

## Real Man 151

### Chapter 151

A few moments later, he received a phone call from his mother.

She was very worried.

-I can't sleep at night because of Jaehui.

"Mother, don't worry."

-Yoo-hyun, you don't worry about anything. Jaehui is so clumsy.

"We're going together from the company, what's the big deal. There won't be any time when he's alone."

-That's why I'm more worried. I'm afraid he'll cause trouble for the people there.

From his mother's perspective, it was a reasonable concern.

Her daughter, who was not very bright, was going abroad, and with the name of Hansung Electronics, no less. It was enough to make her anxious.

"Don't worry. Jaehui was invited because he did well."

Yoo-hyun was not worried at all.

The person who was going with him was not someone else, but Jang Hyemin, his senior. She had a tendency to shower affection on anyone she liked, so she would find Jaehui's blunders cute no matter what.

He was more worried that she would treat him too well.

-Really? Didn't you do everything for him?

"Me? No. It had nothing to do with me. The mobile phone division liked Jaehui's skills and chose him."

-Oh? That's different from what Jaehui said. He said he was going because you helped him a lot. He was so grateful that he even teared up."

"What?"

Jaehui would never say such a thing when he was sober.

Yoo-hyun's eyebrows narrowed.

"He said that after drinking, right?"

-How did you know?

Yoo-hyun was speechless at his mother's question.

'He's so consistent.'

-Don't you know I become a different person when I drink?

That was what his sister had muttered secretly in front of Jang Hyemin, his senior.

Remembering that, Yoo-hyun gave a hollow laugh and said.

"Anyway, it's a good opportunity, so we'll go and come back well."

-Okay, Yoo-hyun. Don't buy any gifts when you come back. It's cheaper at the duty-free shop, but not buying is saving money.

"Okay. I understand."

-Okay, okay. And tell Jaehui too. Even if German shampoo is cheap, Korean ones are better.

"Yes, yes, mother."

-...Okay.

"Mother, go inside."

Yoo-hyun hung up the phone after hearing his mother's nervous voice.

Then he checked the message from Jaehui.

It was a list of gifts that his mother wanted.

Did Jaehui get his personality from his mother?

It was a moment when he had a rational doubt that he had never had before.

Yoo-hyun called his father, friends, and other relatives to say goodbye.

Going abroad for a business trip was not a big deal, but at that time, taking a plane once was a big issue.

The person who was most envious was his friend Kang Junki, who worked at Semi Electronics.

He was very sorry that he couldn't go while other employees did.

-I want to go too.

"You'll have a chance."

Yoo-hyun answered with a pity.

He thought it would have been more fun if they went together.

But that was his thought until he heard the next words.

-I really want to go to a German mixed bath.

“Just go to a local bathhouse.”

-Mixed bath.

“Forget it. Hang up.”

Yoo-hyun shook his head and ended the call.

He was a friend who still hadn't grown up.

And finally, the day of the trip came.

Yoo-hyun felt a new emotion when he arrived at Incheon Airport.

He had been on many overseas business trips in the past.

It was the same when he was in the LCD division, the group, the mobile phone division, or the electronic strategy office.

Hansung Electronics was a global company, and its customers were all over the world.

For some people, the purpose of an overseas business trip might be tourism or airplane mileage.

But not for Yoo-hyun.

For Yoo-hyun, an overseas business trip was a place to prove his value.

He learned the language of the country, memorized the history of the customer company, and researched the customer's behavior beforehand.

He did all that to show off his skills in front of the executives who came with him.

Was that why?

“Hey, the weather is killing today.”

“What do you mean killing? It's freezing. It's really winter. The weather in Germany is the same.”

“So what if it's cold. Just lie down in the hotel with the heater on.”

He had never gone on a business trip with his fellow part members like this, laughing and joking.

“Chanho, did you print out the schedule well?”

“Yes. I checked everything at the internet cafe. They say Germany has good hot springs.”

“Chief, did you see the camera that Park bought?”

“Let me see. Wow, it looks really good.”

“It’s a souvenir. I bought one.”

“Good. Good. How about we take a group photo and make a frame?”

He had never gone on a plane without any tension like this.

At that moment, the question from Kim Younggil, who changed the atmosphere, came out.

“Chief, but do we only have to think about having fun?”

“Then?”

“Well, don’t we have to prepare something?”

Yoo-hyun’s mindset was still similar to Kim Younggil’s, who asked the question.

He hadn’t completely let go of his work.

But Kim Hyunmin, the chief, was not.

“What does it matter if you’re not in charge. There’s nothing special to do. Byun, the manager, will take care of everything. Haha. That’s why I like these extra business trips.”

“Is that okay?”

“Of course. Just trust me.”

Kim Hyunmin, the chief, shouted.

At the same time, he heard various voices from the team members.

“This business trip is so great, right?”

“I have to take a lot of pictures.”

“We’re not going to get drunk and pass out at the hotel every night, right? Haha.”

So the part members could also relax their minds.

Yoo-hyun realized something from this scene.

And now.

He gave Kim Hyunmin, the chief, a thumbs up, meaning he agreed with his idea.

“You’re right, chief. That’s a great thing to say.”

“Haha, I’m always like that.”

Kim Hyunmin, the chief, gave a hearty laugh.

He decided to enjoy himself and clear his mind as long as he was with these good people.

He didn't know when he would have such an opportunity again.

Wouldn't there be no more chances to come as a group like this?

He thought so, and he had no reason not to walk comfortably.

He smiled and let it go, even when he saw Park Seungwoo, the assistant, getting a thorough inspection at the immigration checkpoint because of the drink can in his bag.

Or when Kim Hyunmin, the chief, made a fuss about finding his carry-on after shopping at the duty-free shop.

As expected, Choi Minhee, the manager, sighed and tackled him.

“Do we really have to go with these people?”

“But it's fun, isn't it?”

Yoo-hyun, who was answering, smiled.

It was then, when he moved to the boarding gate with that feeling.

“Shh. There are Ilseong people over there.”

“Where, where?”

The people who were laughing and chatting stopped when Choi Minhee, the manager, who was pushing the carry-on, gave them a hint.

In front of their eyes, they saw a familiar middle-aged man and many people around him, who they often saw on the news.

A large group of more than 30 people occupied the center of the boarding gate.

The expressions of the 3rd part members who saw them were calm, like soccer players facing a Korea-Japan match.

The first one to open his mouth was Kim Hyunmin, the chief.

“Is that Yoon Doojoon, the vice president?”

“Yes. That's him.”

“Damn, we have to take the same plane.”

Yoon Doojoon, the vice president of the wireless division of Ilseong Electronics.

He was a famous talent who was a high school dropout legend.

He was one of the most powerful people in Ilseong Electronics, who could be counted on one hand.

They were not the same company, but they couldn't help but care.

When everyone was looking at Yoon Doojoon, the vice president, Yoo-hyun looked at a female employee next to him.

She was much younger than he remembered, but not unrecognizable.

Nam Yoonjin.

'She must be a manager by now?'

She was a person who rose to the president of Ilseong Electronics in the future and competed with Yoo-hyun many times.

She had a cold personality and a quick judgment that even Yoo-hyun admitted.

At that moment, when she was listening to Yoon Doojoon, the vice president's story, she slightly raised her head and met Yoo-hyun's eyes.

Her eyes, which had not yet faded, were visible.

She was a stranger, so she turned her head and brushed her long hair.

Of course, she didn't know Yoo-hyun now.

Then Kim Hyunmin, the chief, gestured.

"Come on, come over here quietly."

"Yes."

He, who had taken a seat in the corner of the waiting room, spoke in a tense voice that didn't suit him.

"Let's not cause any trouble. We're outnumbered."

"What do you mean, outnumbered? Are we going to fight or something?"

Choi Minhee, the manager, snapped, but Kim Hyunmin, the chief, was serious all the time.

"Don't you know? It's embarrassing to lose even if we fight."

"What are you talking about?"

The part members looked at Kim Hyunmin, the chief, with a dumbfounded expression.

They were all people who had at least some common sense.

They had no reason to fight with irrelevant employees, even if Ilseong Electronics was a competitor.

But Kim Hyunmin, the chief's expression was very serious.

“So let's just be quiet.”

“...”

They all shut their mouths.

Of course, it wouldn't happen as Kim Hyunmin, the chief thought.

But since they didn't need to make trouble, the six part members enjoyed their meditation quietly.

They read books or plugged earphones into their ears.

Outside the window, planes came and went, and the numbers on the digital clock on the wall went up one by one.

It was then that they heard a voice from behind.

“Hahaha, that's right. All the TVs in the waiting room are Ilseong's, right?”

“Yeah. Hansung is over now. Look. They can't even compete with us in phones.”

“Not just Hansung. The Japanese and Chinese kids are all our food.”

“Puhahahaha.”

Actually, it wasn't that bad.

They were just laughing and talking with pride.

They could easily ignore that kind of gossip, since they weren't saying it in front of them.

“How childish.”

“They're kids, so what can you do?”

They could just quietly curse and let it go.

But.

Kim Hyunmin, the chief's expression began to distort.

Crunch.

He even crushed the empty can he was holding.

For a moment, his appearance reminded them of the hardcore fans who threw bottles into the baseball stadium in excitement.

No way.

Yoo-hyun wondered at that moment, and he jumped up from his seat and shouted.

“Hey. Ilseong.”

“Chief...”

“Don’t you know what manners are?”

His loud voice echoed in the airport waiting room, and the people sitting around turned their heads.

The Ilseong Electronics employee who was hit by the stick looked around with a bewildered expression.

“...”

Yoo-hyun and the 3rd part members were so dumbfounded that they were stunned for a moment.

They had to fix it somehow.

It was when Yoo-hyun got up from his seat with a dizzy expression.

Park Seungwoo, the assistant, who got up with him, blocked Kim Hyunmin, the chief, with one hand.

And he stretched out his other hand and shouted.

“I, I’m Japanese.”

“...”

Why did he say such a thing?

Yoo-hyun lost his words at the successive failures.

“They must be Japanese.”

“Why are they doing that? Did they get into a fight?”

There was a buzz around them.

Choi Minhee, the manager, and Kim Younggil, the assistant, who were sitting, covered their faces with books.

‘We’re screwed.’

Their expressions, which were burning, told them the situation.

They couldn’t pretend it wasn’t happening, because they were under the eyes of 30 Ilseong Electronics employees.



Even Yoon Doojoon, the vice president, was looking this way.

Kim Hyunmin, the chief, who came to his senses late, poked Park Seungwoo, the assistant, in the ribs.

“Are you crazy? What are you going to do if you speak Japanese there?”

“You’re the crazy one, chief. Why did you cause trouble?”

“Damn, you ruined everything. You should have pretended to be Japanese.”

“I don’t know Japanese.”

“You crazy bastard, why did you do that?”

The two kept bickering.

## Chapter 152

A woman walked up to them.

It was Nam Yoon-jin.

She asked in Japanese.

“What’s going on here?”

“It was the Ilsung Electronics employees who started the trouble.”

The one who answered her naturally was Yoo-hyun’s Japanese voice.

“What?”

Ignoring the blinking eyes of the part-timers behind him, Yoo-hyun explained the situation in detail.

“It’s one thing to talk to yourself, but it’s another to make a scene. Don’t you think it’s rude to openly disrespect another company?”

“Yes, it is. That’s not right.”

“Yes. Our client is not the type to get angry easily, but he was so offended by their remarks that he lost his temper. I’m sorry.”

“No, it seems like we were the ones who did wrong.”

“Maybe so.”

Nam Yoon-jin, the manager, gave the expected response.

It was not a good place to sort out the details of the incident.

The vice president was behind them.

She wanted to resolve the matter as quickly as possible.

That was why she apologized so readily.

“I’m sorry. I’ll tell our employees to apologize as well.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Nam Yoon-jin, the manager, approached the employees and said something. The employee came over quickly and bowed his head.

“Sumimasen.”

“It’s okay.”

As Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, was about to reply, Yoo-hyun wrapped it up in Japanese.

Then he bowed to Nam Yoon-jin, the manager.

“Thank you again.”

“Thank you.”

It seemed like they had handled the situation smoothly, but there was one problem left.

The people here mistook the part-timers for Japanese.

Kim Young-gil, the assistant manager, asked in a low voice.

“What do we do now?”

“What do you mean, what do we do? Just keep your mouth shut.”

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, who was at fault, shook his head at Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager.

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, sighed as if he was wronged.

Choi Min-hee, the section chief, looked like she had given up.

The 11-hour flight to Germany was quiet enough to be memorable.

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, who sat next to the Ilsung Electronics employee, even used Japanese when choosing the meal menu.

They arrived in Frankfurt, Germany.

They only breathed a sigh of relief after they found their luggage.

The one who was the happiest was Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager.

“Wow, I thought I was going to suffocate because of those Ilsung bastards.”

“It’s all because of you, deputy manager. You have no right to say that.”

“It’s okay. We won’t see them again, so what. And even if we see them at the exhibition, they won’t recognize us.”

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, was right.

Most of them wore sunglasses and casual clothes.

It would be hard to recognize them as the same faces if they wore suits and touched their hair.

They had only seen them briefly, and there was no way they would remember the details of their features.

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, who was thinking quietly, said something.

“They might not know the others, but they would recognize Yoo-hyun’s face.”

“So what? He didn’t say he was Japanese, did he? He didn’t say he worked for a Japanese company either. He’s just a meticulous kid.”

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, chuckled and said.

Yoo-hyun also anticipated the situation and sorted it out properly, so there was no problem.

But.

‘Why do I feel so uneasy?’

He felt like something was twisted and tilted his head.

Choi Min-hee, the section chief, added fuel to his feeling.

“Sigh... I’m worried about the future.”

“Me too.”

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, quickly intervened at Yoo-hyun’s words.

“Section chief Choi, don’t forget to thank me when you have fun. Chan-ho, are you ready?”

“Yes. I’m sure.”

“Let’s go.”

Now that there was nothing to bother them, why did they feel so anxious?

Yoo-hyun shook his head and straightened his mind.

It was just a simple business trip.

It was unlikely that such a peculiar case would happen again.

All he had to do was visit the exhibition and look around the nearby tourist attractions and come back.

But.

Yoo-hyun's mind control didn't last long.

They were on their way from Frankfurt to Berlin by rental car.

Lee Chan-ho, who was driving, looked puzzled.

"Huh? What's wrong with this? The navigation is broken."

"I don't know any of the roads. I don't know what to do. I can't even read the map."

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, who was in the passenger seat, shook his head.

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, who was sitting in the back seat, glanced at Yoo-hyun.

"Yoo-hyun, didn't you say you knew the roads well?"

"..."

He asked, avoiding Yoo-hyun's eyes, as if he felt a bit sorry.

-Why don't we take the train? Driving is too far, and it's easier to get around by subway when we get there.

Yoo-hyun had suggested taking the train to Berlin, since the connecting flight time didn't match.

The high-speed train was so well developed that it would have been easy to go that way.

But they didn't listen.

They all said that renting a car in Germany was their dream, and they insisted on choosing a rental car.

They told Yoo-hyun to take care of it and not to worry, and to just relax.

The result was Yoo-hyun's passenger seat.

"Yes. I'll do it."

"Thanks. Haha."

It was getting darker and darker, and they didn't have much time.

Yoo-hyun had no choice but to sit in the passenger seat.

He spread out the map in the car and guided the way diligently.

The problem erupted again.

Thump thump thump.

Lee Chan-ho stopped the shaking car and said with a troubled expression.

“It looks like the tire has a puncture?”

“Hey, what do we do then? This place is totally rural.”

As Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, said, the surroundings were barren.

The road was so quiet that there were hardly any cars passing by.

Lee Chan-ho, who was worried, finally said to Yoo-hyun.

“Yu, Yoo-hyun. Can you make a phone call?”

“Okay.”

Yoo-hyun reassured Lee Chan-ho, who was scared, and called the rental car company.

They said it was difficult to get support right away because it was after work hours.

Instead, they told him how to replace it.

“Yes. Please tell me that.”

-Open the trunk in the back seat...

Yoo-hyun learned the method by phone and took out the spare tire and equipment from the trunk with Lee Chan-ho, the driver.

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, who picked up the manual confidently, muttered.

“I don’t understand a word of it because it’s all in German.”

“Give it to me.”

In the end, Yoo-hyun had to do this too.

It was already dark outside.

“There are a lot of mountains.”

“Sigh.”

On the German road where there were few streetlights and only mountains, a sigh was heard. Choi Min-hee, the section chief, who had endured it, finally said something.

“I should have listened to Yoo-hyun and stayed at the hotel and took the train tomorrow.”

“Section chief Choi, it’s all over. It will be a fun business trip as much as we suffered.”

“...”

He was right.

And it should have been.

There should have been no such thing as not being able to eat dinner because the restaurants on the street were all closed.

And there should have been no such thing as getting an emergency call when they arrived at dawn.

They finally arrived at the hotel after a lot of trouble.

But the deputy manager Kim Hyun-min, who received a phone call in front of the lobby, looked serious.

He finally hung up the phone and shouted.

“Crazy. Why are they telling us to do this?”

“What? What did the person in charge say?”

“They said the pipe burst near our spot at the exhibition hall and we have to change the location.”

Everyone blinked at the unexpected words.

Then Choi Min-hee, the section chief, asked.

“What about section chief Byun?”

“He said he’s going to Frankfurt to pick up the team leader. He’s totally crazy, isn’t he?”

“Then what do we do? We’re the ones in charge, aren’t we?”

“What do you mean, what do we do? Sigh.”

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, sighed deeply.

It was a ridiculous situation that the mobile group person in charge left to pick up the sales team leader.

Someone had to do something because the mobile group was in charge.

If this became a problem, the business trip that they thought would be easy would be hopeless.

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, glanced at Yoo-hyun.

He shook his head by himself as if he had nothing to say.

“I’ll go by myself and you guys rest.”

“How can you do that? Let’s go together.”

“It’s no use going together. Just stay here.”

“We’ll die together if we die, and live together if we live.”

It was a roar that they uttered in a situation where they hadn’t even unpacked their luggage.

The part-timers had that much solidarity.

It was a touching scene, but Yoo-hyun sighed inwardly.

He knew the result.

The people who were already there couldn’t handle it until dawn.

There was no way they could solve it by flocking there.

In other words, it was something Yoo-hyun had to do again.

In the end, Yoo-hyun opened his mouth.

“Let’s go together.”

It was as Yoo-hyun expected.

The people from the other group who came first were confused and couldn’t do anything.

It was difficult to communicate properly with the exhibition hall staff who came to support at dawn.

It wasn’t just because their conversation was weak.

There were too many factors to go through to change the room.

Yoo-hyun had no choice but to step up.

“This is what we want...”

“Ah, that’s a bit difficult. How about the location of the private booth...”

“Then how about changing it like this...”

The employees who were talking in German just stared blankly at Yoo-hyun.

The negotiation was not smooth, but Yoo-hyun persisted in his demands.

“Our Hansung is...”

“That is...”

“You have to do this...”

It wasn't just a matter of changing the place.

They also had to get a fair compensation from the exhibition side who made the mistake.

Thanks to that, they got a bigger room than the Ilsung Electronics LCD division, but they had to work hard in the negotiation process.

That too, in a very tired state.

That's when they stamped it.

Soon, the people from the other group came and applauded.

“Wow, it's much faster to speak in German.”

“I wondered why the mobile person in charge suddenly left, but you sent such a talent.”

“We really owe it to the mobile group. Deputy manager Kim, thank you.”

“...”

They were the people who backed off, saying they were not in charge.

They might have thought it was easy from their point of view.

But the part-timers who helped and watched the process were not.

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, glanced at Yoo-hyun and said.

“Thank you to the mobile group, not the mobile group, the mobile group product planning team 3rd part, no, Han Yoo-hyun here.”

“Yes?”

“There's nothing to thank section chief Byun Jin-woo, the sales team person in charge. How can he go anywhere when this situation happened? Does that make sense?”

“Oh, is that so?”



“I didn't know that.”

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, spoke bluntly to the group of people who were buzzing.

“I'll summarize it again. The person in charge ran away, and we worked hard, not related to the exhibition support. Got it?”

“Yes? Oh, yes. I understand.”

They were all friends with section chief Byun Jin-woo.

But Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, looked so hard that they couldn't tackle him.

He nailed it to those employees.

“So when section chief Byun comes, you should question him. I won't stay still either.”

“Ah, okay. Thank you.”

Only then did the group of people come to their senses and greet them again.

“Yoo-hyun, thank you.”

“You're welcome.”

It doesn't matter what they do when they leave.

At least he felt a little relieved.

Yoo-hyun held his tired body and slumped on the bench.

Soon, Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, approached cautiously.

There was a lot of apology on his face.

“Yoo-hyun, are you okay?”

“Yes. I'm okay.”

The others were the same.

“You worked hard. I'm sorry I couldn't help you.”

“Sorry. I insisted on renting.”

“Come on, let's just listen to Yoo-hyun from now on.”

Why are they putting so much pressure on me when I just want to rest?

“I'm fine.”

Even though Yoo-hyun said he was fine, Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, shook his head.

## Chapter 153

“No, no. You can’t say that if you have any conscience.”

“...”

He said that as if he was scolding someone else.

“From now on, leave Yoo-hyun alone. Got it?”

“It was the manager who caused the most trouble.”

“Park, if you say nonsense like that, Yoo-hyun won’t stay still.”

“...”

At first, it seemed like he was caring for Yoo-hyun.

But the next words from Manager Kim Hyun-min were not.

“Everyone else is the same. From now on, we only listen to Yoo-hyun. Got it?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Hey, Choi. You heard it, right? Yoo-hyun is tired, so don’t ever say anything like drinking at this time of the night.”

As Yoo-hyun listened, the conversation went in a ridiculous direction.

‘What’s wrong with him?’

But as he listened, it seemed to get more and more amusing.

He was immersed in his own drama.

“Right, Yoo-hyun?”

“...”

Manager Kim Hyun-min blinked his eyes and lifted the corners of his mouth.

He was annoying.

He was just so annoying.

Yoo-hyun felt sympathy for Team Leader Oh Jae-hwan, who always suffered from Manager Kim.

He remembered how hard he had worked to clean up the mess at the airport, and he couldn’t let it go.

Yoo-hyun decided to open his mouth.

“Manager, how about a drink?”

“Now? The hotel bar is closed, and so is the mart. Of course, I’ll follow whatever you want, Yoo-hyun, but don’t you think it’s impossible?”

He shrugged his shoulders as if he was excited.

He looked like he had lost a few screws.

The people next to him stuck out their tongues as if they were embarrassed.

Yoo-hyun asked as if to confirm.

“You drink when you have alcohol, right?”

“Of course, of course. What do the others think? Okay?”

“Yes. Go ahead.”

That was when everyone agreed.

Yoo-hyun pointed to Manager Kim’s carrier with his index finger.

“The two bottles of liquor in your carrier.”

“Huh?”

“I’m so tired, but I think I’ll feel much better if I drink the liquor that I bought with a coupon at the duty-free shop.”

“Did I... hear that wrong?”

At that moment, Manager Kim’s face hardened, and Choi Min-hee ran out with a gleeful smile and joined the fire.

“Great idea. Let’s do it in your room, Manager.”

“What? My room?”

“Sure. Let’s gather all the peanuts in the room.”

As the two dragged the stunned Manager Kim out, Lee Chan-ho supported Yoo-hyun.

“Senior, are you okay?”

“Huh? Do you want to carry me?”

Why is he like this?

Yoo-hyun shook his head, and Lee Chan-ho scratched his head awkwardly.

“I’ll return the rental car tomorrow.”

“Are you sure you’ll be okay?”

“Of course, of course.”

Lee Chan-ho’s expression was full of regret.

Kim Young-gil, who was next to him, quietly clasped his hands.

He also agreed.

“No way.”

From afar, Manager Kim’s scream was heard.

They were people who couldn’t be hated.

“Get up. We have to enjoy today.”

“Should we?”

“Let’s go.”

Yoo-hyun smiled, and the two smiled with him.

In the dark dawn.

From the Berlin exhibition hall to room 511 of the hotel, Manager Kim was dragged along.

The part members who gathered in the room drank four bottles of liquor, including the ones that Choi Min-hee and Kim Young-gil bought, until the morning sun rose, and had a night of madness.

Not a single one of them left.

They even ate breakfast to save money and collapsed.

Yoo-hyun gave them a thumbs up for their amazing stamina.

That’s why he had to spend his free time before the exhibition sleeping.

The next day.

The sun rose to mark the first day of the exhibition.

Yoo-hyun looked at the Berlin exhibition hall across the street.

On the large billboard on the roof of the exhibition hall, the ads of Ilseong Electronics and Hanseong Electronics faced each other.

It seemed to show the fierce competition between the two companies that they would show at this exhibition.

The six people who dressed up in neat suits and lined up looked very dignified.

“You’re crazy, drinking again yesterday.”

“Ah, I should have just slept more.”

But the reality was different.

They couldn’t even go out of the hotel for two nights because they drank too much.

How absurd would the others think if they knew this?

At least, Manager Kim had regained some of his senses.

“Hey, hey, focus. When we enter the exhibition hall, we’re the representatives of Hanseong.”

“...”

“Right, Yoo-hyun?”

“Manager, you just have to do well.”

Yoo-hyun gave him a blow with a very polite tone.

Manager Kim was taken aback by the unexpected words.

“What... what did you say?”

“We need your charisma to get something out of this trip.”

“Me?”

“Of course.”

Yoo-hyun nodded cheerfully.

Manager Kim became serious at his words.

“Do I really have to?”

“Of course.”

Yuhyun confirmed the kill and Kim Hyunmin’s eyes lit up with determination.

They were about to face Ilseong Electronics at the exhibition hall soon.

It would be troublesome if they did something crazy like they did at the airport.

He needed some kind of control device.

A little later, the group left the hotel and headed to the exhibition hall. It was when they were about to cross the road as the traffic light changed.

Honk honk.

A familiar voice came along with the car horn.

“Brother.”

“Miss Hanyuhyun. Here, here.”

Everyone’s eyes turned to the car parked on the roadside as the voice continued.

It was a luxurious sports car.

Yuhyun said with a dumbfounded expression.

“Jaehee.”

“Hi.”

“Miss Yuhyun, nice to meet you.”

Inside were Han Jaehee with a bright smile and Jang Hyemin, a senior in a luxurious outfit. Yuhyun was speechless with his mouth open.

But he soon came to his senses and barely introduced them to his teammates.

“She’s my younger sister. And...”

Then the signal changed and the two women waved their hands with a wide smile.

“We’ll park and come. See you inside the exhibition hall.”

Vroom.

The engine sound was loud as the exhaust pipe was big.

Kim Hyunmin, who had been staring at the sports car with a blank expression for a while, opened his mouth.

“We made a mistake. We rented a cheap car.”

“Yes. Germany is all about Mercedes.”

Park Seungwoo, the assistant, nodded his head without any sense and agreed.

“We should rent again...”

“Manager.”

“We shouldn’t rent.”

Kim Hyunmin, who was about to make a new resolution, quickly changed his words as he saw Yuhyun’s fierce eyes.

A short while later, at the conference hall on the first floor of the Berlin exhibition hall.

The cameras and the audience filled the seats without a gap and focused on the stage.

It was to watch the keynote speeches of the company representatives before the official exhibition event.

The first to open the door was Bill Gates, the chairman of Microsoft, who was about to retire.

“The future is...”

The audience gave a big response to him, who talked about the digital age's changes and the future.

Clap clap clap clap clap clap.

The applause remained like an afterimage on the stage.

Hyun Kijung, the vice president of Hansung Electronics' mobile phone business, stepped onto the burdensome spot.

Yuhyun sat in the front corner seat and looked at him.

He vividly remembered the times he had stood in that spot under the pinpoint spotlight.

He always liked to greet in German at the beginning.

-Good day. I am very honored to share with you the new trend that Hansung will lead in Berlin today.

His accent was awkward and his gestures were not very natural.

But the effect was certain.

“Whoo!”

A whistle sounded from the audience, followed by a faint applause.

Vice President Hyun Ki-jung confidently switched the slides on the screen and continued his presentation in fluent English.

At that moment, Kim Sung-deuk, the manager of the mobile phone division, who was sitting next to him, tapped Yu-hyun's shoulder and asked.

“Good response, huh?”

“Yes. It's good.”

“You did your part too, Yu-hyun.”

“What did I do?”

Yu-hyun backed away slightly, but Kim Sung-deuk laughed.

“Hey, you polished the greeting, didn’t you?”

“...”

Yu-hyun chose silence instead of answering.

It was true that he had rearranged the words to preserve the strong accent of German. But it was Kim Sung-deuk who decided to change it right away.

“I know it’s not easy to catch the point.”

“It’s thanks to you, manager, for giving me the opportunity.”

“You know that, right? The color phone is the reason why the division head got that position.”

Kim Sung-deuk tilted his head back and winked at him.

He pointed to the place where the expressionless face of the home appliance division head was visible.

The home appliance division had a larger sales volume than the mobile phone division.

The main attractions of the exhibition, such as TV and home appliances, were all made under his supervision.

The actual presentation content also consisted mostly of the achievements of the home appliance division, such as slim TV, home entertainment, and design appliances.

But today was different.

The home appliance division head was beaten by his competitor in one word.

Why was this possible?

It was because Vice President Hyun Ki-jung had caught the eye of Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho.

And at the center of it was the color phone.

“And we are planning to actively apply full touch to prepare for the upcoming smart mobile environment. Starting with the budget full touch phone, color phone, that we will introduce this time, we will make more than half of the products to be released in the next two years full touch phones.”

Vice President Hyun Ki-jung’s confident words echoed throughout the hall.



Click. Click.

Camera shutter sounds burst out from everywhere.

Manager Kim Sung-deuk looked around at the people's reactions and said to Yu-hyun.

"We must have given Ilseong a hard time with this, right?"

"It went well."

"It did. Imagine if Ilseong had pulled it off and we weren't ready. Ugh. It's creepy just thinking about it. Really."

"..."

Manager Kim Sung-deuk shivered all over.

He thought of Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho's personality and it made sense.

Soon, he came back to reality and slowly added.

"Since you've caught the vice chairman's eye, he'll definitely push for the color phone. If not, we're all dead."

"I see."

"You worked hard too."

Not at all.

These people, whatever they were, Yu-hyun had something else that was important to him.

He cared more about taking care of his part-timers than beating Ilseong. He opened his mouth with his heart in it.

"The names of the idea proposers are also included, right?"

"Of course. It's obvious. It's the prize-winning work of the contest, after all. The names of the other proposers besides Deputy Park Seung-woo will also be included. They'll also get interviewed within the company."

"What about here?"

"Here? Hmm... It's fine. It seems enough. It has impact, too. I'll check it out."

Manager Kim Sung-deuk showed his will and Yu-hyun smiled brightly.

"That's good."

"That doesn't look like a happy expression. Shouldn't you be jumping up and down for this?"

“The vice president is presenting, you know.”

“Kid. Anyway, I’m going to bring you to our division for sure.”

“...”

Yu-hyun, who had been silent, knew why he had called him here.

Why he had made him polish the content that didn’t need to be polished in front of the vice president.

Why he had to boost up another division’s employee like that.

“What? Why aren’t you answering? If you come, I’ll make you grow fast. I have power, you know?”

“I know.”

“Then you’re coming, right?”

He had recognized Yu-hyun’s ability and wanted him.

Chapter 154

Yoo-hyun also wanted to work with him.

“I’ll go.”

“Oh, when?”

“In about five years?”

“What? Hey, that’s too late. Do you think I’ll still be here by then?”

No.

That’s why he didn’t have a connection with Yoo-hyun in the past.

“You will be. And by then, you’ll be a team leader, right?”

“Hey, there are so many dead waters above me.”

“You can do it. And you’ll be in charge too.”

“Well, even if it’s empty words, it makes me feel good.”

Kim Sung-deuk, who was staring blankly at Yoo-hyun, shrugged his shoulders.

A faint smile appeared on his lips.

As expected, the announcement that followed from Ilsung Electronics was a flop.

They declared the end of PDP and the transition to slim LCD TV.

But it overlapped with Hansung Electronics, and the product they showed at the exhibition was no different from Hansung’s.

It was the same for the mass production plan of full-touch phones, starting with the budget-friendly Haptic.

They lost their momentum because they overlapped with the color phones.

The Bluetooth speaker and the Duo HD player that combined Blu-ray and DVD were new, but they didn't seize the issue.

At this point, wouldn't it be Hansung Electronics' victory in the keynote speech?

Kim Sung-deuk, who was smiling triumphantly, said.

"Shall we get up now? The exhibition time is approaching."

"No. I'll just listen to this."

Yoo-hyun shook his head.

The reason he obliged Kim Sung-deuk's request was to listen to the presentation he was about to make. He felt a strange urge to hear it.

Kim Sung-deuk, who was about to get up, sat down and looked at the podium.

"Then let's listen together, huh."

"If you don't mind."

The screen had the logo of JS, a famous German cosmetics company. Kim Sung-deuk, who was looking at it quietly, asked casually.

"This is a cosmetics company, right?"

"Yes. They also supply liquid crystal materials to our company."

"Oh, the business areas overlap like that."

Kim Sung-deuk, who was in the mobile phone division, couldn't easily understand the content.

It was a company that was unfamiliar to the public in terms of IT appliances.

In fact, it was a keynote speech that was not easy to listen to.

The content itself was within the expected range.

They improved the response speed of liquid crystals, which was a chronic problem of cosmetics emulsification process, changed the liquid crystal compounds to enable operation at low temperatures, and so on.

What caught his eye more was the content that they would invest heavily in the LCD business.

It was a surprising figure even for Kim Sung-deuk, who was not very interested.

“Wow, are they going to switch from cosmetics to liquid crystal specialty materials?”

“Maybe they’re expanding their field.”

“LCD factories have high entry barriers.”

“They might acquire some equipment companies.”

“Really? Does that make money?”

Kim Sung-deuk wondered.

The LCD manufacturing plants were already tightly held by Hansung and Ilsung.

Even if they sold raw materials or equipment, it would be difficult to generate large profits because there were already things that were set up.

Then why did they make an issue with a large-scale investment?

‘I guess they’ll blow it up at this exhibition.’

Yoo-hyun nodded and got up from his seat.

He was about to move to the exhibition hall when he came out of the conference hall.

Kim Sung-deuk grabbed his arm.

“Come here for a second.”

“Why?”

“You’ll see if you come.”

He approached a woman who was sitting on a bench in the hallway, staring at the laptop screen.

The man next to her recognized Kim Sung-deuk first.

“Huh? Mr. Kim.”

“Mr. Kang, long time no see. How have you been?”

“Sure, sure. It’s hard to see you since you went to the political department.”

While the two were greeting each other, the woman was only tapping the laptop keyboard.

And a moment later.

“Phew, it’s done. Oh? Mr. Kim.”

The woman, who jumped up from her seat, grabbed Kim Sung-deuk's hand and shook it, opening her mouth.

Her cheerful high-pitched voice echoed in the hallway.

"The color phone was good, right? They said it's 200,000 won cheaper than Ilsung's, right?"

"It's not decided yet."

"Hey, you have all the sources."

"..."

Kim Sung-deuk was silent, but the woman was persistent.

"Equal performance, equal or better design, super low price. They're going to dominate the full-touch phone market. Wow. But I heard this came out of nowhere..."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Don't be like that and spill the beans. Or did you prepare a secret weapon to hit Ilsung in the back of the head? I'll write an article like that."

"Ms. Oh, you're still the same."

"I'll take that as a compliment for being pretty. But who is this?"

Oh Eun-bi, who answered cheekily, looked at Yoo-hyun.

Seeing her, Kim Sung-deuk chuckled and introduced him.

"He's my junior. He's a very smart guy."

"Oh, then he's the one who proposed the color phone?"

She was a reporter.

She seemed to have read the whole process at once.

Kim Sung-deuk didn't even flinch and just smiled.

"That's for later. I thought it would be nice to get to know each other first."

"You know I'm expensive, right? I'll give you the color phone history if you give me a network."

"I'll try to get an interview. Exclusively."

"Deal."

Oh Eun-bi, who snapped her fingers, looked up and down Yoo-hyun.

Then she exclaimed and reached out her hand.

“Oh, you’re a good person. Nice to meet you. I’m Oh Eun-bi from Uri Ilbo. I’m a friendly reporter. Hahaha.”

“I’m Han Yoo-hyun. Nice to meet you.”

Yoo-hyun, who took her hand, smiled lightly.

A little later.

Sitting on a bench in the corner of the main exhibition hall, reporter Oh Eun-bi skimmed through the articles she had posted.

<The status of Korea at the 2007 European Exhibition. Hansung and Ilsung overwhelm the world.>

<Hansung Electronics wins 23 innovation awards, including the highest innovation award, at the European Exhibition.>

<Hansung’s vice president Hyun Ki-joong, “We will dominate the market with ultra-slim LCD TV.”>

<Why is Hansung’s full-touch phone more popular than the innovation award-winning product?>

The reporter next to her, Kang Sung-yoon, asked.

“You posted a lot. Did you get anything from Hansung?”

“You know, senior. Our director loves Hansung. Well, I get some benefits too. But I can’t do it when you’re here.”

“Why are you like this? I’m clean.”

“No way.”

“Really.”

At Kang Sung-yoon’s words, Oh Eun-bi nodded her head and asked.

“But do you know what’s funny?”

“What is it?”

“This article has more views than all of Hansung’s combined.”

<Ilsung Electronics’ 60-inch ultra-slim TV, scheduled to be exhibited at the European Exhibition, stolen.>

Oh Eun-bi showed him the article and Kang Sung-yoon chuckled.

“That makes sense. But Ilsung must be upset.”

“What’s there to be upset about at Ilsung? It’s their fault for not managing it.”

“Still, if this had come out, they wouldn’t have lost to Hansung in TV. Anyway, those Chinese.”

At the word China, Oh Eun-bi perked up her ears.

Recently, China had been attacking Hansung Electronics a lot.

“Why China?”

“Just. I hate them for growing bigger this time. Maybe they did some sabotage?”

“Hey, there’s still a clear gap. Why bother doing that?”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. It’s not China.”

Oh Eun-bi thought it wasn’t China.

It was more likely to be Japan, who was losing to Korea, or Taiwan, who was closely watching Korea.

Of course, this was also speculation.

Oh Eun-bi shrugged her shoulders and looked ahead.

There was a video wall set up in an arch shape in front of the Hansung Electronics booth.

The huge screen made of 200 40-inch LCD TVs was enough to overwhelm the audience.

And in front of it, a man was talking to someone.

It was the face of Han Yu-hyun, who had greeted him with Kim Sung-deuk’s introduction earlier.

“Huh? Who is that guy?”

As she stared at Yu-hyun as if mesmerized, Kang Sung-yoon asked.

“Why are you staring at him like that?”

“Just, I saw him earlier and he’s there. Do you know him, senior?”

“No. How could I? I’ve been out of this industry for a while. Why? Does his face look familiar?”

“No. If I had someone like him around me, I would have been married by now. But that’s not it...”

Oh Eun-bi, who was about to continue, tilted her head.

There was something more curious.

Usually, people would be nervous or shy in front of a reporter, but he didn't seem to be.

He looked rather confident.

Thinking back to the situation earlier, there were more than one or two strange things.

Her reporter's intuition kicked in.

Oh Eun-bi was caught in a thought for a moment.

Kang Sung-yoon got up from his seat with his camera and bag.

"Boring. Well, I guess I'll get going."

"Are you leaving?"

"Yeah. I've seen enough of your face in Germany, right?"

"Take a picture of Merkel and come back."

At Oh Eun-bi's words, Kang Sung-yoon laughed and asked.

"Why? Do you want me to buy you dinner?"

"No way."

He shook his head at his firm junior.

At that moment.

Yu-hyun was meeting a familiar face in front of the Hansung Electronics booth.

It was Seol Ki-tae, who was in the same team as him during the new employee training.

He was now working in the PR team.

"Wow, Yu-hyun. I'm so glad to see you. We must have a connection."

"I know. I'm so happy. Are you here to film?"

"Yeah. There's no better place to advertise Hansung than the exhibition. That's why I came."

As he said, the exhibition was the best place to showcase Hansung's technology.

It wasn't a waste of money to hang on to something that didn't make money.



The public judged the company's image through the new products that poured out at the exhibition.

In other words, the success or failure of the exhibition was the brand of the company.

It determined the sales volume for the next year.

That's why they poured billions into the exhibition.

That's why Hansung Electronics paid for the expensive travel expenses and supported the staff to film the exhibition products and broadcast them.

The time-lapse camera set up in front of it was for the same reason.

Yu-hyun praised his colleague.

"As expected. My colleague is talented."

"Hey, can you do as much as you? You came to support the exhibition, right? It must be hard."

"Yeah, well."

"I actually..."

Seol Ki-tae chatted about this and that with a happy heart.

But that time was not long.

His boss came looking for him.

"Mr. Ki-tae."

"Yes, manager. Yu-hyun, I have to go."

"Okay. Go ahead."

"I'm sorry. Let's see each other again later."

"Yeah. Good luck."

Yu-hyun patted Seol Ki-tae's back.

He must have come to the exhibition with a dream, but filming was not an easy job.

Wouldn't he die if he had to do editing work all night?

Hang in there.

Yu-hyun raised his fist over his back as he walked away.

After sending Seol Ki-tae away, Yu-hyun looked around the inside of the exhibition hall.

The size of the exhibition hall was not much different from Hansung Electronics that he had experienced.

Rather, it felt more crowded with people.

Among them, the main and the flower of the exhibition, the TV section, had the most people.

The guide's voice rang out.

“This is the ultra-slim LCD TV proposed by Hansung. The thickness of this product, which uses LED for backlight, is as you can see, the same as the diameter of a one-cent coin.”

“Wow...”

As she brought the coin next to the TV, exclamations burst out from everywhere.

Click. Click.

Camera sounds were heard from all sides.

Among them, there was also a live broadcast camera.

Chapter 155

Yoo-hyun walked past the booths where TVs, appliances, monitors, laptops, and media players were displayed, and reached the opposite side of the booth.

There, he saw a row of next-generation phones from Hansung Electronics.

A UMPC (Ultra Mobile PC) with a QWERTY keyboard.

A dual-screen phone that lets you see the screen without opening the folder.

A watch phone that you wear on your wrist.

These three phones were products that won innovation awards at the European exhibition.

The gold-plated innovation marks on each product were proof of that.

But the people were actually gathered on the side.

Buzzing.

And there were colorful phones there.

Park Seungwoo, who approached Yoo-hyun, exclaimed in a voice mixed with admiration.

“Isn’t it amazing? It really looks different when you see it like this.”

“Do the designers just play and eat? They should do well with something like this.”

As they talked, Kim Hyunmin, who put both hands on their shoulders, tackled them.

Of course, Park Seungwoo didn’t shrink back like before.

“This is amazing. Look.”

“What?”

“They didn’t just drop the phones, they also drew the characters on the wall nicely.”

“Yeah, anyone would think it’s an animation poster.”

“That’s right. They must be able to drive a Benz with this quality.”

As Park Seungwoo said, it was clear that they put a lot of effort into the color phone display.

On the wall where the color phones were placed, there were seven different colors of paper, and on top of them, the main characters inside the color phones were drawn.

It was a distinctly different look from the other phones that were placed with the spec sheets.

Kim Hyunmin, who was listening quietly, threw a punch.

“This kid is really full of vanity. What Benz. He should just walk. Right, Yoo-hyun?”

“I’m going to take the subway.”

Kim Hyunmin didn’t have time to answer Yoo-hyun’s words.

It was because Park Seungwoo came out.

“I’ll follow Yoo-hyun. You just walk, chief.”

“Ahem.”

“Haha.”

Kim Hyunmin, who coughed, changed the subject.

“By the way, didn’t they say they would engrave our names on the color phones?”

“I heard that they don’t engrave it on the outside of the phone, but on the screen that you can see when you enter the expert mode. Ordinary people can’t see it.”

“Oh, well. That’s fine. Just capture it. Anyway, you’re so vain. Right, Yoo-hyun?”

“I don’t know.”

Yoo-hyun barely held back his laughter and avoided talking about the interview. He preferred a surprise.

He smiled as he thought of the 3rd part sitting down with excitement in front of the reporter.

That’s when it happened.

Someone called Kim Hyunmin.

“Hey? Hey. Kim Hyunmin.”

A man with a raised hand came through the crowd.

“Ah, that bastard.”

Kim Hyunmin’s expression crumpled.

Park Seungwoo asked quietly.

“Do you know him?” Park Seungwoo asked.

“He’s just a jerk. They call him Jebin,” Kim Hyunmin answered curtly.

Park Seungwoo muttered to himself, “Is it because he looks like a mole...”

Was it?

To Yoo-hyun’s eyes, he did have a mole-like vibe, with his narrow eyes and face.

He couldn’t see his name tag, but the badge on his suit jacket showed that he was from Hansung.

He was probably a former colleague of Kim Hyunmin from the appliance division.

He could tell by the way he spoke rudely.

The man came closer and put his arm around Kim Hyunmin’s shoulder, taunting him.

“Hyunmin, what’s up? You’re still working at the company?”

“How did you survive without getting fired?”

Kim Hyunmin shrugged off his arm with a calm expression.

“Hey, I’m a team leader. And I have a very strong chance of being promoted to the next position.”

“Oh, lucky you?”

His tone was as annoying as his appearance.

He was fidgeting with his upper body, looking very unpleasant.

At that moment, his name tag flipped over.

Yoo-hyun saw the name written on it.

Jebin Cho in English, Cho Jebin in Korean.

If you pronounce it fast, it sounds like mole.

“Pfft.”

Yoo-hyun and Park Seungwoo covered their mouths as if they had rehearsed it.

Cho Jebin, who sensed something strange, frowned.

“What? What’s with them? Why are you laughing? Am I funny?”

“Nah, they’re always like this.”

Cho Jebin growled, and Kim Hyunmin shrugged.

“By the way, these are my boss and my subordinates.”

“Why don’t you just go away if you’re going to pick a fight?”

“Jeez, you haven’t changed a bit. That’s why you’re a perennial deputy. Why did you come to the exhibition, you LCD bastard?”

“For fun.”

“Kkkkk, of course you did.”

It was a childish provocation that was embarrassing to hear.

Park Seungwoo, who was watching, looked annoyed.

Yoo-hyun also felt like stepping in, feeling irritated.

Then he saw a familiar face in the distance.

He raised his hand slightly and signaled him to come over.

Cho Jebin, who had no idea what was going on, kept babbling like a runaway calf.

“Wow, you must be happy to rack up mileage? Do you want some of mine?”

“Where’s the dog barking...”

Even in a situation that would damage his mental health, Kim Hyunmin was savvy.

He acted like it was nothing, and even provoked him.

He had the experience of facing group leaders, managers, and team leaders.

Cho Jebin raised his eyebrows at his attitude.

“Huh? Don’t you know that rank matters in the company?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. Even in the army, they’re all old men if they’re from another unit. And I don’t deal with ugly guys, okay?”

“Hey, I’m way better than you.”

“Look at this guy. He’s so handsome that I have to treat him like a brother. Look, brother.”

He even had the audacity to bow to Yoo-hyun, who looked young at a glance.

“Yeah, little brother.”

“Kheup.”

When Yoo-hyun accepted it cheekily, Park Seungwoo burst into laughter.

That also irritated Cho Jebin.

He scolded them with a red face.

“What are you doing? Where do you get off playing around?”

“Shut up, bastard. People are looking.”

As Kim Hyunmin said, his voice was so loud that the audience around them glanced at them.

“This is...”

He lowered his voice with a sigh and growled.

But it was too late.

Among the audience, there was someone who had appeared on the main news of Our Daily.

He was Hyun Gijung, the vice president who gave the keynote speech today.

“What’s the commotion?”

“What are you... Oh. Vi, vice president.”

Cho Jebin turned his head and saw Hyun Gijung standing behind him. He was startled.

“Hello.”

The people who were occupying the spot bowed their heads in front of Hyun Gijung.

Of course, Yoo-hyun was among them.

When Yoo-hyun’s eyes moved forward, he met Kim Sungdeuk’s eyes.

He pointed to his face with his index finger and smiled.

He made it clear that he brought him here.

He was a funny guy.

Meanwhile, Hyun Gijung stepped forward and asked sternly.

“Where are you from?”

“A, appliance division.”

“Your name is Cho Jebin?”

“I, I’m sorry.”

When Hyun Gijung grabbed his name tag, Cho Jebin bent his waist.

Regardless, Hyun Gijung asked Kim Hyunmin.

“Kim, what’s going on?”

“I was happy to see an old colleague.”

“Really? I thought you were having a fight with a fellow employee.”

“Why would I? He’s my colleague.”

Kim Hyunmin put his arm around Cho Jebin’s shoulder with a good-natured smile.

Yoo-hyun laughed inwardly.

‘He’s different.’

It was a minus to make a fuss in such a situation.

Rather, this calm attitude gave him trust from his boss.

He didn’t know if he really intended it, but Hyun Gijung would probably like him more.

That's why Hyun Gijung asked him with a softer expression.

"Is that so? Is that right?"

"Huh? Oh, yes. Ye, yes."

"Good. You should rely on each other as colleagues."

"Thank you."

When Hyun Gijung patted Cho Jebin's shoulder, he bent his waist again.

Kim Hyunmin casually put his hand on the back of Cho Jebin's head and rubbed it.

Thump. Thump.

It seemed like he put some force into his hand.

Then Hyun Gijung reached out and picked out the names of the people.

"Ah, Kim Hyunmin. Park Seungwoo. Han Yoo-hyun."

"Yes, vice president."

"Thanks to you, the exhibition went well. Thank you."

What followed was a sign of gratitude.

The vice president came in person and called their names and thanked them.

Cho Jebin should have been flustered as his mouth opened wide.

But Kim Hyunmin responded with his usual ease.

"No, it's all thanks to the support of the phone division."

Yoo-hyun stuck out his tongue.

'Is he really the same person?'

He wondered how the person who was talking nonsense until yesterday could change so much.

His reaction was so neat that Yoo-hyun admitted it.

Hyun Gijung smiled at his words.

"Hehe, it's nice of you to think so. Ah, Kim. You're going to talk about the color phone in the media?"

"Yes. I'm going to interview as an excellent case of the internal contest."

"Good. Then do well on behalf of the company."

Hyun Gijung left with a smile.



Kim Sungdeuk hesitated for a moment and said.

“I’ll let you know when the interview time comes.”

“Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun greeted him and Kim Sungdeuk quickly moved on.

After the phone division staff left.

Cho Jebin was sweating profusely and looked restless as he crossed his legs.

Kim Hyunmin reached out with a relaxed expression.

“Colleague, it was nice to see you.”

“Huh? Uh...”

“Bastard, straighten up. You’re a team leader.”

He slapped Cho Jebin’s back with his other hand.

“Ye, yeah.”

“Have a good life at work. Fighting.”

He smiled and left.

Yoo-hyun and Park Seungwoo followed him.

Kim Hyunmin’s back looked bigger than usual today.

As Yoo-hyun moved his steps, he heard Kim Hyunmin’s voice.

“Interview? What are you talking about?”

“Our team members did it.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Very good.”

Kim Hyunmin smiled meaningfully.

Oh Eunbi, the reporter who watched the whole process, blinked.

‘Did he plan it?’

She saw it clearly.

The young employee raised his hand and called Kim Sungdeuk.

He conveyed the situation with his eyes, so Kim Sungdeuk could bring Hyun Gijung, who was next to him.

Thanks to that, he naturally led the boss's pride fight to victory.

How could he do that in that situation?

Oh Eunbi tilted her head.

At first, it was just curiosity.

She was curious about the identity of the subtle feeling he gave off when their eyes met.

But the more she looked, the more amazing it felt.

That's when it happened.

He turned his head and met Yoo-hyun's eyes.

'Did he smile?'

He smiled lightly and left the Hansung Electronics booth with his colleague.

His pace was like telling her to follow him.

It was a reporter's instinct.

Chapter 156

Reporter Oh Eun-bi grabbed her camera and walked away.

The main booth was divided into A, B, and C sections.

A was the exhibition hall of a large-scale home appliance company, B was the electronic product exhibition hall combined with cars, and C was the exhibition hall of parts and small companies.

By the way, the exhibition of Hansung Electronics LCD business unit was held at the private booth on the third floor, not the main booth.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi tilted her head.

'B section? Is he just going to look around?'

He moved to the B section after leaving the A section.

It seemed irrelevant, so reporter Oh Eun-bi thought it was unexpected.

He stopped at the place where Hyunil Automobile's new car was exhibited, passing through the central road of the exhibition hall.

There was a small company that opened a booth jointly with Hyunil Automobile.

NaviTime.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi knew the company well.

She had interviewed NaviTime's president Jung Yeon-sik a while ago. She remembered him as a very progressive and passionate president. That was when.

"Long time no see. You still look good. Hahaha."

"Nice to meet you."

President Jung Yeon-sik hugged him warmly and laughed heartily.

"What the hell?"

Their relationship looked too close to be dismissed as a superior-subordinate relationship.

And that was not all.

He smiled and greeted the people of Hyunil Automobile as if he knew them.

"It feels like I'm doing paparazzi."

She muttered from a distance.

She could have just approached him and asked what was going on, but she felt like she shouldn't.

It was her intuition that had been rolling in this field for quite a while.

Yoo-hyun, who had a short conversation, left the B section and moved to the C section.

The first place he visited was the Semi Electronics booth.

He greeted the staff warmly at the place where various MP3s and media devices were exhibited.

He didn't look like he was usually close.

Then, a man came out of the inner space surrounded by partitions.

He looked like he had a high rank at a glance.

The man who saw Yoo-hyun belatedly ran over and grabbed his hand.

"Oh, nice to see you again."

"Nice to meet you, sir."

Sir?

She tilted her head slightly, hiding her body behind the partition.

Aside from that, the camera shutter moved without a break.

“Is he a golden spoon, or what?”

How could he meet the presidents like that unless he had a decent background?

If she thought about it, she could understand why Hyun Ki-joong, the vice president, smiled at him and Kim Sung-deuk, the section chief, praised him.

‘He must be a super golden spoon with a really great background.’

She was making her own guess when Yoo-hyun left the booth and moved again.

The next place he moved to was D&Tech, an LCD equipment specialist.

‘Is he going to meet another president?’

It was a Korean company, so it was possible.

But this time, he just looked around the inside of the exhibition hall.

Then he exchanged a few words with the staff.

He didn’t have the bright expression he showed earlier.

He seemed to deliberately keep his distance.

Then, a man with a Hansung Electronics name tag entered the booth.

The man who met Yoo-hyun’s eyes looked at him with a cold gaze.

Yoo-hyun greeted him politely and took a paper bag with a pamphlet and a business card of the D&Tech staff.

And he moved his seat again.

The next place he visited was JS.

It was a German company that supplied liquid crystal materials for LCDs, a cosmetic raw material processing company.

It was the place where he gave the keynote speech today.

He talked with the JS staff.

He didn’t show any friendship with anyone like he did with NaviTime or Semi Electronics.

But his fluent German was impressive.

“He speaks German well.”

She thought he would finish quickly and leave, but he stayed in this booth for a long time.

He seemed to have a conversation with all the staff in the booth.

She was curious and wanted to join, but she couldn't because they were talking in German.

'Huh? Who is that?'

Then, a familiar man entered the JS booth.

It was Wang Hai Feng, the CFO of BDE, a Beijing display specialist.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi remembered his face for a reason.

At the International Display Conference earlier this year, he made a remark that he would crush the Korean LCD companies.

Also, he had a big spot next to his nose, which made him easy to remember.

But strangely, the atmosphere inside changed as soon as he appeared.

They all seemed to fawn over him.

Then, a man came out of the partition inside the JS booth.

The man, who looked like he had a high rank, bowed to Wang Hai Feng.

Then, the two went into the blocked space.

It was a space that was not visible from the outside.

Yoo-hyun quietly looked at the room where the two entered.

He looked like he came to check this scene.

"What's going on?"

She tilted her head when.

Yoo-hyun had already left the booth and was walking.

Her stomach growled.

It was time for lunch to pass by.

She rubbed her hungry stomach and muttered.

"What the hell is this?"

She should have been collecting electronic products or gift certificates from various companies by now.

Then she got a meal from the senior executives.

She reluctantly followed them to a fancy restaurant and cut a steak.

Then she refused the expensive wine they handed over, saying she couldn't receive it during work hours.

Eventually, she had to pretend to lose and drink a glass.

'Well, I'd rather have a rucola sandwich.'

She lost her appetite thinking of the sandwich she wanted to eat in Germany.

Anyway, she wasted such an important time following the tail of a young employee.

She was such a high-level talent.

She followed Yoo-hyun out of pride.

He had moved to an outdoor space in the corner of the second floor.

It was relatively quiet there, as the exhibition hall was crowded with people.

He must have come there to take a break.

He had worked hard today, too.

"Let's rest for a bit."

She opened the door and followed him.

The outdoor garden, decorated with various colors, contrasted with the cloudy sky.

But she couldn't see Yoo-hyun.

She turned her head and walked along the narrow garden path.

And there she saw Yoo-hyun talking to someone.

She froze at that moment.

It was because she saw the face of the person he was talking to.

Laura Parker.

Reporter Oh Eunbi barely caught the camera that she almost dropped.

Blonde hair, angular horn-rimmed glasses, white gloves.

She looked sophisticated at a glance.

She was a fervent fan of the channel, so she couldn't miss Laura Parker.

She was surprised to see her so close, but more so to see how close she was with Yoo-hyun.

She even smiled, despite being famous for her poker face.

Click. Click.

She pressed the camera shutter button out of instinct.

But at that moment, she met Laura Parker's eyes.

She nodded her head as he turned to look at her, and the woman who looked like a model behind him walked over.

'Oh no.'

Reporter Oh Eunbi, who realized too late that Laura Parker was sensitive about photos, regretted it deeply.

But it was already too late.

It was then.

"That person is..."

"In that case..."

Yoo-hyun said something and Laura Parker suddenly nodded.

Then she said something.

It was loud enough to hear from afar, but it was in German and reporter Oh Eunbi couldn't understand it.

Then Laura Parker raised her hand and the woman who looked like a secretary backed away.

It was a sign that she would let it go this time.

Reporter Oh Eunbi, who became thoughtful, bowed her head and quietly stepped back.

Clack.

'Ouch.'

Her heel caught on the floor and twisted her ankle, but she didn't make a sound.

She turned the corner and finally exhaled the breath she had been holding.

"Phew..."

Then she peeked out and saw Yoo-hyun.

He was still talking to Laura Parker.

They even smiled and created a friendly atmosphere.

They didn't care about the passing people at all.

"What the hell is going on."

Reporter Oh Eunbi couldn't understand it at all.

She checked the camera just in case.

Laura Parker's face was clear on the small LCD screen.

And when she turned her head again, the two people had disappeared.

A little later.

Yoo-hyun approached reporter Oh Eunbi, who was standing with a blank look on her face.

"Wow."

"What? Did you see a ghost?"

"No, no."

She looked around.

Yoo-hyun spoke as if he read her mind.

"Laura Parker left first."

"Oh..."

"And please don't use Laura Parker's photo."

"What? Oh, yes. Of course, I should."

She swallowed hard and blurted out polite words without knowing.

She felt like the young man in front of her was a huge mountain.

He was just smiling, but it was an overwhelming feeling.

The big mountain slowly opened his mouth.

"I'll arrange a separate interview for you."

"Huh. With, with Laura Parker?"

"She's a bit busy now, so maybe tomorrow."

"Wh, who are you really..."

Instead of answering, Yoo-hyun chuckled and took out a sandwich from his paper bag.

"You haven't eaten, have you?"



It was the arugula sandwich she wanted.

And it was exactly the product of the restaurant she wanted.

Reporter Oh Eunbi took the sandwich that Yoo-hyun handed her with a blank expression.

“When did you...”

“Do you want to eat together?”

He smiled brightly.

Yoo-hyun remembered the past when he ate the sandwich.

It was a year later from now, in 2008, the news that reporter Oh Eunbi wrote.

-Hansung Electronics LCD massive technology leak. China was behind it.

-DN Tech, turned out to be a Trojan horse sent by China. Hansung Electronics got screwed this time.

-JS of Germany, turned out to be a Chinese company. They stole all the core personnel of Hansung Electronics LCD.

-China's LCD dominance. They will soon overtake Korea.

The title was not accurate, but it was a similar feeling.

He remembered it because it was a news that made the whole country noisy, not just Hansung Electronics.

At that time, he only knew the name of the reporter.

He was not in a position to be acquainted with the reporter.

He met reporter Oh Eunbi much later.

It was when Hansung Display was launched and Yoo-hyun, who belonged to the group strategy room, was at the forefront of restructuring.

-You're going to spin off Hansung Display like this? You're already losing to China, aren't you? Mr. Director, is that really the right thing to do? Answer me.

She boldly shoved the microphone at Yoo-hyun.

Her tone was harsh.

The fierce look of that time overlapped with the face of reporter Oh Eunbi, who secretly picked up the cheese that fell on her lap and ate it.

She glanced at Yoo-hyun and said.

“Haha, it's a waste.”

“Yes. I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

“Of course. I was starving from following you around... I mean, I was hungry since I met you by chance.”

“Here you go.”

Yoo-hyun quietly handed reporter Oh Eunbi a napkin.

She quickly took out a hand mirror and checked her face, then bowed her head and wiped her mouth with the napkin.

“Ahem. They say it’s good to eat heartily.”

“Oh, yes.”

Was she always this bright?

Yoo-hyun looked at reporter Oh Eunbi with curiosity.

Chapter 157

She was very aggressive in his memory, and never backed down once she bit into something.

With her tenacious spirit, she had climbed up to the position of editor-in-chief at our newspaper.

He had never seen her look so meek before.

After finishing her sandwich, reporter Oh Eun-bi even cleaned up his plate with her own hands.

She asked him as she packed her stuff.

“Where are you going now?”

“The Ilsung Electronics booth.”

“Oh? I’m going there too. Because of the visit from vice president Shin Myung-ho?”

“Is that so?”

“Hey, your acting is really awkward. You know everything and pretend to be clueless. Well, it’s not bad. I like men with secrets.”

What was she talking about?

Yoo-hyun stood up from his seat and answered firmly.

“I have a girlfriend.”

“So what? A goalkeeper doesn’t stop a goal?”

She followed him and shrugged her shoulders.

“I don’t date older women.”

“Don’t you know that age gap is the trend?”

“There should be some gap, at least.”

“Huh? Do you know how old I am?”

He dodged the question.

“Twenty-eight?”

“Oh. Really? How did you know?”

“...”

How did she shave off five years?

He had a lot to say, but he didn't bother to open his mouth.

Sometimes, a white lie was necessary.

Buzzing.

The Ilsung Electronics booth was bigger and more crowded than the Hanseong Electronics one.

It felt like they had put a lot of effort into the exhibition.

“They're coming.”

“Yes. I know.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi, who had been taking pictures of the Ilsung Electronics booth, whispered to him as she approached his side.

He had already sensed it and moved his feet.

The staff members with walkie-talkies moved quickly.

They asked for the visitors' understanding and cleared some space.

They surrounded the area with cutting tape with the Ilsung Electronics logo.

Then, a stage was set up in front of the multi-screen made of LCD TVs.

The place where Yoo-hyun stood was right in front of the cutting tape.

He could see the stage clearly without any obstruction.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi exclaimed.

“Wow, Yoo-hyun, you have a good eye. You got a great spot.”

“Aren't you going to the press seats?”

“Why would I go there? I need to get some pictures from different angles.”

She didn't go to the press seats that were arranged on both sides of the stage.

She didn't seem to have any intention of going there in the first place.

It was what he had expected, so he didn't try to stop her.

That was when.

Someone walked from behind.

Click. Click.

At the same time, the cameras of the domestic media started to make shutter sounds.

The first to appear was president Jo Min-tae of Ilsung Electronics.

The two heads of Ilsung Electronics' main business units, wireless and video, followed him.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi said to Yoo-hyun.

"President Jo Min-tae, the big shot who raised Ilsung Electronics. A legend of a salaryman, I guess."

"You seem to know him well."

"He's famous, you know. I've interviewed him a few times. The same goes for the two behind him. Well, they don't get along well these days."

"Really?"

"As you know, Ilsung and we are not on good terms. Oh? Here they come."

She suddenly lifted her camera.

He turned his head and saw the staff in suits making way.

They all looked like they were going to war.

He definitely felt that the person who came later was more important than the one who came earlier.

The three who came first bowed their heads to the man who arrived late.

The man accepted their greetings as a matter of course and shook hands with them one by one.

He was a man Yoo-hyun knew very well.

"His name is Choi Min-yong. He's thirty-five in Korean age. He's the head of the management planning office and an executive director of Ilsung Electronics. But why does the president bow to an executive director?"

"I wonder."

"Hey, your reaction is so dull. Well, it's obvious, because he's the crown prince of Ilsung. And he's the nephew of chairman Choi Jin-chul. Wow... I envy him. A super golden spoon."

"He's cool."

Reporter Oh Eun-bi sighed and looked at Yoo-hyun.

"Do you have any hidden...?"

"Absolutely not."

Yoo-hyun cut off her suspicion.

He didn't need to be misunderstood anymore.

He had already succeeded in attracting her curiosity.

But reporter Oh Eun-bi still showed her curiosity.

“Well, I'll find out later. Now, the main characters are coming.”

She said that at the moment.

The man with a good posture and a neat haircut showed up on the path made by the staff.

He was vice president Shin Myung-ho of Hanseong Electronics.

He was walking and talking with someone.

“The vice president, you must know him, and the person next to him is deputy minister Park Hee-soo of the Ministry of Industry. He likes the spotlight, you know.”

Behind them, the two heads of Hanseong Electronics' main business units and the officials of the Ministry of Trade, Industry and Energy followed.

Yoo-hyun listened to reporter Oh Eun-bi's live commentary with one ear and focused on the man who came at the end.

Director Jung Woo-hyuk.

He was the current director of the innovation growth office of the Ministry of Trade, Industry and Energy, and the future minister.

And.

‘He's also the future husband of the president of Ilsung Electronics.’

Yoo-hyun didn't miss the eye contact between director Jung Woo-hyuk and manager Nam Yoon-jin, who was standing outside the cutting tape.

It was a fact that most of the people here didn't know.

Maybe only the high-ranking officials of Ilsung Electronics or deputy minister Park Hee-soo knew it.

Considering that one of them was a director and the other was a manager at a young age.

The cartel between Ilsung Electronics and the Ministry of Industry was already formed around these two people.

But that didn't matter.

He didn't come here to compete with Ilsung Electronics.

Right now, Yoo-hyun needed Director Jung Woo-hyuk more than anyone.

He was the most important key to solving this problem.

Camera flashes exploded incessantly.

In front of them, Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho and Director Choi Min-yong shook hands. The second generation of Hansung Group and the younger brother of the current chairman. The crown prince of Ilsung Group and the heir to the next chairman position. It was a meeting of two dragons.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi, who was watching quietly, said a word.

“It’s a meeting of the royal families. But why don’t the third generation of Hansung show up?”

“I’m really curious.”

“Yes. This time, I’ll give you 1% sincerity.”

“...”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi smiled and said to Yoo-hyun, who was silent.

“This is a bit complicated, but to put it simply, it’s because of the new chairman’s policy?”

“Why?”

“That family is famous for doing the successor work later. The first chairman did too. Well, Ilsung only has Director Choi, but there are two potential successors there. The second one is a daughter, so exclude her.”

“What about the youngest?”

“Hey, he’s too green and has a bad reputation, so he’s out, and the competition between the first and the third is likely. By age, the first one, but he’s the child of the previous wife...”

“Hmm.”

Yoo-hyun’s expression hardened slightly, and Reporter Oh Eun-bi changed the subject.

“Oh, you don’t like this kind of talk?”

“No. Keep going.”

“Well, the new chairman’s wife is still healthy, so the third one is likely. He’s young, but that’s a flaw.”

“I see.”

“It’s interesting, right? Anyway, the behind-the-scenes stories of the chaebols are really interesting. This is a money-making story, but if you write it carelessly, your neck could fly off, so you can’t write it. Tsk tsk.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi slapped her neck with her hand and clicked her tongue.

Then she looked at the two people in the center of the stage and tilted her head.

“But the atmosphere is not good, is it?”

“Why?”

“Look at that. Director Choi’s face hardens every time Vice Chairman Shin speaks. They’re having a nerve war.”

She was right.

Behind the hypocritical greetings captured by the camera, the whispers of the two people crossed.

They couldn’t hear clearly, but their expressions were definitely sharp.

They were smiling on the outside, but sharpening their knives on the inside.

“It’s going to be noisy at this exhibition. You know what? When Hansung and Ilsung fight with their products, the media fight with their pens. But the power of those pens is amazing.”

“You’re amazing. So, Reporter Oh, are you on Hansung’s side?”

“I’m rooting for Hansung in my heart.”

“It’s hard to say thank you as a mere employee.”

Yoo-hyun, who answered with a polite remark, knew.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi’s words were pure nonsense.

He knew well that it was a connection between newspapers.

Yoo-hyun chuckled, and Reporter Oh Eun-bi, who felt awkward, patted his shoulder.

“But why are you really here? I thought you might have a meeting with the executives, but that’s not it either.”

“It’s not time for that yet, is it?”

“Then why are you here?”

“I just came to check something.”

Yoo Hyun looked at Director Jung Woo Hyuk again.

He was the person who had led the investigation of the incident that had exploded in 2008.

-The Ministry of Industry had been monitoring the leakage of talent from Hanseong Electronics since last year. They also captured the suspicious behavior of JS at the European exhibition and delivered their opinion to Hanseong Electronics.

His appearance on the 9 o’clock news flashed in Yoo Hyun’s memory.

-Despite that, Hanseong Electronics was late in responding. The national core project was stolen by China, and it was none other than Hanseong Electronics’ complacency.

He criticized Hanseong Electronics on the broadcast.

The news had a huge impact.

All the executives who were even slightly related to the incident stripped off their clothes.

It was a natural measure.

Yoo Hyun's team, where he had been dispatched, suffered direct damage, but he didn't blame them.

However.

They should have gotten rid of the people properly.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon, who had caused the trouble, and some of the key players survived, and only the mediocre ones were cut off.

The sparks flew to the people who worked hard.

He didn't know it then, but he knew it now.

Yoo Hyun wanted to fix this.

If possible, he wanted to cut out the rotten parts cleanly before the situation got worse.

That's why he needed Director Jung Woo Hyuk.

What about him?

Yoo-hyun had been sharpening his knife at Hansung Electronics, so he had to move whenever a case broke out.

He couldn't ignore the bait that Yoo-hyun would throw at him, because he would stop at nothing to become a minister.

Then what kind of bait should he throw at Director Jung Woo-hyuk?

He still needed a little device to blow up this cold case.

Yoo-hyun simulated various scenarios in his head.

That's when reporter Oh Eun-bi, who was packing her luggage, asked him.

"What are you thinking so hard about?"

"Nothing."

Yoo-hyun looked at her.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi.

She looked like a pushover, but she was someone he could trust when it came to passion for work.

She wasn't originally one of his options.

He deliberately won her favor because he needed her help.

Maybe thanks to her, he could handle the job more easily.

'If only that were possible, that would be perfect.'



Yoo-hyun's eyes slowly curved into a crescent.

At a late hour after the sun had set.

Yoo-hyun dragged his tired body back to his hotel room.

There were so many things he had to worry about to prepare properly.

"It's not easy."

He let out a small sigh, unpacked his luggage in the room, and sat down on the bed.

The red lamp on the landline phone next to the bed blinked.

It indicated that there was an unconfirmed voice message.

Yoo-hyun picked up the receiver and checked the message.

Two?

-Yoo-hyun, I'll buy something delicious, so don't be sad that we're not here. Okay? If you're bored, play with Young-gil. He's whining that he has a cold.

The first voice he heard was that of Deputy Kim Hyun-min.

He had already confirmed it by text message, but he seemed to have left a voice message because he was worried.

"Have fun, then."

Except for Yoo-hyun and Deputy Kim Young-gil, the other part members were on a sightseeing trip around the area.

Maybe they were near Potsdam Square at this time of day?

They all liked shopping, after all.

-Oppa. Isn't that too much? I never thought I'd end up working here. Really, ugh...

The next message was his younger sister Han Jae-hee's complaint.

Chapter 158

He felt a pang in his chest at the sound of his sister's voice, which started with a high tone and ended with a sigh.

"Did I make you come for nothing?"

Yoo-hyun recalled the sight of Han Jaehee, whom he met at the exhibition hall this morning.

His sister, who came in an open car, was mesmerized by the dazzling scenery inside the hall.

She was especially moved to tears when she saw the color phone display.

It was good until then.

Until Kim Sungdeuk, the manager, told Jang Hyemin, the senior, about Yoo-hyun and Lora Parker's relationship.

Especially when he said that Yoo-hyun would meet Lora Parker at this exhibition hall.

Lora Parker.

As soon as that word came out, Jang Hyemin's eyes rolled back.

And when Yoo-hyun added a word, she was fired up.

She grabbed Han Jaehee's hand and went straight to the hotel room.

She wanted to execute what Yoo-hyun had said right away.

Yoo-hyun decided to think positively.

He could come to Germany next time.

But he didn't have many chances to meet the person he admired here.

Of course, Han Jaehee didn't know much about Lora Parker, but she was someone she would have to know someday if she continued to design.

Yoo-hyun nodded and went to the mart.

He had someone to take care of.

Knock knock knock.

When he knocked on the next room's door, a dying voice came out.

-Hello.

"It's Yoo-hyun."

The door opened, and Kim Younggil, the assistant manager, appeared in his pajamas.

His face was pale and sickly, as if he had a bad cold.

"Did you eat?"

"Yeah. You?"

"I did too."

He looked around the room and saw a lot of food.

The part-timers had already taken care of him once.

Kim Younggil asked.

"Why don't you go out. Cough cough."

"I can't go out when you're sick. I came to keep you company."

"Oh, come on."

Yoo-hyun sat Kim Younggil on the sofa.

Then he boiled some water in the coffee pot and made some tea.

The fragrant smell filled the room.

"What's this?"

“It’s German cold tea. Try it. It’s good for you.”

He put a bag on the small table between the sofas.

“And this is cold candy. Eat it when you’re bored, and this is for bathing. Put it in the tub. It’ll make you feel better.”

“Huh? Oh... Thank you.”

Kim Younggil looked at Yoo-hyun with a flustered expression.

His eyes were a mix of gratitude and guilt.

“What are you talking about? It’s nothing compared to what you’ve done for me.”

“Me? Don’t say that. What have I done for you?”

What do you mean?

If Kim Younggil hadn’t run to Yoo-hyun, the president, and told him about Kwon Sejung’s death.

If he hadn’t yelled so sharply.

Could Yoo-hyun be here now?

He knew that, so he could say with confidence.

“You’ve done a lot. And you’ll do more.”

“Huh? Haha... I’ll have to work hard.”

“Not hard, but well.”

“You know, you sound like our manager.”

Kim Younggil pouted at Yoo-hyun’s cheeky answer.

They laughed lightly and ate some cold candy together.

The bitter and sweet taste blended well.

Yoo-hyun eased the awkward atmosphere with some product-related talk.

“You know, the thing we exhibited today...”

“Oh, that? Well, the thing is...”

As expected, Kim Younggil poured out his words as if he had been waiting.

He coughed occasionally, but his speech was almost uninterrupted.

It was a chatter unlike the quiet and taciturn Kim Younggil.

‘He really loves his work.’

Kim Younggil was not an engineer by profession, but by nature.

He was close to an engineer who was good at analyzing and evaluating.

That aspect made him more special in this team.

Of course, he didn't know that yet.

Yoo-hyun hoped that he would get a proper evaluation someday.

He wanted to give him a fair chance, like he did for Park Seungwoo.

But before that, there was something he wanted to check.

Yoo-hyun naturally steered the topic to Apple.

"It would have been nice if Apple had participated in the exhibition."

"They don't need to. They let others do the exhibition for them."

Many small and medium-sized companies that came to the exhibition displayed products that were compatible with Apple products.

Among the audio companies, there were few that didn't bring products that supported Apple Pod and Apple Phone.

It was as if the whole world was exhibiting for Apple.

"That's right. Apple is definitely special. So is Apple Phone."

"I felt it too, while working with them. They have a lot of power. I think they'll sell well in Korea when they're released."

"The media was negative, though?"

"Well, I don't know if it's because I worked with Apple, but I feel like they're leading the era."

"I see."

He was relieved.

With this mindset, he wouldn't give up on the Apple Phone panel first.

Then Kim Younggil, who was drinking tea, said quietly.

"But still, will it be as successful as the color phone?"

"It hasn't even come out yet."

"I think it will be successful. Apple Phone is still a bit hard for people to use, but the color phone feels familiar. And the price is very cheap."

He had worked with him, but the most noticeable one was Park Seungwoo.

It was hard to accept the success of a junior right below him, even if he was a gentleman.

He might have felt some jealousy in his heart.

"Park is amazing. Yoo-hyun, you're amazing too. I learned a lot from watching you."

“What are you talking about? I’m learning more from you.”

“No, I mean it.”

Even so, Kim Younggil took care of his junior.

Yoo-hyun knew that he was sincere in his words.

Kim Younggil was that kind of person.

“It will change soon. The color phone is just a passing thing. I think Apple will rule the world after that.”

“Yeah. Then I should pay more attention. Hehe.”

“Of course. You’re the person in charge.”

“I’m just a person in charge, nothing more.”

In 2009, when the Apple Phone 3 was released in Korea, the term smartphone finally pushed aside UMPC and PDA and became the main one.

In 2010, when the Apple Phone 4 was released, it caused a worldwide sensation.

Thanks to that, Hansung Electronics LCD division made a big leap.

It was natural that the person in charge received a lot of benefits.

But the person in charge at that time was not Kim Younggil.

It was Shin Chanyong, the manager, and Yoo-hyun who pushed him out of the Apple position and took the fruits.

It was the past that Yoo-hyun wanted to fix.

“I don’t know how it will turn out, but I wish we could make something amazing like this together then.”

“I have a feeling it will be great.”

“Haha, Yoo-hyun, you have a good sense. I hope so too.”

Kim Younggil chuckled and Yoo-hyun laughed along.

There was no awkwardness in their laughter.

The eyes that faced each other also looked lively.

He felt that they had become closer.

Ding dong. Ding dong.

Then the doorbell rang.

Kim Hyunmin, the manager’s voice, sounded from behind the door.

-We’re here.

“Just a moment.”

“Open up quickly.”

Yoo-hyun hurried up and got up at Kim Hyunmin’s urging.

“I have a feeling we’re going to have a drink here?”

“No way. We’ve been working for two days straight.”

“Do you want to bet?”

“No. I lost to you last time and I have a lot of food to buy.”

Yoo-hyun smiled at Kim Younggil, who shook his head.

He opened the door.

Clang.

There were part-timers in front of the door, as expected.

“Oh, look at you two men cozying up.”

“Let’s go in.”

Kim Hyunmin entered, and Park Seungwoo and Lee Chanhoo followed naturally.

They all had their hands full of stuff.

Half of it was alcohol.

Kim Hyunmin saw Kim Younggil’s flustered expression and made a preemptive strike.

“Hey, hey, you know that Jäger (short for Jägermeister, a type of alcohol) is a German liquor, right?”

“Huh? What does that have to do with anything?”

“What do you mean? Jäger is good for colds. That’s why we bought it.”

Jägermeister did taste like herbal medicine.

But would a 35-degree alcohol be good for a cold?

It was as unbelievable as drinking soju with red pepper powder.

Kim Hyunmin read Yoo-hyun’s eyes and shrugged his shoulders.

“That’s what they say.”

“Well, I guess we can’t help it.”

Well, what can we do.

It was Yoo-hyun’s fault for buttoning up wrong.

They were already set up for a game.

Maybe he would see this scene throughout this business trip.

Yoo-hyun shook his head and joined them as if nothing had happened.

“Come on, make some room. It’s tight here.”

“Puhahahahaha.”

The sound of laughter filled the air with the moonlight as the backdrop.

The next morning.

The start of the second day of the exhibition was accompanied by a provocative news.

<The theft of Ilseong Electronics’ giant slim TV. Who is behind it?>

The news did not specify a target.

But the people who saw the news naturally thought of one company.

-If it’s not Japan, Taiwan, or China, then where?

-Did Hansung do it to get an award?

-ㄴㄴ There’s no such content in the article.

-Look at the content. The only company that can compete with Ilseong is Hansung.

-Hansung’s slim TV won the best innovation award.

-That’s ridiculous. How can they steal from each other because of competition?

That was not all.

From TV, washing machine, to phone, the same content continued.

In short, since the meeting between the heads of Hansung and Ilseong yesterday, the products of both companies were exposed and compared.

There were many critical and stimulating articles.

<Hansung Electronics’ color phone is half-baked? Ilseong Electronics “It’s nothing but a fake that copied the haptic phone”>

<Ilseong Electronics’ haptic phone, complicated and difficult, and even expensive. Is it a budget full-touch phone?>

A silent war was going on behind the scenes.

Yoo-hyun watched the situation and snickered.

“It’s going to be a mess.”

Contrary to his words, it was time to move.

In front of the private room F on the third floor of the exhibition hall.

Reporters gathered to attend the private exhibition of Hansung Electronics LCD division.

Soon the private room door opened and a guide came out and greeted them.

“Hello. I sincerely thank the reporters from the Asian media for your precious time.”

Then he led the reporters into the room.

Click click.

As soon as the reporters entered the room, the camera shutter sound rang everywhere.

There were many LCD panels, but the transparent refrigerator-style LCD, the 10-millimeter-thick large LCD panel, and the bending small OLED panel were especially eye-catching.

The performance of hitting the small OLED panel with a hammer and not breaking it was also good.

At that moment.

Yoo-hyun was watching the reporters from the corner of the exhibition hall.

He clearly saw the Taiwanese reporter who was looking at the panels very carefully.

Unlike other reporters who captured the whole exhibition hall with their cameras, he observed each panel in detail.

He even carried a loupe (magnifying glass) and tried to examine the pixel structure inside the panel.

His touch was different too.

He carefully touched the exterior and checked the seams of the nuts and joints.

A normal reporter wouldn't be that detailed.

Chapter 159

There was one more decisive thing.

Yoo-hyun remembered the reporter's face.

He had seen him yesterday at the Ilsung Electronics booth, lurking around Nam Yoon-jin, the person in charge.

Of course, he didn't have a camera then.

Instead, he had a name tag with the Ilsung Electronics logo on his neck.

Snickers.

Yoo-hyun smiled coldly.

It was interesting.

He could clearly see why he was hiding his identity and pretending to be a reporter.

He wanted to find any weakness in the Hanseong Electronics panel and make it into a news story.

It was a common trick among companies, so Yoo-hyun didn't bother to stop him.

But there was something he wanted to check.

How would Lee Kyung-hoon, the director, react?

He hadn't finished what he was preparing behind the scenes.



He was in a hurry, but he was tied to the exhibition hall because of the nerve war between Hanseong and Ilsung.

And he had drifted away from the center because of the color phone incident.

He wanted to make a splash and get some attention, but he had nothing to do, so he was frustrated.

He had to set the stage.

He had to give him a one-way ticket to hell.

Yoo-hyun approached Lee Kyung-hoon, the director, without hesitation.

“Team leader.”

“Tell me.”

Yoo-hyun spoke under the cold gaze of Lee Kyung-hoon, the director.

“Sir, the Taiwanese reporter in front of the large slim panel, he’s an Ilsung Electronics employee.”

“... Ilsung Electronics? Are you sure?”

“Yes. I saw him at the exhibition hall yesterday.”

Lee Kyung-hoon, the director, asked with a cold expression.

“What if you’re wrong?”

“I’ll have to apologize.”

“How do you know?”

“It looks like he has two name tags stacked on his neck. You need to take off the front one or check his ID.”

For a moment, a trace of doubt crossed Lee Kyung-hoon’s face.

It wasn’t because he didn’t like Yoo-hyun’s words.

It was because he was calculating whether this would benefit him or not.

After a brief thought, he glanced at the reporters who were gathered and said.

“Do you realize how risky this is?”

“Yes. That’s why I was wondering if I should tell the exhibition manager.”

“Then why did you tell me?”

At Lee Kyung-hoon’s suspicious question, Yoo-hyun moistened his mouth and said.

“I thought it would be better to go through you first.”

“Haha, yes. There’s a procedure. That was not a bad choice.”

“Thank you.”

Lee Kyung-hoon put his hand on Yoo-hyun's shoulder.

Yoo-hyun felt a chill.

It was the feeling of a hypocrite.

He looked like a good boss who wanted to take responsibility for his subordinate.

But he knew too well that it wasn't.

Yoo-hyun laughed inwardly at his unchanged appearance.

Lee Kyung-hoon called the general affairs team member who was in charge of the exhibition.

Then he wrapped up Yoo-hyun's opinion as if it was his own.

"Actually..."

"Wow, is that true?"

"Check it out quickly."

"Okay."

The general affairs team member's expression hardened as he listened.

It was a sensitive situation, so he seemed to take it very seriously.

He got the consent of the TV sales marketing manager who was in charge of the large slim panel, and approached the Taiwanese reporter.

Yoo-hyun and Lee Kyung-hoon followed him.

Click, click.

The reporters were taking pictures of the product while being guided.

They didn't care who was behind them.

The general affairs team member took advantage of the gap and leaned in to check the Taiwanese reporter's name tag.

He saw the corner of the one on top sticking out and nodded to Lee Kyung-hoon.

Then he raised his hand to stop the guide's words and bowed politely to the reporters.

"Excuse me. I need to check something."

"What's going on?"

The reporters looked around.

The general affairs team member quickly went to the Taiwanese reporter.

"Are you the invited reporter?"

"Why? Can't you see this?"

The Taiwanese reporter snapped back.

But his eyes showed a slight sign of panic.

At that moment, Park Wan-yong, a reporter from the Geumwook Daily, stepped in.

“Wow, is this how Hanseong insults reporters?”

“I’m not talking to you, sir.”

“Hanseong Electronics is really hopeless.”

Despite that, Park Wan-yong spat out his displeasure in English.

It was a loud voice.

At the same time, several reporters who were attending the event realized that there was a problem and raised their cameras.

It was an Asian regional reporter invitation event, so there were also Japanese, Taiwanese, and Chinese reporters.

What if they pushed harder?

It was a chance to embarrass Hanseong Electronics.

Park Wan-yong, who made a decision, shouted louder.

“This will make a great article.”

“All I need to do is check the name tag...”

“Is this a police station? Why are you harassing people who have already verified their identity?”

The Geumwook Daily reporter, a famous domestic media outlet, responded strongly, and the general affairs team member was flustered.

He couldn’t do anything about it, and Park Wan-yong became more confident.

“I can’t stand this. I can’t let Hanseong Electronics treat reporters like this.”

“That’s not what I meant...”

“Then what do you mean, Kim Han-saem?”

He even performed a stunt of pressing the camera shutter in front of him.

He said he would capture the name on the name tag in the camera and put a warning on it.

The general affairs team member bowed his head in a dizzying thought.

“I’m sorry.”

“...”

At the same time, Director Lee Kyung-hoon’s face hardened.

The situation had turned around in a strange way.

Yoo-hyun was speechless.

“He can’t even take a gift.”

At that moment, Yoo-hyun moved reflexively.

He quickly grabbed the Taiwanese reporter’s name tag with his nimble fingers.

“What is this...”

“Just a moment.”

The Taiwanese reporter didn’t even realize that he was speaking Korean.

Shriek.

Yoo-hyun pulled out the paper in front of his name tag.

Then, a name tag with a clear Ilsung Electronics logo hung from his neck.

The Ilsung Electronics employee who had pretended to be a Taiwanese reporter changed his face to a blank one.

“...”

“What is this?”

Yoo-hyun asked coldly.

Then, Director Lee Kyung-hoon stepped forward at the right timing.

He grabbed the Taiwanese reporter’s name tag and gave Park Wan-yong, the reporter, a sharp look.

“Don’t you have to keep your professional ethics? Don’t you? Mr. Park.”

“This is...”

Click. Click. Click.

The Ilsung Electronics employee who didn’t know what to do, Park Wan-yong, the reporter who opened his mouth in confusion, and Director Lee Kyung-hoon who delivered the final blow were captured by the camera one by one.

Oh Eun-bi, the reporter, pressed the camera shutter the most diligently.

Wouldn’t there be a pretty interesting article soon?

It was after the 40-minute reporter invitation exhibition.

Choi Kang-won, the senior executive in charge of TV sales marketing, praised Director Lee Kyung-hoon.

“You did well, team leader. I feel so refreshed. Haha.”

“No, it was thanks to Han Yoo-hyun here who told me the truth.”

Director Lee Kyung-hoon gave the credit to Yoo-hyun.

Of course, it wasn’t sincere for Yoo-hyun’s sake.

“I know. I thought Yoo-hyun was only good at golf, but he has a good eye too? Haha.”

“I was lucky.”

“Luck is also a skill. You did well. Very well.”

Director Lee Kyung-hoon’s intention was simple.

He knew that Choi Kang-won, the senior executive, was close to Yoo-hyun because of their connection from the new employee training.

He did this because he calculated that it would benefit him in the end.

Just as he expected.

Yoo-hyun smiled inwardly and gave the credit back to Director Lee Kyung-hoon.

“I didn’t do anything well. It was all thanks to you, team leader.”

“No, it was you, Yoo-hyun.”

“No, team leader. Thank you.”

“Haha. You two, you look so good together. I envy the mobile group when I see this. The TV people have no feelings, no feelings.”

“Haha! You’re too kind.”

A hearty laughter filled the exhibition hall.

Can human emotions last forever?

It was very common for yesterday’s enemies to become today’s allies.

Especially when they have a big interest in front of them, the concept becomes blurry.

Especially for someone like Director Lee Kyung-hoon who was quick at calculating?

He could flip his feelings like a coin, as if he never had any petty emotions.

After Choi Kang-won, the senior executive, left, Director Lee Kyung-hoon and Yoo-hyun faced each other.

Yoo-hyun greeted him first.

“Team leader, thank you.”

“Thank you. We have to rely on each other even in Germany.”

“Of course.”

Yoo-hyun skillfully delivered a polite remark.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon also wore a mask of hypocrisy.

At least for now, it was a sign that they were on the same side.

“But the color phone exhibitors, they’ll have a hard time. The criticism from Ilsung is so harsh.”

“Is that so?”

“Well, does it matter? Maybe it’s better to push back the schedule because of this. Haha.”

He guessed from that remark.

Director Lee Kyung-hoon still had some grudges left.

Every time he spoke, he dropped some dirty crumbs of resentment.

It was a fitting behavior for his level.

It was obvious that Director Lee Kyung-hoon was the one who leaked the color phone internal information to Ilsung Electronics and made it into an article.

He was meticulous in this area more than anyone else.

He didn’t care about arguing or explaining.

Now, he had to gain his trust more urgently.

He had to push him off the cliff for sure.

“It’ll be fine. There was a lot of criticism, so maybe there will be some good articles too?”

“Hahaha! Yeah. I hope so.”

“Thank you. Haha.”

Yoo-hyun laughed while hiding his true feelings.

The eyes of the two masked men crossed in the air.

Anyone could see that they were a friendly boss and subordinate.

Thanks to the internet, the time for new articles to be uploaded was definitely shortened.

In less than two hours, an article edited and uploaded.

<Breaking news. Ilsung Electronics employee A, the story behind sneaking into Hanseong Electronics’ private exhibition?>

People tend to react more to small news that touches their emotions than to news of billions of embezzlement.

The result was as expected.

-Wow! How can they do such a thing between domestic companies?

-It was also on the Japanese news. What is this?

-A childish mistake by the employee, they’ll probably respond like that.

“Wow, it became a ranking news in no time.”

Oh Eun-bi, the reporter, smiled at the rising views.

It wasn't as much as the Ilsung Electronics TV theft news, but she still got a good counterattack.

"I should have uploaded the video of Park, the reporter, being chased by the security guard. Tsk tsk."

She felt sorry, but she couldn't help it.

The industry practice held her back.

If she persisted and nagged, she could make Park Wan-yong, the reporter, look worse, but there was something more important.

It was the next article.

Oh Eun-bi, the reporter, waited eagerly for the reply to her email.

A minute after the email was read, she got the phone call she wanted.

Ring.

It was the phone call from the editor-in-chief.

Chapter 160

The editor-in-chief asked abruptly.

-Is this real?

"Yes. It's confirmed. I got the interview, and the channel company gave me permission to publish it."

-Okay. Oh, reporter, you did very well. Let's keep it up.

A little later.

Another article from our newspaper heated up the online public opinion.

<Channel's Laura Parker praises Hansung's color phone. "High design quality.">

-What's the big deal? It's just a common compliment.

-Do you know who Laura Parker is? This is a huge praise.

-The color phone must be doing well. Wow, the expected price is the same as the previous folder phone.

-They didn't even praise their own channel phone much, did they? This must be better than the channel phone. I'm going to buy it right away.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi had only interviewed Laura Parker once in the past, when the channel phone was launched, and she had to fly all the way to France, where the channel company was located.

It was not a common thing for Laura Parker to show up at a German exhibition and endorse a specific product.

Especially, the full-touch phones of both companies were the main products to be shown at the same time.

The impact of this interview was tremendous.

Even ordinary people who were not in the industry knew that.

That was why positive comments were pouring in.

That was when.

“What is this?”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi frowned at the following comments.

-Why is there only news about Hansung? Are they trying to bury the theft case of Ilseong?

-They must be desperate to pay money and hire Laura Parker. Anyway, Hansung is no good.

-Hansung is famous for wasting money. Hansung of manipulation.

It was obvious that it was a work of comment bots.

Sure enough, when she looked at the past comments of the writers, they were all insulting Hansung.

“These cockroach-like bastards need to shut their mouths.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi muttered, immersed in her work.

The bigger thing was that she could wipe out the bots in one shot, and make the exhibition itself a victory for Hansung.

If that happened?

Promotion and bonus, plus a hefty reward.

Her future as a reporter was bound to be smooth.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi, who had high expectations, checked the time.

The interview time was almost over, but Yoo-hyun hadn't arrived yet.

“Why isn't he here?”

At that moment, the words became meaningless as a tall man walked from afar.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi jumped up and raised her hand.

“Mr. Yoo-hyun.”

“Did you wait long?”

“Of course not. Did I say thank you enough?”

“Yes, you did.”

“I'll do more. Really, really, overwhelmingly thank you. Hoho.”

It was a great hospitality remark.

He was the benefactor who got her the interview with Laura Parker.

She could do more for him.

Yoo-hyun smiled and said as he walked.



“Then please do well in our part’s interview.”

“Of course, of course. You are the stars of the color phone, so you have to.”

“That’s all I need.”

Yoo-hyun smiled calmly, and reporter Oh Eun-bi cautiously opened her mouth.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Yes, anytime.”

“You know Laura Parker, right? Are you close?”

“A little.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi pressed on, feeling that Yoo-hyun’s answer was insufficient.

“I can understand that you got the interview with Laura Parker. But how did you get her to talk about the color phone first?”

“I don’t know.”

“Strange. Did Laura Parker owe you something?”

“...”

Yoo-hyun stopped walking for a moment, and reporter Oh Eun-bi flinched.

“Your watch is pretty.”

“Haha... It’s cheap, what are you talking about.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi smiled brightly as she heard Yoo-hyun’s next words.

Why did he say it was cheap when she asked if his watch was pretty?

Most people had this kind of reaction when it came to watches.

They often regarded watches as a symbol of success.

In that sense, watches were more than just luxury items.

That was why many luxury brands wanted to enter the watch industry.

But it was almost impossible for a brand without watch experience to break through the existing market and successfully settle in.

A long history proved that.

Yoo-hyun moved his steps and asked.

“Do you remember the market reaction when the channel phone first came out?”

“Of course. Luxurious? A luxury? Something like that?”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi, who had fixed her appearance, answered right away.

“But what about now?”

“Maybe it will be shaky when the full-touch phones come out, starting with the color phone. The specs are not bad, but it feels a bit old-fashioned now.”

“That’s right. That’s why luxury brands are reluctant to enter the phone business. It won’t be a luxury after a while.”

“But the channel phone is still a success. Well, it may not live up to Laura Parker’s reputation.”

“That’s true.”

As she said, the channel phone was more popular than the previous luxury phones that were only for a few extreme groups.

It wasn’t much, but it made a profit.

But Laura Parker didn’t enter the phone business for this much success.

The phone business was nothing more than a bridgehead for her.

That was when.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi clapped her hands. She raised her voice as if she realized something.

“Ah, that’s why you brought up the watch. So the next goal of the channel is digital watch, right? Right?”

“Do you think there is a possibility?”

“No... Honestly, it seems hard. It would be more or less the same as the phone.”

The high-pitched voice did not last long.

She had seen the watch phones brought by other companies, including Hansung and Ilseong, at the exhibition.

They were hard to operate, and there was a clear limit to cramming parts into that small space.

An expensive phone was evaluated as old-fashioned after a year.

The evaluation of a digital watch with relatively poor performance was bound to get worse.

“That’s right. We can’t go on like this.”

“Then what?”

“What can we do?”

Yoo-hyun asked a meaningful question.

Everyone knew that the future of digital watches was bright, but it was not an easy field.

Many electronic companies had tried to approach watches as electronic devices like phones and suffered losses.

And many watch companies had failed by just adding electronic functions to existing watches.

Laura Parker's dilemma started from there.

She was a watch enthusiast and had dreamed of making digital watches the main product line of the channel in the future.

But she felt the limit clearly when she made the channel phone.

She might have thought it was impossible.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi, who had been thinking hard about Yoo-hyun's question, shook her head.

"I have no idea. Is it possible?"

"It may not be now, but maybe someday?"

It was not just a casual remark.

There was a company that had paved the way.

A company that maintained its luxury brand and created a completely new category of market,

A company that made watches that could be recognized as luxury even after time passed.

It was Apple.

After that, when Laura Parker realized the identity of digital watches and jumped into the business, her partner company was Hansung Electronics, and the person in charge was Yoo-hyun.

So Yoo-hyun knew better than anyone what Laura Parker wanted.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi pounded her chest in frustration.

"You're too vague. You're making me impatient. So you showed Laura Parker something about digital watches and changed her mind, right?"

"Maybe."

"So I'm curious about the details..."

"That's not it..."

Yoo-hyun shrugged his shoulders and dodged the reporter's words.

To be exact, he didn't do it alone.

Senior Jang Hye-min and Han Jae-hee worked hard.

Thanks to them, who locked themselves in a hotel room and drew a digital watch design that Yoo-hyun wanted in a short time, he was able to persuade her more easily.

The digital watch design was very different from the existing ones.

There was nothing but a screen on the watch with a rounded square shape and no bulky outer part.

The watch strap that stuck like a magnet contained the channel's sensibility.

Instead of the usual watch hands, they put beautiful scenery on the screen.

The channel logo was there, and so was the family photo.

There were numbers, and there were animation characters.

They made any design possible by abandoning the watch design.

A creative destruction that completely broke the frame of the existing watch.

A new category of product that could not be evaluated by the brand's ranking or cheapness.

That was how Laura Parker saw the future of watches.

As they talked, they arrived at their destination.

“Ha, I didn't get the answer I wanted.”

“There must have been an answer in the words.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi felt empty, but soon shook off the feeling.

Anyway, the important thing was that he had persuaded Laura Parker.

And he didn't even brag about his status.

It was a sight that was not seen from ordinary employees.

‘Is he really an employee?’

After parting with Yoo-hyun yesterday, reporter Oh Eun-bi nagged Kim Sung-deuk, the manager, and heard his story.

It was surprising that his rank was an employee, and he had not been working for half a year.

And he said it was the first time he met Laura Parker at the company.

And it was only a while ago.

But they became close enough to meet again at the exhibition?

Just an employee?

It would have been impossible if the seniors hadn't opened the way.

“I'll find out when I check.”

She would surely know when she heard the voices of the seniors who worked with him.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi tilted her head.

The interview place was a small conference room on the fifth floor of the exhibition hall.

She entered there with Yoo-hyun.

That was when.

A middle-aged man with a playful face shouted at Yoo-hyun.

His voice was so loud that reporter Oh Eun-bi's body flinched.

“Yoo-hyun.”

“Manager, you’re here already.”

“Hehe! Of course. This is an important place.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi blinked her eyes as she listened to the conversation between Yoo-hyun and the manager.

The man who was called the manager asked.

“Huh? Are you a reporter?”

“Ah, yes.”

“Haha. I’m Kim Hyun-min, the manager.”

“Yes. I’m Oh Eun-bi.”

As soon as reporter Oh Eun-bi answered, Kim Hyun-min, the manager, shouted again.

“Hey, what are you doing? Say hello.”

“Hello.”

At that signal, the people next to him greeted in unison.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi flinched again at the sudden situation.

When Kim Hyun-min, the manager, was about to step forward again, Yoo-hyun sorted out the situation.

“Manager, let’s sort it out first.”

“Oh, really? I have something prepared.”

Kim Hyun-min, the manager, scratched his head as if he was sorry at Yoo-hyun’s restraint.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi gave a hollow laugh at his appearance.

It was too different from the organization she had imagined while looking at the calm Yoo-hyun.

She calmed her mind and asked for permission before setting up her laptop.

“Just a moment, I’ll set it up.”

“Yes, yes. Take your time. We have plenty of time. Haha.”

A staff member from the PR team came over and helped with the recording and equipment placement.

Meanwhile, the noise continued.

“Manager, please don’t talk nonsense this time.”

“Don’t worry. It’s showing my face, how can I do that?”

“I don’t trust you.”

“Okay. I’ll do well.”

“Manager, shh.”

It was a neat room, but even a small voice was heard.

They didn’t know that, and they kept talking.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi opened her mouth, tilting her head.

“I’ll start the interview now.”

“Yes. We’re ready.”

“Just relax, don’t be nervous. The PR team will filter out most of it.”

“Really? Wow! I was so frustrated.”

The interview started like that.

They talked about the motivation for developing the color phone, what difficulties they had, and their impressions of the exhibition.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi quickly summarized the keywords while recording.

How did she feel while interviewing?

She definitely felt a close and strong bond.

They were brighter than any organization she had seen before.