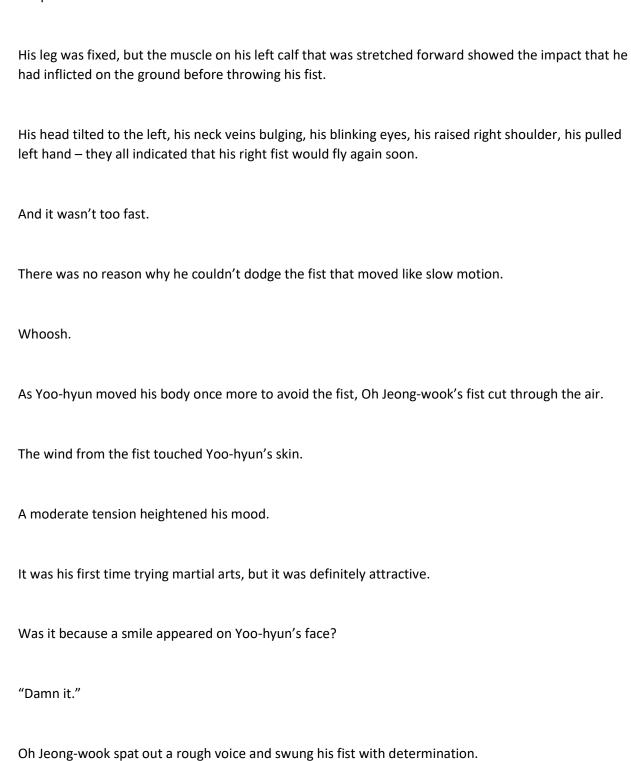
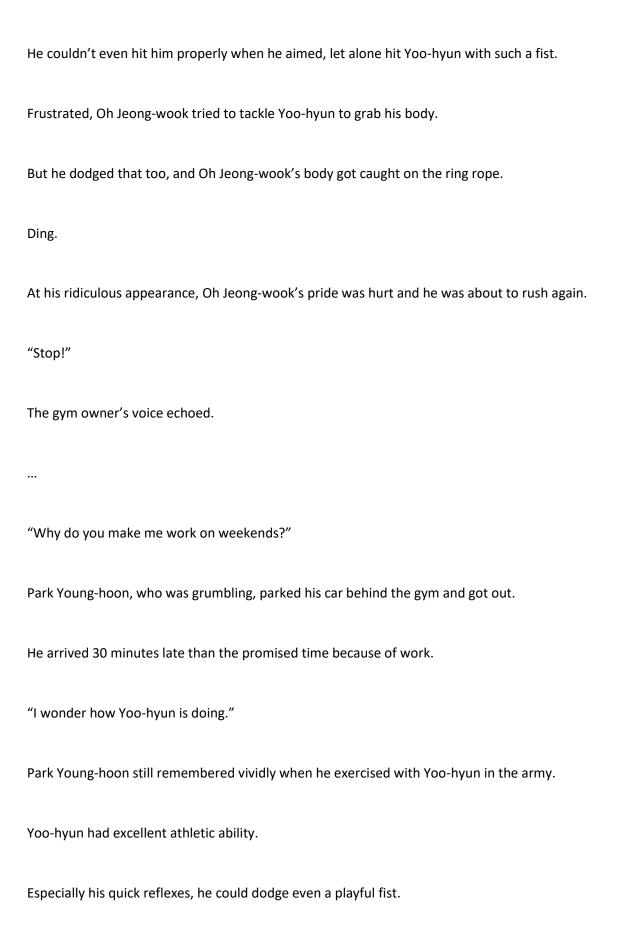
Real Man 17

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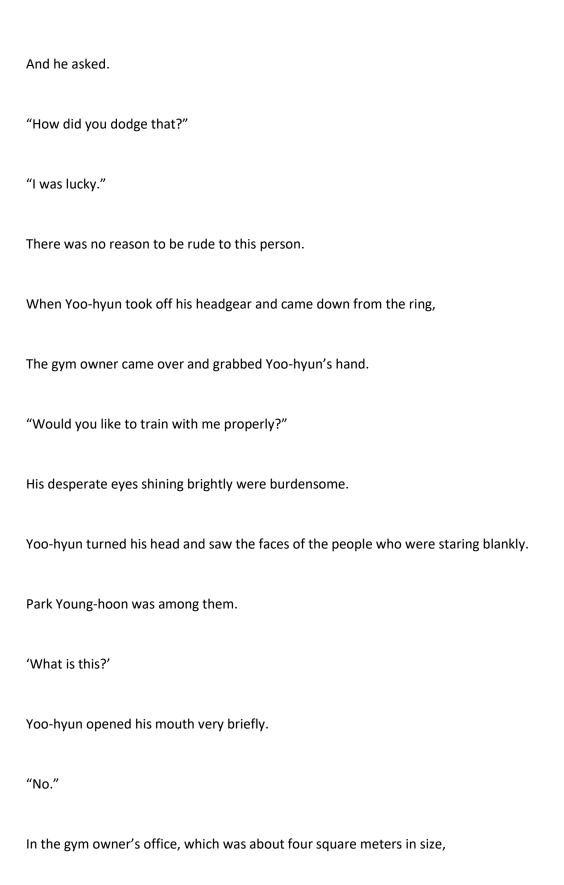
He also had a good physique and decent muscle strength.
He seemed like he would do well in sports, so he wanted to try it once, but he couldn't because of some hard times.
Park Young-hoon, who once dreamed of being a physical trainer, regretted not being able to blossom Yoo-hyun's talent.
"He must be interested in martial arts."
He asked the gym owner, who was close to him, to arrange a light sparring match for him to enjoy.
If he swung his fist and felt the impact himself, he would fall for the charm of martial arts.
"I'm here."
Park Young-hoon opened the gym door and had no choice but to be surprised.
The people who were supposed to be exercising were all gathered around the ring.
'What, what is this? Why with Tae-soo hyung?'
And Yoo-hyun was not hitting but dodging.
His eyes widened involuntarily.
It wasn't Oh Jeong-wook who just peeled off his beginner sticker, but Kim Tae-soo who was aiming for pro.



The attacks of hands and feet connected with the body were not something that could be avoided by speed alone.
He had to predict in advance with prior information before moving his body, but it was too hard to avoic them.
Yoo-hyun, who had never learned proper steps, followed his previous memory and dodged them, but it was clumsy.
Besides,
'Fake?'
The opponent didn't just swing his fist.
He stopped when he tried to hit, and pulled back when he tried to strike.
A slight tilt of the head, a different height of the shoulders, the movement of muscles and breathing, the blinking of eyes.
He accurately predicted with countless information that came into his eyes in an instant.
He knew it was a fake, so there was no need to move unnecessarily.
In this case, let's save some stamina.
u ",
When Yoo-hyun didn't flinch and stayed still, Kim Tae-soo who tried to use a fake lost his words.

'What is this kid?'
He was supposed to fall for it at that timing, but he caught on to it like a ghost.
And when he dodged, he dodged for sure.
He dodged clumsily, but he never got hit properly.
He clenched his fist and swung it at full speed, but he retreated awkwardly and avoided it.
'How can a beginner dodge this?'
Kim Tae-soo was incredulous.
Swoosh.
Yoo-hyun concentrated and dodged Kim Tae-soo's attack.
Another kick flying at him.
As Yoo-hyun moved to the side, a punch that predicted his trajectory came fiercely.
The punch and kick were added with fakes, and they were combined with front and back, left and right movements.
There were hundreds of possibilities in his head.
He dodged, dodged, and dodged again.

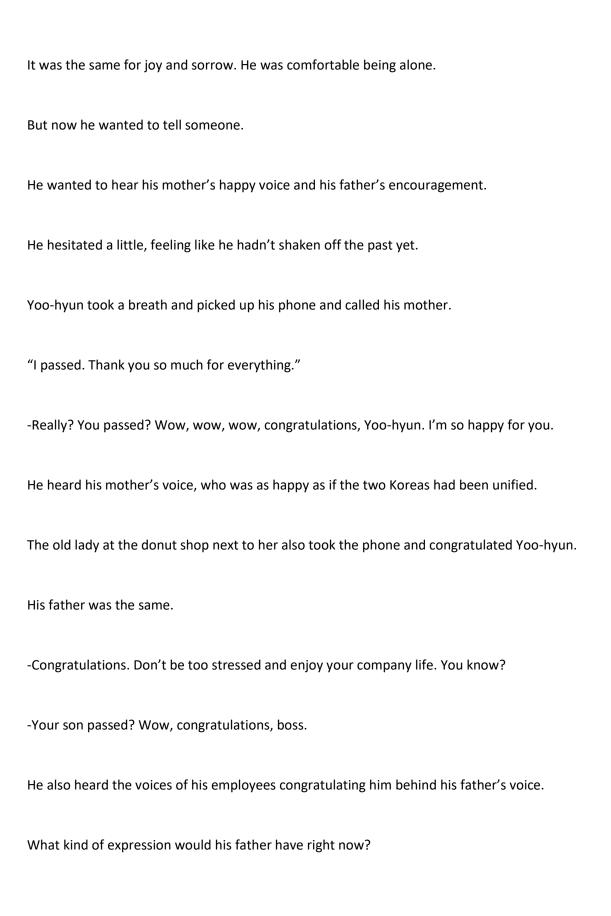




Yoo-hyun and Park Young-hoon sat face to face with the gym owner on the sofa around the wooden table.
The gym owner still looked excited.
His pitiful eyes looking at Yoo-hyun had obsession in them.
"You have a real talent. I know you're old, but with that kind of sense, you can go to an amateur tournament with just a little training."
"Thank you for your kind words, but I'll have to decline."
Yoo-hyun refused firmly.
Park Young-hoon was also embarrassed by the gym owner's attitude.
He had to intervene because he was the one who introduced him.
"Gym owner, Yoo-hyun has to get a job. He doesn't have any intention of becoming a martial arts fighter. Right?"
"Yes. I appreciate your heart, but it seems difficult."
Yoo-hyun quickly agreed.
This is where they should end it with a smile.
But the gym owner wasn't like that.

"If you train well, you can not only go to tournaments, but also win prizes. You might even be able to debut as a pro."
There was no reason for him to do martial arts properly when he wasn't going to be a martial arts fighter anyway.
He had things to do now, let alone having any ambition for success or money.
'I'd rather invest and make money.'
The gym owner continued before Yoo-hyun could open his mouth, reading his refusal in his eyes.
"Then just come. You don't have to spar. Isn't it better to sweat and exercise together than just running?"
"Still"
"I won't charge you any money, so just think of it as exercising together. I'm just too interested in you. Okay?"
When Yoo-hyun turned his head, he met Park Young-hoon's eyes who shrugged his shoulders.
The gym owner still looked at Yoo-hyun with a desperate look.
It didn't seem like a bad offer for various reasons, so Yoo-hyun had no choice but to nod his head.
Exercise was a hobby that suited Yoo-hyun more than he thought.
As he spent more time sweating, Yoo-hyun became stronger.

Muscles filled his skinny body, and his fear of rough exercise also disappeared a lot.
He also enjoyed spending time with Park Young-hoon, and the gym staff including the gym owner were kind to Yoo-hyun.
He thought he could exercise occasionally while working at this rate.
Time passed, and it was the day of the interview results.
Click.
-You have passed the final round of Hansung Electronics 2007 first half recruitment. Congratulations.
He received a text message notifying him of the results, and when he entered the website, he could see the final acceptance message.
He felt good even though he had expected it.
Yoo-hyun recalled the moment he passed 20 years ago.
He felt like he had everything in the world back then.
As he remembered the past, Yoo-hyun wondered.
Who did he share this joy with at that time?
He didn't remember, but he didn't seem to call anyone first.
The past Yoo-hyun was not the type to tell his own affairs to others first.



He felt like he was doing his filial duty that he couldn't do before.
Seeing his happy family gave Yoo-hyun more joy.
He didn't end up receiving calls from his friends.
They were friends who had a connection with his sister, so he guessed they heard it from her.
Yoo-hyun was grateful for his friends who congratulated him sincerely.
The calls from his friends were not the end.
He also got a call from Jo Eun-ah, his junior in school and a librarian, and from a staff member at the department office.
He just greeted them and thanked them, but they must have been impressed by Yoo-hyun's actions.
After receiving calls for a while, Yoo-hyun stuck his face out through the narrow window gap.
The sky was still the same, but Yoo-hyun's life was changing completely.
He realized that he was a really happy person as he saw those who congratulated him sincerely.
It was an emotion he didn't know before.
And he thought he should be nicer to people.
"Thank you."

Yoo-hyun's words flew away with the wind.