

Real Man 131

Chapter 131

It was an act that could only be seen as malicious.

The team leader of the next-generation product development team, who was supposed to support the contest, personally stepped in and threw a wrench in the works.

Yoo-hyun clenched his face.

‘Was Senior Go Jun-gil also a member of Han Gol Mo?’

Considering that most of Director Lee Kyung-hoon’s connections were from Han Gol Mo, it was a plausible inference.

He was a person who did not appear in Yoo-hyun’s memory, so it was just a guess for now.

Whether it was true or not, Yoo-hyun had no place to intervene right now.

It was frustrating, but he had to wait and see.

Jung Eun-hee, an assistant manager of the mobile business division’s product planning team, asked cautiously.

“Um, team leader. How about we start with making a mock-up production plan for now?”

“Assistant Manager Jung, I know you’re enthusiastic as the contest manager. But, you know we have to take care of 20 teams. We can’t do everything for them, right?”

“We still have to make a mock-up for the second presentation.”

Jung Eun-hee hesitated, and Senior Go Jun-gil cut her off.

“Hey, don’t lose too much energy on something that won’t work.”

“Then what about the product schedule?”

“Well, let’s think about that after we pass the second round.”

It was a contradictory statement.

The product schedule was essential for passing the second round.

That meant he was telling them to figure out the product schedule on their own while he didn’t care.

The engineers and product planners who had seen Park Seung-woo’s mock-up expressed their displeasure at Senior Go Jun-gil’s opinion.

They couldn’t speak up because he was their team leader, but they all knew that the current situation was unreasonable.

But Senior Go Jun-gil did not change his attitude.

“Why don’t we just end it here?”

“...”

He seemed to have no interest from the start and tried to fold this game.

Yoo-hyun read his expression without missing anything.

At that moment, on the 12th floor of Han Sung Tower, at the sales team leader's seat.

Director An Bong-su, the team leader of the marketing team, sat in front of Director Lee Kyung-hoon.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon knew why he bothered to ask him such an unpleasant question like how he was doing.

“Ah, team leader. Did you hear that the product planning team passed the first round of the mobile business division contest? It seems like Assistant Manager Jo is pushing for it.”

With the upcoming executive personnel changes, he was openly playing sides between Executive Director Jo Chan-young and Director Lee Kyung-hoon.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon was displeased with Director An Bong-su's bat-like behavior, but now was the time to make him a sure ally.

“Ah, that? It's never going to work.”

“Is that so? I heard they're going to get product production support from the mobile business division today.”

“Director An, think about it. They're so busy, do you think they have time to support an impossible idea? Right? Senior Go isn't someone who likes that kind of thing either.”

“Oh, Senior Go. The team leader of the next-generation product development team. Isn't he your alumni?”

“...”

Director Lee Kyung-hoon answered with his characteristic smile that only lifted his lips.

Director An Bong-su nodded.

“Huhu, so that's how it was. You're amazing, team leader. There's no need to leave any uncertain factors. But are you sure you handled it well?”

“I don't know what you're talking about, but I've never left a mess in my work.”

“Of course... It would be better for our department if someone like you were in charge. ”

“What are you worried about when you have such a talent like Director An? Hehe.”

The two men looked at each other's eyes and smiled with their eyes.

Yoo-hyun judged that Senior Go Jun-gil looked smart.

He wasn't so stupid that he couldn't understand the opinions of his team members or the product planning people.

Yet he insisted on his unreasonable opinion so stubbornly because he had a good deal with him.

Of course, that target was Director Lee Kyung-hoon.

Yoo-hyun chuckled at his old boss's persistence.

Is this how it came out?

Yoo-hyun now wasn't a naive rookie who ran blindly without caring about anything.

He expected this level of attack and was ready to take it.

After Senior Go Jun-gil left,

Yoo-hyun left behind the product planning people who were comforting Park Seung-woo and approached his colleague Kang Chang-seok.

"Hyung, can we get HMOP (Han Sung Mobile Open Platform) support?"

"Huh? How do you know about that?"

"I learned about it during the new employee training. I thought maybe we could use it for our mock-up."

"Did you? But it's not easy..."

HMOP.

An open source platform created to unify the software of Han Sung Electronics' phones that came out every year.

It was made to efficiently integrate applications provided by companies such as mobile games, widgets, etc., but now it was only used internally by Han Sung Electronics.

There was no reason for other companies to use Han Sung Electronics' software.

To be precise, Han Sung Electronics failed to establish a proper open source environment.

This was one of the major failure cases of Han Sung Electronics' mobile software in the not too distant future.

"But if we make it with that, it'll be easier for your team to apply it, right?"

"That's true. We're also making it with HMOP."

Kang Chang-seok didn't think Yoo-hyun was serious about using HMOP.

It was impossible for another company to use the software that Han Sung Electronics made internally in a short period of time.

He thought Yoo-hyun was impulsively saying that because he was discriminated against.

"By the way, I'm really sorry. I didn't know the team leader would be so stubborn."

“No, it’s okay. But can you please give me the sample source and manual? They’re not on the download site.”

“Huh? You checked the site?”

“Yes. Just in case.”

But he wasn’t.

Yoo-hyun was serious about using HMOP.

‘Was he like this during his new employee training days?’

He always looked relaxed and peaceful, but he succeeded in everything he touched and led people.

“He’s really trying to do it.”

“Yes. I have to do something.”

Kang Chang-seok knew better than anyone that it wasn’t a coincidence.

The Yoo-hyun he knew was a man who always made results.

Just like when he saved him from falling off a cliff during the innovation march.

“Okay. I’ll look for it.”

After getting Kang Chang-seok’s agreement, Yoo-hyun explained the situation to Park Seung-woo first.

Then they went to see Jung Eun-hee together.

Yoo-hyun opened his mouth first.

“Assistant Manager Jung, can you tell me the product production schedule in detail by each stage?”

The development materials could be obtained, but they required prior production as a condition.

“Ah, I’m sorry, Assistant Manager Park.”

Assistant Manager Jung Eun-hee, who was giving a formal answer, looked at Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo behind her and bowed her head.

She felt sorry for him.

She felt like she had unfairly discriminated against the LCD business division.

“Haha, no.”

“No, what’s going on?”

Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo smiled, and Assistant Manager Jung Eun-hee asked kindly.

When the other party came in so humbly, the negotiation became more concise.

Yoo-hyun said.

“I want to draw a schedule based on the assumption that the next-generation product development team will make it for us.”

“They’re going to support you?”

“We’ll have to try. We’re planning to use HMOP to proceed with the work. Right, Assistant Manager Park?”

“Hmm. Assistant Manager Jung, please help us.”

Yoo-hyun nudged his side, and Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo nodded his head with a cough.

“HMOP?”

“Yes.”

It was something that was hard to know unless you were in the development team.

Of course, Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo only heard it from Yoo-hyun.

Assistant Manager Jung Eun-hee rolled her eyes and nodded her head.

“Ah... yes. Anyway, it’s done, right?”

“Yes.”

“Wait a minute. You need this for the presentation, right? I’ll polish this up and send it to you.”

Since he had taken the initiative, the work was swift.

She shared the sensitive schedule information that she wouldn’t have easily given otherwise.

She even said she would sort out the content and send it.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. If you need any help, just let me know.”

Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo greeted her, and Assistant Manager Jung Eun-hee replied.

Soon after, the product planning people came over and cheered for Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo.

“That’s right, Assistant Manager Park. Good job.”

“Thank you.”

“Try until the end. I think it’s good.”

“Of course. I’ll do my best. Hahaha.”

“You’re so cheerful. Hehehe.”

Yoo-hyun looked at Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo who was smiling surrounded by people.

He was relaxed, cheerful, and unshakable.

He wasn't the naive Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo of the past.

He had grown enough to shine in such adverse conditions.

Thanks to that, he won people's hearts.

This would be a great help for his career in the long run.

'This is all you need to do.'

Yoo-hyun smiled at him from behind.

And he decided.

He would do whatever he could to prevent his growth from being broken by such lowly tricks.

Back on the 12th floor of Han Sung Tower, at the sales team leader's seat.

Creak.

Director An Bong-su, who got up from his seat, stopped his way and turned his head to ask Director Lee Kyung-hoon for confirmation.

"Team leader, just in case, what if they really get lucky and get product production support?"

"Oh, come on, didn't I say it won't happen?"

"Just in case. You know I worry too much."

Director An Bong-su shook his round face with a chuckle.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon, who rested his chin on the tip of his hands clasped together, answered.

"It's unlikely, but even if that happens, they'll never pass the second round."

"Did you take care of the higher-ups too?"

"I'll say it again, I hate leaving a mess in my work. I'd rather block it with a hoe than a scythe."

"Of course. You're amazing, team leader. It's always good to be sure. Thank you for your precious time."

Director An Bong-su bowed his waist.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon's lips curled up slightly as he watched him.

The short consulting meeting was over.

It could have been a disappointing situation.

But because people's reactions were so good, Park Seung-woo and Lee Chan-ho were in high spirits.

Of course, the current good atmosphere had nothing to do with the second presentation.

The most important thing was whether they could make a mobile phone prototype or not.

And securing the product schedule was also equally important.

“The development materials are easy to get, but they require prior production as a condition. Ah, I’m sorry, Assistant Manager Park.”

Yoo-hyun said what he wanted to say using his colleague’s name.

Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo nodded as if he agreed.

“I’m not worried about the panel schedule. The touch localization part might take some time because it’s our first time doing it... But I trust them since they said they can do it at the pre-production team.”

The pre-production team of the mobile product 4 division.

It was the team where Yoo-hyun had been dispatched before.

The people were rough and eccentric, but their skills were unquestionable.

Even the product 4 division, which had been negative about doing such a thing when they were busy, couldn’t easily oppose it now.

The mobile business division contest was big.

It was different from the contest that the LCD business division was promoting.

Just passing the first round alone proved its usefulness.

In other words, there was no way that other development departments would leave this item alone.

Yoo-hyun pictured the development managers who were watching each other in his head.

“The problem is the mobile phone schedule... This is not something we can do.”

“That’s why the prototype schedule is important.”

“Right. Yoo-hyun, is there really something called HMOP? And can Semi Electronics do it?”

“Yes. I checked with Semi Electronics last time, and they have an engineer who has experience in operating mobile platforms. They said HMOP is a similar derivative, so there should be no problem.”

“But how do you know that? Chan-ho, did you know?”

Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo glanced at Lee Chan-ho, who shook his head as if he had never heard of it.

It would have been nice to tell Lee Chan-ho beforehand, but he didn’t have time for that.

Yoo-hyun quickly fixed it.

“I heard it during the new employee training. At that time, a lecturer from Han Sung Electronics’ mobile business division was invited.”

“How do you remember so much from the new employee training?”

“I have good ears.”

“True...”

Why are you agreeing to that?

But still, Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo cheered.

“It won’t be easy, but let’s try it.”

“I’ll make sure to check with Semi Electronics.”

Thanks to that, Lee Chan-ho also got fired up.

With this passion, they could stand up even if they faced harder obstacles.

Chapter 132

‘That’s one part done.’

That was the preparation for the second presentation. Now, all that was left was to make it a success.

Yoo-hyun checked the time and got up from his seat.

“I’ll be back soon.”

“Are you really going there?”

The ‘there’ that Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, mentioned was the art club.

There were over a hundred internal clubs in Hansung Electronics.

They were meant to support the hobbies of the employees.

Among them, the place that Yoo-hyun was heading to was the art club in the Sindorim campus.

“Yes, I wanted to check it out.”

“If you want to join a club, why don’t you go to one inside the Hansung Tower? Why bother going all the way there?”

“Maybe Yoo-hyun is interested in art. The art club is only in the Sindorim campus, you know.”

It was as Lee Chan-ho said.

The art club was only in the Sindorim campus, where engineers and designers from Hansung Electronics’ mobile phone division gathered.

But that wasn’t why Yoo-hyun wanted to go there.

“What’s with the art? Ah! You’re going there to learn how to change your phone wallpaper and icons, right?”

“That’s right! Yoo-hyun is really passionate, huh?”

“Right? That’s why he’s taking his mockup with him, right? Right? Eek, you’re so clever. Hehe.”

Of course, it wasn’t to learn design either, as Park Seung-woo and Lee Chan-ho were jokingly implying.

“There’s that too.”

“Then you should go and see for yourself.”

“Learn a lot and draw something for me too. Fighting.”

His real purpose was slightly different, but what did that matter?

Yoo-hyun nodded and Park Seung-woo waved his hand as if to hurry him up.

Lee Chan-ho clenched his fist and cheered him on.

Such nice people, really.

Yoo-hyun smiled with his eyes and turned around.

Thud thud.

The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes that had folded with his smile gradually smoothed out as he walked along the corridor.

His eyes became sharper and his mouth corners dropped.

“I guess I’ve got the second presentation evaluators on my side too.”

If it was Lee Kyung-hoon, the director that Yoo-hyun knew, he would have definitely prepared something for the second presentation as well.

He was someone who never repeated the same mistake twice.

If something got in his way, he would get rid of it by any means necessary. That was his style.

Then why not just defend against it again?

No way!

He couldn’t be dragged along by someone whose intentions were clear.

Yoo-hyun planned to change the game altogether.

That was why he was moving his feet right now.

Sindorim campus 10th floor, design center idea room.

The wall painted with various colors and the striking calligraphy that caught his eye were impressive.

Various geometric shapes of sculptures were placed on the ceiling and walls.

Yoo-hyun entered a room with a very unusual structure at a glance.

It was quite a spacious place, but there weren't many tables and chairs.

And they were all design furniture, not office furniture.

'How unique.'

It was a place made for the designers' idea activities, so the interior design was very experimental.

People might not know, but it was designed by an employee of the company.

Yoo-hyun came here to meet that person.

Thud thud.

As he walked a few steps in, he saw some people gathered around a table.

There were four men and one woman.

"Hello. Is this the art club by any chance?"

"What brings you here?"

A man looked Yoo-hyun up and down.

He had shaggy hair, frayed jeans hem, and mismatched colored top.

From Yoo-hyun's experience, most designers tended to care a lot about their appearance.

But this guy wasn't one of them.

"I came here because I like art."

"You look like a new employee?"

"That's rare. Not many people volunteer to come here."

"Hehe, you must think this is a place where we just draw pictures and chat."

The others were the same.

They didn't look like designers to Yoo-hyun either.

They didn't seem to have much interest in art either.

That meant they didn't come here because they liked it.

Then why did they come?

Why waste their precious time here?

"Just sit down for now. The president will be here soon."

"Thank you."

Yoo-hyun smiled politely and sat down.

The people who had been interested in Yoo-hyun soon fell silent, and an awkward silence hung over them.

That was how the atmosphere was originally, they were telling him with their bodies.

Then, Yoo-hyun opened his mouth.

“Excuse me...”

The air started to change in an instant.

At that moment.

A woman standing in front of the copier sighed.

“Sigh.”

The protagonist was Jang Hye-min, a senior researcher (equivalent to manager) at the mobile phone division’s design center.

She wondered why she was doing this every time she had to sort out the printouts herself.

She had finished her studies abroad and joined the company as a senior researcher, but she had very little experience in Korean society.

She tried to adapt to the company as well, but she couldn’t understand the way people worked at all.

Especially, it was unacceptable that her well-made designs were discarded due to conflicts of opinions between the development engineers and the designers.

Other talented designers left the company and moved to foreign companies or opened their own businesses.

But Jang Hye-min was in a position where she couldn’t do that.

‘If I can’t avoid it, I might as well enjoy it.’

That was the mindset that led her to create the art club.

She believed that if she could improve the aesthetic sense of the engineers, she could fundamentally change this frustrating structure.

But things didn’t go as well as she hoped.

-If we have a place, won’t more people participate? There’s a lot of interest in design these days.

She looked at the survey results and turned the idea room she had made herself into an art club exclusive for a certain time.

-The problem is time. There’s too much work to do, so it’s not easy to attend.

She sent an official document to each team, reflecting their opinions.

She had even gotten approval from the head of the mobile phone division, so each team had to spare some people for her.

-It’s also awkward to meet after work. It doesn’t seem like art is something easy to do as a hobby.

She asked for cooperation from each team and made the art club members take out some work hours on Wednesdays and Fridays from 3 pm.

It might seem impossible for someone at the manager level to do that, but Jang Hye-min, the senior researcher, had the power to do so.

-It feels too much like work. And it's not like there's any result.

She created an internal design contest to encourage the engineers to participate actively.

Since Jang Hye-min, the senior researcher, personally guided them, they could win a prize if they followed her well.

-I feel like it's taking too much time. I'm quitting.

But people dropped out one by one.

They had to get re-approval from their department head to quit, which was a hassle.

Still, they were so dissatisfied with the club that they wanted to quit.

There were still some people left, but they were only formal participants.

They couldn't move as Jang Hye-min wanted them to, since they had joined reluctantly.

As time passed, the relationship between the members became more businesslike.

They became uncomfortable with each other.

She knew something was wrong.

But she didn't know what to do.

It was hard for her to live a normal social life, after living such a smooth life.

"Huh..."

Jang Hye-min, the senior researcher, who was holding the printouts, sighed in front of the idea room door.

She was thinking of smiling as usual in the awkward atmosphere that would unfold soon.

That was the only way to keep this art club that she had made with her own hands alive.

She opened the door then.

"Hahaha."

"Hohoho."

Laughter came from inside the idea room.

Did she hear it wrong?

She tilted her head and cautiously stepped in.

No.

She didn't hear it wrong.

It was definitely the laughter of the art club members.

'But who is that guy?'

The people were gathered around a man she had never seen before.

"Oh, president!"

The female employee from the mobile phone circuit design team, who had always been distant, smiled brightly and waved her hand.

What was going on?

“Yes, Eun-ae.”

“Come here. This guy’s face reading is amazing.”

Face reading?

Thump.

Jang Hye-min put the printouts on the table and looked at the new guy with a puzzled expression.

The man in neat clothes greeted her politely.

“Hello. I’m Han Yoo-hyun.”

“Oh, you’re the one who emailed me? You said you work at Hansung Tower? You really came.”

“Yes. I really wanted to come.”

He sounded sincere in his tone.

Just as she was about to say something more, Kim Jae-joong, the chief researcher (equivalent to assistant manager), who usually didn’t talk much, cut in.

“Yoo-hyun, no, Yoo-hyun-nim, please look at me too.”

He even used the respectful suffix ‘nim’, which he usually refused to use.

And his expression?

There was no trace of his usual grumpy and cynical look.

She was so surprised by this situation that Jang Hye-min stared blankly at Yoo-hyun.

That was when it happened.

Yoo-hyun and Jang Hye-min locked eyes for a moment.

‘Long time no see, Jang Hye-min executive. No, Jang Hye-min senior researcher.’

She looked much more innocent and young than his past memories of her.

He saw her young face overlapped with the fearless face of Jang Hye-min executive.

He had many memories with her.

He felt happy for a moment too.

But he smiled with his eyes and moved his gaze to the man sitting across from him.

“Jae-joong-nim’s eyes are...”

Yoo-hyun didn’t study face reading in particular.

He just knew some terms because he had used it a few times before.

He was just making it sound good, but what he was doing now was more like observation than face reading.

“Ah...I do send money to my parents every month.”

“Yes, you have a kind nature...”

“Wow, amazing.”

He just smiled at their enthusiastic reactions.

He wasn't happy because he got attention in this awkward atmosphere.

He was happy because he confirmed that Jang Hye-min senior researcher joined in the positive mood.

He wanted to win her over and make her move eventually.

He believed that was the fastest way to solve the tangled problem.

“President, please let him look at you too.”

“Me? Ah...”

And he knew what she wanted.

When Jang Hye-min senior researcher hesitated, he made a troubled expression.

“Actually, I came here today to learn design. I want to improve my aesthetic sense too.”

“Really?”

She felt her heartbeat quicken.

“I heard that the art club in Sindorim campus has great support and is good for learning art even for beginners.”

“Ah...”

Her eyes became crescents and wrinkles formed at the corners of her eyes.

“I'm in the product planning team, so I don't know much about art, but I feel like I need to know design for my work. I can't learn everything today, but I want to hang out with good people and learn from them.”

“Hmm. Our club does have great support.”

Her mouth corners rose and her face turned red.

“You came to the right place. It's hard, but you'll definitely learn something.”

“That's right. The support is awesome.”

“And they give us some time off during work, so we have some leisure too.”

As the people continued to talk, Jang Hye-min senior researcher's eyes started to get bloodshot.

She seemed moved by just a few words.

'She's still the same.'

When Yoo-hyun slipped his hand away, Jang Hye-min senior researcher was startled and lifted her hand.

"Oh, I must have gone crazy for a moment."

"No, it's fine."

Then she awkwardly picked up the printouts she had put on the table.

She tried to hold it in, but a smile leaked out of her mouth.

Her emotions were clearly shown on her face, just like before.

Chapter 133

Tap tap.

She neatly arranged the folded printouts and handed them out to the people.

"Ah, since our new member is here, let's try an assignment today."

"Thank you."

Yoo-hyun looked at the paper she gave him.

Then he froze for a moment.

"..."

It was filled with information on industrial design theory.

And most of it was in English.

Senior Jang Hye-min spoke in a cheerful voice.

"Today I prepared an industrial design edition. I thought it would be directly helpful for us since we are the ones who make cell phones. It may look difficult, but it's not that hard."

"It looks pretty hard to me?"

It was impossible to be easy.

"No, it's not. It may be boring because it's theory, but if you can remember a little bit of it, designing will be much easier. I'll help you."

"..."

There was no one here who could remember this.

They were all engineers who knew nothing about art.

As expected, the others' expressions were not good.

That's right!

Senior Jang Hye-min had no talent for teaching at people's level.

She was even more clumsy in this aspect than Yoo-hyun remembered from the future.

And that was supposed to be improved!

'That's why the art club atmosphere is so bleak.'

Yoo-hyun accurately grasped the situation.

He sighed inwardly and raised his hand.

"President, can I ask you a question?"

"Ooh, questions are good. Not one, but two are fine. Ask me anything."

Senior Jang Hye-min sparkled her eyes.

She seemed determined to answer anything.

"When you say design, you mean mainly the exterior of the cell phone, right? Can we also consider the interior screen as design?"

"Of course. Absolutely. I think the interior design is more important. Even if it's the same cell phone, depending on how you make the UI, the user can have a completely different experience."

"I'm actually worried about that part."

"What is it?"

Yoo-hyun placed the box he had put on the floor on the table.

Naturally, people's eyes were drawn to the box.

"I made an LCD panel mockup, and I wanted to decorate the interior design well. But I don't know if it meets the standards of experts."

"Let me see what you brought."

Yoo-hyun placed the mockups divided by color on the table.

When he pressed a button, a screen that matched well with the color appeared.

It was a mockup with a stainless steel exterior, a large full-touch screen, and a thin body.

Since it was made using only the minimum components necessary for driving and touching the screen and a small battery that goes into Semi Electronics MP3, it was a possible design.

The exterior of this mockup, which was made by Semi Electronics personnel under Lee Chan-ho's leadership, was of high quality even in Yoo-hyun's eyes.

Of course, it was enough to impress a designer.

Just like Laura Parker did in the past.

Not only senior Jang Hye-min, but also others had curious eyes.

“Wow, this is awesome. Oh, you reduced the battery a lot.”

“Yes. That’s right.”

“No wonder. But you made it thin well. It has all the necessary functions.”

“Look at the stainless steel work. This can’t be mass-produced with current technology, right? Did you do it by hand?”

Senior Jang Hye-min responded to her words quickly.

“That’s right. How did you know at a glance?”

“That’s my job, what do you mean? Hoho.”

The engineers in each field did not care about understanding each other and commented on the product.

From their perspective, studying industrial design theory was much more fun than this.

But senior Jang Hye-min, who didn’t know that fact, looked very touched.

The communication she wanted in the art club was unfolding before her eyes.

Senior Jang Hye-min picked up the mockup with curious eyes.

“The exterior is very neat. It looks like something our team would make with great effort. You said you were worried about the interior design? What?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

As soon as she touched the screen, her eyes widened.

“This is... Did you match the tone of the interior screen with the exterior color? Even the icons? It seems like you designed everything in detail according to the character concept as well...”

“How did you know?”

“Hold on a second.”

Then she incredulously picked up another phone with a different color.

It was clearly the same phone, but it gave a completely different feeling with just the interior design.

“...”

Senior Jang Hye-min focused for a moment without saying anything.

From her perspective as someone who had handled many phones, full-touch phones were not that amazing.

There was Channel Phone that came out last year, and Apple Phone that was released this year.

The PDA concept phone she was holding now was also nothing new.

But what surprised her was the uniqueness of the interior design of a single mockup that stimulated the part where she was stuck.

Yoo-hyun knew that the interior design he made through Han Jae-hee would capture senior Jang Hye-min's heart even if others didn't know.

-Do you know what I regret the most? That I made the design that became the basis of smartphone UX, but I couldn't apply it properly because I fought with the engineers.

How did she feel now?

Wouldn't she feel like the design she had always worried about was right in front of her?

It didn't matter whether it was clumsy or not.

What mattered was the concept that she always talked about.

"The details are really well taken care of. Especially, making the icons transparent and harmonizing them with the background color is excellent. Which company did you do this with?"

"My younger sister did it."

"Wow... Your sister is amazing. She has some rough parts, but she captured the concept well. How much experience does she have to make this?"

"She's a college student now."

"What? A college student? That's amazing. But why are you worried about this design? It looks like you can make it into a product right away."

In a strangely focused atmosphere, Yoo-hyun calmly told her about the problem he faced.

"That's actually..."

"Hmm."

"...So I wanted to get some help."

"Does that make sense?"

"It's reality."

Senior Jang Hye-min, who had been listening quietly, flared up.

"That's too much. Are they discriminating us because we're from the LCD division?"

"I heard that the contest winners are already decided by the higher-ups. They're focusing on the team leader-level ideas that they want to groom as executives."

"Is that why? To me, this looks like it can easily make a schedule."

Was it thanks to Yoo-hyun's popularity?

The people next to him added fuel to the fire.

“Honestly, I love it. As you said, if the price of full-touch phones drops like that, our company can push it as the next-generation product without any problem.”

Senior Jang Hye-min agreed vehemently and jumped up from her seat.

Her fast heartbeat and rough breathing showed her sudden emotional change.

She was very excited right now.

“Yoo-hyun, can I borrow this mockup?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“I’ll review it and propose it on our side. We can’t let them trample on a good idea with such logic of power.”

She was genuinely angry.

There was nothing revealed yet, and Yoo-hyun himself didn’t even mention that he was discriminated against.

But she had already made up her mind.

‘She still has a hot temper.’

It was a bit more intense than Yoo-hyun expected.

She was a person who would rush into anything she thought was right without regard for anything.

She was infinitely weak to the words of the lower people, but she hated the abuse of power by the upper people so much that she would cause a stir.

She didn’t care if they were executives or not, she was the one who would confront the business director if there was a problem.

She was a person who could do that.

No, she was a person who was allowed to do that.

She was the niece of Shin Hyun-ho, the chairman of Hanseong Group, or more precisely, the daughter of his ex-wife’s sister whom he cherished.

She was just hiding her status because she wanted to live a normal social life in her own way.

Who would think that she was a member of the Hanseong Group family by looking at her?

Yoo-hyun didn’t know her identity until much later.

Was it because of the old acquaintance he met after a long time?

The times he spent with her in the past passed through his head like a slide show.

-Do you know why I hid it? It’s not direct, and there are people who don’t like me. Well, more than that, I wanted to live a normal social life. Don’t we all have such a dream?

He didn't know where she got such a dream, but she had a complex of being nice that didn't suit her status.

-Honestly, I don't like what Han team leader did. But your words are also true that I suffered more damage by pretending to be nice. So, I'll let this one go.

So there were many conflicts. They had different directions from the beginning.

-Did you see the review of our product? It's awesome, right? This is why I design. Well, Han team leader did a good job of summarizing it, so I'll give him credit for that.

But she had skills that didn't match her prejudice as a royal family.

At least in terms of direction and insight, he couldn't criticize her.

She remained in Yoo-hyun's memory as a useful colleague.

-Han team leader is lucky. He can work with someone like our senior Jung Da-hye.

There was someone she cherished.

It was senior Jung Da-hye who worked with Yoo-hyun in the group strategy room at that time.

She liked senior Jung Da-hye who was called Jeanne d'Arc for being strong-willed and thought she resembled herself.

He suddenly wondered again.

Jung Da-hye.

Was she doing well?

At that moment.

Jung Da-bin, who took a vacation, stopped by her home for the first time in a long time.

Her mother welcomed her.

"What's up? You're all home?"

"Is that what you say to your daughter? Is there anything to eat?"

"Geez, yes."

They looked like friends as they talked.

It was just like her cheerful personality.

Jung Da-bin sat on a dining chair and ate some fruit and asked.

"Mom, you know Da-hye."

"Jung Da-hye? Your cousin? The pretty one?"

"Mom always adds unnecessary words. I'm prettier."

"Whatever, but why Da-hye?"

"Just. I suddenly thought of her. I wonder if she's doing well."

Jung Da-bin lived in the same neighborhood as Jung Da-hye when they were young.

They were friends because they were the same age.

-This is my signature. I made it with a half-heart mark for the many (多) character, but you can use it if you want. We use the same character, right?

Around that time, she made a signature for him when they were playing at home.

The signature with a cupid arrow was so cute that he remembered it.

But he saw that signature on the sea of Geoje Island a while ago.

It was the heart that Yoo-hyunF drew on the ground.

It was too similar to be a coincidence in terms of the detailed shape.

Chapter 134

The words of Yoo-hyun, who said he had someone he liked in his lingering memory, kept overlapping.

He thought it was not true, but he wanted to check it out.

“Mom, is Dahye abroad right now?”

“Yeah. She’s smart, you know. She graduated from there.”

“Stop saying that. I’m smart too. Did she get a job?”

“She did. Why? Do you want to go abroad?”

“No. Just. I thought of her after a long time.”

His mother nailed him with her words.

“Don’t call her. It’ll cost roaming fees.”

“Hey, mom. Don’t say that. It sounds like you’re from the old days. There’s the internet.”

“Hey...”

Jung Dabin gave his mother a pointed apology.

Then he smiled brightly.

It was time to contact his cousin after a long time.

Spirit Company, located in New York, USA.

The presentation was in full swing at the consulting firm.

Jung Dahye, who finished the presentation first, sat down with a tired heart.

Her mouth was still numb.

She had practiced countless times to prepare for this presentation.

“Sigh.”

She sighed and turned on the monitor screen habitually.

There was a familiar name on the messenger window.

It was Jung Dabin, her cousin.

She pressed the confirmation button with a curious mind, and a fairly long message was confirmed.

‘What is this?’

Jung Dahye’s head tilted more and more as she read the content.

A few days later, in the president’s office of Semi Electronics, located in Gasan-dong, Seoul.

“Oh, hello, our employees.”

“President, hello.”

President Yoon Min-han personally greeted Lee Chan-ho and Yoo-hyun.

Lim Han-seop, the assistant manager sitting next to him, and some key staff members, and even the youngest Kang Jun-ki, all had smiling faces.

The mockup made by Semi Electronics received rave reviews from Hansung Electronics’ mobile phone division.

They already had a close relationship with the LCD division by providing domestic touch modules.

Nevertheless, they wanted to take this opportunity to connect with the mobile phone division as well.

It was natural considering that the business areas were different and the scale itself was incomparable.

Maybe President Semi Electronics is having a happy imagination of catching two rabbits by now?

It’s easier to talk if that happens.

Yoo-hyun started to float his luck.

“Thanks to your support, we successfully finished the presentation. Thank you.”

“Haha, what did we do so special? It’s thanks to Hansung Electronics for setting up such a good concept.”

“No. I compared it with other companies and I could tell for sure. It would have been impossible without Semi Electronics.”

Lee Chan-ho also started to lay down the board according to Yoo-hyun’s words.

They had been breathing together for several months.

It was possible to push it even with their eyes closed.

“Well, that’s true. That’s why I keep getting calls from the mobile phone division.”

“That’s right. I heard a lot of reviews that it’s better than Hansung Electronics’ phones.”

“Hahaha, is that so? It’s because our company is an MP3-based company, so we have the technology to make a mockup of a mobile phone easily.”

President Yoon Min-han’s shoulders rose high.

This person is a mood person.

If you just fan him from the side, he’ll soar to the sky.

“So you used the same chip as the one that goes into Hansung Electronics’ phones for the mockup.”

“Hahaha, yes. If you’re going to match it, you have to match it properly.”

President Yoon Min-han laughed out loud when Lee Chan-ho shook his head carefully and revealed his inner thoughts.

“President, so I have something to say.”

“Yes. Tell me. If there’s anything we can help you with, we’ll help you with anything.”

“I knew you would say that. Thank you. Actually, Hansung Electronics had a request.”

“What is it?”

“They asked if we could put Hansung Electronics’ mobile platform on the mockup.”

“Oh... us?”

President Yoon Min-han asked back in surprise.

It was not in the contract in the first place, and it was not easy to use a mobile platform, especially someone else’s one. He knew that vaguely too.

“Senior, isn’t it too tight for Semi Electronics to do it even if they use the same chip? I think the mobile phone division also thinks it won’t work.”

“I’m just asking in case. They’ll pay for it anyway. You guys are experts here, so you know better.”

Lee Chan-ho matched his breath with Yoo-hyun in a whisper that everyone could hear. It was also because he predicted President Yoon Min-han’s reaction like this.

Sure enough, President Yoon Min-han, who was a mood person, was hooked by the one-dimensional fishing.

“Hansung Electronics said that? Haha, this is really. We can do anything.”

“Right? I heard that there are a lot of software experts here. You have a lot of experience in handling a light OS like HMOP (Hansung Mobile Open Platform).”

Yoo-hyun quickly changed his stance.

President Yoon Min-han turned his eyes with a good mood.

“That’s right. Isn’t that right, Kang Manager?”

“Yes? Oh... I don’t know much about OS because I only know firmware.”

“Don’t you know what you don’t know. You can do it if you do it.”

President Yoon Min-han shook his head and asked about the schedule.

Lee Chan-ho made a V with his fingers and answered.

“Oh, two months?”

“No. Two weeks.”

Yoo-hyun followed up on President Yoon Min-han’s blinking eyes.

If you corner him, you can’t give him a chance to rest.

“We received the open source code for the same chip from the mobile phone division.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. We have a manual and an example code, so there should be no difficulty in proceeding.”

It was not easy.

If Hansung Electronics had made the code so kindly, the attempt to match the platform with other companies would not have failed.

Nevertheless, Yoo-hyun believed in Semi Electronics’ capabilities.

They would have to invest a lot of software manpower, but that was up to President Yoon Min-han to handle.

“I see... I understand.”

“President, thank you for your active support.”

“Thank you very much.”

Lee Chan-ho and Yoo-hyun bowed their heads to President Yoon Min-han immediately.

It was to stamp the seal before his mind changed.

As Yoo-hyun got up from his seat and came out, Kang Jun-ki followed him.

“Yoo-hyun, is that hard?”

“No. You guys can do it enough.”

“Oh, really? I was worried.”

Kang Jun-ki sighed with relief.

He had many nights of staying up late developing the mockup.

He was worried that he would have to do it again.

“I’m counting on you.”

“Well. It’s nothing if you do it quickly.”

“Yeah. Fighting.”

Yoo-hyun patted his shoulder and reassured him.

He didn’t say that it was hard work to buy when he was young.

Sometimes there is unnecessary truth.

A few days later.

A guest came to the office of the mobile sales marketing manager.

“Director Cho, your face looks a bit swollen?”

“Is that so? This is all thanks to Director Song.”

“Hehe, as expected, Director Cho is good at speaking.”

Executive Director Jo Chan-young felt a bit embarrassed by the words of Director Song Moon-jun, who was in charge of mobile product 4.

When the product development department looked down on the sales marketing department, they often used the expression ‘people who only talk’.

But he didn’t feel any hostility in his expression.

Rather, he looked like he was trying to be friendly with his blunt self.

“Haha, thank you. But why...”

“Oh, am I holding a busy person too long?”

“Not at all. How could that be? I just wondered if you were tired from coming a long way.”

“It’s because of the meeting, what else.”

Executive Director Jo Chan-young tried to guess Director Song Moon-jun’s intentions, who came up from Ulsan and made an appointment and even came to his office.

But there was no reaction at all.

‘What is this guy up to?’

It was when the tea cup was half empty.

Director Song Moon-jun raised his eyebrows and said.

“Director Cho is very ambitious.”

“Yes? What do you mean...”

“No, the place that hosts the contest goes to the contest. And I heard you passed the first round?”

“Yes, yes. It happened somehow.”

“Ambition is a good thing. But you know what? You have to know how to use wisdom to live together.”

“Oh...”

For a moment, Executive Director Jo Chan-young’s eyes wrinkled.

He finally understood why Director Song Moon-jun came here and spent time.

“Of course. The product development department has to make good products for us to have our role.”

“That’s right. I saw the idea you proposed... Well, there are some shortcomings, but it’s usable.”

He is interested in the contest idea right now.

“Thank you. It’s all thanks to the support of the 4th staff.”

“That’s right. Our staff also invested a lot. Especially, we couldn’t have sorted out the domestic touch part without our staff.”

He also has a lot of it.

Enough to come directly to the office and ask for a share.

‘You’re greedy.’

Not only the 4th product development department, but also other departments were greedy enough.

It was income that he had never thought of before.

“I also thought that it had to be done by the 4th department. I also hinted at that intention to the group leader.”

“This person. I knew you would understand me. Hehe.”

“Haha, I’m lacking, but I’ll try harder.”

Executive Director Jo Chan-young smiled broadly for a rare occasion.

After Director Song Moon-jun left.

Executive Director Jo Chan-young leaned back on the leather seat and looked out the window.

The weather looked unusually good today.

Originally, the sales marketing department was in a position where they had to follow and chase after the product development department's whims.

But if the panel we planned is made right away by winning the contest, the story will change completely.

The product development department will have no choice but to cater to us.

The situation will be completely reversed.

The pleasant imagination was not over with this.

Click.

-Request for sharing report on low-end full touch phone idea @HSE Design Center

An email came from Hansung Electronics' mobile phone division design center requesting an idea share.

The email reference list included even the design center director.

He had never contacted the design center before.

They directly requested the data from there.

This means that the position of the LCD business division sales marketing manager is expanding beyond the mobile phone division.

'But why is Han Yoo-hyun on the email list?'

He casually passed over the fleeting thought and soon smiled contentedly.

"I knew Park Daeri would do a great job. Huhu."

Chapter 135

Knock knock knock.

A knock on the door interrupted him.

"Come in."

"Hello."

Speaking of the devil, the one who entered the room was Park Seung-woo, an assistant manager.

"Hehe, what's up?"

"Sir, actually..."

He sounded like he wanted to offer him a rice cake, but all he asked was whether he could reply to an email from the design center.

"Why are you asking me that? Of course you should send it."

"Are you sure it's okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. We're in the same company, aren't we?"

After Park Seung-woo left, Jo Chan-young, Executive Director, burst into laughter.

“Haha, what a coincidence.”

The development team 4 came to him and the design center contacted him.

What if they passed the contest and made a product?

What if that product became a hit?

Becoming a group leader, which he dreamed of, might not be impossible.

Jo Chan-young indulged in his pleasant imagination.

Park Seung-woo returned to his seat with a serious expression. He hesitated for a moment and then asked Yoo-hyun.

“Don’t you think it’s too much to send everything?”

“Yes. I think you should leave out some data like the LCD panel production process.”

“Yeah, it’s not even over yet. It’s a bit weird to send internal data.”

He said that, but Park Seung-woo was honestly worried.

He judged that the contact from the design center was not because of the contest.

He concluded that it was close to simple curiosity.

It was just a coincidence that Yoo-hyun met a design team member at an art club.

Sharing data itself was burdensome.

But what the hell?

He cautiously reported it, but Jo Chan-young agreed too easily.

He didn’t understand this situation at all.

Yoo-hyun said to Park Seung-woo, who was still nervous.

“Sir, don’t worry too much. The manager gave us permission, right?”

“Yeah, yeah. I’m just wondering how to do it.”

“I heard something.”

“What is it?”

Yoo-hyun approached him and whispered. Park Seung-woo perked up his ears.

“It’s nothing. I just heard that designers don’t like complicated reports.”

“Really?”

Park Seung-woo showed curiosity and Yoo-hyun calmly suggested.

“Yes. Since we already sent the mockup, I think you can just show them a simple summary of one page.”

“What about the cause and effect relationship?”

“They won’t know anything about LCD panels anyway. If necessary, you can explain it yourself.”

“Well...”

Park Seung-woo nodded at Yoo-hyun’s words and started editing the contest report.

He was planning to organize it anyway because of the second presentation.

He thought it would be okay to simplify it this time.

Yoo-hyun smiled as he watched him.

Jo Chan-young, Park Seung-woo, and anyone else in the LCD business division.

None of them understood the meaning of Jang Hye-min’s quick move.

She didn’t just contact them for data requests.

That is, she was planning to blow it up.

She wanted to use someone in a high position and push it all at once.

Yoo-hyun knew Jang Hye-min well enough to predict that time.

It wasn’t hard to guess when she would do it.

All this was in Yoo-hyun’s plan.

-The third quarter performance report meeting of the mobile phone business division.

Yoo-hyun checked the date marked with a circle on the desk calendar and the schedule written below it.

It was now a week before the second presentation of the contest.

Jang Hye-min was almost certain to reveal the concept of a low-end full-touch phone, aka color phone, at the performance report meeting.

There would be a lot of opposition, but this was 99% sure to work.

Why?

That day was exactly the time Yoo-hyun had been waiting for while preparing for the contest.

A big issue that would sweep away everything else would explode then.

There was something he had to do now for that day.

Yoo-hyun moved his seat and asked Lee Chan-ho.

“Sir, do you want me to go on a business trip to Semi Electronics if necessary?”

“Because of the mockup?”

“Yes.”

“They said they would apply HMOP and somehow meet the contest schedule.”

Despite Lee Chan-ho's assurance, Yoo-hyun didn't back down.

He had a hunch that this was a critical situation where everything could go wrong with a slight delay.

That feeling came out of his mouth as it was.

"I'm just worried. It would be nice if we could get it sooner."

"Don't worry. I was going to push them anyway. I'll get it done a week earlier or something."

Lee Chan-ho boasted and Yoo-hyun smiled brightly.

"Yes. Even if the quality is a bit low, I'll feel relieved once I get it."

"Okay."

Lee Chan-ho nodded at Yoo-hyun's words.

Yoo-hyun turned his head and looked around.

Park Seung-woo was modifying the main page to send to the design center.

Kim Young-gil went down to Ulsan to check the panel process schedule again.

Choi Min-hee agreed to check the Hyunil Automobile case and then look at the touch localization issue.

Lee Chan-ho was confirming the mockup express schedule with Semi Electronics by email.

It looked like they could finish everything by the performance report meeting.

It was thanks to everyone's hard work.

One person was missing from here.

It was Kim Hyun-min, a manager.

He was as relaxed as ever.

"Why are you guys so busy? There's no one to drink with. Yoo-hyun, do you want to have a drink with me today?"

"I have a friend coming over to my house."

Yoo-hyun shook his head at Kim Hyun-min's question.

"A girl?"

"No. A guy."

"What kind of guy comes to a friend's house on a Friday night?"

On a Friday night, isn't it weirder to drink with your boss?

Yoo-hyun answered with a hidden feeling.

“I guess so.”

“Well, nothing I can do.”

Kim Hyun-min, the manager, walked away with a sigh of regret.

He was always a cheerful person.

Yoo-hyun chuckled as he watched his back.

Everyone who worked looked forward to the weekend.

Even Yoo-hyun, who enjoyed his work, waited for the weekend.

He couldn't hate having some free time to relax and sort out his thoughts.

Of course, that was when there was no uninvited guest.

On Sunday morning, there was that uninvited guest, Kang Jun-ki, in Yoo-hyun's house.

After watching him for a while, Yoo-hyun asked in a dry tone.

“How long are you going to stay?”

“Why? You were the one who told me to come.”

“That was... Never mind. Just keep doing what you were doing.”

Yoo-hyun gestured and Kang Jun-ki sat down at the desk and touched the computer.

He ran the program a few times and a color bar appeared on the LCD mockup on the desk, followed by a wallpaper.

He had worked hard for a few days and Hanseong's mobile platform worked normally on the existing chip.

The problem was that there was no response when he touched the screen.

Kang Jun-ki grumbled loudly.

“Damn, why isn't it working?”

“That's why I told you to ask your senior next week at work.”

“No. I can't do that.”

“Stubborn guy. Sigh.”

Yoo-hyun gave up reading the book and sat on the single sofa. He went to the fridge and took out some ice.

A few minutes later.

He put two cups of iced coffee on the table and approached Kang Jun-ki.

“Still not working?”

“I did what you said and uploaded the platform, but it doesn't work well.”

“Cool your head and try again. Let’s have some coffee.”

Yoo-hyun finally dragged him along.

He was a friend who shared childhood memories, but they lived different lives after becoming adults.

They went to different schools, met different people, and did different things.

He thought he knew his friend’s life pretty well by having a drink with him once in a while, but he didn’t.

They just laughed and shared their past memories.

He didn’t know much about his current life.

Yoo-hyun realized that fact as he spent a few days with Kang Jun-ki.

Kang Jun-ki cautiously opened up his feelings with a slightly frustrated face.

“I saw some of my college seniors and I’m doing pretty well compared to them.”

“Yeah. You’re doing well.”

“Actually, my boss was very happy when we were selected as your company’s partner.”

“Did you ever fail?”

“No. I haven’t failed yet. I’m the youngest. But it was worth it. It’s fun in its own way.”

He was also proactive in dealing with his current life.

Yoo-hyun praised him proudly.

“Oh, Kang Jun-ki is pretty cool.”

“This outfit is not bad either, right? Better than what you picked for me.”

“You’re still out of it.”

Yoo-hyun shook his head in disbelief.

But Kang Jun-ki was persistent.

“Oh, did I tell you about So-hyun? She keeps contacting me lately. Well, I do have charm.”

“She has a unique taste too.”

Yoo-hyun drew a line appropriately.

He was worried that he didn’t know anything about dating and would get excited by just one text message and act silly.

He had already cheered up and Kang Jun-ki kept talking to himself.

“Hyun-soo seems happy these days. What’s going on? He’s usually grumpy but he laughs whenever he calls me.”

“His mother got better and his car center is doing well too.”

“No. He must be struggling inside. I have to get settled quickly and help him out.”

Kang Jun-ki showed loyalty enough to jump in for his friend’s sake.

Yoo-hyun found out that he was more positive, deeper, more naive but more affectionate than he knew.

Kang Jun-ki was such a friend.

Of course, there was no problem with that.

The trouble started again.

“Wow, but this is really amazing. Did Jae-hee really make this screen design? I thought she was just a pretty face but she had this talent.”

“That’s what I’m saying.”

Yoo-hyun smiled faintly as he looked at the coffee cup that still had some left.

Who else could talk so long over a cup of coffee that could be finished in one gulp?

He had been listening to his endless chatter for two nights and three days, and now he felt like he knew everything about his head structure.

Kang Jun-ki still seemed to have a lot to say.

“By the way, do you know that? Jun-seok likes Jae-hee.”

“Really? What does Jun-seok lack?”

“Just a thought. He gets angry whenever I call Jae-hee a pretty face. I’m just saying, just in case, what would you do if he likes Jae-hee?”

“I don’t know.”

Friend and sister?

He had never thought about it.

But it would be better than the jerk ex-husband, right?

‘By the way, did that girl meet him? She hasn’t contacted me.’

He warned her, but she was a stubborn sister who didn’t listen.

He thought he should check on her again.

“Just a word. Anyway, Jae-hee is lucky. The Hanseong Electronics design team is interested in her too. Is she going to work there?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think that’s something to be happy about.”

Yoo-hyun smiled meaningfully and emptied his coffee cup.

Chapter 136

At that moment.

Han Jae-hee, Yoo-hyun's younger sister, threw her phone away after reading the text message from her brother.

"What the hell is he talking about?"

He asked if there was any man with the Yang surname around her?

What a useless question.

She suddenly remembered her senior from school, but she shook her head.

They were not even in a relationship yet.

Ding-dong. Ding-dong.

Then, the phone bell rang on the bed.

"Ah, seriously, can't you just leave me alone?"

Han Jae-hee walked over and picked up the phone.

If he said any nonsense again, she would scream at him regardless of him being her brother.

But the screen showed an unfamiliar number.

"Hello. Yes? Oh... Yes, yes. That's right. Yes. That's me. Yes. Well... Really? Yes. Th-thank you."

Han Jae-hee's voice became softer as she answered the phone.

She even put her other hand on top of the phone that was already held by both hands.

It was a call from an employee of Hanseong Electronics Design Center, whom she had sent an email a while ago.

'Was it not a joke?'

And it was not just any employee, but Senior Researcher Jang Hye-min.

She sounded like a high-class person with her name and position.

She introduced herself and also gave a harsh criticism of her design.

She was right about everything, so Han Jae-hee had no choice but to be humble in front of her.

Senior Researcher Jang asked her specifically.

-I would like to see the revised version... Of course, I'm planning to sign a contract with you.

"Yes? Of course, I have to do it."

-When can you finish it? Can I see it by tomorrow?

"To-tomorrow?"

She had asked for so many revisions that they filled up a whole page of notes.

And she wanted her to do it in one day?

Was that possible?

-If you can't do it, it's okay.

"..."

She felt annoyed for a moment.

'Do all Hanseong Electronics employees do this kind of thing?'

Han Jae-hee swallowed the question that rose to her throat.

There was no way she could know that none of the Hanseong Electronics employees had ever met Senior Researcher Jang's demands on time.

"...No. I'll do it."

Han Jae-hee finally nodded her head.

It was an absurd deadline, but she had never tried it before.

She wanted to meet the expectations of the benefactor who had contacted her personally, even if she had to turn into ashes.

-As expected. Ms. Jae-hee, I'm counting on you.

"Yes? Oh, yes. I understand."

'She said she was a senior researcher at the design center.. She must have at least 10 years of experience.'

And such a person called an amateur like her 'Ms.'

Han Jae-hee felt nervous after hanging up the phone.

'Is she an angel?'

She sounded like someone who respected others and was humble by nature.

"Let's do this. She did it herself too."

Senior Researcher Jang had no idea that she was a super-spoiled child. Han Jae-hee felt a strong desire to work with such a person.

The daily life of an office worker is repetitive.

When the long-awaited weekend passes, Monday comes again, and before you know it, it's time to rest again after spending your time in a hurry.

That fact was no different for Yoo-hyun in the future he had experienced or in the present.

Of course, that didn't mean that his life was the same as well.

It was different from the start of the morning.

“Good morning, Mr. Park.”

“Good morning.”

“How was your weekend?”

They greeted each other and asked how they were doing.

“Ugh, don’t even ask. Do you know what happened on Sunday?”

“Really?”

“What did you do? Oh, you said your friend came over? That must have been fun.”

“Well, fun is... It depends...”

“That’s awesome.”

And they shared their daily lives with each other.

It might seem like a meaningless time to some people.

But these small parts made the office worker’s time that ran like a hamster wheel richer.

They finished their small talk and Yoo-hyun brought up the main topic.

“Oh, I heard you finished the mockup revision.”

“Already? With HMOP (Hanseong Mobile Open Platform) included?”

“Yes. It works well with touch too.”

“What did they do over the weekend? Did they all come to work?”

Park Seung-woo exclaimed and Yoo-hyun grumbled inwardly.

‘I did it at my friend’s house.’

Of course, he said something else out loud.

“...Yeah. They work hard.”

The work talk that went into the enriched time made the atmosphere that could become stiff more comfortable.

A little later.

Yoo-hyun, who was walking down the hallway with Park Seung-woo, felt a tingling sensation on the back of his head.

He glanced back and saw Director Lee Kyung-hoon following behind them.

“Hello.”

Yoo-hyun stopped and bowed his head as he met his eyes.

Park Seung-woo, who noticed him late, also greeted him.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon ignored them as usual and went straight to his seat.

Park Seung-woo opened his mouth with a resigned look.

“Don’t mind him. He’s always like that. Shall we go for a cup of coffee?”

“Sure.”

Park Seung-woo patted Yoo-hyun’s back.

At that moment.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon, who returned to his seat, was as Yoo-hyun expected, feeling complicated.

‘They must have not gotten any support from the next-generation product development team...’

Why were they so cheerful?

They seemed to be preparing something step by step.

He felt a sense of discomfort that tickled his instincts and licked his lips.

It was one of those moments when his mouth went dry.

It was an unusual behavior for him.

“How come there’s not a single guy who suits my taste?”

He had raised Shin Chan-yong, the section chief, only to see him make a foolish choice. Song Ho-chan, the assistant manager, had been caught in a bad situation and kicked out of the company.

Byeon Jin-woo, the section chief, had been weak even after ten years of nurturing.

It was not only a problem with his subordinates.

‘Why does everything have to go wrong?’

He didn’t have to look far. Just look at the contest proposal from the product planning team.

He had clearly rejected it, but it had passed the first round and was now facing the second round presentation.

This time, he had tried his best to make it impossible to succeed.

But unexpectedly, the development department heads in the group started to show interest and hover around.

At this point, it seemed like someone had planned ahead and pulled some strings.

How could that be?

Lee Kyung-hoon, the department head, snorted at the absurd thought.

He had always thought of himself as a rational decision-maker. He didn’t expect to have such an emotional reaction.

He leaned back on his chair and flicked his fountain pen with his index finger.

Rattle, thud.

The rolling fountain pen soon stopped when it hit the corner of the notebook.

At the same time, one corner of Lee Kyung-hoon's mouth curled up.

"Yeah. How far can those worms roll?"

Jo Chan-young, the executive director, might be excited now, but it was obvious that his dream of staying in the board would be shattered as his performance was bottomless.

The contest idea that the development department was interested in would naturally become his work once he was in charge.

He was just frustrated that things didn't go his way.

Things were supposed to go according to logic.

Just like they had always done.

He was a person who believed that the world would bend to his will.

It was when Yu Hyun, who had finished working out at the gym after work and stopped by a pub, was lost in thought.

Park Young-hoon, an old army buddy, said.

"What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Just. I was reminded of the past."

"Brother, when you think of the past, you drink. Come on, take this."

And Kang Dong-sik, a gym friend who had once lived in the dark side, poured him a drink.

Park Young-hoon said a word seeing that.

"Hey, brother. If you drink like this, the gym owner will scold you again. He'll say 'Why do you work out if you're going to drink like this?'"

"And you're the one who ordered the drinks. Don't turn it around. Right, Yu Hyun?"

"That's true."

They chatted casually and drank comfortably.

Park Young-hoon drank a shot and made a grimace.

"Brother. Don't you kill the taste of alcohol? The drinks I buy are always delicious."

Yu Hyun judged at that moment.

'He's going to get hit.'

Yu Hyun smiled and looked at Kang Dong-sik.

Sure enough, his hand was twitching.

Swoosh, smack.

A round snack for drinking that Kang Dong-sik flicked with his finger flew in a straight line and hit Park Young-hoon's nose.

"Ouch. Brother, why are you doing this?"

"Wow, you're so slow. You can't even catch that?"

"You threw it right in front of me. How am I supposed to catch it?"

"That's enough. Did I tell you this story?"

Kang Dong-sik cut off Park Young-hoon's words and asked. Yu Hyun answered.

"You did."

"Yu Hyun, how do you know what I'm talking about when you didn't even open your mouth?"

Yu Hyun shrugged.

It was an easy guess because he had heard this repertoire so many times before.

"It's about your past when you fought against seven gangs."

"Kid. You're really sharp."

"You're deaf."

"But brother, this story is different. It's not like before. It starts from..."

Kang Dong-sik started to tell his story with determination.

Feeling that it would drag on if he left him alone, Yu Hyun offered him a drink.

"Come on, let's drink. It's not like we're offering sacrifices with alcohol in front of us."

Clang. Clang.

"I was faster."

"What are you crazy? Do you want to get hit today?"

They were such childish people.

Yu Hyun shook his head and emptied his glass.

The alcohol tasted unusually sweet.

Beep beep beep

Late at night. Around the time Yu Hyun arrived home, he received a message.

-Yu Hyun, I'm sorry for the delay in preparing the mockup demo. You'll be able to see it for sure tomorrow.

It was a message from Lim Han-seop, the assistant manager of Semi Electronics.

It was nice that he was working hard to respond, but he felt sorry that his senior from college had to lower his posture like this.

‘It’s all because of us.’

It was Hanseong Electronics who first requested to apply HMOP (Hanseong Mobile Open Platform), who advanced the schedule, and who asked for various additional features.

Nevertheless, Semi Electronics responded without complaint.

They even showed their passion by deploying a large number of core software personnel.

Why would they invest so much manpower in a mockup production that didn’t make money?

The reason was obvious.

They wanted to maintain the cooperative relationship with the mobile phone business division at all costs.

From the perspective of the president of Semi Electronics, it was a welcome situation.

He must have thought that it was a good deal for him, but it also benefited the members of the company.

They would get something in return for their hard work.

“I hope Jun-ki gets rewarded for his hard work.”

Yu Hyun believed that.

Chapter 137

Thud.

Yoo-hyun put down his bag and sat down in front of his computer. He checked his personal email.

There was a final image draft sent by his younger brother, Han Jaehee.

The image that he made according to Jang Hyemin’s senior’s request was much cleaner and neater than before.

He also added some images that matched the applications that would be displayed on HMOP.

-No... I’m fine...

He remembered the voice of Han Jaehee, who sounded like he was dying, when they talked on the phone a few days ago.

When he told him to take some medicine, he snapped at him, asking if he had any extra to spare.

Yoo-hyun understood his feelings.

Creative work was not easy.

He gave him more allowance for that reason.

But all he got back was a complaint that he didn’t even have time to spend money.

Scroll.

Yoo-hyun scrolled down the mouse wheel and looked at the email threads that Han Jaehee had sent so far.

The quality of the images got worse as he went back to the previous emails.

It made him realize how much Han Jaehee had improved over time.

Would anyone believe that the first draft and the current draft were made by the same person?

Han Jaehee's passion had earned him more than just skills.

Jang Hyemin's senior had already expressed her interest in him.

That meant he would surely get some benefits from it.

Swoosh.

Yoo-hyun got up from his seat and filled his coffee pot with water.

He poured hot honey tea into a cup and sat on a single sofa near the window.

He could see the street lights that brightened the darkness outside, the cars moving at high speed, and the people passing by sporadically.

It was a scene of peaceful everyday life, no different from any other day.

At that moment, a thought came to his mind.

He had already created a crisis himself.

There was no fool who would fall into his own crisis and die.

Opportunity belongs to those who are prepared.

'It's time to start.'

Yoo-hyun looked down at the window with a calm expression.

A few days later, Hansung Electronics Sindorim Campus.

On the 11th floor, Jang Hyemin's senior was in the design center office.

Yeo Hyundeok, the executive director who sat across the table, said with a troubled expression.

"Jang senior, let's not make a big deal out of this. There are a lot of rumors from the development center."

"What rumors? Don't do what you can't do? But this is possible. You know this is already an existing technology."

"That's not it... We haven't agreed on it."

"Why are you beating around the bush? Just show them and discuss it at the meeting where everyone is gathered."

'The business director will be there.'

Yeo Hyundeok swallowed his anger and smiled.

“Right. Showing them is a very good thing. The higher-ups need to know. But you know, a company is not something that you can do by yourself. There are also positions between organizations.”

“The design trend is already going towards full-touch phones. You know that, right?”

“Yes. It’s just a matter of timing. It’s not familiar to people yet. And it’s expensive.”

“That’s why we’re doing it. Cheaply. Design only has meaning when it’s used by many customers.”

“That’s true. Right. True or false.”

“Then it seems like you understand, so I’ll get up now.”

“...”

Jang Hyemin’s senior got up from her seat and was about to leave when she turned around.

Yeo Hyundeok, who was sighing, looked embarrassed.

“Director.”

“Yes. Tell me.”

“What if we back off and our competitors suddenly come out with it? What will you do then?”

“They would have shown some signs if they were going to do that.”

“What if we don’t know? Can you take responsibility then?”

Yeo Hyundeok blinked at the word responsibility.

Hansung Electronics held you accountable for as much authority as they gave you.

The previous center director was also fired in an instant because his phone design was behind in popularity.

There was no guarantee that he would be any different.

-Jang Hyemin’s senior is someone you should pay special attention to. There’s a rumor that the chairman favors her personally.

Not only from the previous center director, but also from various people’s opinions, it was clear that Jang Hyemin’s senior was a royal family member.

And she was asking him for responsibility now.

‘Do you even know how an ordinary salaryman feels?’

Yeo Hyundeok felt wronged.

If he pushed ahead with this, he would face a lot of resistance from the development center.

He could even be humiliated in front of the business director if he made a mistake.

But he couldn't just stop Jang Hyemin's senior's words because they weren't wrong either.

It was a difficult situation where he couldn't do this or that.

He sighed inwardly and finally nodded.

"Okay. Let's do it."

"I was going to do it anyway."

Jang Hyemin's senior bowed her head and left without looking back.

At that time, on the 12th floor of Hansung Tower, an empty conference room.

"Okay, then I'll show you."

Lee Chanho drew the attention of the part members who gathered in the conference room with his exaggerated gestures.

"Thump thump thump."

He even banged on the table to raise the anticipation.

Yoo-hyun smiled brightly.

Clack.

Yoo-hyun put a metal bag, called the 007 bag, on the table.

The team members were surprised to see it.

"Oh. What is this? Did you even match the bag?"

"Just watch."

Instead of answering, he opened the bag like a magician.

Then, seven mockups of different colors were arranged at regular intervals on the shiny red velvet.

There were exclamations from everywhere at the luxurious appearance.

"Wow."

"Cool, huh?"

"That's not all."

Following Lee Chanho's cue, Yoo-hyun pressed a button on the corner of the bag.

Clank.

Then, different character backgrounds appeared on each of the seven mockups.

It was a 'show' that was possible because he had pre-wired the metal bag underneath.

It was just a show of nothing much, but the reaction was different.

"Wow, this is amazing!"

"Is this really a budget model? How does it look so good?"

“Hey... this is like a real phone. It’s way better than ours.”

They had no choice but to be impressed.

This was the first time in the history of the LCD business unit that they had made a mock-up with such care and attention to detail.

The mock-up was not just a simple prototype. The software, UI/UX, and design captured the essence of a future smartphone.

Although the hardware specifications were lacking and the performance was not smooth, it was enough to give a sense of being ahead of its time.

It was almost unbelievable that the mock-up made by the LCD business unit looked better than the actual phones on the market.

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager who was playing with the mock-up, asked sarcastically.

“Hey, Chan-ho. Are you so mad that you couldn’t go to the exhibition that you made this with spite?”

“No, that’s not it.”

“Then what?”

From Lee Chan-ho’s perspective, who was preparing for the European exhibition, it was natural to feel disappointed that he couldn’t attend.

Lee Chan-ho’s eyes sparkled.

“Well, I want to make our contest successful and take this to next year’s exhibition.”

“That’s right. That’s a great attitude. Let’s make it happen and go together. Hahaha.”

“Sounds good.”

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, shook his hand and Lee Chan-ho replied with a bright smile.

-You’re lucky. You have a good mentor... and your work is recognized... Pfft...

For a moment, his happy expression overlapped with the image of him staggering drunk a few days ago.

Yoo-hyun knew.

He knew how hard he had worked to overcome his difficult times and to smile like he did now.

He had been checking the schedule constantly while making this mock-up.

He even showed passion in finding a metal processing company for the exterior.

He also handled all the problems that arose and dealt with the whining suppliers himself.

Thanks to him, this mock-up was born.

He deserved to enjoy this moment of joy.

Yoo-hyun caught Lee Chan-ho's eye and gave him a thumbs up.

"Good job."

"Thanks."

He replied with a double thumbs up.

Kim Hyun-min, the assistant manager, clicked his tongue.

"You guys are having fun."

After playing with the mock-up for a while, Kim Young-gil, the assistant manager, asked.

"But did you have to prepare this much? I get that it's a mock-up, but I don't think you had to make a separate bag for it."

"Hey, assistant manager. It's cool, right? I like it."

"No, Kim assistant manager is not wrong. They said they would give the mock-up to the judges in advance for the second round of the contest. Then there's no need to open the bag separately."

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, was happy as ever, but Choi Min-hee, the manager, asked coldly.

It was a reasonable question.

There was no need to bother so much for just a contest presentation.

They were already busy enough and they had to take more time out of their schedule.

Lee Chan-ho looked at Yoo-hyun as if he didn't expect such a question.

Choi Min-hee, the section chief, turned her words around as if she felt awkward.

"Oh, don't get me wrong, Yoo-hyun. I learned a lot too. Honestly, I was amazed by it."

"Thank you."

Yoo-hyun said and Choi Min-hee, the section chief, pointed out her doubt.

"But why did you rush the schedule like this? You seemed to be working really hard these days."

"I had something in mind."

Yoo-hyun answered with a meaningful look on his face.

Why did he prepare such a detailed mock-up and hurry up?

Everyone's eyes were on Yoo-hyun.

A few hours later.

Yoo-hyun sat in front of his computer and checked his email.

-[Share] Mobile Business Unit 3Q Performance Report Additional Proposal Idea 'Color Phone'.

It finally began.

The intended event passed through countless stakeholders and unfolded before his eyes.

A small grain that no one cared about rolled around and turned into a threatening snowball.

It was time to reap the rewards of his long preparation.

Yoo-hyun felt a rare excitement.

“Huh?”

“What?”

Then Park Seung-woo, who had just checked his email, asked Yoo-hyun in surprise.

“Yoo-hyun, you got it too. The email from senior Jang Hye-min.”

“Yes.”

“What is this? What does it mean?”

It was natural for him to feel confused. He had never attended the performance report meeting of the mobile business unit. He had only heard that it was a tense atmosphere. What did it have to do with sharing their contest idea?

Yoo-hyun’s eyes twinkled.

“Well, I want to shake things up a bit.”

“What do you mean?”

He soon found out.

A huge snowball fell from the clear sky and hit them hard.

A massive earthquake that shook the board had already begun.

“It’s going to be noisy for a while.”

There was nothing more fun than watching all kinds of scenes unfold in a sudden crisis.

If he had to compare it to something, maybe it was like watching a fire or a fight?

Yoo-hyun smiled triumphantly.

He was ready for a big fight.

A newbie?

He was curious about the expressions of the executives who had offended him.

The email sent by senior Jang Hye-min turned the LCD business unit mobile group upside down.

At first they didn’t even know what was going on, but soon they realized that a huge bomb had dropped on them.

People reacted differently in this situation.

Some people moved quickly, while others were lost and panicked.

Lee Kyung-hoon, the department head, was one of those who reacted quickly.

He moved like an ant colony sensing an earthquake. He had a good sense of things.

Chapter 138

Executive Director Lee Kyunghoon, who had sorted out his thoughts, went to see Executive Director Ahn Junhong, the head of the mobile group.

“Director, I have something urgent to report to you. It’s about the idea proposed by the design center this time.”

“What is it?”

“It’s an impossible idea. If you put it on the performance report of the mobile division, it means you’re going to make it into a product right away, right?”

“No way.”

“No, it’s true. I’m sure there will be a disaster that we can’t handle.”

Executive Director Lee Kyunghoon’s expression was very serious.

He knew how to survive in a crisis.

If you can’t go up, drag down your opponent.

He knew that the winner was the one who stood at the highest place in the end.

He shifted all the blame to his competitor, Executive Director Jo Chan-young.

As expected, Director Ahn Junhong blamed others.

“Ha, what have you been doing until things got this bad?”

“I tried to stop him too, but Executive Director Jo pushed it so hard.”

“Geez.”

Director Ahn Junhong looked displeased.

Seeing that, Executive Director Lee Kyunghoon spoke in a stronger tone.

“It’s late, but it’s time to stop it now. I’ll check with the mobile division again.”

“Report the progress right away.”

He got the approval.

It was nothing for him to sway the director with this much material.

They were on the same line, and there was a predictable outcome.

He expected Director Ahn Junhong’s face to sour.

Soon after, Director Ahn Junhong entered the 12th floor with a stiff expression and looked for Executive Director Jo Chan-young first.

“Executive Director Jo. How do you handle your work? How did an opinion that wasn’t reviewed internally get on the performance report of the division?”

“It’s not that bad.”

Executive Director Jo Chan-young weakly resisted, but it was useless.

Director Ahn Junhong snapped in a very irritated voice.

“Hey. Are you kidding me? It’s mass production in the first quarter of next year.”

“I know.”

“But do you think we can scrap all the processes we’re working on and do that? Do you know how vicious the people in the mobile division are?”

Director Ahn Junhong’s voice was almost screaming now.

Startled, Executive Director Jo Chan-young tried to make an excuse.

“It was a content that came up through an idea contest. The design center said they were interested...”

“Don’t you have to come up with a realistic idea? Why do you make everyone tired by putting up something like that?”

Director Ahn Junhong’s voice shook the office.

An ant that lagged behind could not follow the ant that moved ahead, and had no courage to go another way, so it could only flounder.

Executive Director Jo Chan-young was exactly like that.

He must be embarrassed, but he had nothing to do right now.

“I’m s-sorry.”

“Clean up this mess right away.”

All he could do was bow his head in front of the director.

Everything was going as Yoo-hyun predicted.

He could guess by looking at Lee Aerin, who he met by chance, and who advised him with a worried face.

“The director came to your office and left, but it seemed like he was in a bad mood.”

“Really?”

“I think it’s because of the idea you submitted for the contest.”

“Really? I’ll have to check it out. Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun bowed his head slightly and thanked her.

That wasn't all.

His colleague from the sales department, Min Jeonghyuk, also secretly came over and told him.

"Our team leader has started to take action. Be careful. He said he would crush your team. He's been calling all over the development department."

"Hmm."

"Thanks for letting me know."

Yoo-hyun smiled faintly.

He expected that much.

He could see the movements of the people in this office even with his eyes closed.

Yoo-hyun had that much experience.

Then what about the other side?

Yoo-hyun picked up his phone and contacted his junior from school, Jung Hyunwoo.

"Hyunwoo. Actually..."

-Oh, really? It was your team's idea?

"Yes"

-Wow, awesome. The team leaders in our development department were also talking a lot about it. It came up on the recent development report too.

Jung Hyunwoo's answer was simple.

Most of the development department seemed to have moved from supporting to opposing side of the contest application.

The good thing was that development 4th division's movement.

They kept saying they would support touch localization side.

It was thanks to product team's strong opposition.

-We don't care much. It's a fight between development and design. But if I have to give my opinion, I think it's okay for a good product not to be scrapped by political logic.

Kim Sungdeuk, the senior manager of the mobile division's product planning team, was watching the fire from afar.

Was it because of the absurd opposition of the next-generation development team leader?

They were sympathetic to Park Seungwoo's idea out of rebelliousness.

They even heard that it was good that the design center pushed it.

-It's already a mess. Our team leader even made a lot of protest calls to the design center. I don't know much, but it seems like our team leader and the director are after you guys.

Kang Changseok, who was in the next-generation product development team of the mobile division, was in a difficult position.

It was an idea that the team leader had staked his reputation on.

But it was announced in front of the division head through the design center, so they were screwed.

They couldn't show their fight at the performance report meeting, so they tried to stop the design center.

But that was impossible.

Senior Manager Jang Hyemin was not an easy person.

To Yoo-hyun, the result was already decided.

No, he made the board to make it that way.

Who would die and who would survive on this board?

Looking at the atmosphere, it seemed like the picture he wanted would be beautifully drawn.

Yoo-hyun put down his phone and returned to his office with various thoughts.

As soon as he arrived, he heard a loud scream that hurt his ears.

"Park, Assistant."

"Yes."

Team leader Oh Jaehwan, with his flushed face, shouted loudly from his seat.

"I told you not to make unnecessary trouble."

"Team leader, why are you doing this again? Are you trying to make him quit?"

Before Park Seungwoo, the assistant manager, could answer, Kim Hyunmin, the Manager, stepped in to shield him.

As Kim Hyunmin said, Park Seungwoo had been through a lot these days.

He was grilled by team leader Oh Jaehwan and executive director Jo Chanyoung, who had been beaten up somewhere.

Not only that, but he was also scolded by the team leaders of the development and production departments over the phone.

It was as if he had committed a great sin by coming up with an idea.

Kim Hyunmin's defense worked.

Team leader Oh Jaehwan spat out his words with a headache-like irritation.

"Ah, Assistant Kim Hyunmin, the Manager,, you stay out of this. Assistant manager Park, what are you going to do? What are you going to do?"

"How would he know what to do? Just leave him alone. He worked hard."

"Manager Kim Hyunmin, think before you speak. Think."

“...”

Kim Hyunmin was silent.

Of course, the actual person involved, Park Seungwoo, was confident.

He didn't run away or avoid it.

-You said it yourself. We just have to do what we're given. Do we need to worry about what's going on upstairs?

He even winked at Yoo-hyun, who had given him sincere advice in the midst of the commotion, to reassure him.

'I can see he's nervous...'

Yoo-hyun nodded calmly.

Park Seungwoo's teeth were trembling as he bit his lower lip.

'I'll show you. I'll never be a shameful senior.'

Was it just his feeling that he seemed to say that?

No, it wasn't.

Park Seungwoo bravely confronted team leader Oh Jaehwan.

“Team leader, I'll give it a try.”

“No, do you even know what the situation is?”

“I do.”

“Do you? Then why are you doing this?”

“...”

A barrage of words flew at Park Seungwoo, who was silent.

“If we don't say we can't do it, the group leader will be in trouble. It's a situation where begging won't be enough.”

“I'll just do what I'm given. I won't lie or embellish. I'll just speak as honestly as possible.”

“Hey. Are you going to take responsibility? Are you?”

“Yes, I'll take responsibility. If I cause any damage to the company, I'll quit.”

Park Seungwoo clenched his fist.

The trembling had stopped before he knew it.

He didn't avoid team leader Oh Jaehwan's venomous gaze.

Then Kim Hyunmin, who was next to him, snorted and waved his hand.

“Stop it. Quit what? You don’t need to be scared of this. Go ahead.”

“Hey. Where are you going?”

Kim Hyunmin blocked team leader Oh Jaehwan again, who was gesturing with his hand.

“Team leader, let me talk to you for a moment.”

He then blocked team leader Oh Jaehwan who was fuming.

‘Part 3 has improved a lot.’

He didn’t need to step in anymore.

Yoo-hyun smiled lightly and grabbed Park Seungwoo’s wrist.

“Assistant manager Park, how about a cup of tea?”

“Sure...”

Park Seungwoo nodded with a bewildered expression.

But he couldn’t move his feet as if he had lost his mind.

There was no trace of his courageous attitude just before.

What did he have in mind when he stood up to the team leader?

It was amazing.

Whoosh.

Standing on the railing of the outdoor terrace on the 20th floor, the cityscape unfolded before them.

Park Seungwoo, who had been smiling hard, was silent for a moment as if lost in thought.

What should I say to him?

If Yoo-hyun were his boss, he would have given him some plausible advice.

But he was too careful because he was a distant junior.

He wanted to understand his feelings because he sincerely liked him as a senior.

After some hesitation, Yoo-hyun asked honestly.

“Is it hard?”

“It’s not hard.”

It was obvious from his face even if he pretended otherwise.

Park Seungwoo had never been noticed by anyone at work.

He just did what he was given and did things that only got him scolded no matter how hard he tried.

Then he suggested his idea and prepared for the contest.

Finally he got people’s attention.

That was good enough.

But reality was harder than he thought.

He couldn't even get a good word from his team leader and executive director Jo Chanyoung changed his attitude too.

The people from other parts looked at him with jealous eyes and the ones who praised him blamed him.

He got dozens of calls from the development department every day.

At some point, all the responsibility was shifted to him.

It was impossible not to be hard.

“Sigh...”

Park Seungwoo swallowed a sigh without Yoo-hyun noticing.

Yoo-hyun's heart was not comfortable either.

It was inevitable to move forward.

But it might have been too much for Park Seungwoo, who was still at the crawling stage, to handle.

‘Should I have let him go slower?’

Yoo-hyun felt sorry for him.

Then Park Seungwoo opened his mouth.

His hair fluttered in the wind.

“Yoo-hyun.”

“Yes, assistant manager.”

Yoo-hyun answered in the softest tone possible.

Park Seungwoo looked at him and slowly opened his heart.

“It's not hard, but it's not easy either.”

“Yes.”

“There are more complications than I thought. It's a hard place to work.”

“...”

Yoo-hyun was silent for a while.

He understood Park Seungwoo's position well.

It was not an easy task to bear the pressure of being responsible for everything.

It would be nice to brush it off as nothing and shake it off, but that was not possible.

Park Seungwoo had never experienced anything like this before.

“I thought it would be all good, but there are too many things tangled up. It's really hard to work here.”

“...”

Yoo-hyun knew that too.

He had been with him all day long and he couldn't miss his troubles.

Chapter 139

At that moment, Park Seung-woo's expression changed.

“No, I can do it. I can do it well.”

“You can stop if you want to. You can go next year, like the manager said.”

“Would you like that?”

“Your opinion is what matters, sir.”

He asked out of a hope that he wouldn't give up.

But he didn't want to say the answer out loud.

The choice was up to Park Seung-woo.

“...”

Park Seung-woo quietly brought his mouth to the coffee cup.

Would he run away or face it?

Not everyone can write the right answer on the test paper.

Life is a problem that can be solved in different ways.

Park Seung-woo slightly bit his lip.

“I've made up my mind. It may sound silly, but I decided to try until the end.”

“That's not silly.”

“I want to be a senior you're not ashamed of.”

“You made a good decision.”

Yoo-hyun answered with a refreshing smile.

Park Seung-woo chose the latter.

And he said it with a very ticklish sound.

He even uttered a line that sounded like a boy's comic.

“Will you do it with me?”

“Of course.”

The sunset sky made a very cool background.

Yoo-hyun grabbed his hand.

Squeeze.

Park Seung-woo smiled with a satisfied look.

Time passed, and finally the day of the third quarter performance report of the mobile phone business division came.

Park Seung-woo and Yoo-hyun went up to the lounge on the 18th floor corridor early.

It was because of Kim Hyun-min's words that they would only get glares if they stayed in the office for too long.

Clang.

When Yoo-hyun opened the metal case on the floor, Park Seung-woo next to him exclaimed.

"Wow, this is cool every time I see it. But will there be a chance to show this?"

"You never know."

"Yeah. I hope there is a chance."

The opportunity will surely come.

This mock-up was prepared for today.

While Yoo-hyun was finalizing the mock-up, Park Seung-woo was memorizing the presentation he had written hard.

-There might be questions. Just answer them then.

Park Seung-woo didn't have the authority to present.

He prepared this much because of Jang Hye-min's words.

He memorized the whole presentation for the possible questions.

Yoo-hyun looked at him with a pleased smile.

Did he know?

That today might be a huge opportunity for him.

"Yoo-hyun."

Park Seung-woo, who had been mumbling for a while, called Yoo-hyun.

When Yoo-hyun lifted his head, he touched his hair and asked.

"I did get a parting as you said, but don't I look too old?"

"No, it looks good. It's neat."

"Really? It feels awkward."

Park Seung-woo was now wearing a 2:8 parted hairstyle.

When he came like this in the morning, he had to endure Kim Hyun-min's teasing.

But Yoo-hyun had a reason for suggesting this.

“Is it true that the mobile phone business director cares a lot about hairstyles?”

“Yes. My colleague in the strategy room told me.”

“Okay. You’re right.”

Park Seung-woo quickly agreed.

He accepted it quickly and didn’t care about the unnecessary things.

This was definitely an advantage.

‘It will surely help.’

Yoo-hyun didn’t suggest the change of hairstyle because of the mobile phone business director.

Someone higher up preferred that style.

And this time, he had to care about ‘that person’.

He was the key figure of this performance report.

20 minutes before the performance report.

Park Seung-woo, who got up from his seat, opened the transparent glass door on the 18th floor and walked with a strong step.

“Shall we go then?”

“Yes. Let’s go.”

He passed the planning room and the secretary’s office of the mobile phone business division and stopped in front of the central conference room.

He took a breath.

It was a meeting that even the other managers, including Jo Chan-young, couldn’t easily attend.

It was understandable that he was very nervous as a mere deputy.

“Are you okay?”

“Of course. Sure.”

He tried to look confident, but he opened the door with his trembling hand.

Creak.

“...”

He froze as he opened the door.

It was because of the man sitting in the conference room seat.

The middle-aged man with his hair neatly parted 2:8 lifted his head.

Thump.

“Ah, hello.”

Only after Yoo-hyun poked his side did Park Seung-woo bow.

Then the man nodded his head with a blank expression and soon looked elsewhere.

Yoo-hyun, who sat in the back corner following Park Seung-woo, smiled at the man's face.

He was the same as Yoo-hyun remembered.

'It's been a long time, vice president.'

Shin Myung-ho, the younger brother of Shin Hyun-ho, the chairman of Hansung Group, and the president of Hansung Electronics.

He established the initial LCD business division and raised it to the world level, and revived the dead mobile phone business, contributing to the leap of Hansung Electronics to a global company.

He was highly praised in the industry, but at the same time, he was a source of fear within the company.

His words could make the whole organization fly away.

He suddenly appeared at the performance report of the mobile phone business division.

The executives who opened the conference room door murmured and had to be silent.

Jang Hye-min also greeted him with his eyes and sat quietly in his seat.

No one opened their mouth as the seats were filled in the icy atmosphere.

"What's with this bleakness... Huh."

Hyun Ki-joong, the vice president of the mobile phone business division, who came in late, was startled as he looked around the conference room.

It was the first time that Vice President Shin Myung-ho had personally attended the performance report.

"Vi, Vice President. Hello."

"You're late."

"I'm sorry. I had something to do..."

The vice president apologized for being late.

On the other hand, Vice President Shin Myung-ho didn't seem to care.

"I'm not here to scold you. It's not like I came to a place I shouldn't have."

"Th, that's not true. Thank you for taking your precious time."

"I just came. Don't worry about it."

Vice President Hyun Ki-joong, who knew Vice President Shin Myung-ho's usual personality, didn't take his words literally.

'What's going on?'

Something was definitely wrong.

He knew that he was not the type to speak first, so he felt frustrated.

As he was pondering, Vice President Shin Myung-ho gestured casually.

“Then let’s proceed.”

“Yes. I understand.”

Vice President Hyun Ki-joong straightened his posture and gave a sign.

Then, the team leader of the mobile phone business division’s human resources planning, who was in charge of the progress, shouted with a straight back.

“Let’s start with a greeting. Attention, salute.”

At the same time, the people sitting down took a sharp stance.

“Let’s innovate.”

Then they uttered a loud salute.

As the sound echoed in the closed space, a delayed salute sound came through the speaker.

“There are so many...”

Park Seung-woo muttered to himself with a trembling voice.

He was overwhelmed by the sight in front of him.

There were 50 executives and key staff members of the mobile phone business division in the conference room.

That was not all.

The scale was different when including the related business divisions and company personnel who were connected through the video conference system, such as the LCD business division, the camera business division, and Hansung Chemical.

More than 100 people were in this meeting.

Just as they could see the other side through the TV here, the other side was the same.

Hansung Tower 12th floor, medium conference room.

The director who turned off the microphone connected to the video conference system spoke with a serious expression.

“How can you propose a project that the mobile phone business division opposes in this atmosphere? What are we going to do now?”

“Ugh...”

Jo Chan-young, the senior manager, scratched his head in embarrassment.

The other team leaders looked at each other.

Then, a voice came from the 6th channel connected to the video conference system.

-What do you think, group leader? Are we going to say that we can't support the low-end full-touch panel within the schedule?

It was the voice of the product 1 in charge at the Ulsan factory.

When Director Lee Kyung-hoon pressed the button, the 6th channel screen was activated.

"I'll answer that. Even if the design center has an opinion today, the mobile phone business division's prior development in charge, the development center director, and our group leader have agreed to say that it's not possible."

-Is that so? This is awkward. Our kids worked hard in the middle of it.

He spoke softly, but there was a reproach for Jo Chan-young, who caused the trouble, in his words.

Jo Chan-young quickly said.

"Kim Senior Manager, I'm sorry."

-No, it's not your fault, Jo Senior Manager. You were just too ambitious. Haha.

Jo Chan-young couldn't laugh along.

He wished the issue would grow and be discussed actively.

The idea itself was good, so he might have gotten a good evaluation.

No matter how he thought about it, that was the only way out.

But the vice president came too.

The issue grew too big.

He glanced at Kim Hyun-min, the manager next to him.

But Kim Hyun-min just drank coffee and pretended not to care.

The performance report began in a tense atmosphere.

"We are..."

As the voice of the IR (Investor Relations) in charge continued, Vice President Hyun Ki-joong's expression darkened.

The performance itself was similar to last year, but the gap with the competitors had widened.

In other words, they did less business than Ilseong Electronics.

Vice President Shin Myung-ho, who hated losing to Ilseong Electronics, was bound to be unhappy.

"This performance is due to Nokia's stronger than expected advance in the North American market..."

"Is that why you're holding this meeting to report to me?"

Vice President Shin Myung-ho's voice sounded especially cold.

"Ah, no, Vice President. Jo Senior Manager, keep going."

“We Ilseong, no Hansung. So, sorry.”

The IR in charge, who had paused for a moment, swallowed his saliva and continued, making a fatal mistake.

He called the company name Ilseong.

The IR in charge had a completely dazed expression, and Vice President Hyun Ki-joong closed his eyes tightly.

Vice President Shin Myung-ho spoke indifferently as if he didn't care.

“How long are you going to do this?”

“I'm sorry. I'll continue.”

But no one here could breathe a sigh of relief.

They instinctively sensed that it was a critical situation.

Shiver.

Park Seung-woo clenched his teeth in the fierce atmosphere he had never experienced before.

He was afraid that he might have to present.

He didn't worry too much.

He thought he would make it work even if he made a mistake.

Yoo-hyun looked at the tense people leisurely.

He was not unfamiliar with this situation where everyone was suffocating.

No, rather, he was familiar with it.

“Next, we will share the business strategy.”

Yoo-hyun had been the team leader of the business division's human resources planning, who was conducting this meeting.

“Currently, we think that the First & Best strategy that we are trying is working in the market. Although the market share in North America has dropped, consumers regard Hansung brand as premium...”

“Is this a meeting where you just listen?”

Vice President Shin Myung-ho's voice sounded displeased.

He was the business division's strategy in charge, who was presenting.

“Ah, no. The content so far has already been agreed on in the big picture, so everyone is just quiet.”

“Really?”

“Yes. There will be a lot of participation in the product strategy and new product concept that will come out from now on.”

Yoo-hyun listened to the story and quietly sank into his thoughts.

He had also held the position of the mobile phone business division director, who was in charge.

Not only that, he had been under and above the people of each organization and rank here.

He went through that process for a long time.

Their behavioral patterns were firmly embedded in Yoo-hyun’s brain.

Chapter 140

As he was thinking, Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho’s voice rang out again.

“Well then, let’s proceed. Ah, I don’t know if you feel uncomfortable with me here, but I hope you can speak frankly with each other.”

“Yes, sir. Next...”

At that moment, Yoo-hyun could predict it.

The atmosphere in the conference room had changed, starting from now.

It was Vice President Shin Myung-ho’s remark that triggered it.

Thud.

A domino at the starting point wobbled.

It toppled over and pushed another one, and another one pushed another one, completing the hidden picture on the floor.

Yoo-hyun knew what the final picture would be, but he couldn’t help but be curious.

The falling dominoes were not bricks, but people.

-[Urgent] Request for confirmation of mass production possibility of low-end full-touch panel due to change of mobile phone business strategy.

In the past, right after this meeting, a single email from the group leader was sent to the entire mobile group.

This email shook up the whole mobile group and the mobile phone business unit.

It was Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho’s order.

They had to rework their business plan from scratch, even at the cost of damage.

There was something he didn’t know back then.

Which way did the fallen dominoes flow to reach that conclusion?

And there was something he wanted to check now.

How would the end of this time differ from the past?

Yoo-hyun watched the picture drawn by the dominoes with a relaxed gaze.

It was a privilege that he could enjoy, as he had drawn the whole outline.

The dominoes started to fall one by one with the presentation.

“Starting with the Apple Phone, Nokia and BlackBerry are growing the smartphone market, and next year, they are expected to account for 15% of the total phone shipments. And...”

The people who were just listening raised their hands actively at Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho’s words.

“Excuse me. Doesn’t that mean we have to increase the proportion of smartphones? Our development department is preparing a technology that combines voice communication with PDA-based products.”

“That’s not it. The combination of touch pen and voice recognition technology proposed by the development center is too complicated.”

“Is there an alternative?”

“Our design center is reviewing a design that can also accommodate UMPC (Ultra Mobile PC) by combining QWERTY keyboard and full touch screen.”

They put their PR in their questions and rebutted to stand out from their opponents.

“No, what are you talking about making a phone into a UMPC? Do you have an OS to run?”

“Didn’t they say that Windows for mobile is being developed? No, Nokia is also developing its own OS, why can’t we do that?”

“That’s not as easy as you think. Right now, we have unified the domestic release phones based on WIPI (Korean Wireless Internet Platform) according to the government’s recommendation, but we have to change all that.”

“Isn’t that the role of the development center? How can you keep up with the world trend if you are held back by mere technology?”

“Mere technology? That’s harsh. Apple’s design is possible because it is based on technology.”

The conflict between the organizations increased rapidly.

They were pushed into a corner by the fear of being branded as a losing organization by Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho if they backed down.

But did they know?

There was an answer to the future in the words they were spitting out now.

“I’ll continue the presentation. We think that the current high proportion of touch phones is just a temporary trend of the Apple Phone. The component price issue is the biggest factor, and feature phones will continue to dominate for a while...”

They drew a strange conclusion from the data that was clearly visible, because they didn’t know.

“McKinsey Consulting defined the smartphone market as a ‘storm in a teacup’. It means that customers don’t need to do computer work on a small phone. And...”

They borrowed the power of other experts, because they didn’t know.

The people who were at the forefront of the industry entrusted the future to the people who were rolling pens from afar, paying them billions of won.

“I agree with the presenter’s opinion. I tried to develop it myself, and I couldn’t use the other company’s products because they were frustrating. I think it’s a technology that is far from what customers want.”

“That’s right. We just wanted to tell you that we are ready without any technical shortcomings.”

The upper-level people needed a ‘reason’ to proceed,

And the field workers needed a ‘means’ to avoid responsibility.

They ignored the coming future, because they hated to hear bad things and were afraid to take responsibility.

The people who had experienced the rapidly changing market believed that the future would not be much different from reality.

As expected, the dominoes collapsed quickly.

Tick.

Then, the direction of the dominoes changed sharply.

Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho, who had been listening quietly, opened his mouth.

“So, how do you compare with Ilseong?”

It was a question that always came up in any meeting.

The people who gathered here must have prepared an answer for that.

The development center and the design center poured out their ideas that they wanted to focus on.

“We are preparing a phone with upgraded features than the DMB phone that Ilseong is pushing.”

“We are proposing a phone with a full stainless steel material to counter Ilseong’s premium strategy of making phone materials out of wood.”

“We are aiming to maximize the multimedia performance with a phone that has a 21:9 innovative screen ratio to counter Ilseong’s horizontal instinct phone.”

Higher specs than Ilseong.

More luxurious than Ilseong.

More unique than Ilseong.

They were products that would be released in the market next year, and they had all made prototypes.

The proposers checked the LCD panel supply schedule, camera yield, and phone material supply schedule through the video system.

It was to show that they were thoroughly prepared.

But Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho’s expression grew darker.

“Is this the end?”

“...”

He even spat out a voice filled with anger.

“That’s all you can say when you gather together?”

“...”

The heated atmosphere died down in an instant.

The ice-cold atmosphere continued.

There were still things that hadn’t been said, but no one opened their mouth.

They instinctively knew that they could go to hell if they made a mistake.

‘This was the point.’

Yoo-hyun looked at Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho’s hardened expression and knew that this was the moment when he had exploded in the past.

But the past was just the past.

The fallen dominoes were the same, but the picture drawn at the end was different.

It was because of the card that Yoo-hyun had inserted in the middle.

And now that card was about to move.

At the moment when everyone was holding their breath, Senior Jang Hye-min, who had been quietly listening to the story, raised her hand.

“I have one suggestion to make.”

The design center director and the development center director both sighed and rubbed their heads.

Strictly speaking, it was not Senior Jang Hye-min’s turn.

There were other new products that had not been mentioned yet.

But Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho nodded his head, and she was given the right to speak.

She uttered the words that everyone was worried about without hesitation.

“What we want to propose is a low-end full-touch phone, also known as a color phone.”

She based her speech on the contest content that Assistant Park Seung-woo had prepared.

“As shown by the example of Channel Phone, people are becoming familiar with full-touch phones. The price barrier was high until now, but according to the LCD business unit’s idea, we can supply full-touch panels at half the price of the existing panels.”

“...”

Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho’s expression did not change.

He looked so unhappy that it seemed like he was not satisfied.

Most of them thought so, except for Yoo-hyun who noticed a subtle change in his expression.

As expected, there was a backlash.

“According to the customer survey, 80% of the existing customers prefer phones with buttons over full-touch phones. Full-touch phones without QWERTY keyboards are still premature.”

That was why the development center director could voice his opposition in this atmosphere.

But Senior Jang Hye-min was not going to back down.

“Why would the masses refuse a full-touch phone that is cheaper than the existing ones? It has enough merit in terms of design, don’t you think?”

“That’s just an idea, not a reality. LCD panel supply is not easy as you said. Isn’t that right, Director Ahn?”

“Yes. That’s right. It’s not impossible theoretically, but it’s risky. We don’t have a schedule that can push out other products.”

That was also why the mobile group director could say no.

At that moment, Yoo-hyun smiled triumphantly.

‘Gotcha.’

They didn’t even know that they were being crushed by the dominoes that were falling right now.

Yoo-hyun thought briefly.

What if Director Lee Kyung-hoon was here? How would he react?

Could he change his choice and survive?

Unfortunately, he didn't have that chance.

He didn't have much to do.

He could only guess the atmosphere here through a small camera and a speaker that was not very good.

Finally, Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho's voice was heard again.

"Really?"

"Yes, sir. We'll hear the opinions of the field workers."

The mobile business director, who flinched at Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho's chin gesture, passed the buck.

The video system channel 5 was enlarged on the TV.

Soon, Director Lee Kyung-hoon's voice came through the speaker.

-I'm Lee Kyung-hoon, director of the mobile group of the LCD business unit. As you said, there are many difficulties with the current technology. I think this idea should be reviewed again in two years.

"Is that it?"

He didn't just say no, he also suggested an alternative.

-No, sir. Instead, we will pull up the schedule for the 4-inch panel with a 21:9 ratio, which is under review as the main product for next year, by two months and secure additional supplies.

"Hmm..."

As soon as he finished speaking, Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho crossed his arms.

'Done.'

Director Lee Kyung-hoon cheered inwardly.

Mobile group director Ahn Joon-hong gave him the right to speak, not Senior Director Cho Chan-young.

It meant that he would officially support him.

Thanks to that, he made his name known to Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho and many other executives.

Not only that, he also completely killed the spirit of Senior Director Cho Chan-young in front of the mobile sales and marketing people here.

'It's over.'

Who was Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho?

He was a person who treated the lives of executives like flies.

He said such an unprepared opinion in front of such a person.

If it ends like this, the arrow will surely go to Senior Director Cho Chan-young, who made him spit out such a useless opinion.

Contest pass?

That was as good as gone.

A product that was once branded would never do well.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon smiled as he thought of his bright future.

That was when.

A voice came through the speaker.

At the same time, Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho's voice spread throughout the conference room.

"You said it here that it can't be done... Is that really true?"

"We have summarized the opinions of the departments, and that's what they said."

Vice President Hyun Ki-joong wiped his cold sweat and answered.

He didn't expect them to say such an unprepared thing.

"What do you think, Director Yeo?"

"...Although it's still in the initial stage and there are many things to check, I think it's a product with potential."

"You said it here based on potential."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry."

The design center director had no choice but to support Senior Jang Hye-min.

It was a gamble that could be either life or death.

He was annoyed by the development center director's face that was nagging him in front of him, but he had no choice.

'Damn, I should have known.'

The design center director bit his lower lip hard and regretted it.

Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho still looked grim as he looked at Senior Jang Hye-min.

"Senior Jang, do you have anything else to say?"

"I disagree with the opinions of the other departments. We already have a mock-up that is close to a prototype, and we have a related schedule. I can't agree that we can't meet the deadline because of the priority."

But Senior Jang Hye-min was not going to stop there.

"I would like to hear the opinion of Assistant Park Seung-woo, who came up with this idea."

At her continued words, everyone's eyes turned to the corner seat.