

## **Blackfield 68.1**

Chapter 68.1: Don't go Overboard (2)

Kang Chan spent the Saturday with Yoo Hye-Sook, which he hadn't done for a while.

They had an omelet for breakfast, and for lunch, they went out with Kang Dae-Kyung and had naengmyeon.

Before lunch, Kang Chan got contacted and was told that their tee time<sup>[1]</sup> was set for 7 am. Apart from that, the only other thing he did was tell Lanok's secretary about the reservation.

"Aren't you busy today, Channy?" Yoo Hye-Sook asked while they were walking along the trail of their apartment.

"I'm not. I was feeling bad for not being able to spend time with you lately."

"I feel that way as well."

Kang Dae-Kyung smiled with an expression that said, 'Oh? Look at this sweet-talker?'

Walking for a long time was hard since it was hot outside, and it was also burdensome to go out and eat bingsu for Yoo Hye-Sook since she wasn't the type of person that ate a lot.

It was somewhat upsetting, but it wasn't like today was the only day they could spend time with each other.

The three of them went home and rested for a moment.

All they could do now was order chicken for dinner and watch a movie while wholesomely drinking cola. Kang Chan found it quite fun when he tried it, though.

"Come have some fruits!" Yoo Hye-Sook called Kang Chan, who was in his room, with a nasal twang in her voice.

"The watermelon's ripeness is just right." Kang Dae-Kyung gestured at the fruit with his hand when Kang Chan went out to the living room.

Kang Chan found Kang Dae-Kyung's claim to be true when he ate it. As he savored its taste, Yoo Hye-Sook's phone rang.

"Hello? Hi, Sun-Ok. I'm at home. Yeah. Our Channy? He's with us. Why do you ask?"

Yoo Hye-Sook glanced at Kang Chan, then made an awkward expression a moment later.

"Yeah. I'll let him know. Of course! But I was told there's another person that's in charge of that role. It's the French lady that you guys saw last time in the hotel. That's right! I was told that the lady will take care of everything. Yeah! Sure. I'll be sure to talk to him, but don't get your hopes up. Okay, I understand."

The watermelon now tasted awful to her because of the phone call.

"Why did that phone call make you seem so uncomfortable? Who was that?" Kang Dae-Kyung asked.

"That was Sun-Ok, that friend of mine that asked us to give her daughter a chance to audition. Don't you remember?"

"Ah! The skinny one with dark skin."

"She doesn't have dark skin."

They seemed to have very different viewpoints.

"She's acting that way because she's asking me to do whatever it takes to include her daughter in the drama that's being filmed right now in Channy's company. I was told students would get additional points when they apply for the Theatre and Film department if they've appeared in three or more episodes of a series. She wants me to make sure I tell Channy that she'll even pay for the expenses if needed."

"That's not right," Kang Dae-Kyung commented.

"Which parent that wants to send their child to university wouldn't do that? I even received a call yesterday asking what I think about being the secretary for next year, honey."

Kang Dae-Kyung laughed.

“At this rate, I’m going to have to hide somewhere if our Channy gets admitted to the Seoul National University.”

“Why?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook.

“The rumors about you getting a scholarship to a national university in France caused a lot of jealousy, Channy! There was even a rumor that your dad paid for all of those to happen.”

Lanok could transfer ten billion won to others with just a few words. How much would I have to pay him to make him send me to university? Twenty billion won? I’d much rather build a university or buy one.

“You’re probably in an awkward position. What are you going to do?” Kang Chan asked Yoo Hye-Sook again.

“It’s fine. If I do this favor for her, then someone else will ask me for another favor. This will eventually lead to people saying I only accept from certain people. Pretending not to notice these types of things is better.”

Kang Chan was strangely relieved when he saw her act with tenacity.

“Please have some watermelon,” Kang Chan told Yoo Hye-Sook.

“Okay.” Just as she picked up a watermelon slice, her phone rang again.

“Hello? Hi, Jin-Sook! Sure. Yeah. I heard that. Yeah. It seems it would be difficult for Channy to exert his influence and make that work. Yeah, sweetie. Sure. I’ll talk to him again.”

Kang Dae-Kyung smiled. He looked as if he found this funny.

“I was told that Sun-Ok asked Jin-Sook to put in a good word for her since we’re close,” Yoo Hye-Sook commented after hanging up the phone.

“Approximately how many calls do you get per day lately, honey?”

“Um... About ten calls?”

“At this rate, you’re going to be the busiest among us three once we’ve established a foundation that’s worth six billion won,” Kang Dae-Kyung said.

“Jeez!” Worries quickly emerged on Yoo Hye-Sook’s bothered face.

“Worry about that later. Let’s just eat for now,” said Kang Dae-Kyung.

“You’re going to help me, right?”

“Please stop worrying and eat, Mrs. Chief Director of the Foundation,” Kang Dae-Kyung skillfully reassured Yoo Hye-Sook.

This was the life Kang Chan wanted.

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They decided to schedule the athletics club’s retreat after the event with Lanok ended. When they started filming the drama, the retreat of D.I. also naturally got cancelled.

He rested on Sunday.

Kang Chan languidly woke up and ate breakfast. However, he wasn’t in a good mood.

‘What’s this? Why am I feeling this way?’

He felt like something was missing. This somewhat lax feeling continued to stimulate Kang Chan.

Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—. Buzz— Buzz—Buzz—

His phone rang just as his frustration made him think of going out for a walk. It was Seok Kang-Ho.

- What are you doing?

“Just lazing around.”

- Let’s have a cup of tea.

“Yeah?”

What reason did he have to refuse? He was already feeling uncomfortable anyway.

Kang Chan gave an appropriate excuse to his parents and left the apartment.

It was really nice to live close to Seok Kang-Ho.

It didn’t take that long for them to arrive at the coffee shop in Misari. They sat at their usual spot and ordered iced coffees.

“Here, take this.” Seok Kang-Ho handed him a square card.

“As long as you have this with you, you can unlock your car by pressing the button on the door handle and start the engine... You can basically do everything with it. I’m going to park the car on the first floor of my apartment’s basement parking lot so you can use it whenever you have urgent matters to attend to.”

“Ah! That’s a good idea,” said Kang Chan.

“I got close to ten million won as my salary for being an agent in the National Intelligence Service.”

As Kang Chan put the card in his wallet, Seok Kang-Ho abruptly brought another topic up.

“The basic salary is similar to that of a teacher's due to the activity cost and hazard pay, but the total amount is enormously different.”

“It would be best to just accept it.”

“It really doesn’t feel right, though. I feel like you should be the one getting this instead,” Seok Kang-Ho replied.

“What made you think like that?” Kang Chan took out a cigarette and bit on it. “I thought our way of life was great, but when you got captured last time, it made me wonder what the family members we'd be leaving behind do without us. If they give you a lot of money, doesn't that just mean there's an equal amount of danger involved?”

“But I’m not doing anything, am I?”

“You’re going to guard tomorrow.”

“Aren’t we just going there to have fun?”

Kang Chan shook his head.

“Don’t look down on this. If we encounter five agents similar to the ones I ran into a few days ago in the hotel, then one of us is bound to lose. Two of them got into South Korea through illegal smuggling, so what’s stopping them from sending five more?”

“That’s true.”

Seok Kang-Ho took a sip of his coffee and chewed on the ice.

“You should pay more attention. Even if they say they’re security guards or whatever, those that haven’t experienced being in an actual battle are just going to lose. To put it bluntly, think about the two of us pouncing on Lanok when Yoo Bi-Corp is protecting him,” said Kang Chan.

“Hmph! Lanok will surely die,” Seok Kang-Ho answered. Right after, his expression seemingly said, Oh shoot!

“See? One of the agents I fought even bit on poison. If five agents with a similar level of determination pounced on them, then Yoo Bi-Corp’s employees won’t be able to handle them.”

“Didn’t you say they also had guns?”

“They could fire Glock 19s with one hand.”

“Phew,” Seok Kang-Ho said as he put ice in his mouth and chewed on it. Using Glock 19 with one hand was possible with a little bit of training, but most people used it with two hands due to its strong recoil.

“If they can just overcome the recoil, then Glock 19s are the best when we consider fire power. Then that means...” said Kang Chan.

“That serves as proof that they’re professionals.”

Kang Chan nodded while looking at Seok Kang-Ho.

The way Seok Kang-Ho was eating ice looked delicious, so Kang Chan also put an ice cube in his mouth while drinking coffee.

Crunch. Crunch.

“Hey! This is good,” said Kang Chan.

“Phuhu, it’s different from Africa.”

Ice was hard to come by in Africa, and he didn’t even think about chewing on ice cubes in France.

“Daye.”

“Yes,” Seok Kang-Ho answered with a serious tone when Kang Chan called him by his name.

“If you notice anyone acting even remotely strange tomorrow, then make sure you kill them no matter what.”

“No matter what?”

“Yeah. No matter what.”

Seok Kang-Ho twisted his head as his eyes shone.

“Are your guts telling you something?” Seok Kang-Ho asked again.

“This just doesn’t feel right. I didn’t think anything of it yesterday, but I started feeling way off the moment I woke up today! If this operation was being done in Africa, I would’ve made all the rookies stay behind.”

“Why don’t we just cancel tomorrow’s appointment, then?”

Kang Chan shook his head with a frown.

“We don’t have any valid reason to do that. And we’ve already made a big deal out of this, so it’s hard for us to reschedule just because we don’t feel good about it.”

“That’s true. Even that fucker Sharlan always said you’re spouting bullshit whenever you talked about your gut feeling.”

“Tomorrow’s your first day, so do your best and don’t embarrass yourself.”

“As I said before, I’ve regained my previous life’s physical condition.”

When Kang Chan smirked, Seok Kang-Ho also smiled at him.

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Kang Chan returned home after having lunch with Seok Kang-Ho in a nearby Baekban restaurant. He did feel a bit better now, but the displeasure he had been feeling since this morning still hadn’t disappeared.

He called Kim Tae-Jin to check how the preparation for the security detail was coming along and to discuss tomorrow’s plans.

- Hello? How can I help you?

“Mr. President, how many people are being sent to guard Lanok tomorrow?”

- Honestly, I'm all over the place because of that. We've got the entire golf club under control, but there's no way to stop people from going up the mountain from the opposite side and coming over because it's open in all directions. Even if we throw in our company's entire manpower, it will still have a lot of openings we won't be able to cover. My head feels like it's going to burst since the National Intelligence Agency could only send in three employees to support us.

Am I feeling this way because there are too many places that can't be guarded?

- Is something wrong?

“I'm just a bit worried.”

No matter how much Kim Tae-Jin trusted Kang Chan, it was still difficult for Kang Chan to say he was worried simply because he had a bad feeling about this.

- If you've got any other commands, then feel free to tell us as many of them as you like. Private security companies are supposed to follow their client's wishes, no matter what.

Was that the meaning of a client?

- You didn't know?

“Yes. I thought that's just what we call the person that introduced people to the security company.”

- The client essentially decides every issue when it comes to security. Simply put, we're trusting you with our lives. Anyway, I'll call you immediately if we run into any problems.

“Sure.”

Upon hearing what being a client meant, Kang Chan felt the pressure on his shoulders increase.

“Tsk.”

Regardless of what others said, tomorrow's appointment was already fixed.

Kang Chan told his parents that he was going out early tomorrow to work out and attend a gathering. After that, he went to bed.



It was just 9:30 pm, but he fell asleep right away.