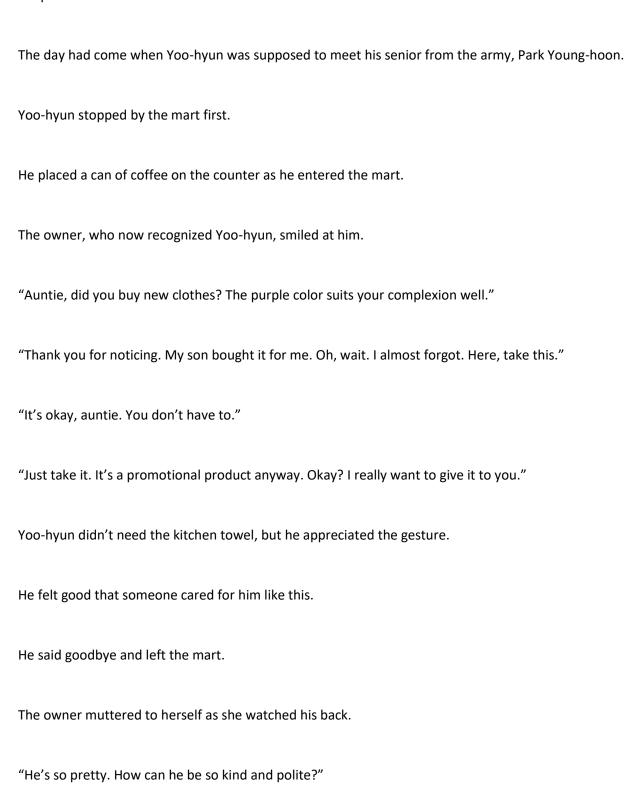
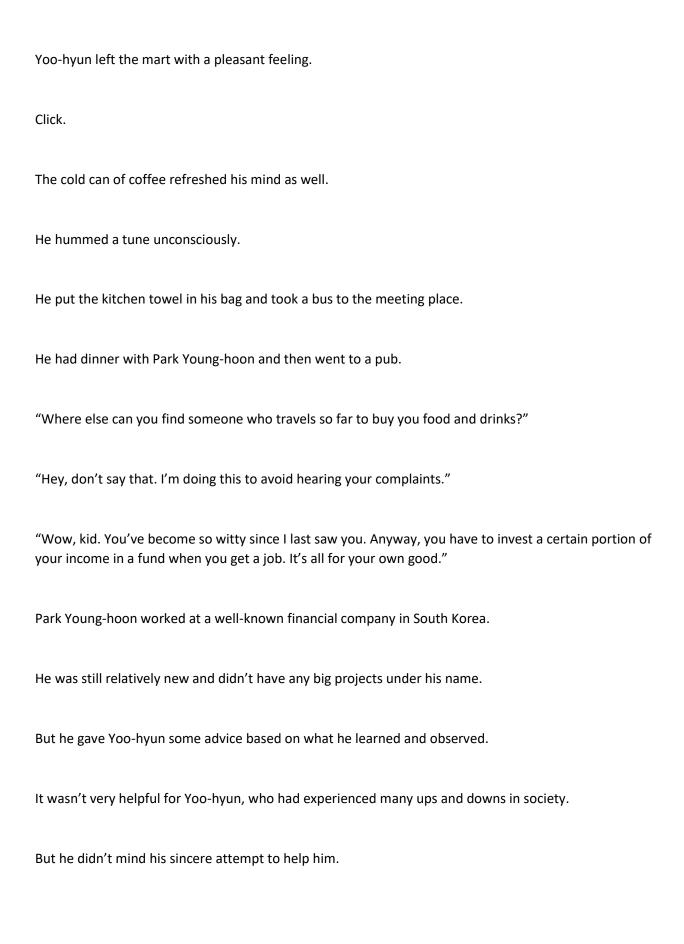
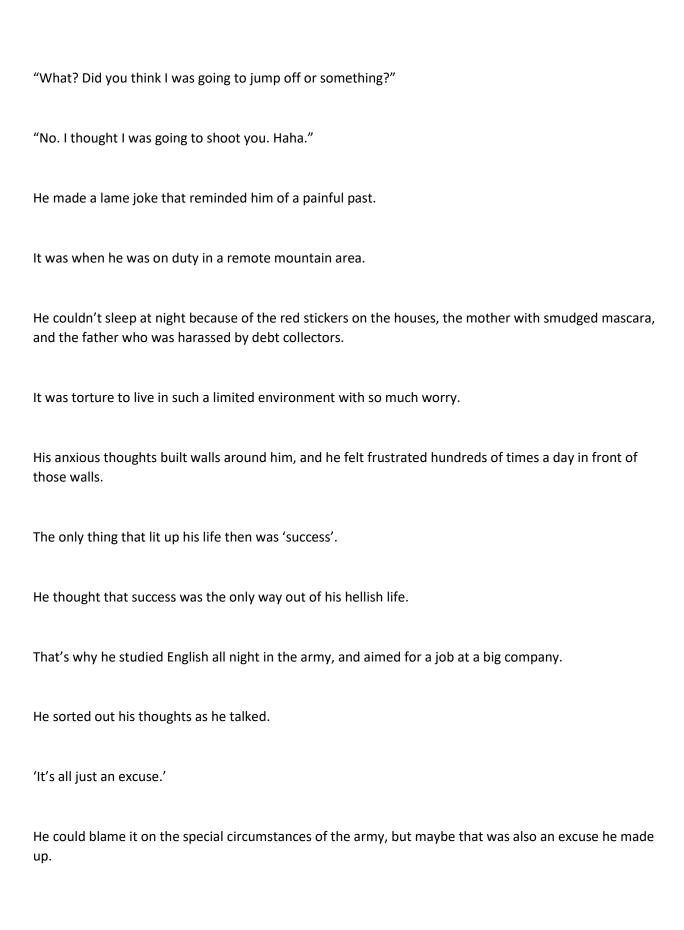
## Real Man 16





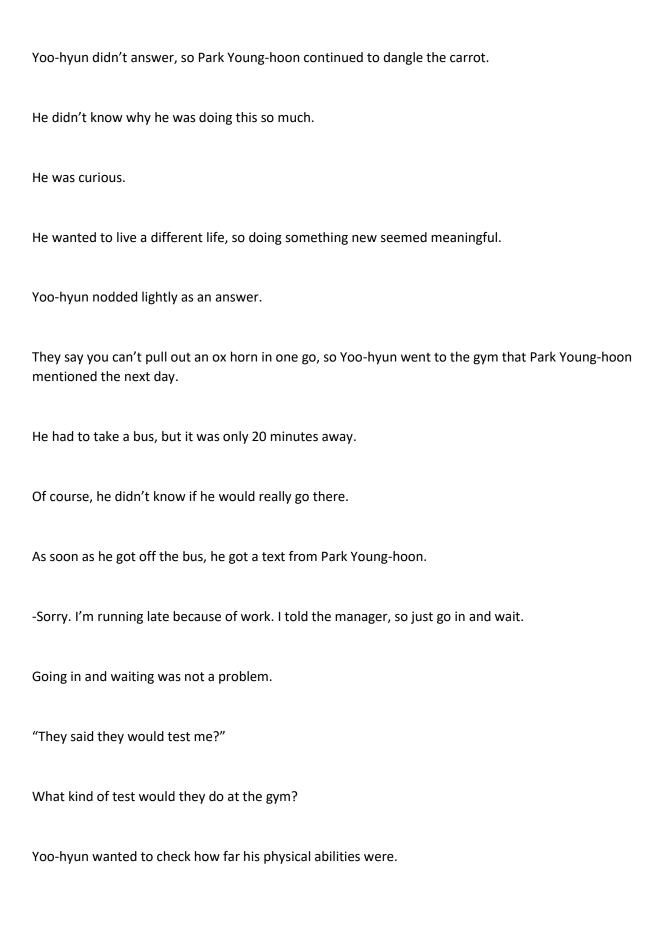


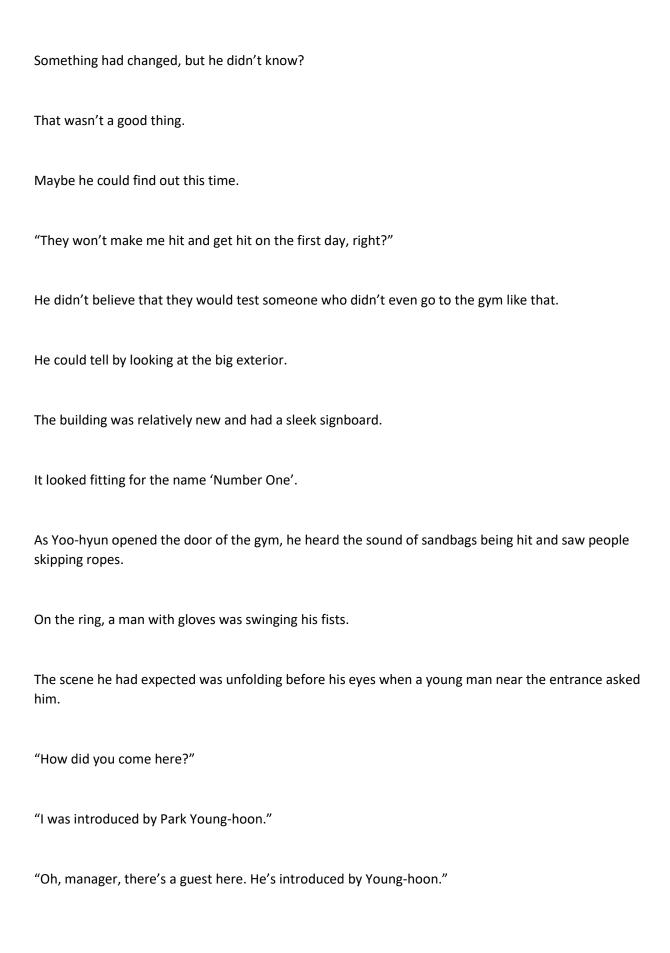
'Investment is necessary, that's true.'
Yoo-hyun didn't prioritize money, but he thought it was wise to invest some of his earnings for future contingencies.
"Okay. Cheers."
"Yeah. One shot."
Park Young-hoon boasted with confidence.
Yoo-hyun shared many stories with him.
The time they installed communication equipment on a mountain, the guerrilla training and the terrifying cold weather training.
The memory of digging trenches for a month, and the time they secretly worked out to build their muscles.
He felt excited as he recalled his army days.
It was amazing that he still remembered them after 20 years.
"To be honest, I was very worried about you."
"Worried? Why?"
"Really. You remember when you were a private? You came back from your vacation looking pale and sickly. I thought you were going to die or something. We were on guard duty together and you looked so miserable."



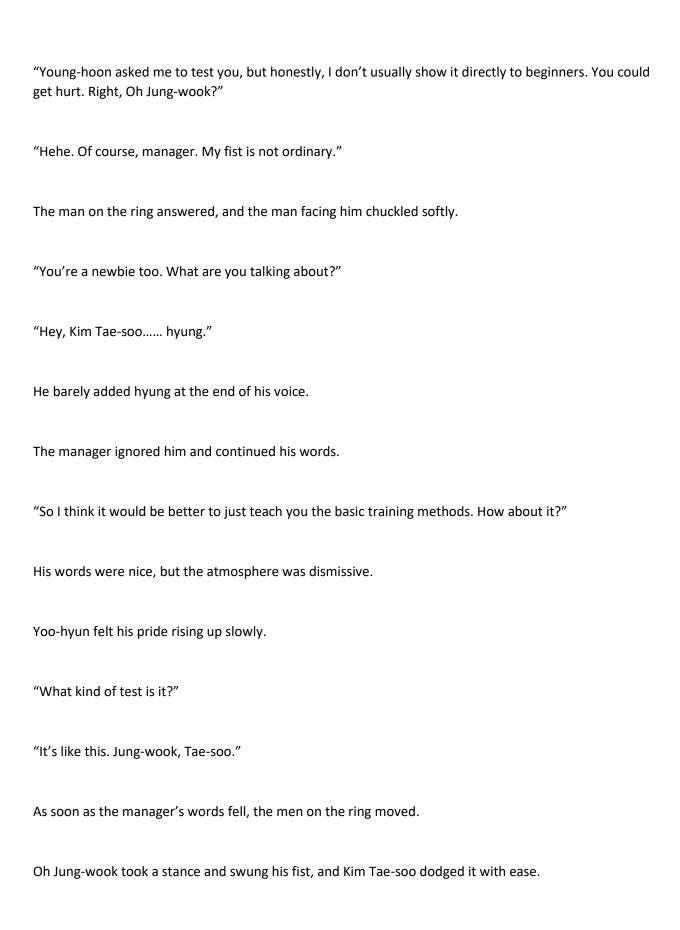


"It's not far from where you live. Wait a minute."
Park Young-hoon suddenly took out a pamphlet from his bag next to him and handed it over.
On the cover, a muscular man was wearing gloves, and below it was written 'Mixed Martial Arts Specialist'.
The gym seemed to have a impressive record, as there were quite a few people who had debuted as pros from there.
"It's not dangerous at all. Really."
"Hmm."
It couldn't be not dangerous.
He had never been interested in hitting and getting hit.
He had never learned boxing, let alone mixed martial arts.
He was too busy with his work, but his basic personality was not fond of rough sports.
He did want to learn some exercise, though.
"Just stop by and take a look. I'll talk to them nicely."
<i>u</i>





He didn't know why he shouted so loudly, but thanks to that, Yoo-hyun got attention.
In the eyes of people, a short and sturdy-looking manager came up to Yoo-hyun.
He looked over Yoo-hyun's body, and his expression didn't look very pleasant.
"You're too skinny."
He shook his head as he said that.
If he thought he was just someone who wanted to register at the gym, he wouldn't have muttered to himself like that.
Something felt off about his expectations.
'What did Park Young-hoon say?'
The manager's face turned into disappointment as he looked at Yoo-hyun.
He could tell that he didn't want to lose his strength for nothing.
It was clear that Park Young-hoon had exaggerated and requested a test.
Did he say something like he had skills or a good physique?
He didn't know why he did that, but judging by his personality, he could do that.
Yoo-hyun was about to open his mouth to clear up the misunderstanding when the manager spoke first.







It seemed like the test was for the attacking side, but there was no reason to get angry just because he said something wrong.
It's usually the case that people who have no skills talk first.
In the end, Yoo-hyun's test began.
After changing his clothes with guidance, Yoo-hyun put on a headgear and gloves and climbed onto the ring.
When he got up there, the ring was smaller than he thought.
On the opposite side was Oh Jung-wook, who had been attacking before.
He glared at him with a venomous expression, as if he had made up his mind to do it properly.
As if to prove it, as soon as the manager gave the signal, Oh Jung-wook stretched out his fist straight toward Yoo-hyun's face.
'A beginner can never dodge this.'
Oh Jung-wook was confident.
He didn't move his legs or pull back his fist, but just threw a jab straight away.
Kim Tae-soo, who was aiming for pro, might be able to do it, but most amateurs couldn't dodge it at this distance.
But then.

'Huh?'
He dodged it.
And he did it by just moving his head slightly and avoiding the fist precisely.
He even looked relaxed on his face.
Oh Jung-wook was flustered and lowered his center more and threw another fist.
'Slow.'
Yoo-hyun could see Oh Jung-wook's movements clearly.