

Real Man 101

Chapter 101

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager, exchanged a few words with Choi Min-hee, the Manager, and came to a conclusion.

“Anyway, this is all thanks to Manager Choi who moved the NaviTime, right?”

“No. Yoo-hyun worked hard.”

Hearing that, Yoo-hyun quickly intervened.

“Manager Choi did it. I just followed along.”

“No way. It wouldn’t have worked without Yoo-hyun.”

Manager Choi Min-hee did not back down.

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager who was listening quietly, stepped in to clear the traffic.

“Okay, okay, enough. Well, since you both did well, let’s go out for a part dinner sometime.”

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager who couldn’t stand it anymore, tried to wrap it up when Park Seung-woo, the deputy head, joined in.

“Assistant Manager Kim, you have to sort that out.”

“What?”

He opened his mouth very carefully.

“I... How about joining the contest after Manager Choi finishes her work...”

“You funny guy. Speak clearly. Are you not afraid of me and scared of Manager Choi?”

“No. Just...”

Manager Choi Min-hee looked at Yoo-hyun for a moment.

-I wish we could do the contest together. I think we can really win an award if you help me.

It was what his junior had said when he said he wanted to repay him a while ago.

He also added that he wanted to gather everyone’s strength.

It was a hopeless task.

Nevertheless, Manager Choi Min-hee could not refuse easily.

She owed him too much.

‘Let’s do it together.’

‘Okay. Let’s do it.’

Yoo-hyun smiled and she nodded her head as if she had no choice.

She had a personality that couldn’t live without paying off her debts.

“I’ll help you after I finish this. But I won’t do it unless I do it properly.”

“Of course! Of course!”

Park Seung-woo, the deputy head, suddenly jumped up and cheered.

He looked like he would have hugged her if he had been next to her.

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager who saw that, shook his head.

“Hey, hey, are we really going to make a fuss about doing the contest? The person in charge will kill us if he finds out.”

“Are you scared of the person in charge?”

Park Seung-woo, the deputy head who gained confidence, looked down at him with his arms crossed and asked.

“Of course not. It’s just a saying.”

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager, snapped back at him.

They were two people who got along well.

Park Seung-woo, the deputy head who felt encouraged, went further.

“Then please join Kim Deputy Head too.”

“Leave him alone. He’s been busy lately.”

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager shook his head vigorously at Park Seung-woo’s confident request.

At the same time, people’s eyes turned to an empty seat.

It was where Kim Young-gil, the deputy head should have been.

“Yoo-hyun.”

Manager Choi Min-hee who came out of the conference room called Yoo-hyun and stopped him.

“Did you hear about Assistant Manager Song Ho-chan?”

“What about him?”

“He’s being investigated by the Ethics Committee. I guess there’s been some talk about the Hyunil Automobile case.”

“Really?”

Did he bite the bait?

“He also asked about the development team. It seems like Assistant Manager Song Ho-chan did something...”

Yoo-hyun stood still with a calm expression and hid his smile.

Manager Choi Min-hee said with a worried expression.

“So what I’m saying is, they might contact you too.”

“Yes. But do they also interview me?”

“I have to do it.”

Is that so?

He wondered how to end it nicely, but it seemed like he could draw a pretty nice picture if he did well.

“Manager Choi, can I know when you’re meeting them?”

“Why?”

“Just curious.”

Yoo-hyun smiled slightly.

It was time to pay off his debt.

A few days later, two men were sitting in conference room B on the 14th floor.

They looked grim as they looked over the documents on each table.

“Did you secure the testimony of IC company employee?”

“Yes. And I confirmed that he pressured the development team.”

“But there’s no definitive evidence. We can’t just poke him if he says no.”

“Why don’t we just send him to the disciplinary committee?”

“No way.”

Yoon Min-seok, the assistant manager of the Ethics Committee shook his head at Deputy Head Pi Seong-hoon’s words.

If you classify him, Assistant Manager Song Ho-chan was close to the company.

He was a promising candidate for the next team leader position.

He had good personnel evaluations and excellent leadership ratings.

It was impossible to send such a talent to the disciplinary committee without clear evidence.

If it turned out to be false, he wouldn't be able to handle the aftermath.

Then why did he care about this issue and investigate it?

It was because of the connection with Ilseong Electronics.

Several of his misdeeds were posted on an anonymous bulletin board, but they were all dismissed without clear evidence.

But only one post was different.

It implied the future, not the past.

He checked it out just in case, and it turned out that everything in the post was correct.

It was worth investigating deeply.

Assistant Manager Yoon Min-seok asked.

“When are the related people coming?”

“They should be here by now.”

It was when Deputy Head Pi Seong-hoon checked the time and answered.

Click.

The conference room door opened and Manager Choi Min-hee came in.

“Welcome.”

The Ethics Committee staff stood up and greeted Manager Choi Min-hee politely.

It was to ease the atmosphere.

“Hello. Nice to meet you.”

Manager Choi Min-hee sat down.

It was not as pleasant as the faces of the smiling people.

The Ethics Committee was Hanseong Electronics' supervisory body and a secret agent organization.

There is a rumor that there are countless executives who have been cut off under them.

That's how much weight the name of the Ethics Committee had.

'Whew.'

Even Manager Choi Min-hee, who usually didn't get nervous, had sweaty hands.

"Just relax and tell us what you know."

The man with a gentle impression started with a few questions.

"This incident..."

"That's..."

It was about the development of LCD panels for Hyunil Automobile navigation systems.

Manager Choi Min-hee told them everything without embellishment.

The Ethics Committee staff just listened calmly and confirmed the details about Assistant Manager Song Ho-chan.

And they came to one conclusion.

'It seems like a bust...'

It was true that Assistant Manager Song Ho-chan had intervened to some extent, but it was within a reasonable range.

He was the person in charge of the sales team at the time.

They couldn't possibly question his actions with this much.

The eyes of Assistant Manager Yoon Min-seok and Deputy Head Pi Seong-hoon crossed in the air.

Then they nodded their heads as if they had agreed.

It seemed impossible to proceed any further with this.

That's when it happened.

The TV that was supposed to be off turned on.

Tick.

The faces of two men sitting face to face in the conference room were shown on the screen.

“Huh? Assistant Manager!”

“Watch.”

One of them was the person who met Assistant Manager Yoon Min-seok and Deputy Head Pi Seong-hoon a while ago.

15 minutes earlier.

Yoo-hyun was sitting in conference room A on the 13th floor, and Song Ho-chan, the assistant manager, was facing him.

‘He’s being chased.’

Yoo-hyun was sure when he saw Song Ho-chan’s expression.

It was clear that meeting with the Ethics Committee staff had a big impact on him.

Thanks to that, he was able to call him out easily.

Song Ho-chan growled at him out of nowhere.

“Did you do it?”

“What do you think?”

Yoo-hyun shrugged his shoulders and smiled slightly.

“...”

Maybe it was because of his unexpected reaction?

Song Ho-chan suppressed his anger and looked around.

It was a narrow conference room with walls on all sides.

The door was closed, and the window was translucent so that the inside was not visible from outside.

There was nothing but a TV with video conferencing equipment and a table that could seat eight people.

It was a good place to have a secret conversation.

Why did that kid suddenly call him here?

Grunt.

Song Ho-chan, who lifted his lips, got up from his seat.

Then he walked towards Yoo-hyun, who was sitting across from him.

He could see the fear in his eyes.

‘Of course.’

Song Ho-chan reached out his big hand and grabbed Yoo-hyun’s jacket without saying a word.

“Take it off.”

“Okay. I understand.”

It was one word that he spat out after keeping his mouth shut.

If he resisted, he would have forced him to take it off anyway.

Yoo-hyun reluctantly took off his jacket.

“Some useless guys use cheap tricks like this.”

“That’s...”

He took Yoo-hyun’s phone out of his jacket pocket.

The phone screen showed a message that it was recording.

Yoo-hyun’s eyes wavered and he laughed arrogantly.

“Haha, these new recruits are really funny.”

“...”

“Why, don’t you have anything to say? Didn’t you call me because you had a lot to say?”

He turned off the recording function on Yoo-hyun’s phone and threw it to the corner.

Thud.

Then he sat down and rested his chin on his hands with his fingers crossed.

His thick eyebrows, deep forehead wrinkles, and bulky body for an office worker were quite intimidating.

His eyes were extremely fierce.

He looked like a hyena who had his prey right in front of him and drooled over it.

“Well, well...”

Yoo-hyun bit his lower lip instead of answering.

His eyes were full of resentment as a bonus.

Song Ho-chan’s lips curled up even more.

He thought he had complete control over him.

Yeah. Keep deluding yourself like that.

Yoo-hyun asked sharply.

“I just want to hear this. Why did you try to block Hyunil Automobile’s panel supply deal and hand it over to Ilseong Electronics?”

“Haha, this is ridiculous...”

Song Ho-chan snorted as if he couldn’t believe it.

Chapter 102

He wondered who had ratted him out to the ethics committee, and it turned out to be the work of a spiteful new employee.

“I don’t understand. We work for the same company and the same department. Ilseong Electronics is our competitor.”

“Where did you hear that?”

“Will you tell me if I answer?”

“Huh, really... You’re so brazen. Well, go ahead and do what you want.”

“Hangolmo.”

Yoo-hyun spat out one word.

Assistant manager Song Hocha’s eyes widened.

“What? How do you know that...”

“I heard it from a rumor.”

Yoo-hyun had also tried hard to join Hangolmo (Korea University Alumni Golf Club) in the past.

He wanted to climb up the ladder by using his connections.

Even if someone was not a Korea University alumni, they could join the club if they were useful for the organization.

Yoo-hyun was one of those cases.

That’s why he knew Hangolmo better than anyone else.

He could also predict what Assistant manager Song Hocha had done because of that reason.

“What else do you know?”

“I only knew that there was a negotiation with Ilseong Electronics at the club.”

“Oh, no, no. There must be a rat in the club...”

Assistant manager Song Hocha gritted his teeth.

The one who accepted the Ilseong Electronics deal was the group leader.

And the one who agreed to take charge of the work was Lee Kyunghoon’s director.

He only did what he was told.

But now he was being thrown under the bus.

‘It couldn’t have been the team leader...’

The most likely culprit was the guy from Ilseong Electronics.

He didn’t like him from the moment he met him at the golf course.

He had such a bad vibe.

Assistant manager Song Hocha was already convinced in his mind.

“Who did you hear it from?”

“Please answer me first. Did you really sabotage us by colluding with Ilseong Electronics?”

“Us? Did you even do enough work to be sabotaged? Ha, really. You have too much sense of ownership for a new employee.”

“Please tell me.”

Yoo-hyun did not avoid his glaring eyes, and Assistant manager Song Hocha sneered.

He had seen them sometimes.

Those who spouted ridiculous justice like that.

And they all ended up badly.

This guy would be no different.

“Yeah. I sabotaged you on purpose to help Ilseong Electronics. Are you happy now?”

“Was Lee Kyunghoon’s director also involved?”

“What are you talking about? Is the team leader your friend?”

“He’s not my friend, but I think he should be held responsible if he caused financial damage to the company like this.”

“Ha, really.”

Assistant manager Song Hocha narrowed his eyes at the absurd words that even dragged down the team leader.

But the new guy who was sitting across from him didn't even blink.

He smiled slightly and said, “It's no big deal.”

Song Ho-chan, the Assistant manager who couldn't stand it anymore, slammed the table and stood up.

Then he glared at Yu Hyun and growled.

“What did you just say?”

“I said you should take responsibility.”

“Not that!”

Yu Hyun ignored his words and spoke more confidently.

“Is it normal to leak information to the competitors, and even push them ahead by favoring another team in the same department?”

If you use the opponent's breathing, pulse, and eye contact against them, you can twist their mind even in a light conversation.

Continuous discomfort makes the opponent's emotions fluctuate.

At that stage, a little stimulation can make them excited.

Just like now.

“You insolent bastard!”

Thud!

Song Ho-chan, who leaned his upper body over the table, grabbed Yu Hyun's tie with his thick hand.

Yu Hyun resisted and stared at his eyes.

It would be a good idea to take a hit at this point.

If he clenched his teeth, it would end with his mouth bursting.

What if this didn't get reported to Choi Min-hee's meeting room?

It was being recorded, so he could use it later.

“Mr. Song, you are committing a crime right now!”

Yu Hyun deliberately added more provocation.

Then he finally raised his fist.

“You son of a bitch!”

That’s when it happened.

Bang!

The meeting room door opened.

“Stop it.”

“Uh, how did you…”

And when he heard the voice, Song Ho-chan’s eyes widened like lanterns.

A few days later, an announcement was posted on the company bulletin board.

It was a disciplinary notice.

-Disciplinary Notice

Song O O, Assistant manager of LCD Business Unit Mobile Group, will be demoted for negligence and non-compliance with attendance rules.

The name was hidden, but there was no one who didn’t know who it was.

Demotion was a weak discipline that only reduced the salary without any direct personnel disadvantage.

Nevertheless, the people’s reaction was hot.

The decisive factor was that the target was Song Ho-chan, who was notorious for being scary.

“Hey, no matter what, Song Ho-chan got into this mess.”

“Yeah. Didn’t he do well? What happened?”

“I don’t know exactly. But it’s not negligence. It doesn’t make sense to get disciplined for that. You know what kind of line Song Ho-chan is.”

The disciplinary content was actually reduced.

No, the reason had completely changed.

“Well, it must be a big deal. Even though they blocked it from above, it’s still this bad.”

“Who stabbed him?”

“Probably. Otherwise, why would he suddenly get disciplined?”

But even so, people didn't believe the disciplinary content as it was.

It didn't match the circumstances.

"Is it someone from his team? Another one will quit."

"Why?"

"Do you think Song Ho-chan will let it go?"

"What if he doesn't?"

"He'll try to find out who reported him. That's why one of his team members quit before."

"Well, he's not called the three devils for nothing."

It was when people were buzzing.

"Hey, shh!"

Song Ho-chan came out of his office.

His face was pale and his brows were furrowed, showing his stress.

He clenched his fists as if his stomach was boiling.

There was even a murderous look in his eyes.

'If I catch him, he's dead.'

The planning team members who felt a creepy feeling quickly pretended to be busy.

Grit.

Song Ho-chan gritted his teeth.

He had never been so humiliated in his 15 years of working at the company.

How dare they touch me?

"Let's see, you bastard!"

I'll make you never raise your head again!

Song Ho-chan moved to the hallway and picked up his phone.

Yu Hyun, who had left work, stopped by the gym as usual.

The only difference was that now he worked out with not only Park Young-hoon but also Kang Dong-sik.

They happened to live in the same direction.

Maybe that's why he kept sticking to him even when he tried to go alone.

“We live in the same direction, let’s go together, little brother.”

“Yes, yes, brother. Let’s do that.”

Why does he take the bus when he has a car?

But Yu Hyun accepted his words with a good-natured smile.

He had become quite close to him while working out together.

Kang Dong-sik put his arm around Yu Hyun’s shoulder as he walked.

“Oh my, you’re so nice when I call you brother.”

“That’s not right.”

Yu Hyun slipped away and walked a step ahead, but Kang Dong-sik followed him.

“Little brother is so shy.”

“Brother, just call me by my name. People are watching.”

“So what? What’s wrong with that?”

What’s wrong with that? He looks like a gangster.

Yoo-hyun sighed deeply and shook his head.

He had met many people, but this was the first time he met someone who acted so friendly.

Assistant Park Seungwoo also had a overly friendly side, but not to this extent.

“You don’t think I’m like a gangster, do you?”

“Huh?”

Oh? He has some sense?

“Of course not. This hyung-nim has completely washed his hands of the dark world.”

“I see.”

“Oh? You don’t believe me? Dude, I used to have four platoons of guys who called me hyung-nim and groveled under me.”

Yoo-hyun had completely figured out Kang Dongshik’s style.

If he argued here, the conversation would only get longer.

“It’s an honor.”

“Pfft, yeah. It’s an honor, right? You’re really lucky.”

“Ah, yes.”

Yeah, let’s go with lucky.

That was cleaner in many ways.

At that moment.

A black sedan was parked at the entrance of a dark alley.

The man sitting in the passenger seat answered the phone with a crisp voice.

“Yes, boss. Of course. We’ll take care of the job and call you back.”

-Thank you very much.

“Don’t worry. We’re experts at scaring people, aren’t we? Just don’t forget to pay us the rest of the fee.”

-Yes. Of course. I’ll send it to you as soon as the job is done.

“Haha, that’s why I like you, boss Song. You’re easy to talk to. Okay. See you soon.”

Thud.

“What a jerk.”

The man threw his phone and twisted his mouth, erasing his previous friendly voice.

He was a errand boy, but he had to do such a shitty job.

He had to rip off a lot of money after finishing this job.

The man asked the two men in the rearview mirror.

“Not yet?”

“Yes, hyung-nim. He’ll be here soon.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. We confirmed that he comes this way every day at the same time.”

The man nodded as if he understood and waved his left hand.

And shortly after.

One of the men sitting in the back seat, who was peeking out the window, said.

“Hyung-nim, he’s coming.”

“Let’s finish this quickly and go eat some tripe. Get out.”

“Yes, hyung-nim.”

The man bowed his head slightly.

Kang Dongshik, who was walking, said.

“Brother, let’s have just one drink at the food cart.”

“Hyung, I really have to go to work tomorrow.”

“Eh, I’ll pay for it.”

Kang Dongshik was not someone who would easily back off.

He had to part ways here, but he kept bickering and ended up walking with him to the alley near Yoo-hyun’s house.

He had a frank personality, so it wasn’t bad to have a drink with him.

But one drink would turn into two drinks, and two drinks would turn into ten drinks.

He had to stop him here.

“Let’s drink next time.”

“Fine, fine. You’re so stingy.”

“Are you mad?”

“Me? No way. What do you think of me?”

A neighborhood hyung with a lot of bluffing.

Yoo-hyun didn’t bother to say out loud what was spinning in his mouth.

It was better to end it with a smile for both of them.

“You’re a cool hyung-nim. Well then, I’ll be going now.”

“Pffft, yeah. See you later.”

It was after he turned around and said goodbye.

Four men came out of the dark alley, swaggering.

They looked like thugs from their clothes and poses.

“Hey, you’re Han Yoo-hyun, right?”

They even knew his name?

Someone’s face flashed in Yoo-hyun’s mind for a moment.

‘Assistant Song Hocha!’

- ○ ○ Assistant, he hired thugs to beat up his rude junior.

It was a comment he saw on an anonymous bulletin board a while ago.

He thought it was just a rumor because it was so absurd, but it wasn't.

“You're not answering? Well, it doesn't matter. I'll make you answer.”

“...”

Looking at the thugs' attitude, it seemed real.

This was totally ridiculous.

Yoo-hyun was honestly speechless.

But first of all, he needed to assess the situation.

There were four thugs involved.

They looked like decent gangsters from their faces alone.

But why wasn't he scared?

Compared to his gym seniors, they all looked weak.

Yoo-hyun laughed with a click of his tongue, and the man in front of him approached him with a frown on his face.

“You won't listen to words, huh? Let's start with a punch and...”

He raised his fist as if to threaten him.

Chapter 103

It was then.

Thwack!

A fist flew out of nowhere and slammed into the man's face.

He would have fallen to the ground if the man behind him hadn't caught him. It was a powerful punch.

Before Yoo-hyun could stop him, Kang Dongshik jumped out and kicked the guy's abdomen.

“Ugh!”

Thud.

The whole thing happened so fast that the other men only started to rush in after one of them was rolling on the floor.

“You bastard!”

At that moment, one of the men recognized Kang Dongshik's face and widened his eyes.

"...What? Bro, bro!"

As if they had agreed, the rest of them also stopped in their tracks.

"Bro!"

Then they all bowed their heads as if they had made a promise.

Kang Dongshik accepted it as if it was natural and lifted his head.

"...."

Yoo-hyun couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Kang Dongshik spoke in a low voice.

"Who told you to do it?"

"That, that...."

"I asked who told you to touch my brother."

His tone was so strong that even Yoo-hyun next to him swallowed his saliva.

As soon as he said that, the men lowered their heads.

"We're, we're sorry."

"Sung Hyuk."

"Yes, bro."

"Call him."

Kang Dongshik's voice was so cold that the man hesitated.

"Yes? But...."

"Don't make me repeat myself."

"Yes. I understand."

Yoo-hyun blinked his eyes.

This guy, his charisma is no joke.

He wondered if this was the same person who was whining about having a drink a while ago.

Just as he thought that, Kang Dongshik turned his head sharply.

Then he winked at Yoo-hyun.

‘Ah....that’s him.’

Yoo-hyun gave a wry smile and he nodded his chin and asked.

“What do you want to do? Do you want to meet the guy who ordered this?”

Meet him?

Yoo-hyun answered without hesitation.

“Let’s do that.”

A few moments later.

The seat of Song Hocha, the assistant manager of the sales team, was neatly empty.

“Assistant Manager Song quit in the end. I guess the disciplinary action was more of a shock than he thought.”

“I don’t know.”

Yoo-hyun shrugged his shoulders at Park Seungwoo’s words.

Park Seungwoo, who didn’t know the reason, muttered as if to himself.

“Well, I guess it’s a way out for him to find another place.”

“Can he go to another company even if he quits like this?”

“Why not? He won’t have a record if he just gets a pay cut, right?”

Well. It won’t be easy.

He was suspected of having a connection with Ilseong Electronics, so the ethics committee was still monitoring him.

Ilseong Electronics was out of the question, and Hansung Group’s affiliates would also be reluctant.

It would be hard to turn his feet to China or Japan in this situation.

The LCD industry floor was narrow.

He should have done something wrong moderately.

Yoo-hyun asked.

“Assistant Manager, what about Manager Choi?”

“He said he had something to check after looking at the contest materials.”

“He’s diligent.”

“That’s right. He’s too proactive for me to handle.”

Park Seungwoo smiled awkwardly.

He had been scolded by Choi Minhee for lacking detail recently, so it was understandable.

“But that’s good for you, right?”

“Of course, of course. He’s definitely skilled.”

“And he’s also proactive.”

“Yeah. I learn a lot from him.”

It was fortunate that he learned something else in the meantime.

Yoo-hyun smiled faintly and turned his head to look at Choi Minhee’s empty seat.

Choi Minhee, who had been pushed to the third part after her maternity leave and complained of frustration, was gone now.

Instead, she was running around for her junior’s contest.

-Thank you, Yoo-hyun-ssi. I really appreciate it.

She had said it sincerely, unlike her past cold and stiff attitude.

Her words fluttered in the wind and tickled Yoo-hyun’s heart.

He sometimes thought about it.

What if he had done it all by himself?

It would have been hard for him to do the Geoje meeting and persuade NaviTime.

It wouldn’t have been easy to pay back Song Hocha either.

He had a lot of restrictions on him right now.

He was just a new employee after all.

But

All these things were solved so easily.

It was thanks to the miracle that was made by overlapping connections.

It was a strange thing.

It wasn’t a forced connection that he made to pursue success in the past.

A small connection that brushed by him had a butterfly effect and helped Yoo-hyun.

He had never experienced such luck in the past when he only looked ahead and ran.

‘This is the right way to live.’

The luck that flickered in front of his eyes seemed to say so.

Not looking ahead, but looking around.

Blending in with the people around him.

Living with a warm heart.

“Yes. I know now.”

Yoo-hyun nodded his head.

Park Seungwoo was surprised by his sudden words.

“Huh?”

“No. I’m just happy. Do you want a cup of coffee?”

“I’m busy, but if my junior wants it.”

“I want it. Let’s go. I’ll buy it for you.”

Yoo-hyun took the lead and Park Seungwoo shook his head.

“That’s not necessary.”

“Hey, mentor. You should buy something expensive for me.”

“Kid. You’re only good at talking.”

Yoo-hyun smiled brightly as he looked at Park Seungwoo who was grumbling.

In a dark bar.

Go Jaeyoon, the assistant manager of the product planning team, who was sitting across from his colleague Song Hocha, doubted his ears.

The name that came out of his mouth was Han Yoo-hyun.

He was stunned by the unexpected name.

“What? What are you talking about! How could Song Ho-chan, the great Song Ho-chan, be humiliated by a mere rookie?”

“Stop. I don’t want to talk about it.”

How on earth did this happen?

He was curious, but he had to shut his mouth at Song Ho-chan's cold reaction. A hypothesis popped up in his head.

'Could it be that he really got beaten by Han Yu-hyun? And very thoroughly?'

He had already experienced how Han Yu-hyun responded in front of the thugs.

He even saw that he was close friends with some huge guys.

But he thought that Song Ho-chan would be able to scold the rude rookie firmly.

He knew better than anyone about Song Ho-chan's violent tendencies.

So he was curious.

Why did he leave the rookie alone, who would have called the errand center if the numbers were wrong?

Did he just leave him alone?

Looking at Song Ho-chan, who was drinking heavily by himself, his hypothesis became more certain.

He was definitely beaten by Han Yu-hyun.

'Damn, things are getting complicated.'

His plan to get rid of the annoying rookie through Song Ho-chan had gone awry.

Now he had to use another method.

A name came to his mind.

"Shouldn't we tell Lee Kyung-hoon, the team leader?"

"I cut ties with that bastard, so don't even bring him up."

"You..."

"I'm sorry for bragging that I had him under control. He's trash. He really threw away his pride and begged for his life! But do you know what he said? He said not to act like I know him anymore."

"..."

Contrary to Go Jae-yoon's wishes, Song Ho-chan was completely at odds with Lee Kyung-hoon, the director.

"Look after me? Bullshit. He only says we're like family, but he's just a bat."

"..."

He was not just at odds with him, but hated him deeply.

He seemed to have more resentment towards Lee Kyung-hoon than Han Yu-hyun, who had brought him down.

“Do you think I’ll let this happen? No way. I know too much about his secrets. Go Jae-yoon, no, Go.”

“Huh?”

He called Go Jae-yoon’s name.

He was his colleague, but he had a hard time facing him.

His face, which had been hard to look at, turned to face Go Jae-yoon directly.

“No one came looking for me when things went wrong. But you came to me. Don’t say thank you. Instead, I’ll do you a favor.”

“What, what is it?”

“I know the company that he’s working on right now. It’s going public within a year. Invest in it.”

Song Ho-chan’s imported car and his apartment in Seoul.

He had heard from behind how they came to be, so he listened attentively to his voice.

“It’s called D&Tech. My plan is...”

As he listened blankly, a glass full of liquor was pushed towards him.

“That’s it. The deadline is tomorrow midnight.”

“...”

“Decide whether you want to live as a salaryman for the rest of your life or get a big share.”

Was it because he was drunk?

His colleague’s words, which had been hard to understand, sounded so sweet now.

He had been saving his salary without getting married, but he couldn’t even afford an apartment.

He had wanted to quit his job anyway.

Maybe this was a gift from heaven.

“Expected profit?”

“At least 10 times. By the way, I’m all in.”

Gulp, he swallowed his saliva and picked up the glass in front of him.

And he drank it in one shot.

Song Ho-chan’s lips curled up for the first time.

Back at the coffee shop next to Hanseong Tower.

“Did you hear? Song Ho-chan went to Yu-hyun’s seat and caused a scene?”

“Oh my, oh my. He’s such a trash. Why does he bother Yu-hyun who’s just minding his own business?”

“So what? Did he badmouth Yu-hyun when he quit?”

The female employees of the LCD business division were chatting away at the cafe.

It was about Yu-hyun, the hot issue lately.

And in the center of it was Lee Ae-rin, the secretary in charge of mobile sales and marketing.

“No. It was the opposite.”

“Then what?”

Her answer drew the attention of the female employees around three tables.

They all wanted her to tell them what happened.

She enjoyed their interest and showed her leisure by taking a sip of coffee before continuing.

“He begged Yu-hyun for mercy.”

“Why would that devil do that?”

Kang Ha-yeon, an assistant manager in the HR team, asked.

As far as she knew, that was the day Song Ho-chan resigned.

The reason was disciplinary action.

Was it related to Yu-hyun?

“I don’t know. I’m not sure. Maybe Choi Min-hee, the manager, knows...”

“Cough, cough.”

Lee Ae-rin’s gaze made Choi Min-hee cough.

“I don’t know either. Yu-hyun doesn’t play with me.”

“Come on, you’re the closest person to Yu-hyun these days. Everyone else is jealous.”

“No, no. What are you talking about?”

Choi Min-hee waved her hands in surprise.

She wondered if Kim Hyun-min had spread some ridiculous rumors.

Fortunately, Lee Ae-rin didn’t ask any more questions.

Instead, she fiddled with the small bag on her lap.

Chapter 104

Thud.

She casually placed it on the table as if it was nothing.

It was a luxury bag with the channel logo on it.

Anyone who saw it would think she was bragging about her designer bag, but that was not her intention.

“Oh my, Eunrin sunbae-nim. What is that?”

“Oh, this?”

Eunrin slightly opened the zipper and pulled out the wrapping paper.

A palm-sized luxury chocolate came out.

“I got a gift.”

Eunrin shrugged her shoulders.

That’s right. She wanted to show off this gift!

Then, Yoo Hyemi, an assistant manager from the mobile sales team, said.

“Huh? Don’t tell me that’s... from Yoo-hyun-ssi?”

“Ah, yes. Hehe.”

“I got one too.”

“Really?”

“Me too. The design is a bit different though.”

“What did you say?”

Eunrin was flustered by the sudden testimonies.

She thought she was the only one who received it and was so happy, but they also got it.

Her huge joy turned into disappointment in an instant.

“I didn’t get any.”

“Me neither. Sob.”

Seeing the other disappointed people, Eunrin’s mood revived.

But what was the criterion?

She didn’t know much about Yoo-hyun, but he was not someone who would give gifts to anyone.

Rather, he seemed to have little interest in female employees.

So much so that people said he had a different taste because he only cared about Park Seungwoo, an assistant manager.

Then, Jin Sunmi, an employee from the PR team who had been left out for a while, chimed in.

“But you know what? Yoo-hyun oppa should never have a girlfriend. Hohoho... ho.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Why are you bringing that up now?”

They were all too friendly with Yoo-hyun, so it was a joke she threw out of nowhere.

But the reaction was not good.

The sudden silence and the sharp glares made her panic.

It was similar to the reaction when she asked a friend who was obsessed with an idol ‘Isn’t he the one who had a dating scandal?’ in her school days.

It felt like she touched a taboo.

Then Eunrin said.

“What’s wrong with Yoo-hyun-ssi having a girlfriend? He’s just a good colleague.”

There was a bone in her casual words.

Jin Sunmi, who hadn’t been working for long, could tell for sure.

“Oh, right. Yes. I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry? Where were we?”

As if they had let go of what Jin Sunmi had said, they resumed their conversation.

Jin Sunmi was the only one who was shaking her legs nervously throughout the conversation.

If you receive something, you should always return it.

It was Yoo-hyun's will to repay his past debt by choosing a different life.

Was it because of that?

Yoo-hyun tried not to forget his gratitude even for small help.

"Thank you for telling me. It helped me a lot."

"Really? That's good. If you need anything else, just let me know."

"Your words are enough for me. And this."

Yoo-hyun took out a wrapped chocolate from his pocket and handed it to the cleaning lady. She was startled.

"Oh my, oh my. Why are you giving me this?"

Then she took off her gloves and put them in her pocket. She wiped her bare hands on her clothes and carefully took the chocolate.

She looked very touched.

It was really nothing, so he felt embarrassed to give it to her.

"I just bought it on a whim. It's nothing special, so don't feel burdened."

"Oh dear. How can this happen? Thank you."

"I should thank you more."

But why did she bow her head?

He could feel her sincerity from her trembling fingertips.

"Thank you very much."

"Hey, no need to say that."

Yoo-hyun waved his hand.

"Then I'll go ahead."

He felt like he would keep receiving thanks if he stayed longer, so he left his seat.

When he looked back from afar, the cleaning lady was still holding the chocolate.

“Geez...”

What was this tingling feeling?

He felt embarrassed, but his lips kept curling up.

After finishing his meal, Park Seungwoo sat on a bench in front of the cafeteria and pouted his lips for no reason.

“Huh? You’re so happy. Die.”

“Me?”

“Yeah. You lucky bastard. You have it good.”

What was he so dissatisfied about?

“What did I do?”

“You were weird just now. Why do they always give you more side dishes?”

He was still holding a grudge about that?

Clack.

Yoo-hyun opened a can of coffee and chuckled.

“I told you I would give you mine.”

“Who would laugh at that? A senior who steals his junior’s side dishes.”

“Ah...”

“Hey, you didn’t think that just now, did you?”

Yoo-hyun silently brought his mouth to the can, and Park Seungwoo blurted out with a resentful look.

“Look at you. You’re so happy. Die.”

“Me?”

“Yeah. You lucky bastard. You have it good.”

What was he so unhappy about?

“What did I do?”

“You were weird just now. Why do they always give you more side dishes?”

He was still holding a grudge about that?

Clack.

Yoo-hyun opened a can of coffee and chuckled.

“I told you I would give you mine.”

“Who would laugh at that? A senior who steals his junior’s side dishes.”

“Ah...”

“Hey, you didn’t think that just now, did you?”

As Yoo-hyun casually replied, Park Seungwoo raised his voice slightly with frustration.

“That’s not what I meant. People keep comparing me to you, that’s why.”

“I’m sorry.”

As Yoo-hyun bowed his head sharply, Park Seungwoo jumped up.

“Hey, hey, don’t do anything weird. People will think I’m a petty senior who’s jealous of his junior.”

“I won’t do it again.”

Whether he meant it or not, Yoo-hyun bowed his head even deeper.

“Sigh... I’m sorry. I’m really the pathetic one.”

In the end, Park Seungwoo sighed and blamed himself.

He even pretended to hit his head with his fist.

Would it break if he hit it like that?

Yoo-hyun was about to say something, but he stopped himself from crossing the line.

That’s when it happened.

Yoo-hyun’s expression changed strangely as he looked at Park Seungwoo.

“Wait a minute.”

“Why?”

He got up from his seat and ran to the cafeteria, holding a bunch of tissues.

“Use this.”

“Why?”

“You have a nosebleed.”

“What?”

Park Seungwoo tilted his head and pressed the tissue to his nose.

Sure enough, nothing came out.

“What nosebleed?”

At that moment, Park Seungwoo felt a tingling sensation in his nose tip.

As he instinctively pressed the tissue, a pinkish liquid stained it.

“Huck, it’s real!”

“Lower your head forward. And use more of this.”

“Hul...”

“Don’t talk.”

The blood kept flowing like a faucet, and Yoo-hyun handed him more tissues.

There was a lot of it.

“I haven’t had a nosebleed since high school...”

“If you talk, it will go down your throat.”

“Isn’t this amazing? It means I worked really hard.”

“...”

Don’t talk and he talks more.

That’s why the blood keeps coming out.

Yoo-hyun silently handed him more tissues.

He sighed and opened his eyes, and saw Park Seungwoo smiling smugly.

Inside the conference room on the 12th floor.

On the screen was a list of mockup companies that Lee Chanho had organized.

Kim Hyunmin, the deputy manager, pondered for a moment and opened his mouth.

“There’s only Semi Electronics that does touch and software support?”

“Yes. They seem to be reliable since they also manufacture products.”

“I see. Semi Electronics is a pretty big company. But will they work with us?”

Kim Hyunmin tilted his head.

It didn’t make sense for Semi Electronics to do a mockup that wouldn’t make money.

“They seem to be interested. The schedule is too tight though, so we need to confirm if they can support that part.”

“They also said they would match the price. Then why don’t we just negotiate with them and go with them?”

“That’s... We have to proceed with that, but their president requested a meeting personally.”

“The president?”

“Yes. He said he wanted to greet us once, but it’s kind of burdensome...”

It was something that made Lee Chanho scratch his head.

It wasn’t the president of a small company, but a fairly large one who requested a meeting.

It was obvious that he wanted something in this situation where sending an employee alone was not polite.

While he was thinking, Lee Chanho cautiously suggested.

“I’ll go with Yoo-hyun and check it out.”

“No. You should go with someone who has a higher rank when you meet the president. Park? No, he’s too busy preparing for the contest. Who should go then...”

It was then that Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, turned his head and looked at the conference room.

Yoo-hyun raised his hand and said.

“Can’t you go with me, deputy manager?”

“Huh? Me?”

“Yes.”

Yoo-hyun nodded his head with a bright smile. Kim Hyun Min reluctantly answered.

“Well... I guess so.”

It was the moment when Kim Hyun Min’s business trip was decided after a long time.

A few days later.

Yoo-hyun, who stood in front of the Semi Electronics building in Gasan-dong, followed Lim Han Seop, the assistant manager, who came out to greet him, and entered the building.

Kim Hyun Min, Lee Chan Ho, and Yoo-hyun.

Except for Lim Han Seop, there were only three people in this large office wearing suits.

Everyone else was dressed casually.

It wasn't just their clothes that were free.

Various materials were scattered on the large table, and various test boards were piled up around the computer.

It felt similar to the Ulsan factory.

No, compared to here, it was very neat there.

“It's quite messy, right? We haven't cleaned up because of a recent urgent issue.”

“Everyone is like that, right? Hehe.”

But the president's office was definitely large.

Just by looking at the company's atmosphere and the size of the president's office, Yoo-hyun could figure out the president's style.

He was a free-spirited person who didn't care about formality, valued authority but was also aggressive.

In other words, he was the type who would go all out if the conditions were met.

That matched the nature of Semi Electronics' business so far.

That's why Yoo-hyun could predict what situation would unfold when he opened this door.

That was the reason why he called Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager.

Chapter 105

The reason why Yoo-hyun chose Kim Hyunmin as the manager.

First.

He looked like a team leader at first glance.

He was a manager, but he was old enough to be a director, so it was easy for him to match the level of the president.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Yun Minhan.”

“I’m Kim Hyunmin, the manager. Nice to meet you, Mr. President.”

“Haha, please sit down. Kim, bring some coffee.”

Thanks to him, it was a much better picture than having two young employees face the president.

And second.

He had a sense of ease that came from experience.

It was not something that anyone could do to face the group leader and the person in charge with bare hands.

He had to have guts, of course, and he had to read the numbers in the conversation that was full of anger.

Kim Hyunmin had been doing this difficult task naturally for a long time.

Yun Minhan, the president of Semi Electronics, opened the door first.

“...To be honest, there is no benefit for us to make a mockup. We don’t make money and we don’t have any results left.”

“Yes. I know. Frankly, making a mockup is like killing a chicken with a knife for a skill like Semi Electronics.”

That was why he could talk without trembling in front of the president.

“It’s not because I’m hesitant about the weight of the work. It’s just...”

“But it would be different if we make a proper mockup, wouldn’t it?”

“In what way?”

“If Semi Electronics has the skill, they will be respected by the development team, and if they are used by the development team, they will naturally become a partner company.”

“Of course we can do that much. Haha.”

He also had the ability to catch the core and make the other person smile.

Finally, third.

It was a position where he could bet without looking back.

Kim Hyunmin had a gambler’s spirit.

He had pushed away all the other tasks of Part 3 and made them focus on the contest.

Yun Minhan, the president of Semi Electronics, hesitated and trailed off.

“The problem is the schedule...”

“Can’t you help us with that, Mr. President?”

“Do you think it will work if I push it? I compared it and it takes at least three months at our level.”

“It’s not an easy schedule. It’s hard enough to make a mockup, but we are considering touch localization as well.”

“Really? Which company are you using?”

Kim Hyunmin smiled as he saw Yun Minhan flinch and drank his tea.

-We received Semi Electronics’ portfolio, and there is a touch component made in Korea. The evaluation value is higher than most foreign companies.

Then he winked at Yoo-hyun.

Yoo-hyun shook his head vigorously when he put more chips on the betting board.

“We are deciding now. We should have decided this before we went into the mockup, but since it’s going to be in mass production products, we had no choice but to be careful.”

“Of course. Of course. You have to be careful. Oh, I think we can try to speed up the mockup schedule as much as possible. Isn’t our motto to make it happen if it doesn’t work? Hahaha.”

And his bet hit exactly.

The moment Semi Electronics’ touch component went into Hansung LCD, its impact exceeded imagination.

It was incomparable to making a few mockups or something like that.

“You are amazing, Mr. President. I think I found a good partner.”

“It’s good for our country if Hansung Electronics does well. We will support you as much as we can. Hahaha.”

He got everything he could get from one opportunity.

There was no part for Yoo-hyun to step in.

That meant Kim Hyunmin did a good job.

Yoo-hyun realized clearly through this meeting.

‘He is really capable.’

Leadership and insight, and negotiation skills that he showed now.

He just couldn't show them because he was trapped in an egg, but once he broke out of it, he had enough qualities to be a leader.

That's how the meeting ended.

After Yoo-hyun and his party left Semi Electronics building,

President Yun Minhan called Lim Hanseop assistant manager.

"Good job. The touch component was your idea, right?"

"Yes."

"I see. You knew what you were doing. If you do well, you might be able to supply Hansung too. Of course, if that happens, you will get all the credit for it."

"Yes. I hope that happens."

Yun Minhan smiled and asked.

"Oh, what was the name of the young employee next to you? The one with a small and handsome face."

"His name is Han Yoo-hyun."

"Right. Right. He looked smart. He led the atmosphere of the meeting with minimal words. Anyway, he was impressive."

Lim Hanseop recalled Yoo-hyun's appearance during the meeting.

He didn't talk much.

Most of the time, Kim Hyunmin spoke, and he was in a listening position.

That meant he had nothing to appeal.

But what did the president see in Yoo-hyun?

The president was also a person with a good sense, so he trusted his words.

The president asked again.

"Does he have some experience? Is he an assistant manager? He doesn't look like a section chief."

"He's an employee."

"Oh, I see. I must have mistaken him."

Yun Minhan picked up the business card on the table and nodded.

Then he muttered to himself.

“He doesn’t seem to be promoted slowly... He must be an employee who has been working for four years.”

Lim Hanseop couldn’t tell Yun Minhan that Yoo-hyun was a new employee who had just joined.

He heard some good news in the midst of his busy schedule.

Kim Hyunsu’s mother’s surgery went well.

It wasn’t cured, but this surgery removed most of the hidden dangers.

That meant she could be discharged soon.

She still had to undergo long-term hospital treatment, though.

Yoo-hyun went to the hospital after a month and met Kim Hyunsu.

“I’m glad. Really.”

“Thanks to you. Thank you.”

“Don’t say that. You would have had surgery even if I didn’t lend you money. That’s all that matters.”

“...Yeah.”

Kim Hyunsu bit his lip and just agreed.

Would he have been able to schedule surgery right away without Yoo-hyun’s help?

His mother was against it, so he might have chosen to avoid surgery by looking for a cheaper hospital.

What if he had done that?

Kim Hyunsu felt dizzy at the thought of his mother going wrong.

Yoo-hyun changed the subject appropriately as he saw Kim Hyunsu’s trembling fingers.

He didn’t want to hear him say thank you anymore.

“Junki is late. When is he coming?”

“Oh, he’s on his way.”

“What about Junseok?”

“He’s in Ulsan. I told him to come next time. He said he couldn’t see his mom.”

“So he kept asking me when I could come.”

Yoo-hyun chuckled as he remembered the phone call with Hajunseok the day before yesterday.

He felt good seeing everyone care about their friend's parents being sick.

His heart ached.

He was the only one who lived selfishly without caring about anyone around him.

They were all living with a human scent.

Then Kim Hyunsu cautiously opened his mouth.

“Yoo-hyun, you know...”

He licked his lips as if he had something important to say.

I didn't need to hear it.

“Hey, it's okay.”

“That's not what I mean...”

“Oh, Junki is here. Junki!”

I pushed Kim Hyunsu's words aside and raised my hand.

Kang Junki, who was panting and looking around, ran over to us again.

“Huff, huff, am I too late?”

“Yeah, you're late.”

He pretended to be sorry because he was late.

It was obvious that he was trying to act cute.

“Sorry. They wouldn't let me go at work. Because of someone.”

“Who?”

He glanced at me once.

He was trying to shift the blame to someone else.

He was good at socializing.

“Ask him.”

“Yoo-hyun?”

Kang Junki sat down next to me and nodded toward Yoo-hyun.

Kim Hyunsu looked confused, not knowing the details.

Their companies were different, so what did it have to do with being late?

“Just finish your work faster.”

“Hey! How can I finish faster when you guys are so bossy?”

I remembered Lim Hanseop’s thick voice from Semi Electronics.

-Junki is pretty good at electronic circuits. I want to put him on the mockup project. What do you think?

-Ah, senior. That’s up to you. I don’t care. Just work hard.

-Okay. I’ll make sure to grow him well.

Kim Hyunmin had no idea about the relationship between Lim Hanseop and Yoo-hyun.

He only found out when he talked to Lee Chanho from Hansung Electronics who came on a business trip.

“You don’t have to be so grateful.”

“Are you crazy? What do you mean grateful? I was totally embarrassed because of you.”

“Really?”

“Oh! You have no idea how picky he was. He tackled everything. I thought I was being inspected by a corps commander.”

Kang Junki kept venting his anger without catching his breath.

Working well in a large company meant that the management of the contractors was thorough.

They had to support a lot from below in order to achieve results in a short period of time.

In that sense, Choi Minhee was a good worker.

“You’ve heard it, so get up. There’s not much time left for the visit.”

“Sigh... Okay. Let’s go. I’ve been babbling too much.”

Kang Junki fixed his clothes at Yoo-hyun’s words.

But Kim Hyunsu still looked like he had something to say.

“Hyunsu, let’s go.”

“...Okay.”

He looked at Yoo-hyun and licked his lips, but eventually sighed and got up from his seat.

Kim Hyunsu's mother looked pale but her eyes were alive.

She looked healthy for someone who had just had a major surgery.

Maybe it was because they had overcome a big crisis, but they looked affectionate as they looked at each other.

Did they avoid the crisis with this?

I don't know.

But at least they prevented the worst case scenario that could have happened if they hadn't had surgery.

The rest was up to luck.

'I hope you live long.'

I sincerely hoped for a different outcome than the past.

I couldn't think of any other way to repay Kim Hyunsu for his debt of gratitude.

After saying goodbye and leaving, Kang Junki asked me.

"Was the surgery that expensive?"

"It's not just the surgery fee. Hyunsu's car center couldn't operate for a while. And there will be a lot of outpatient treatment fees."

"So that's why you talked about investing. How did you get the money?"

"I don't know."

I didn't bother to tell him the truth.

'Maybe that's why he hesitated.'

He must have felt sorry for borrowing money from his friend, so he didn't say it out loud.

Then Kang Junki glanced around and asked me.

"Are you going to the reunion?"

"What reunion?"

"You know, the reunion of our classmates from middle school. You said you got a call too."

Kang Junki was talking about the reunion of the same class from the third year of middle school.

It wasn't an official reunion, but it was organized by Lee Yongoh, who had been powerful back then.

"I don't know. Do I really have to go?"

"Come on, let's go together."

"Why? You said you hated Lee Yongoh."

"It would be nice to see our old friends. Don't you think?"

"Not really."

I shook my head indifferently.

It was 10 years ago for Kang Junki, but it was 30 years ago for me.

I couldn't remember the faces of the kids I never contacted after I entered society.

Even if I tried to recall, the only happy memories were with Kim Hyunsu, Kang Junki, and Ha Junseok.

Chapter 106

Kang Jun-ki grabbed Yoo-hyun's wrist and stopped him.

"Can't you just go with me?"

"Why?"

"...Lee So-hyun is coming."

Kang Jun-ki said as if he had made a great decision.

Of course, Yoo-hyun had no memory of that person.

"Who is she?"

"What? You don't know Lee So-hyun? She's the queen bee of our class."

"So what?"

"You know. I... never mind."

"You don't have to say it if you don't want to."

Yoo-hyun shook his hand and walked on, but Kang Jun-ki ran after him and looked at him face to face.

He had a very serious expression.

"I wanted to see her anyway, but I had no excuse. Help me out."

"What do you want me to do?"

He looked like he was ready to kneel if necessary.

“Hyeon-soo can’t come because he has to take care of his mother, and Jun-seok is in Ulsan. I don’t want to be awkward there by myself.”

“Is that all?”

“Yeah. Just be my wingman. I’m not asking for much.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea to go with me.”

He evaluated him coldly from a third person’s perspective.

If he went with Yoo-hyun, there was a clear possibility that Kang Jun-ki would be compared.

He thought it was a joke, but Kang Jun-ki was hurt.

“Hey! It’s because of your company that I’m suffering so much.”

“Alright, alright. Calm down.”

“Will you help me?”

“Yeah.”

“Man, thank you.”

Kang Jun-ki finally smiled brightly.

Yoo-hyun looked at him casually and asked.

“By the way, what are you going to do for So-hyun?”

“I’m planning an event. If you deliver the flowers...”

“Forget it. Not that.”

“Then how about a song...”

His plans were all a mess.

Yoo-hyun shook his head firmly.

“No.”

“Then what?”

Kang Jun-ki shouted in frustration.

He knew for sure that he would make a fool of himself if he went on like this.

“There’s a condition, though.”

“What is it? Just tell me. I’ll do it.”

Yoo-hyun scanned Kang Jun-ki from head to toe.

Then he lowered his head and said.

“To be honest, you need some grooming.”

“Why? What’s wrong?”

Yoo-hyun hit him hard with the truth without blinking an eye.

“Well. I don’t know who Lee So-hyun is, but this won’t work at all.”

“This is expensive...”

Kang Jun-ki dusted off his purple striped shirt.

The collar was big and the fit was wrong. He looked ten years older than he was.

The jeans were even worse.

Even if they were ripped for fashion, they were too wide and long. The ends were completely frayed.

Anyone would think he picked them up from somewhere.

“The problem is serious.”

“Really? You don’t look much different from me.”

“...”

Where did he see that?

Even Yoo-hyun, who was always calm, was annoyed.

That’s when a woman came up to them from the college street connected to the hospital.

She was shooting something.

She was stylish enough to be called an actress.

Kang Jun-ki swallowed his saliva, but she headed for Yoo-hyun.

“Hello. We’re looking for street models for our dandy men special. We’re going to publish it in a magazine. Can you take a picture? We’ll pay you for it.”

“I’m sorry. I have somewhere to go with this friend right now.”

“Huh, you’re friends?”

The woman was surprised when Yoo-hyun nodded at Kang Jun-ki.

She quickly changed her words, but Kang Jun-ki’s face was already red.

“Haha, I just said that because you looked so close. Well, please contact me if you have a chance next time. I think you’ll look good in anything.”

“Thank you.”

The woman handed him a card and walked away with quick steps. Kang Jun-ki said in a dead voice as he watched her go.

“Do I look that old?”

“No. It’s not that.”

“No way. I have some sense too.”

Thank goodness.

At least he had that much.

Yoo-hyun tried to comfort Kang Jun-ki.

“Anyway, this won’t do right now.”

“Alright, alright. Let’s change. Should we go buy some clothes?”

“Clothes are not the only problem.”

The bangs that covered his eyes.

The electronic watch that looked thicker than his wrist.

The huge basketball shoes with air gaps.

There were more than one or two problems.

He had to tear him apart and rebuild him to make him at least above average.

Kang Jun-ki’s expression became more desperate as he saw Yoo-hyun’s eyes.

“Hey, help me out. What’s the point of being friends?”

“Are you going to do as I say without complaining?”

“Of course. I’ll buy you dinner too.”

“Deal. I’ll spare you some precious time.”

“Thank you.”

That’s how Kang Jun-ki’s makeover project began.

Saturday afternoon, when the alumni meeting was held.

Yoo-hyun took Kang Jun-ki to the hair salon he usually went to.

It was a place that was cheap but had good skills.

Yoo-hyun ordered boldly.

“Manager, please cut his bangs.”

“What! Hey, no way.”

Yoo-hyun ignored Kang Jun-ki’s words and continued.

“Please make the perm roll a bit bigger.”

“Okay. I’ll make it a two-block style with the length adjusted.”

“I’ve never had a perm before... Is it really okay?”

“Haha, of course. It’ll be much better than now.”

Even the designer, who rarely made a promise, was confident. Kang Jun-ki’s hair was terrible.

“Then please take care of me. Jun-ki, I’ll be back soon.”

“Do you really have to go alone? What if the size doesn’t fit?”

“Don’t worry. Just give me your card.”

“I’m nervous...”

Yoo-hyun brushed off Kang Jun-ki’s words.

“Trust me. You said I could spend as much as I want, right?”

“Thirty. No, twenty.”

“Okay. Deal.”

Yoo-hyun took Kang Jun-ki’s card and left in a flash.

Kang Jun-ki asked the designer nervously.

“Does this make sense? How can he shop by himself without me?”

“Haha, don’t worry. Yoo-hyun is very good at picking things out.”

The designer accepted it as a matter of course. Kang Jun-ki shook his head.

They looked like a scam team that had planned everything.

Whoosh.

When he came out of the hair salon, the wind was blowing quite strongly.

Yoo-hyun headed straight for the underground shopping mall where the clothing stores were.

He sighed as he looked at the long line of stores.

Yoo-hyun didn't go shopping alone just to save time.

He didn't want to shop with someone else's will forced on him.

About an hour later?

Ding dong.

The door of the salon opened and Yoo-hyun came in.

He had a bunch of stuff in his hands.

“What!”

“Don't be surprised. I didn't spend much.”

Kang Jun-ki blinked his eyes as he saw the receipt that Yoo-hyun handed him.

“Wow, you didn't spend much, did you?”

“What do you expect from a thousand won?”

“It's cheap, but...”

“Forget it. Just try it on.”

The designer said as he watched the two bickering.

“How do you like the style, Mr. Yoo-hyun?”

“He looks like a human now.”

“Right? I'm proud of this one. Hahaha.”

Kang Jun-ki wanted to say something, but he couldn't.

He looked different from before in the mirror.

‘As if the clothes are the only problem.’

Instead, Kang Jun-ki gritted his teeth inwardly.

Then he went to the staff warehouse that the designer had guided him to and opened the paper box that Yoo-hyun had given him.

“What? You bought a watch too? And what are these shoes?”

The bag had pants, t-shirts, jackets, as well as a watch and shoes.

But the price was only this much?

He was surprised that he had bought all this for a cheap price that was less than two shirts he usually wore.

He was even more surprised after he put on the pants.

“Wow, they fit perfectly.”

His thighs were thick, so he wore bigger sizes than they looked.

But they fit like magic.

The jacket size was also suitable for him, who had relatively long arms.

It felt like he was wearing a suit tailored for him.

The shoe size was the same.

The watch didn't need to be mentioned.

Click.

The door opened.

“Ahem.”

Kang Jun-ki came out with an awkward cough.

He wore neat sneakers under tight-fitting jeans.

A clean navy jacket over a white V-neck t-shirt shone under his neat hairstyle.

He looked plain but special. He looked like a completely different person from before.

“Oh my! How can someone change so much?”

The hair designer was amazed.

“Manager, but...”

“Wow, amazing. Mr. Yoo-hyun is really amazing.”

Like it or not, the designer gave Yoo-hyun a thumbs up.

He envied his sense as a designer.

Yoo-hyun smiled and said.

“It's thanks to you for doing his hair well.”

“No way. This kind of transformation... Wait a minute. Let me trim your eyebrows a bit. Come over here.”

Maybe that's why?

The hair designer started to burn his creative passion.

He started by trimming Kang Jun-ki's eyebrows, then darkened his thin eyebrows, added some vitality to his dull face with a base, and even applied a transparent tint to his lips.

"How is it?"

"It's okay..."

"Right? Ah, I'm satisfied."

In the mirror, he saw the designer wiping off his sweat over Kang Jun-ki's nervous face.

He smiled happily as if he had conquered a big mountain.

That evening.

The meeting place was a buffet in Jongno, Seoul.

There were different foods prepared in each room. The next room was having a baby shower.

"This place must be expensive. It's at least 50,000 won per person, right? Yong-o must have made a lot of money."

"I heard he made a fortune by investing."

When Yoo-hyun arrived with Kang Jun-ki, some boys of their age were chatting at the entrance.

'Investing...'

He didn't care much about Yong-o, but from what he heard, he seemed to be doing something related to investing.

Like it or not, Yoo-hyun didn't care.

Kang Jun-ki's matter was more important to him.

"Hey... are you Han Yoo-hyun?"

"Yeah. Nice to meet you."

"Yeah. I'm Han-soo."

"Haha, I know. Long time no see."

To be honest, he didn't remember well.

He hadn't seen him for a long time and he had changed a lot from his past appearance too.

But what did that matter?

It was enough that they shared the sparkling memories of their childhood like jewels.

Yoo-hyun greeted him warmly and shook hands with him.

Kang Jun-ki was the same.

He was busy greeting his old friends whom he hadn't seen for a long time.

But his condition was not good.

His body was stiff and his speech was awkward.

His face didn't show much because of the base, but his neck was red-hot.

His rapid heartbeat and breathing revealed his anxious mind.

Did he get nervous already?

“Do you want to go in later?”

“No. Just a moment. Whew...”

While they were there, some kids entered the entrance one by one.

The seats of the large round tables in the large room were also filling up.

Yoo-hyun saw some girls sitting in groups at a table in his eyes.

There were still many empty seats.

“Is Lee So-hyun at that table?”

“Huh? Uh...”

Thank goodness. It paid off to come early.

“There's still room. Let's catch our breath here for a bit.”

Yoo-hyun reassured Kang Jun-ki for now.

-Don't worry. You said you've met a lot of girls. You just have to go and talk to her.

He didn't want to blame Kang Jun-ki's bluff.

Chapter 107

I'm sure that's how he felt.

He must be nervous because he really likes her.

What should I do?

I tried to keep a reasonable distance and only reach out when necessary.

That's what Kang Jun-ki wanted too.

"Ah, I'm going crazy. Hoo, hoo."

"..."

But Kang Jun-ki's anxious eyes kept asking for help.

I wanted to leave him alone, but I couldn't forget the past when I didn't go to his wedding.

I should have gone to the wedding hall.

It was too late to change the past.

Well, I'll just close my eyes and help him this once.

"Jun-ki, come here."

"What's up?"

"Let's try this. It's like this..."

I gathered my courage and gave him some instructions.

Tap tap.

Then I patted his shoulder as if he could do it.

Slap.

I lightly slapped his cheek to make him snap out of it.

"You can do it."

"I'll try."

Kang Jun-ki tried to sound confident.

I quietly watched him and walked over to where Lee So-hyun was sitting.

It wasn't just me or Kang Jun-ki who hadn't seen each other in a long time.

Most of the friends here were gathered together for the first time in a long time.

The host, Lee Yong-oh, hadn't arrived yet.

It was natural that they were sitting in their own groups in an awkward atmosphere.

What if I suddenly joined them?

"Hi. Long time no see."

As I pulled up a chair and sat down, the eyes of the girls' group turned to me.

I greeted them lightly and turned my head to the side without waiting for an answer.

Then their eyes naturally shifted from me sitting down to Kang Jun-ki standing up.

Kang Jun-ki wasn't good at dressing up, but he wasn't ugly either.

Especially his eye smile was charming.

"Huh? You're Jun-ki, right?"

"Yeah. Hi."

When one of the girls asked, Kang Jun-ki answered with an eye smile.

"Nice to see you. You look great."

"So do you. You're so pretty."

"Hahaha."

As a few words were exchanged, I observed the girls' reactions.

Eyebrow movements, eye tremors, smiles on their lips, upper body angles, hand gestures, leg directions, etc.

It wasn't hard to get information from their body language since they had no experience hiding their feelings.

Kang Jun-ki's first impression wasn't bad.

Lee So-hyun even turned her head to look at him.

If you're interested, you have to look at him. And if you look at him often, you'll get interested.

Especially when she turned her head with some discomfort, the effect was doubled.

This was all part of my plan.

I deliberately chose a side seat instead of a front seat for Lee So-hyun.

I also chose the right side considering her habit of sweeping her hair to the left and resting her chin on her left hand.

I felt good and called Kang Jun-ki.

"Jun-ki."

"Yeah. I'll get some food."

"Okay. I'll be back later."

When I gestured under the table, Kang Jun-ki naturally left his seat.

That's why buffets were great.

He could take a break without being noticed when he was nervous.

In the meantime, I had something to do.

There were five girls sitting at the table.

They were still not close enough to each other, so they had some guard up against each other.

When the main event started, they wouldn't have much time to talk like this.

It was obvious that they had to loosen up the atmosphere before that, and make Kang Jun-ki the center of it.

And I couldn't be the one to do that myself.

Swoosh.

As I grabbed the beer bottle in the middle of the table, one of the girls next to me snatched it away.

"I'll pour it for you."

"Thanks, Hyun-joo."

"Huh? You remember my name?"

"Of course."

There's always a center in any group.

Kim Hyun-joo was the one who led the conversation at this table.

I mentioned her name on purpose to get her attention.

Roll roll roll

Kim Hyun-joo opened her mouth with a bright voice

"It's been a long time."

"A little over 10 years?"

"Haha, yeah. Time flies. You said you studied in Seoul all this time. Wasn't it hard?"

"A bit. But I think it was less hard than doing music like you?"

I guessed she played an instrument by looking at the calluses on her fingertips

From her conversation, I could tell that she went to a music academy too

“Huh? How did you know I do music?”

“I saw the calluses on your fingers. They say that’s the callus you get when you play the violin a lot.”

Kim Hyun-joo’s eyes widened at my words.

The violin was her main instrument.

And that was something she hadn’t told anyone yet.

“Wow! You’re amazing, Yoo-hyun.”

“It’s nothing.”

I just said it because I saw the violin model hanging on her phone ring, but that wasn’t important.

What mattered was that I caught Kim Hyun-joo’s attention.

“No. How did you know? Guys, Yoo-hyun is like...”

Look at that.

He’s drawing everyone’s attention in an instant.

With a lively reaction and a cheerful gesture, he had the perfect personality for a trumpeter.

‘I remember the former T-Mobile CEO was like that.’

Thanks to him doing his job as a trumpeter well, we were able to make a decent contract with the North American telecom companies.

The situation was completely different, but the core was the same.

Let’s give Kang Jun-ki a little boost here.

“No, Jun-ki gave me a hint earlier.”

“Oh, really? Wow. Jun-ki is awesome.”

I casually brought Kang Jun-ki to the table of conversation.

Kang Jun-ki started to appear in the other girls’ interests and in my introduction.

And that wasn’t from my mouth, but from Kim Hyun-joo’s mouth.

Nothing is worse than bragging directly.

But it’s different when it’s through a friend.

What if it’s a really close friend?

As Kang Jun-ki's story came up repeatedly, Lee So-hyun's eyebrows started to react.

It wasn't a bad start.

When Kang Jun-ki came back with food, the atmosphere had changed a lot.

"Hohoho."

"Hahaha."

It was like they were friends who met often.

"Jun-ki, come and sit down."

"Yeah. Okay."

Even the kids who hadn't greeted properly called his name and gestured to him.

"Huh? Jun-ki, you're having salad too?"

"Just. I like vegetables."

They even showed interest in his plate.

Then he turned his head slightly and met Lee So-hyun's eyes.

Did she notice that I picked up the same thing on purpose?

Thump thump thump.

My heart is pounding.

What should I say?

I feel like my head is blank.

Then a girl with a quick tongue opened her mouth.

"Jun-ki, you're an engineer?"

What was her name... Kim Hyun-joo?

"Yeah. Uh."

"Do you make things like phones?"

Phones? It's similar to mockups.

"Something like that."

Wow, you're amazing. Yoo-hyun said his company couldn't work without yours."

"...That's not true."

I turned my head and saw Yoo-hyun giving me a thumbs up.

What a nice guy.

I finally understood the situation.

Yoo-hyun had set the stage.

Did he do some magic in five minutes?

I wondered how he did it. The atmosphere had changed so strangely.

It was as if I was the protagonist of this place. Questions poured out at me.

“By the way, weren’t you and So Hyun flirting?”

There was even a question that hit the nail on the head.

It was a playful question, so I tried to brush it off.

“Ah, no...”

Then I felt a tap on my toe from the side.

That answer was a sign of no.

I felt So Hyun’s gaze.

-Don’t miss any opportunity to say something, even as a joke. But don’t overdo it. Just be honest.

Did Yoo-hyun predict this situation?

I put some playfulness into my trembling voice.

“I just liked her.”

“Ooh, really? What about you, So Hyun?”

“Hyun Joo, stop it.”

“...”

I thought it was a rejection.

But Yoo-hyun nodded his head next to me.

That was a sign that things were going well.

Following Yoo-hyun’s sign, I felt much more relaxed.

The words flowed smoothly and I gained confidence.

As I chatted away, I found myself sitting next to So Hyun.

Drrrrr.

She was the one who poured me drinks.

“So you live near here?”

“Yeah. It’s close.”

She was the one who asked questions.

She looked at me with a curious gaze.

It was a very friendly look.

Thump thump.

My heart calmed down pleasantly and I smiled with my eyes.

Huh? Was So Hyun smiling with her eyes too?

Clang.

Our glasses clinked.

She said with her doll-like lips.

“One shot. I like cool guys.”

“My nickname is Kang Si Won.”

“Really.”

“Want to see?”

I gulped down the drink.

“Ah, refreshing!”

The start was good.

But the problem was the useless jokes that popped up once in a while.

Fortunately, So Hyun didn’t lose interest.

Her legs were still facing me.

The distance of the conversation was appropriate.

We must have clicked well, right?

At this point, Yoo-hyun had done his part.

Then Kim Hyun Joo, who was next to me, asked me with flushed cheeks.

“What are you thinking?”

“Nothing, just.”

“Don’t you have a girlfriend?”

“I have someone I like.”

“Who is it?”

She must have had too much to drink before the meeting even started.

Yoo-hyun just chuckled and said nothing.

That’s when it happened.

The door opened and a man came in.

He wore a flashy watch and a sharp suit like a swallow.

He greeted us with a loud voice like a late-arriving protagonist.

“Nice to meet you, friends!”

“Huh? Yong Oh!”

“Wow, you look great.”

The whole room echoed with his confident voice and the mood shifted to the entrance in an instant.

More than 30 kids who were awkwardly playing separately all looked at the same place.

Yong Oh waved his hand at the waiter near the entrance.

Then he gave him a few ten thousand won bills as a tip.

“Set up two bottles of wine for each table here.”

“Thank you. We’ll serve you well.”

Then the waiter bowed at 90 degrees as if he was serving royalty.

Tap tap.

He shrugged his shoulders and fidgeted. He wasn’t new to this skill.

“Yong Oh, did you hit it big?”

“You must be doing well. That bag is from Bali. It was on a drama.”

“That suit looks expensive too.”

“That’s awesome. What do you do?”

The kids were excited by his appearance.

They were mostly rookies who hadn’t even started their social lives properly yet.

Even if they had some work experience, they weren’t used to ordering wine and giving tips.

Yong Oh walked around the tables with a relaxed expression and handed out his business cards to the kids.

-Miracle Invest Assistant Manager Lee Yong Oh

“Oh, Yong Oh, you’re an Assistant Manager?”

“It’s just a title, what’s the big deal?”

Yong Oh acted like it was nothing.

The one who added fuel to the fire was the guy who followed him.

“Hey, I came here in Yong Oh’s car today. Do you know what it is? It’s a BMW.”

“Oooh.”

“You can drive that car too, you know?”

“Really? How?”

“You just have to invest in good places.”

He was good at luring them in softly.

He arranged the place and the meeting.

I predicted that he would organize not only the middle school reunion, but also the elementary school and high school reunions.

Why?

Yoo-hyun, who had analyzed him in a short time, whispered to me.

“He’s a scammer.”

“Really?”

I asked in surprise.

Chapter 108

Even Lee So-hyun, who was already sitting next to me, had her eyes stolen by Lee Yong-oh, and he was very unhappy.

I smiled and said the next words.

“He’s trying to gather investment money. Watch him.”

“I’ll watch him until my eyes fall out.”

As soon as I smirked, Lee Yong-oh walked towards the podium.

He had a wine glass in his hand.

“Nice to meet you, friends. Come on, let’s fill up our glasses.”

“Nice to see you, Yong-oh.”

“Oh, that’s cool.”

When Lee Yong-oh raised his glass, all the kids sitting down raised their glasses.

It was going on like a prepared event, but they all thought it was natural.

They were all drawn to the show-off that Lee Yong-oh showed them.

“Cheers.”

Clang.

The kids who drank wine for the first time exclaimed here and there.

Taking advantage of the atmosphere, Lee Yong-oh did some under-the-table business.

“If you ask me how to make money...”

It might have looked impressive to the young workers who had their eyes rolled back.

But in my eyes, he looked nothing but a scammer.

The magic of compound interest?

He guarantees a 50% return in a year?

If what he said was true, the principal would grow at least seven times in five years.

That was impossible.

Even a passing dog would laugh at that.

Yet the naive kids agreed with his words one after another.

“Wow, can I do it too? I have some money.”

“It’s better not to do it with small money. The operating cost is high.”

“Oh...”

“But you guys are friends, so I’ll do it for you up to 10 million won. Oh, of course you don’t have to. It’s your freedom.”

“Hey, this is the time to go for it. I got a BMW thanks to Yong-oh.”

“Wow, Han-joon, you too?”

Huh?

Even the flatterers?

I thought it wouldn't be an ordinary reunion, but I didn't expect him to sell so blatantly.

“Just drink, drink.”

The mood that moved once didn't come back easily.

While Lee Yong-oh was playing hard to get and easing the mood, the kids were all talking about stocks and funds.

The problem was the kids who picked up some nonsense from here and there.

“Yong-oh is really amazing. I think I've seen someone like him on TV.”

“I think I've heard of Miracle Invest too.”

Look at his business card.

A proper businessman.

Then I remembered a company with the same name.

In my vague memory, it was a group of scammers.

‘The CEO there was arrested for a big scam, right?’

I don't know when it was, but it must have been a big accident since it stayed in my memory.

Or maybe there were some people in the company who got scammed.

Actually, it wasn't something I cared about.

There weren't only scammers like Lee Yong-oh in the world.

Even if I stop him now, it would be hard to convince the kids I don't have much friendship with, and I don't have any reason to take care of the aftermath.

It would be enough if Kang Jun-ki did well as I came here for.

But Kang Jun-ki's expression was not good.

He was moving his eyes restlessly and looked nervous.

“Yoo-hyun, what do we do? If I tell So-hyun that he's a scammer, she'll think I'm weird. Is he really a scammer?”

“What can you do if you say that?”

“I'm angry...”

“...”

Things are getting tangled up.

I had no choice but to point out one by one to Kang Jun-ki.

“What’s wrong with this is...”

“Oh. You’re right.”

“Jun-ki, opportunity is here. Just watch for now. It’s important. Got it?”

“I got it. Don’t worry.”

I said one more time with a worried heart.

I knew his temper well.

Then Lee Yong-oh came to the table where I was sitting.

Some of them responded to his greeting.

“Nice to see you. It’s been a long time.”

“Yong-oh is here. This place is really good.”

“Yeah. Eat a lot.”

He looked at the people sitting at the table with a relaxed look.

He already had the results of the sucker survey in his head.

“So-hyun, you passed the civil service exam. That’s amazing.”

“Huh? Oh. Thank you.”

He targeted So-hyun because he thought she was the easiest and most likely one.

“But you know it’s impossible to buy an apartment in Seoul with a rat’s tail salary, right?”

“Yeah, well.”

“I knew you were smart enough to know that. Right, Jae-woo?”

“I would still be living in a basement if it wasn’t for Yong-oh.”

Even the flatterers added to it, and So-hyun flinched more and more.

Not only the table, but also the tempting kids at the next table were looking at So-hyun.

The friends around also said they wanted to do it, so it was a dilemma for her.

Lee Yong-oh poured oil on it.

“If you miss the opportunity, you’ll be a loser. The choice is yours, So-hyun. You don’t have much time. You know that, right?”

“Yeah...”

He was rude.

He spoke arrogantly, but this space was already dominated by Lee Yong-oh.

They were friends who were intoxicated by the false words that they could become rich.

Now they would accept whatever Lee Yong-oh said.

Of course, I wasn’t.

‘Wait.’

I gave Kang Jun-ki, who was clenching his fist, a sign.

I understood his feelings for So-hyun, but now was not the time to burst.

If he stepped up now when everyone’s eyes were on him, it would look like jealousy of Lee Yong-oh.

It wouldn’t be a way to get closer to So-hyun no matter how he ended it.

It would be better to persuade So-hyun separately after the mood changed.

I asked him to do that.

‘Wait a little...’

And I tried to give him another sign.

That was the moment.

Screech.

“Hey, Lee Yong-oh! Did you come here to do business? Why are you forcing her?”

“...”

Kang Jun-ki jumped up and shouted.

Because of that, everyone’s eyes turned to Kang Jun-ki.

‘Oh boy...’

“Ha, did I force her? Oh, you’re the loser Kang Jun-ki? Puhaha. You’re still the same.”

“Kikikik.”

“Jun-ki, he didn’t force her.”

Lee Yong-oh’s flatterers laughed and even So-hyun stopped Kang Jun-ki.

Don’t step up when I told you not to, geez.

The water was already spilled.

I had nothing more to do for him.

The choice was Kang Jun-ki’s.

Lee Yong-oh sneered coldly and said one word.

“Hey, you’re not relevant here, so get out.”

“Don’t scam! Don’t trick innocent kids.”

“Scam? Are you jealous of Kang Jun-ki? That’s why you live like a beggar.”

Lee Yong-oh looked down at Kang Jun-ki with a sneer.

He overwhelmed him in size, appearance, and aura.

But Kang Jun-ki didn’t back down and glared at Lee Yong-oh.

-Yoo-hyun, what’s wrong with what you said? You stole their side dishes, you bastard!

Suddenly, I saw the scene of the classroom in middle school in my sight.

Kang Jun-ki, who was the smallest and thinnest among my friends, was confronting Lee Yong-oh, the bully.

His legs were shaking but he didn’t lower his head until the end.

He even pushed me back and stood in front of me.

‘I owed him.’

Yeah.

I remembered now.

He looked weak but he was a guy who was full of justice.

“What a troublesome guy.”

I smiled with my eyes.

I pushed Kang Jun-ki back and blocked his front.

Then I stepped forward one step as Lee Yong-oh’s mouth was about to open.

“What are you...”

“Yong-oh, you’re a scammer.”

My unexpected action made him flinch.

My calm tone of voice gave the people who were watching a sense of trust.

But Lee Yong-oh wouldn’t back down easily.

“Ha! Are you defending him because he’s your friend? You losers are hopeless.”

Lee Yong-oh had limited options here.

He had 40 people’s eyes on him, who paid a lot of money to be here.

He wouldn’t dare to throw a punch.

But he couldn’t just lower his tail either.

He would obviously try to humiliate me with words.

Let’s see how far he can go.

“You made 10 times the money by investing in real estate in China? How did you invest in real estate?”

“Tsk, tsk, you don’t know anything about real estate investing.”

“Yong-oh, be honest. China’s real estate is controlled by the Chinese government.”

“...”

“Then how did you invest? You have to match the front and back if you want to scam.”

I gestured with my hand and drew the attention of the people around me.

He couldn’t interrupt me because of my relaxed words.

He knew that.

If he got excited here, he would lose face.

“What do you mean by scam? There are more than one or two ways to invest, not directly, you know.”

“Then what kind of investment is it? You can’t even say that and you want to take their money?”

“Ha! Don’t mislead them by talking nonsense without any evidence. You’re just jealous because you’ve never made any money.”

He mixed in the word jealousy, which was a catch-all word, and responded emotionally.

“Hey, hey, stop it. There are many people who made money thanks to Yong-oh. Don’t be petty and look bad.”

He used the flatterers appropriately.

He smirked and shrugged his shoulders and looked around.

He knew he had to move the audience to win.

He was a guy who knew the basics of verbal fights.

But he made a mistake by mastering the advanced level earlier than him.

Shall we match our eye level from now on?

“Yong-oh, I admire your passion for buying food for your friends. Your dazzling smile is also impressive.”

“So what?”

“But you know what? If you want to scam, you have to dress properly.”

I dusted off Lee Yong-oh’s suit jacket and he snorted.

“Do you know how much this is? You wouldn’t know unless you wore a luxury brand.”

“It would be if it was genuine. But Yong-oh, the end of the L in Louis Vuitton logo is reversed. You should have chosen something without a logo.”

As soon as I finished speaking, the girls at the next table reacted.

“Huh? It looks like the end of the L is down.”

“Oh my, that’s so pathetic.”

Look at that.

Easy words work better than hard words.

Swish swish.

The kids’ eyes were on Lee Yong-oh.

They might have been proud of their eyes at first, but now their eyes became a ring of death.

There was no escape.

I was better than anyone at attacking the cornered opponent without a break.

“This...”

“Just look at the business card.”

His eyes blinked, his shoulders rose, and his throat moved at the same time, that is, just before Lee Yong-oh opened his mouth.

I quickly handed him my business card.

The visual information was disrupted and the topic changed before the accident was over, so Lee Yong-oh couldn't continue his words.

It was important not to lose the initiative that I took away here.

“Vice President is vice president, not assistant director. What kind of company are you guys?”

“...”

It was natural that he was speechless by the punch that came from an unexpected place with a proper aggro mixed in.

His body reacted faster than he thought and his face turned red.

Let's give him another punch.

“And look at this address. Do you have Miracle Invest in this building? I've never heard of it even though I work right next door. Why do you lie when you can find it with one search?”

“What did you say, you bastard?”

Are you staggering just by this?

You can't fall yet.

I gave him a chance to breathe by slightly raising one corner of my mouth.

“This...”

And as soon as he tried to open his mouth with excitement, I threw a cross counter right away.

“Oh! By the way, Jun-ki's uncle is in the investigation team.”

“...”

I saw Lee Yong-oh's eyes shake violently for a moment.

Chapter 109

The countdown begins.

“You guys are nothing. Right, Jun-ki?”

“Of course. I was about to report that bastard anyway.”

Jun-ki nodded without waiting for Yoo-hyun's signal.

His uncle was a cop, that much was true.

He worked in the traffic department, though.

But since it wasn't a lie, he didn't seem to feel guilty.

Jun-ki's expression was confident.

5, 4...

The kids started to stir.

Soon, the ones sitting at the nearby tables also got up and joined them.

3, 2...

If he lost a fight, he should admit his defeat. But Yong-o wasn't that kind of person.

Look at his twisted face.

He was ready to throw a punch.

Fight here? No thanks.

1, 0!

"Yo..."

"Yong-o, you should live a good life."

Just as Yong-o raised his right fist, Yoo-hyun reached out and put his hand on his shoulder.

Yoo-hyun stopped him before he could start anything.

Yong-o's face contorted.

He was so frustrated that he snorted.

"Hey..."

He turned his body and tried to grab Yoo-hyun's collar with his left hand.

Snap.

Yoo-hyun already caught his left wrist.

The other kids didn't even understand what was going on.

It looked like a friendly hug.

He even whispered in his ear with a smile.

"Why don't you give up here and save yourself some embarrassment?"

“You son of a...”

“Hahaha! Good, good. You made a wise choice, Yong-o.”

Before Yong-o could swear, Yoo-hyun cut him off with a loud laugh.

Crack!

He twisted both of his wrists with force.

Then, a pain so intense that it made his head go white came over him.

“Ugh.”

“If you do more, you’ll die. Stop it.”

Yoo-hyun spoke in a low but cold voice.

From Yong-o’s perspective, it was insane.

He couldn’t speak or pull his arms out.

He couldn’t even whine in pain.

There were too many eyes watching him.

Yoo-hyun decided to wrap things up here.

He had no reason to keep messing with this guy.

Of course, he intended to achieve his goal for coming here.

“Jun-ki, take So-hyeon and go.”

“...Okay. Got it.”

Jun-ki was quick on the uptake.

He flinched for a moment, but soon understood what Yoo-hyun meant and went to So-hyeon.

“So-hyeon, let’s go. Don’t bother with that guy.”

“Huh? What? Uh...”

So-hyeon looked around in confusion.

The other kids also didn’t know what to do.

That’s when Jun-ki took the lead.

“Let’s go get some shaved ice. I know a place that’s good.”

“Oh. Okay.”

Well, it wasn’t exactly fitting for the situation, but it didn’t matter.

As long as she got the gist of it.

As So-hyeon got up, Yong-o shouted with a distorted face.

“Hey! Fuck. You’re just going to eat and run?”

“I only ate vegetables, you bastard.”

Ah, look at this childish guy.

Before Yoo-hyun could answer, Jun-ki flipped him off.

So-hyeon’s eyes changed when she saw that.

She had a weird taste in men.

Yoo-hyun thanked Kim Hyun-joo for her help today and leisurely walked out to the hallway.

When he got to the hallway, Jun-ki was already holding the elevator door open for him.

Ding!

The elevator door was about to close after Yoo-hyun got in.

Bang!

Yong-o reached out and opened the elevator door.

He was about to spew curses with his angry face when it happened.

“Hey! You dog... Ugh!”

Yoo-hyun slapped his Adam’s apple.

He gasped for air and fell to his knees.

“Oh, sorry. I meant to invite you in.”

“You...!”

Yong-o glared at him with bloodshot eyes, but the elevator door had already closed by then.

“Aaaargh!”

His scream echoed through the corridor as Yoo-hyun turned his head.

Behind him were Jun-ki and So-hyeon blinking their eyes.

Yoo-hyun shrugged his shoulders.

“I really didn’t mean to do that.”

“Heh heh, who are you kidding?”

Jun-ki laughed as Yoo-hyun shrugged again.

When they got outside, a cool breeze greeted Yoo-hyun.

He said to the two of them,

“I’ll go back now. Have fun.”

“Uh...”

So-hyeon hesitated for a moment, then added,

“You saw that, right? Jun-ki is such a cool guy.”

“Huh?”

“Anyway, that’s how it is. Jun-ki, see you next time.”

Yoo-hyun patted Jun-ki’s shoulder and he whispered in his ear.

“Don’t forget the favor.”

“Of course not. I’ll pay you back.”

“Ten times over.”

Jun-ki said and Yoo-hyun chuckled and waved his hand.

Good things happened one after another.

After solving Jun-ki’s problem, he also got good news from the company.

Choi Min-hee’s project on Hyun-il Automobile’s navigation system was finally completed.

“Choi, you did a great job.”

Jo Chan-young, the executive director, acknowledged.

“This is a great achievement.”

Oh Jae-hwan, the team leader, also praised her.

Not only that, but the developers also received recognition for their work.

She achieved her intermediate goal.

That’s when it started.

Choi Min-hee changed little by little.

Small changes led to big changes.

A pig feet restaurant near Hanseong Tower.

The third part's dinner was in full swing.

Lee Chan-ho, who usually didn't talk much, started to chatter after a drink.

"It's true. Choi's charisma was no joke. The client's president was trembling."

"Chan-ho, don't make up things."

Choi Min-hee stopped him, but Lee Chan-ho didn't budge.

"Oh, sorry. Hehe. But it's true, right?"

"He wasn't trembling, we just had a conversation. How do you think he would feel if he heard you?"

"Haha, I'll keep that in mind. Let's go on the next business trip together."

He joked around with Choi Min-hee, who used to be hard to approach.

He even offered her a drink first.

As soon as she emptied her glass, Park Seung-woo sat next to her.

He held a bottle and smiled slyly at Choi Min-hee, who flinched.

"Hey, Park. Why are you here? I just drank."

"Come on, chief. You didn't take my drink yet."

"No."

Choi Min-hee frowned, but Park Seung-woo pushed the bottle forward.

He had been scolded by Choi Min-hee every day lately, but he still smiled brightly.

"Manager Choi, thank you for sorting out the touch components. It really helped me with the evidence."

"Why are you like this? What did you do?"

"Will you help me more?"

"No."

"You're good at joking too."

He even stretched out his hand cheekily.

He felt much closer than before, when he hardly said anything.

Manager Kim Kim Hyun-min who was watching quietly, made a witty remark.

"Park, my glass is empty too."

"Manager Kim, you're next."

“Hey, you don’t know your place, that’s why your work is always stuck.”

“Oh, come on.”

As Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, grumbled, Kim Hyun-min snapped back.

“What do you mean? You just make the data. You have to check the production line too.”

“Then, Manager Kim, why don’t you go down with me next time?”

At the words of Choi Min-hee, the section chief who came in with a bang, Kim Hyun-min was startled.

“Me and Manager Choi? No way.”

“Why not?”

“She’s scary. I’m afraid she’ll scold me.”

“Manager Kim, why do you keep making me look like a weird person?”

The moment Manager Choi Min-hee flared up, Kim Hyun-min shouted.

“Come on, fill up your glasses. Let’s have a drink for our country.”

“Hahaha.”

The people laughed louder at Kim Hyun-min’s joke.

The 3rd part melted into the relaxed atmosphere and communicated with each other.

It wasn’t just that the mood became comfortable and close.

They also grew professionally by filling in each other’s weaknesses.

“Then, who will propose a toast? How about Yoo-hyun?”

“Me?”

“Yes. I really want to hear your story.”

Manager Choi Min-hee gave Yoo-hyun a playful smile.

That was it.

She was the center of it all.

She had broken down her own wall that was prickly and cold, and the part members came closer.

They leaned on her and relied on her.

It was possible because they trusted her skills.

Before they knew it, they all looked at Manager Choi Min-hee.

If Manager Kim Hyun-min was the father of the part, could they call Manager Choi Min-hee the mother?

He suddenly thought of it and answered.

“I’ll do it as I please.”

“Of course.”

Yoo-hyun stood up abruptly and held up his glass.

“My toast today is for Manager Choi Min-hee, whom I respect and admire.”

“Oh, good. That’s fresh.”

“Choi section chief should pay for this.”

“No. Don’t do that.”

Manager Choi Min-hee was startled and tried to stop him.

Yoo-hyun looked down at her and said seriously.

“Manager Choi Min-hee, I hope everything you do goes well, and please continue to work hard for our 3rd part.”

“Oh, really. Why are you like this?”

He said firmly regardless of her reaction.

“To the happiness of our 3rd part’s mother, Manager Choi Min-hee! Cheers!”

“Cheers!”

Clang. Clang.

The glasses clashed.

There were noisy sounds everywhere.

“Hahaha. The mother of the 3rd part.”

“Mom!”

“She pays here.”

Among them, he saw Manager Choi Min-hee’s face turning red.

She growled at Yoo-hyun in a low voice as he sat down.

“Yoo-hyun, this is how you get out of it?”

“You did the same thing to me too.”

“I did it because I was really grateful.”

“I did it because I really respect you too.”

For a moment, a smile flashed on their lips.

It was a good day.

But they couldn't just laugh.

Because of one person who had to be left out here.

Yoo-hyun moved to Assistant Manager Kim Young-gil 's side with an empty glass and a bottle of liquor in his hand.

Then he offered him a drink.

“Manager Kim, let me offer you a drink.”

“Oh. Okay.”

Assistant Manager Kim Young-gil smiled awkwardly and took the glass.

Manager Choi Min-hee helped Yoo-hyun out.

“Manager Kim, you worked hard. Thanks to you, we organized the touch development plan easily.”

“No problem.”

“Not at all.”

She deliberately praised his work because she had a reason.

She was worried about Assistant Manager Kim Young-gil who was isolated alone.

Manager Kim Hyun-min teased her maliciously.

“Oh, Choi section chief now takes care of her juniors too. She's changed as a person.”

“Assistant Manager, can't you just keep your mouth shut?”

Manager Choi Min-hee frowned but Manager Kim Hyun-min was nonchalant.

“Why? You're trying to close my mouth. Isn't that right, Manager Kim?”

“Uh...”

Manager Kim Hyun-min also tried to cheer up Assistant Manager Kim Young-gil in his own way.

“Come on, let’s just have a drink. The Apple issue will be resolved soon.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Sorry for what? Did you do anything wrong?”

“...”

“It’s not even clear what happened yet. Don’t worry and just drink.”

Clang.

But Assistant Manager Kim Young-gil couldn’t smile brightly.

There was a problem with the LCD panel of the Apple phone and they received an official complaint.

Chapter 110

When drinking, it would be nice to just forget about work and life, but Kim Young-gil was a person who couldn’t separate them.

He used to be like that in the past.

He never asked for help from anyone, even when he had a hard time.

He tried to carry everything on his own and somehow get through it.

Yoo-hyun felt sorry for him.

‘Why don’t you ask for some help?’

If he had a little bit of Park Seung-woo’s cunning, Kim Young-gil might have changed.

He was the most skilled in the development field among them.

He might have grown more than Shin Chan-yong, the team leader.

But Kim Young-gil, who lacked flexibility, couldn’t do that and ended up being frustrated.

-You might not care, but I think you should stop by.

The image of the old Kim Young-gil who stopped Yoo-hyun flashed in his mind.

It was his first request to ask him to visit Kwon Se-jung’s funeral.

He never reached out to him before.

He was that kind of person.

Yoo-hyun looked at Kim Young-gil, who was alone in the noisy atmosphere, emptying his glass.

After the department dinner.

Yoo-hyun came out of the store and grabbed Kim Young-gil's arm, who was staggering.

He seemed to be out of it, leaning his head on Yoo-hyun.

Yoo-hyun put his arm over his shoulder and said to Park Seung-woo, who was next to him.

"I'll take Mr. Kim home."

"Isn't your house in the opposite direction? Let's..."

"I have a place to go."

Park Seung-woo was about to say let's go together, but Yoo-hyun changed his words.

He just wanted to take him home quietly today.

Kim Young-gil asked faintly.

"Oh, really? Are you okay?"

"Of course. It's on my way anyway."

At Yoo-hyun's words, Kim Hyun-min, the Manager who was quick-witted, stepped in.

"Park, where are you going? We have to drink more."

"Ah..."

Thanks to Kim Hyun-min's intervention at the right time, Yoo-hyun could get out naturally.

The distance to Kim Young-gil's house was not far.

During the short time they took a taxi, Kim Young-gil lay down in the back seat.

Thud.

Then the car hit a speed bump and he felt nauseous.

"Driver, please stop here for a moment."

"Yes. Okay."

Yoo-hyun quickly got out of the car with Kim Young-gil.

There wasn't much left to the destination, so he sent the taxi first.

Kim Young-gil, who crouched down on the side of the road, vomited into a plastic bag that Yoo-hyun handed him.

Ughh!

Why don't you drink moderately?

Yoo-hyun sat next to him in the same posture and patted his back.

He got up to buy a drink that would ease his stomach.

“Just stay here for a moment.”

“Huuk, huuk...”

And he realized when he went to the convenience store.

He didn't know anything about Kim Young-gil, even though he had worked with him longer than Park Seung-woo.

He didn't even know what he liked right now.

It was like that before too.

He didn't care much about Kim Young-gil even though he took care of other bosses.

He was always out of Yoo-hyun's sight.

Yoo-hyun bought Park Seung-woo's favorite honey tea and gave it to Kim Young-gil.

“Mr. Kim, please drink this.”

“...Phew. Thank you.”

He drank it without even checking the contents and slumped down on the bench next to him.

He looked pitiful.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah. Phew.”

“Let's rest for a while. The weather is nice and cool.”

“...”

Kim Young-gil bowed his head down.

The wind blew and his hair tips fluttered.

How much time had passed?

Kim Young-gil raised his head and called Yoo-hyun.

He seemed to have regained some consciousness now.

“Hey, Yoo-hyun. Hehe.”

“Yes, Mr. Kim.”

“Phew. What are you doing here?”

-Why are you here when you're so capable?

For a moment, the image of Kim Young-gil as a team leader who was pushed back by his junior Yoo-hyun overlapped on his face.

The deep wrinkle on his forehead, thin eyebrows, droopy eyes were no different from now.

‘What did I answer then...’

He didn't even remember.

That's how much Yoo-hyun didn't care about Kim Young-gil.

He was defined as a person who didn't help him succeed.

Why did he do that then?

“I came to see you, Mr. Kim.”

“Pffft.”

“Seriously.”

Kim Young-gil's shoulders shook at Yoo-hyun's joke.

He muttered in a daze.

“Don't work too hard, man. You'll end up ruining your body and get nothing in return.”

“...I understand.”

Was it a drunken truth?

He didn't know if he would remember, but Yoo-hyun listened carefully.

He was right. In the past, he worked as hard as he did now.

“No, you're different. I'm just greedy without any ability. Phew.”

“Mr. Kim, you have ability.”

“Hehe, no, man.”

Kim Young-gil also had ability and ambition.

He just didn't get the results as much as he tried.

Usually, people would ask for help to survive, but he didn't.

He rather blamed everything on himself.

Even when his project was taken away, when his performance was stolen.

He didn't blame others.

-Why are you blaming others when you can't handle your work properly?

Yoo-hyun himself put the blame on Kim Young-gil to ease his guilt.

The more he did that, the more he fell behind like he was stuck in a swamp.

Did I have the right to say that then?

No, I didn't.

I uttered a sincere word from my heart.

"I was arrogant, Mr. Kim."

"Huh? Phew. What are you talking about?"

I reached out my hand to Kim Young-gil, who was half awake and looking up at me.

"Shall we go now? I'll take you home."

"I'm fine. I'm fine."

Kim Young-gil got up without holding my hand.

He walked ahead, staggering.

Even when he was drunk, he didn't want to accept any help. His personality was the same as ever.

Whether he liked it or not.

I put his arm over my shoulder.

"Let's go."

"Phew, I'm fine."

"I'm fine too."

And we just walked.

For the first time, I felt his warmth.

A few days later, Ulsan factory.

In the large conference room, there were the development staff for the Apple phone panel, the parts suppliers, and Kim Young-gil.

But the atmosphere was bad from the start.

The development team leader scolded his team members.

“Hey! You still haven’t found the problem? How can you do this when you’re getting paid?!”

“We’ve looked everywhere, but it’s not our fault...”

“Are you kidding me? When we connect the same Apple PCB, there’s no problem with the Japanese panel. Then whose fault is it?”

“That’s...”

The team members were humiliated in front of other departments.

But they had nothing to say.

It was something they had to take responsibility for in the development team.

“Hey, do you think Apple people are stupid?”

“I’m s-sorry.”

“Sorry won’t cut it! Find it now! We’re all dead if we stay like this!”

The anger of the development team leader dominated the conference room.

Kim Young-gil bowed his head helplessly.

He came all the way here, but he had no results to take back.

He knew what he would hear when he went back.

The next day, Hansung Tower 12th floor.

In his office, there was exactly what Kim Young-gil expected.

The first one to explode was Oh Jae-hwan, the team leader.

“Hey, Kim. How can you be so lenient with the development team?”

“That’s...”

“Shut up. You know what kind of people Apple are. If we mess up, we might lose all the investments we’ve had so far.”

“I’m sorry.”

The marketing team leader and the sales team leader also chimed in.

“Oh, team leader. How can we trust you if you handle things like this?”

“We might lose the investment deal if we make a mistake. Don’t you know how important this is? Tsk tsk.”

“...”

Jo Chan-young, the Executive Director, watched them quietly.

They were all people who didn’t care much about the Apple phone panel.

It was because the quantity was low and the price was not good.

But now the situation had changed.

The Apple Pod Touch that would be released in the first half of next year and the Apple Phone 2 that would be released in the second half would all use the same spec panel.

It meant that there were many places to sell them if they just made them.

It wasn’t just about making a lot of profit.

If they fell behind more than the Japanese companies here, it would be over.

They could even lose the investment that Apple promised them.

It was like a fire on Jo Chan-young’s feet.

He kept silent and then opened his eyes wide.

“Kim, find out why somehow! Or we’re all dead.”

“I’ll do my best.”

Kim Young-gil knew too.

But what he could do was very limited.

All he could do was get beaten up by his bosses and the development team.

“Do your best, don’t do well!”

“Yes. I understand.”

Kim Young-gil bowed his head and left his office.

He scratched his head as he returned to his seat.

“This is crazy.”

Then he sensed the atmosphere around him and went outside.

Park Seung-woo followed him and tried to strike up a friendly conversation.

“Mr. Kim, do you want to smoke?”

“No. I’ll just get some fresh air.”

The stress he had received showed on his face.

He looked at Kim Young-gil's back as he walked away.

"Sigh, I wonder if he's going to quit."

"He looks really tired."

"It must be hell. He can't do anything in between. He should at least vent his anger, but he's not that kind of person either."

"Yeah."

Yoo-hyun looked at Kim Young-gil's back as he walked away.

Today, his back looked especially small.

Park Seung-woo muttered regretfully.

"I have a lot to learn from Mr. Kim, but Apple keeps getting in the way."

"What do you mean?"

"About the development schedule for the competition panel. He's holding it tight."

"I see."

Yoo-hyun thought the same.

Kim Young-gil was an expert in managing the development schedule, which was the most important part of the planning stage.

He also had a lot of know-how from running around the development, production, and quality control.

He would have been a great help for the competition preparation in any way.

And that was included in the big picture that Yoo-hyun was drawing.

He had to solve the fundamental problem.

Yoo-hyun asked.

"Mr. Park, do you know when I can get what I asked for?"

"The Apple phone prototype?"

"Yes. And the defective one that caused the problem, if possible."

"Will that help with the internal design of the mockup for the competition?"

"Apple did a great job with everything. There's a lot to learn from them."

From full touch to UI design.

The Apple phone was no different from the reference material for the low-end full touch that would go to the competition.

Of course, that wasn't why he asked for the Apple phone.

It was because of an old memory that came to mind when he heard this issue.

-This is a behind-the-scenes story, but I heard that the claim on the early Apple phone was actually Apple's fault. Well, it doesn't matter now.

Two years later from now.

Shin Chan-yong, who was in charge of the panel for Apple Phone 4, said to Yoo-hyun.