

## Real Man 15

### Chapter 15

He was curious about the call, so he answered it right away.

Through the conversation, he was able to recall his memories of the army.

-Do you remember drinking soda at the gym behind the barracks?

“Of course I do. You were amazed by the vending machine that gave out ice and kept getting more.”

-I still feel bitter when I think about losing to you in rock-paper-scissors.

He didn't understand why he was so resentful, but as they shared their memories like this, time flew by.

Today was a strange day.

He had a meal and coffee with his rude school junior, and talked for more than 30 minutes with his army senior who was barely in his memory.

They were not people from his company, nor people he had to impress, but spending time like this was the first time in his life.

He felt like he understood why people chatted so much about unnecessary things.

-Okay. Let's have a drink together that night.

“Sure thing.”

That's how the call ended.

From Jung Hyun-woo to Park Young-hoon, new connections were joining his life.

Maybe this was also a sign of his desire to live differently, and his wings were already changing his life.

In a space with a subtle atmosphere, the middle-aged Yoo-hyun bowed his waist and received a glass.

The man sitting across the table smiled and looked down at him.

-Congratulations, Han Vice President. No, I should call you Han Yoo-hyun President now.

-Thank you, Chairman.

-Thank me? I should thank you. It's thanks to you that I'm here, because you accepted my offer back then.

-...

It was the path he chose to succeed faster, and his choice was not wrong.

He pushed aside the powerful eldest son and became the youngest son who took over the giant group Hanseong at a young age.

Thanks to that, he enjoyed a lot as a winner, but the people who were with him in the past had to leave as losers.

After that, under the new chairman, Yoo-hyun had to make several ruthless decisions.

Many people were sacrificed, but he thought it was for the company's sake.

No matter how much he justified himself, he couldn't feel at ease.

He couldn't let anyone see his feelings.

Yoo-hyun quickly put on a mask and smiled.

-What did I do? It's all thanks to your grace, Chairman.

-Hahaha, it feels good to hear that from you, President Han. Let's drink as much as we want today. It's a happy day, isn't it?

-Yes, Chairman.

As he was about to hand over the glass, the alcohol in the glass swayed and something rose above it.

The portrait of Kwon Se-jung, his family crying, the faces of his old colleagues who were struggling passed by quickly.

Surprised, Yoo-hyun dropped the glass he was holding.

In a situation that seemed to move in slow motion, the chairman's expression came into view.

His mouth was smiling, but his eyes were cold like a snake's.

He felt goosebumps and at the same time the glass touched the floor.

Crash!

“Ah!”

He startled awake and quickly looked around.

The sight of his narrow studio apartment came into view.

“...Was it a dream?”

It seemed that his body had adapted to the present reality after a few days.

He wondered which one was a dream and which one was reality.

His head was still messed up.

He touched his throbbing forehead and got up.

He drank cold water gulp by gulp.

Then his head cleared up a bit.

“Ha...It’s a good thing, right?”

He muttered to himself and looked at the clock.

5:30 am.

As always, it was time to get up.

He resented his body for moving according to his old habits.

He even sneered at himself for getting ready to go for a run as usual.

What can he do?

He felt suffocated and had to run anyway.

In the end, Yoo-hyun went outside.

The habit of maintaining his fitness for 20 years didn't change, but there were many differences.

Not running on the Han River path he always stepped on, or not eating ginseng when he opened his eyes were not small changes like that.

First of all, his body felt much lighter.

When he started running after returning, he seemed rather dull at first, but soon his body adapted and now he was showing off his 20s stamina without regret.

He realized how true it was that youth was power.

And one of the biggest changes among them:

“Pant pant. Hyung, let's run together.”

He was not alone, but had someone to run with.

Yoo-hyun always preferred being alone.

It was the fastest and most efficient way to make any choice.

He still preferred being alone in his heart.

But he was thinking of changing now.

He didn't want to live the empty life he used to, so he slowed down his pace and matched Jung Hyun-woo's steps.

"You need to work on your stamina. You'll be too tired to work if you go to the company like this."

"Pant pant. Hyung, you really look like someone who has worked in a company before."

"It's nothing. Do you want to rest a bit?"

"Yes. Pant pant."

Jung Hyun-woo, soaked in sweat, picked up the plastic water bottle on the bench.

His trembling hand showed that he had run out of energy.

The moment Yoo-hyun chuckled, Jung Hyun-woo's slippery hand caught his eye.

'It's going to fall.'

The swollen wrist muscle, the spread fingers, the twitching shoulder were all signs that the water bottle was slipping from his hand.

"Uh, uh, uhh."

He tried to catch it again, but it was hopeless.

The moment the water bottle was about to hit the ground, Yoo-hyun's foot, which was already there, caught it underneath.

He lowered his foot to match the falling speed and lifted his toes. The water bottle fit perfectly between his ankle and instep.

Yoo-hyun lightly kicked up the water bottle, caught it, and handed it back to Jung Hyun-woo.

"Here, hold it tight and drink. Don't shake your hand for no reason."

"Huh? Oh, yes..."

Jung Hyun-woo looked bewildered.

He drank the water and still seemed to be in shock.

He stuttered as he spoke.

"H-how did you catch that? Hyung, you have amazing athletic skills."

"What are you talking about? I just saw it falling."

"Really, running too. You're amazing. Really really awesome. Awesome."

He raised his thumb and didn't stop talking.

Running was really nothing.

Jung Hyun-woo definitely had a tendency to overreact.

But anyway.

‘Did my athletic skills improve?’

It was natural that he had good stamina and strength as a young body.

But something was different.

He remembered when he faced the self-harm gangsters before.

What was it?

He still couldn’t figure out what it was exactly.

Anyway, his body felt lighter and he felt confident that he could do well in any sport.

‘Maybe I should learn something new?’

He thought about trying other sports besides running.

He had two weeks until the interview announcement and a month until the new employee training, so he thought he could take his time to look for something.

...



After the workout.

Yoo-hyun took Jung Hyun-woo to a rice soup restaurant.

Jung Hyun-woo still looked at him with admiration in his eyes.

“Hyung, you really live so coolly. Even at school.”

“What do you mean?”

There was no way.

He didn't have anyone to impress when he went alone.

“Hyung, you were so cool when you presented your business strategy assignment. You answered all the professor's questions when no one else could. Actually, I wanted to be friends with you since then. Hehe.”

“Did you?”

He honestly didn't remember much.

His memories of school were just that he worked hard.

Maybe he said that because he managed to get out of the situation with improvisation.

Like when he presented at the company.

They were talking about this and that when the food came out.

“Here’s your rice soup.”

“Thank you, ma’am. I was so hungry. It looks delicious.”

“Hohoho, you young men are so polite. Enjoy your meal.”

The lady who brought the rice soup smiled brightly at Jung Hyun-woo’s greeting.

Yoo-hyun looked at Jung Hyun-woo with curiosity as he spoke kindly to everyone he met.

There was no pretense in his expression and behavior.

He treated people as naturally as if he was wearing clothes that fit him perfectly.

Even people he met for the first time smiled in front of Jung Hyun-woo.

They felt like old friends in no time as he mingled with them easily.

He was a completely different type of person from Yoo-hyun.

‘Did I live coolly?’

He didn’t think so about his life that only looked ahead fiercely.

He didn’t want to go back to the path of success that left no grass behind him.

Rather, he thought Jung Hyun-woo, who gave happy smiles to people and got along with them, was living a cooler life than him.

“Hyung, enjoy your meal. Hehe.”

“Yeah, you too.”

Yoo-hyun lifted his lips as he saw Jung Hyun-woo’s bright smile.

He felt like he got a hint on how to live.

After returning, Yoo-hyun sat in front of the computer and browsed the news out of habit.

He had a thick monitor in front of him, not a tablet.

And he had cold water on the table instead of coffee from the machine, but it didn’t matter.

His serious look while looking at the news was no different from before.

He felt like he had gone back to the past as he looked at the news, especially the IT-related news.

The big companies that were like dinosaurs had disappeared, and now companies that didn’t even make the news were competing for the top spot in the world.

Yoo-hyun was at the center of the electronic industry that changed rapidly every day.

He always felt anxious that he would be extinct if he fell behind a little bit.

He didn’t want to put down the heavy burden he carried.

Rather, he became more greedy and wanted more and more.

Looking back, it was nothing...

Yoo-hyun shook his head and got up from his seat.

It was to avoid repeating his past addiction to work.

“More relaxed.”

He hypnotized himself, but his eyes were drawn to the monitor.

It was scary how habits worked.

“Sigh.”

The moment Yoo-hyun turned off the monitor screen,

Ring ring.

His cell phone on the desk rang and his body flinched at the same time.

‘Chairman?’

He was the only person who would call him at this time.

He felt a chill as he remembered his face in his dream.

“Ah...”

He picked up the flip phone and realized that he had recalled his past memories out of habit.

He sighed in relief.

On the small LCD screen, not the big one, 'Father' was displayed as the caller's name.

-Are you up?

"Yes, of course. Have you eaten?"

-Yes. I did.

Why did his father call him in the morning?

They had gotten closer, but he never called first, so he was worried.

His father's voice, which hesitated for a moment, made him feel more uneasy.

But he heard an unexpected voice from him.

-Yoo-hyun, thank you.

"Huh?"

-For Usang Construction.

"Oh. That?"

Then he understood why his father contacted him.

His father tried to hide his excited mood and continued to speak.

-I looked into it more and it seemed like there were some problems. So I decided not to do it.

“I’m glad.”

All Yoo-hyun did was subtly point out the issues.

He didn’t expect him to be grateful for that.

But from his father’s words, Yoo-hyun understood his feelings.

His changed attitude had changed his father as well.

-I think I was too impatient all this time. But thanks to you, I found some peace. Thank you.

“No, thank you, father. I’m also very grateful.”

They exchanged thank-you’s several times and hung up the phone.

Yoo-hyun felt bewildered.

He had never received a phone call from his father in the morning before, let alone heard him say thank you.

“How did this happen?”

A small change was changing his whole life.

His heart.

His heart.

It beat faster.

“Good.”

He gained positive confidence from talking to his father.

Yoo-hyun decided to change more actively.

Like Jung Hyun-woo did, he thought of being kinder to not only his family and friends but also strangers he met along the way.

He greeted them more politely, showed interest, and expressed gratitude.

It seemed easy to do these things, but it was not easy for Yoo-hyun.

It was an effort to go against his individualistic values that had been formed until now.

He wondered if he really had to do this much sometimes.

But as he saw the changes around him, Yoo-hyun realized something:

When he opened his heart and approached them first, even relationships that he couldn't see before became richer.