will gather for this.

Why is she acting cute?

"Alright. I'll talk with Michelle later."

- Please keep it a secret that I called you.

"Okay."

"Please get home safely, Mr. President."

Why does Eun So-Yeon care about me going home?

Kang Chan put his phone in his pocket and went out to the main road. He headed home.

He was worried since Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook hadn't contacted him yet. However, he decided to go home and wait for him instead of calling. He had no information about the situation, after all.

Kang Chan immediately went to his house after he arrived at the apartment building.

Upon opening the door and heading inside, he found Kang Dae-Kyung and Yoo Hye-Sook in the living room.

"Huh? You two were already home?" Kang Chan asked.

Yoo Hye-Sook had a complex expression on her face.

"What's wrong?" Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

"Your mom is very surprised," Kang Dae-Kyung answered. "Have a seat for now."

Kang Chan entered the living room and sat with them on the sofa.

"We met the prime minister in person. He said he'll create the foundation for us by next week, and that you took care of a very major concern for the country. He's also asking you to continue cooperating actively since they'll need a lot more of your help in the future," Kang Dae-Kyung explained.

That old man exaggerated things again.

"Channy! Did you perhaps hear about your special admission to a university in Seoul?" Yoo Hye-Sook finally spoke.

"He told you about that as well?"

"Oh my goodness!" Yoo Hye-Sook looked like she had just won the lottery.

"Oh my! Oh my!" She exclaimed again.

"Your mom asked me if she heard it correctly about a hundred times."

"I would've told the two of you about it earlier if I knew it would make you this happy."

Kang Chan had forgotten about the special admission to University. He didn't really care about it, considering that he didn't even want to go there.

"Let's eat now. I have to go to Kang Yoo Motors," said Kang Dae-Kyung.

"Ah! You haven't eaten anything yet, right?" asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

"You haven't either."

“I think I’ll still be full even if I don’t eat for a few days.”

“Oh dear,” Kang Dae-Kyung smiled and went to the kitchen.

“It’s okay. I’ll do it,” Yoo Hye-Sook told Kang Dae-Kyung.

Yoo Hye-Sook prepared a late lunch in a somewhat disordered manner.

“Your mom would’ve likely worried so much she’d fall ill if it wasn’t for you going to University. So I’d like you to pay more attention to her for the time being,” Kang Dae-Kyung told Kang Chan.

“I’ll do that.”

“However, even if that is the case, don’t neglect your duty to our country.”

“Alright.”

“Honey, let’s eat,” Yoo Hye-Sook called.

Kang Chan replied that he had already eaten, then went into his room.

He didn’t expect she’d be that happy about him going to University, considering she had been so full of worries since he gave them six billion won.

Buzz—.

Kang Chan picked up his phone when he got a text. It was Kim Mi-Young.

[I’m done with hagwon.]

She seemed upset.

Kang Chan pressed the call button.

- Hello?

“Should I go out? I’m at home.”

- Really? Can you come out?

“Yeah. I’ll go to the bus stop. Let’s have bingsu.”

- Okay. I’d like that.

Kang Chan changed and went out to the living room.

“I’m just going to meet with Mi-Young for a bit. I’ll go home after,” Kang Chan told his parents.

“Is that so? Do you have pocket money?” asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

Even though Kang Chan said “I do”, Yoo Hye-Sook still took out five 10,000 won bills from her wallet.

“Thank you.”

“Have fun.”

When Yoo Hye-Sook wrapped her arms around Kang Chan’s neck, Kang Dae-Kyung winked from behind her.

Not long after Kang Chan had arrived at the bus stop, Kim Mi-Young ran over to him.

“Huhuhu.”

While Michelle would’ve already run into his arms in this situation, Kim Mi-Young only smiled brightly.

“Was hagwonhard?” asked Kang Chan.

“The studying is okay, but it was hard to endure wanting to see you.”

Kang Chan smiled at her, took her bag, and placed it over his shoulder.

“Do you have time to eat bingsu?” asked Kang Chan.

“Yeah! I have about an hour to do that.”

They went into a specialty store that was a bit far away from their apartments and ordered bingsu.

“I have a question,” said Kim Mi-Young.

“What is it?”

Kim Mi-Young took out a French language book. She then asked about pronunciation and similar expressions between Korean and French.

“You already learned this much?” asked Kang Chan.

Kim Mi-Young was certainly a smart child with great linguistic skills. And she learned surprisingly fast. Her pronunciation was still poor, but the very reason she had asked for help was that she knew she was lacking in that part.

Kang Chan read out loud the part that Kim Mi-Young inquired about, then they took turns talking to each other in French.

“Can I record this so that I can listen to it on repeat later?” asked Kim Mi-Young.

“Sure.”

Kim Mi-Young pressed the ‘record’ button on her phone, then read after Kang Chan.

Together, they read all the parts she pointed to.

“Thanks. I’m having fun studying French,” Kim Mi-Young said.

As time went on, the possibility of only Kim Mi-Young going to France increased.

Kang Chan felt like he was being purified whenever he was with her.

Kang Chan had even been thinking lately that it would be good if he could comfortably hug her whenever they met and parted ways.

If only she weren't a high schooler...Wait, what am I thinking?'

Kang Chan licked his lips after eating the patbingsu.