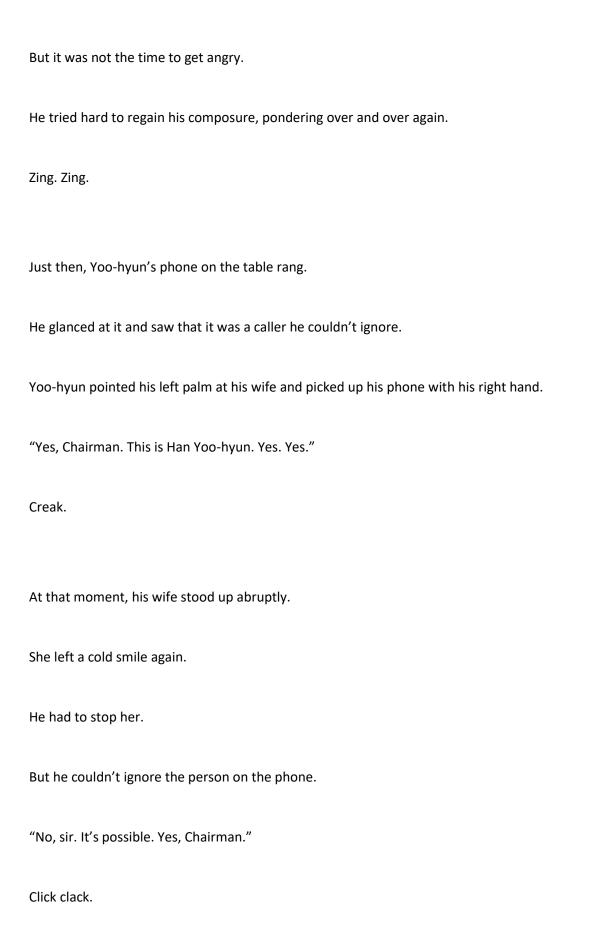
## Real Man 1 Chapter 1 A middle-aged man and woman sat across from each other at a luxurious table, without saying a word. It was obvious that the atmosphere was very serious. On the table, there were steak and empty glasses, as if reflecting their hollow gestures. Glug, glug, glug. As the wine was poured halfway, the woman's brow furrowed. It meant to stop pouring. The man stopped his hand, and the woman's gaze quickly moved down. Tap. Tap tap. She was making a repetitive rhythm with her index and middle fingers. It was her habit before saying something important.

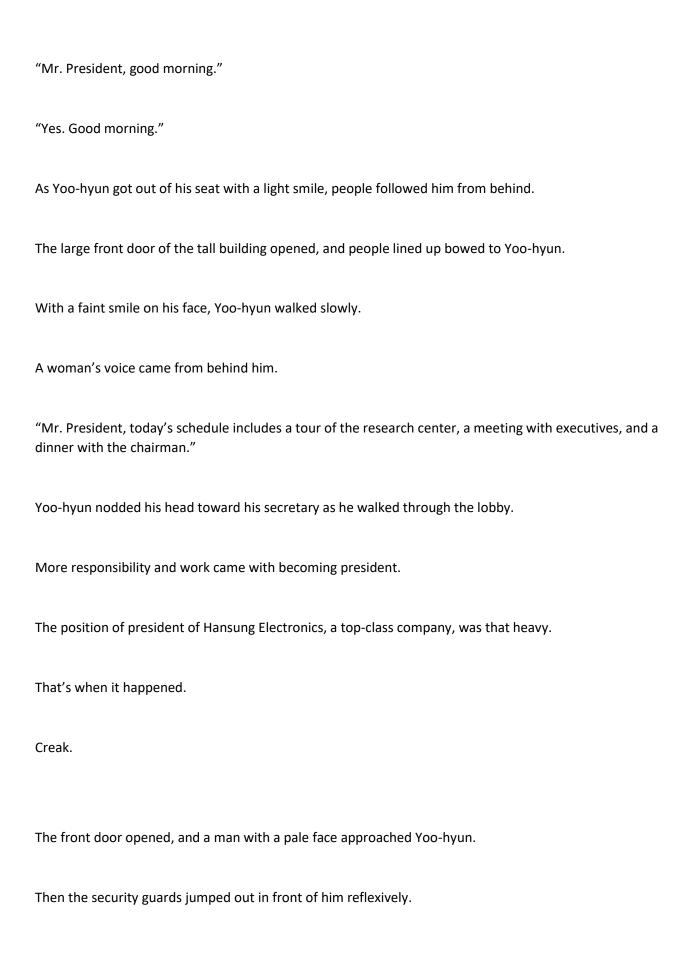
His honest feeling?

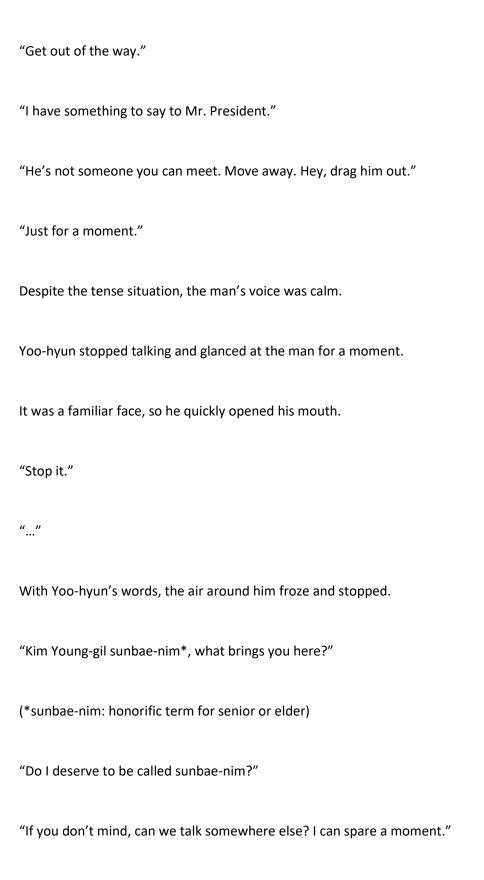
He wanted to avoid any topic at this moment.



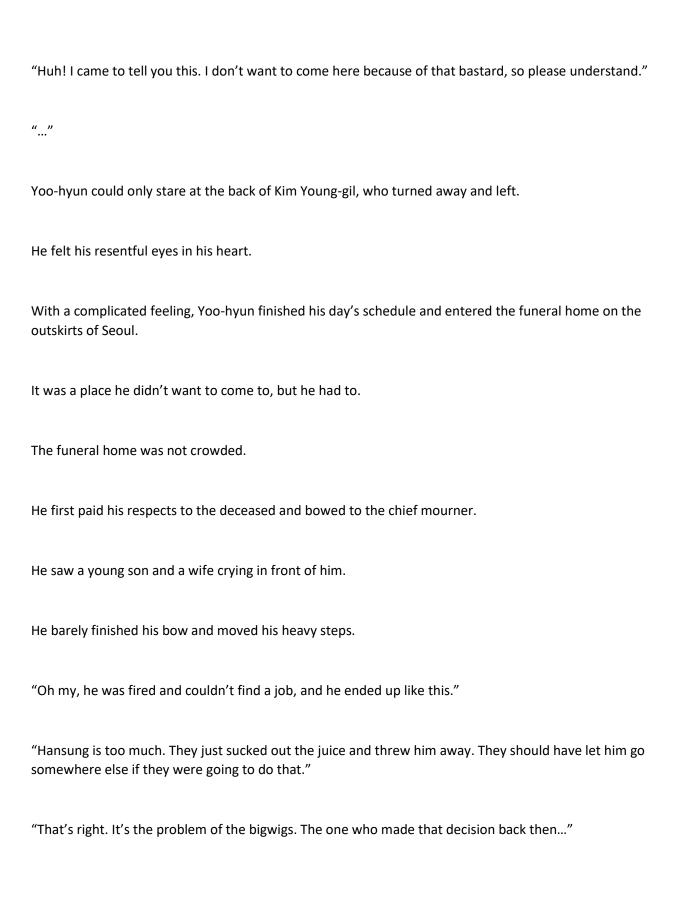


His wife walked away without looking back.
When he hung up the phone and got up, his wife was already gone.
"Damn it."
The wine he drank alone tasted bitter at the end.
<b></b>
The next day.
Yoo-hyun closed his eyes and leaned back on the soft seat.
The sound of classical music playing softly calmed his mind.
The ride was so comfortable that he couldn't hear the sound of the wheels rolling.
Thanks to that, he could quietly picture his day in his head.
Squeak.
Before he knew it, his car arrived in front of Hansung Tower.
The security guard who had been waiting ran up nervously and carefully opened the door.

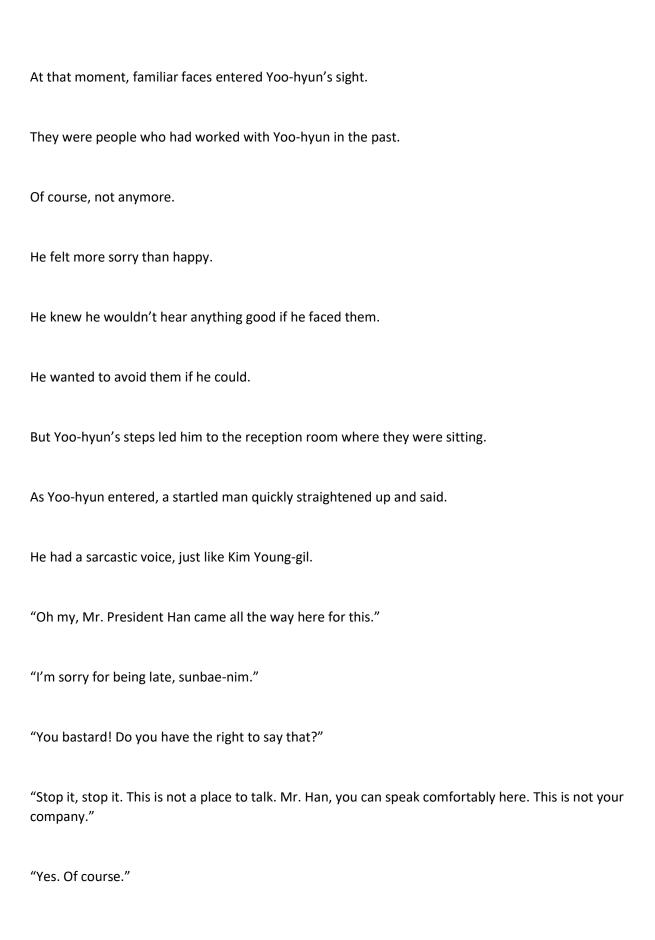




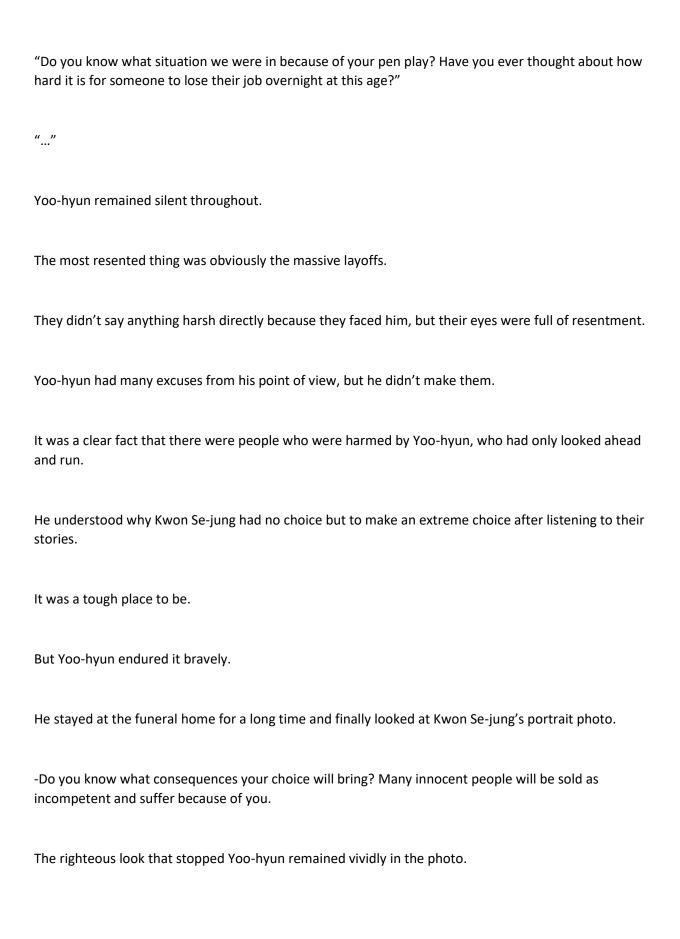
He heard a sarcastic remark, but Yoo-hyun didn't care and pointed to the inside of the company with one hand.
But Kim Young-gil shook his head.
"No. I can say it here. Do you remember the name Kwon Se-jung?"
"Se-jung? Why are you suddenly talking about him?"
Kwon Se-jung was Yoo-hyun's colleague when he joined the company, and he worked under Kim Younggil when he was a section chief.
He couldn't forget him.
Then Kim Young-gil's voice thundered.
"Kwon Se-jung is dead."
"What?"
Yoo-hyun was shocked, but Kim Young-gil calmly continued.
"He's gone to the other world. You probably don't care, but I think it's proper for you to stop by."
"Sunbae-nim, what are you talking about?"
Yoo-hyun asked anxiously as he approached him.
But Kim Young-gil, who had grabbed his forehead with his thumb and index finger, lifted his head and sighed.



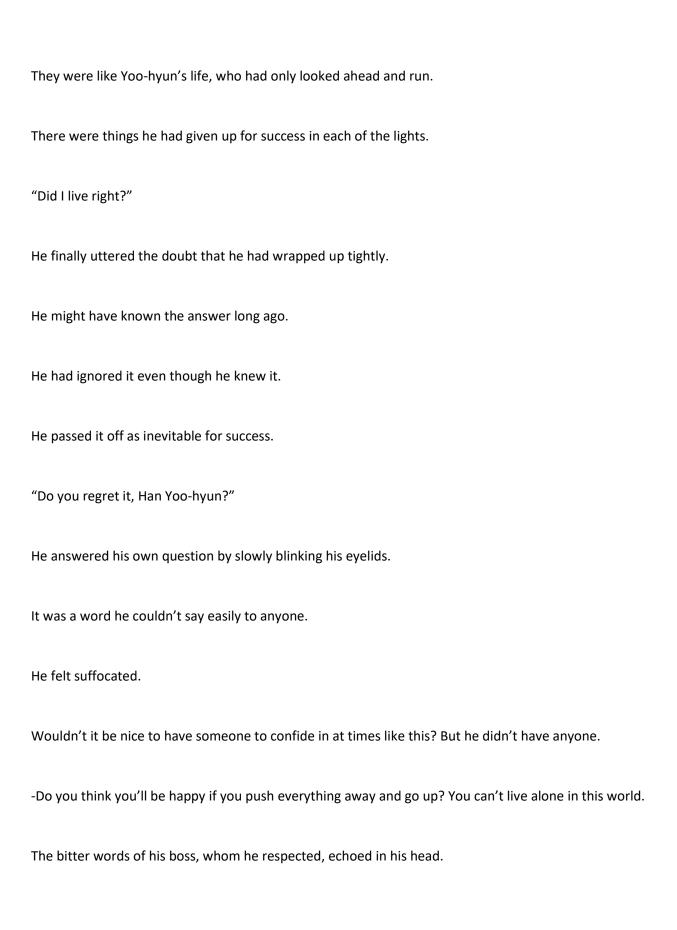
Yoo-hyun walked past them, hearing their voices.
The murmurs of people in the hallway died down as soon as Yoo-hyun appeared.
Yoo-hyun paused for a moment and started walking, leaving behind the whispering people.
He knew what was going on without looking.
People thought that there was a direct connection between Kwon Se-jung's suicide and Hansung Group's massive staff reduction.
Yoo-hyun, who was quick-witted, couldn't not know that.
'And I was the one who made that choice.'
He had to turn the company into a profit.
If he left it as it was, it would cause damage to the whole group due to the lack of funds.
Someone had to take the lead, and Yoo-hyun, who was the head of the group's strategy department at the time, raised the issue.
He believed at that time that it was an inevitable choice for the survival of the company.
"Anyone would have done the same."
Yoo-hyun tried to convince himself.
He finished paying his respects and moved his seat slowly.



Yoo-hyun nodded his head.
They were members who had worked with him before, and they were all seniors as Hansung alumni.
Now Yoo-hyun's rank was higher than anyone else, but only in his company.
They were no longer related to Hansung, so he didn't need to be polite.
A senior picked up a bottle of alcohol.
"Come here. Have a drink."
"I'll just touch my lips."
"This kid, he's still so inhuman."
The drunk people started to spill their complaints in front of Yoo-hyun.
"Hey, be honest. You ran away because you thought you were better than us. We could have done well together."
They resented Yoo-hyun for leaving their sinking team and moving to another team,
"Yoo-hyun, you were wrong then. You should have gone somewhere else and lived well by yourself. Why did you stab us in the back?"
They recalled the situation where they were in trouble because of the project that Yoo-hyun had carried out in another team and blamed him.







He pushed him away and refused him with a childish mind, but now he seemed to understand the meaning of his words.
The scenery he saw at the top was not a magnificent sight.
There was no bright sunlight, sparkling sea, or swaying clouds.
Rather, it felt like the small light he had been chasing had disappeared.
It was dark.
It was hopeless.
It was empty.
Was it because of his bitter feelings?
Yoo-hyun, who hadn't touched alcohol for a long time, craved alcohol desperately at this moment.