

Real Man 17

Chapter 17

His leg was fixed, but the muscle on his left calf that was stretched forward showed the impact that he had inflicted on the ground before throwing his fist.

His head tilted to the left, his neck veins bulging, his blinking eyes, his raised right shoulder, his pulled left hand – they all indicated that his right fist would fly again soon.

And it wasn't too fast.

There was no reason why he couldn't dodge the fist that moved like slow motion.

Whoosh.

As Yoo-hyun moved his body once more to avoid the fist, Oh Jeong-wook's fist cut through the air.

The wind from the fist touched Yoo-hyun's skin.

A moderate tension heightened his mood.

It was his first time trying martial arts, but it was definitely attractive.

Was it because a smile appeared on Yoo-hyun's face?

"Damn it."

Oh Jeong-wook spat out a rough voice and swung his fist with determination.

He couldn't even hit him properly when he aimed, let alone hit Yoo-hyun with such a fist.

Frustrated, Oh Jeong-wook tried to tackle Yoo-hyun to grab his body.

But he dodged that too, and Oh Jeong-wook's body got caught on the ring rope.

Ding.

At his ridiculous appearance, Oh Jeong-wook's pride was hurt and he was about to rush again.

"Stop!"

The gym owner's voice echoed.

...

"Why do you make me work on weekends?"

Park Young-hoon, who was grumbling, parked his car behind the gym and got out.

He arrived 30 minutes late than the promised time because of work.

"I wonder how Yoo-hyun is doing."

Park Young-hoon still remembered vividly when he exercised with Yoo-hyun in the army.

Yoo-hyun had excellent athletic ability.

Especially his quick reflexes, he could dodge even a playful fist.

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.

Thud.

Then Yoo-hyun fell back on his back.

“Yoo-hyun!”

Park Young-hoon shouted in surprise.

There was a snickering laughter from the audience next to him.

But the atmosphere was strange.

His opponent Kim Tae-soo looked very serious.

The gym owner was the same.

‘What the hell is going on?’

“Huff huff.”

Yoo-hyun felt like dying.

He thought the test would end after experiencing a few punches, but then the person changed.

It was a mistake to agree to this much thinking it would be okay.

He could tell the difference from the previous opponent just by the atmosphere.

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 avoid 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.

"..."

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.

He moved by anticipating the movement in advance based on the predicted information.

Then,

Thud.

Yoo-hyun fell back miserably.

Damn it.

No matter how fast his eyes followed, it was useless if his body couldn't keep up.

It wasn't something he could do easily after all.

"Yoo-hyun!"

Yoo-hyun sighed at Park Young-hoon's shout from below the ring.

Then, Kim Tae-soo approached him and reached out his hand.

'Is it over?'

He didn't look like he wanted to play again.

Yoo-hyun silently took his hand and got up from his seat.

Despite his polite gesture, Kim Tae-soo's expression looked quite serious.

His eyes seemed to be hurt by his pride.

And he asked.

“How did you dodge that?”

“I was lucky.”

There was no reason to be rude to this person.

When Yoo-hyun took off his headgear and came down from the ring,

The gym owner came over and grabbed Yoo-hyun’s hand.

“Would you like to train with me properly?”

His desperate eyes shining brightly were burdensome.

Yoo-hyun turned his head and saw the faces of the people who were staring blankly.

Park Young-hoon was among them.

‘What is this?’

Yoo-hyun opened his mouth very briefly.

“No.”

In the gym owner’s office, which was about four square meters in size,

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.

It was the same for joy and sorrow. He was comfortable being alone.

But now he wanted to tell someone.

He wanted to hear his mother's happy voice and his father's encouragement.

He hesitated a little, feeling like he hadn't shaken off the past yet.

Yoo-hyun took a breath and picked up his phone and called his mother.

"I passed. Thank you so much for everything."

-Really? You passed? Wow, wow, wow, congratulations, Yoo-hyun. I'm so happy for you.

He heard his mother's voice, who was as happy as if the two Koreas had been unified.

The old lady at the donut shop next to her also took the phone and congratulated Yoo-hyun.

His father was the same.

-Congratulations. Don't be too stressed and enjoy your company life. You know?

-Your son passed? Wow, congratulations, boss.

He also heard the voices of his employees congratulating him behind his father's voice.

What kind of expression would his father have right now?

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.