

Real Man 171

Chapter 171

It was a scene that was completely different from his usual neat personality.

How do you feel?

I wanted to ask him.

But not yet.

He needed more time to regret and reflect on his actions, pounding the ground.

Yoo-hyun's lips curled slightly.

What happened to Director Lee Kyung Hoon?

He heard about his situation at the dinner with his colleagues.

Min Jung Hyuk spat out his words, spraying saliva.

"It's no joke. Director Lee Kyung Hoon is practically resigning, they say."

"Really?"

Min Jung Hyuk clicked his tongue at Yoo-hyun's question.

"Byun Jin Woo was also summoned. I heard he was involved too."

"What about the team?"

"There's nothing to say. It's completely destroyed and the work is stopped. I wonder if Deputy Manager Song Ho Chan will come back."

"That's not it."

Min Jung Hyuk asked in surprise when Yoo-hyun cut him off.

"Why? Do you know something?"

"I heard that Deputy Manager Song also invested a lot in D&Tech."

"Wow. That was D&Tech? Your team's Deputy Manager Go Jae Yoon was also involved, right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Wow... They both went down because of insider trading."

"That's right."

It wasn't a simple insider trading.

Deputy Manager Song Ho Chan and Deputy Manager Go Jae Yoon gave money to the director of D&Tech and took shares under a different name.

It was something that happened behind Director Lee Kyung Hoon's back.

If everything went according to plan, the two of them could have enjoyed the benefits while watching Director Lee Kyung Hoon's tricks.

Of course, they all ended up penniless.

Yoo-hyun snorted, remembering the reporter Oh Eun Bi's words.

-The prosecution is investigating individuals who recently acquired shares. They are likely suspects for the technology leakage to China.

If that was true, it was a relief that they only became penniless.

The government was paying attention to the case, so it wouldn't end with just an investigation.

They had to reach a conclusion somehow.

It meant that they had a high chance of spending a long time behind bars.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon was second, but Deputy Manager Song Ho Chan and Deputy Manager Go Jae Yoon might have felt wronged.

But it was inevitable.

Even if they didn't know, a crime was a crime.

It was a tragic comedy caused by greed.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon's story was on the table throughout the dinner.

It wasn't just Yoo-hyun and his colleagues.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon's story was a hot issue in the mobile sales marketing department.

It was a historic event.

Didn't Director Lee Kyung Hoon's wish to become famous come true?

Although the direction was not good.

The story that started with Director Lee Kyung Hoon naturally moved to the internal story of the sales team.

"Who's coming to our team? Yoo-hyun, do you know?"

"Team leader?"

“Yeah. They won’t leave it empty. I think they’ll promote someone from the inside, but there’s no one with the rank.”

“I don’t know.”

Yoo-hyun didn’t answer right away because nothing was decided yet.

Of course, there was a likely candidate.

Team Leader Oh Jae Hwan.

He was likely to become the sales team leader, and Deputy Manager Kim Hyun Min was likely to become the product planning team leader.

“Ah, I hope whoever comes is a good person.”

Min Jung Hyuk sighed and muttered.

He felt the sincerity of his words, as he had suffered a lot because of the team leader.

“It will be.”

“Yeah. You’re always right.”

Yoo-hyun chuckled at his colleague’s flattery.

Team Leader Oh Jae Hwan was a bit timid and cared a lot about others.

On the other hand, he paid attention to even the smallest things.

He could suit Min Jung Hyuk, who wanted care.

How could he be worse than Director Lee Kyung Hoon?

That was never the case.

A few days later, in the conference room on the 12th floor.

Yoo-hyun and Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo took their seats in the empty conference room.

Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo had a nostalgic expression.

“Do you think the meeting atmosphere will be good today?”

“Yes. Everyone replied to the meeting email right away.”

“Yeah. There was also a compliment email saying the meeting agenda was good. It’s amazing.”

“Don’t you like it?”

“Of course not.”

Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo shook his head.

Then he brought up an old story.

“Do you know how cold the product planning team was back then?”

“I see.”

He had heard it countless times.

Yoo-hyun played along and Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo got excited.

“There was a time when this happened. Do you know what the sales team said when they came back from the Nokia meeting?”

“What?”

“They said to make the product exactly as they wanted. And in one day.”

“That’s not a proper planning.”

“Right. It’s just, you know, a subcontractor.”

Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo vented on behalf of the team members.

As he said, the product planning team had not been able to plan according to the customer’s needs.

They had planned according to the related department’s needs.

That kind of planning couldn’t work.

“The most annoying thing is getting scolded by the development team. They said why did we come up with such nonsense. Huh.”

“Did you get scolded a lot?”

“Me? Actually, I had important work in another part, so it was less, but our part was no joke. Getting scolded was the job.”

“It’s not like that now.”

“Yeah. It seems like it, somehow. That’s why it’s amazing.”

It was as Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo said.

The atmosphere had changed a lot.

It was a level of opening up the heavens compared to a few months ago.

Soon after.

He could see the changed atmosphere at the next product meeting.

Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo led the meeting where the teams in charge gathered.

“I’ll briefly brief you on the next product list.”

“As expected, Assistant Manager Park. It’s neat.”

He only explained the products that were still in the works, but he received a friendly response.

If it was like before, they would have yelled at him for bringing such a thing.

That wasn’t all.

Sales Team’s Cheon Jong Hyun raised his hand and pushed the data.

“Assistant Manager Park, do you have any ideas for the next product after the color phone?”

“No. I haven’t found it yet because I’m focusing on the mass production of the color phone.”

“I’ll give you the data, so think about it. The sales in China are rising, and if there’s something that can catch them, it’ll explode. I think you can do it, Assistant Manager Park.”

“Thank you, sir.”

It was a very polite attitude compared to the past.

The marketing team was the same.

The scary Deputy Manager Sung Woong Jin joined in.

“China is good. They’ve been giving them cheap stuff, so the money wasn’t big, but the market is big. If you come up with a differentiated product, it’ll be good for promotion.”

“Differentiation. I see.”

Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo nodded and he smiled kindly.

“I have a few ideas, but why don’t you try it, Assistant Manager Park. You’re young and your brain works well.”

“I’ll review it once.”

“Good. Let’s make it together this time. Hahaha.”

“Of course. Thank you.”

Anyone could see that Assistant Manager Park Seung Woo was the star of this place.

He was nervous, but he took care of everything he needed to.

‘He’s secretly ambitious.’

Yoo-hyun smiled and quickly filled out the minutes.

There was nothing to argue about, so the meeting ended in no time.

The friendly atmosphere continued even after the meeting.

“As expected, Assistant Manager Park. The meeting ends quickly and it’s nice.”

“It’s thanks to the seniors who helped me.”

“Haha. This guy, he speaks so well. He’s not called the idea bank for nothing.”

“Hahaha. Thank you.”

He couldn’t feel the tension of the fierce meeting in the past.

Rather, everyone trusted and left it to Assistant Manager Park.

Sales Team’s Cheon Jong Hyun spoke up.

“This is also fate, we should have a dinner sometime. Assistant Manager Park, how about tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow is a bit...”

“Oh, Assistant Manager Park, it’s the day you win the contest, right?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Congratulations. Let’s do it together next time. Hahaha.”

“Thank you.”

Compliments poured out from everywhere.

The first to win the mobile business division’s contest from the LCD division.

The first employee to be chosen by Vice President Shin Myung Ho and make Vice President Hyun Ki Jung come to his office.

His prestige was that great.

Yoo-hyun knew that this atmosphere wouldn’t last long.

He rose high in a short time, so he could get hurt more if he slipped.

Will the position make the person?

Or will he fall under the pressure?

It all depended on how Assistant Manager Park did in the future.

Isn't it hard?

It was a hundred times better than having no chance at all.

The good thing was, he had grown enough.

On the way back, Assistant Manager Park looked at Yoo-hyun and shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know if this is okay."

"Why?"

"Just. It feels like a dream."

He was intoxicated with emotion.

Yoo-hyun teased him.

"Hey, the product hasn't been commercialized yet, what are you talking about. Aren't you too drunk?"

"Hey."

"..."

Suddenly, Assistant Manager Park burst out, remembering the teasing of Chief Choi Min Hee.

Yoo-hyun walked ahead without a word and he followed him with quick steps.

Then he tapped his shoulder and said.

"I'm not drunk. Hey, I don't have anything to be drunk about."

"Yes. That's the right attitude."

"What? You sound like my mentor."

"Should I do that?"

"..."

Assistant Manager Park pursed his lips at Yoo-hyun's cheeky answer.

He lost his words because he said it so naturally.

Yoo-hyun stopped for a moment and straightened his crooked tie with one hand.

"Have a good day tomorrow."

"Of course."

A nice wrinkle appeared on Assistant Manager Park's eyes.

The next morning.

Yoo-hyun was walking and answering the phone.

Lee Chan Ho was with him.

His friend Kang Joon Ki's voice rang through the phone.

-Hahaha. I'm the youngest winner. They said they'd send me to Okinawa as a reward.

"Congratulations, you bastard."

-Hehehe. The German water is good. The boss is on fire.

"You're paying back what you got?"

-Of course. Me and Assistant Manager Lim, we owe you a lot.

"Tell that to Senior Chan Ho, not me."

Lee Chan Ho pointed at himself and grinned.

Yoo-hyun smiled and nodded.

-Of course. I know. You guys are good customers, so I, the excellent employee, will push you hard.

"Good. Live well."

-I'll buy you a lot of gifts when I go on a trip. Not toothpaste or anything.

"Haha, get lost."

Yoo-hyun hung up the phone neatly.

Lee Chan Ho next to him spoke.

"That's nice. Semi-conductor had a hard time."

"That's right. It's a good thing."

"Are you happy?"

"I have a lot of good things these days."

Yoo-hyun laughed and Lee Chan Ho also followed suit. It was as Yoo-hyun said.

As they walked, they arrived at their destination.

Ding.

Yoo-hyun and Lee Chan Ho opened the door of the flower shop and entered.

The clerk was too busy to greet them, putting all his strength into making a bouquet.

It was more like a wreath than a bouquet.

It was literally huge.

It covered the entire table.

Gulp, Lee Chan Ho swallowed his saliva and whispered to Yoo-hyun.

“Surely that’s not ours, right?”

“It seems like it is.”

“It’s pretty big.”

“That’s right.”

Yoo-hyun, who had been working for a long time, saw the size for the first time.

Even when he was promoted to executive, when he received a group award, or even when he became president.

He had never seen such a big and fancy bouquet.

The clerk finally noticed the people who came in and opened his mouth.

“Are you Han Yoo-hyun?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Haha. Here, the biggest and most splendid bouquet from our flower shop is done.”

“Wow, that’s amazing.”

As the clerk lifted the bouquet, Yoo-hyun couldn’t help but stutter.

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The colorful flowers, as big as fists, and the baby’s breath that surrounded them densely, along with the fancy wrapping paper that covered them, completely hid the clerk’s upper body.

The clerk who handed the bouquet to Yoo-hyun while whining asked him.

“By the way, is the president visiting the Sindorim campus today?”

“Huh? Oh... well, something like that.”

“Wow. I knew it. This is the first time I’ve received such an order since the Hansung building was completed in front of us. The president came then too.”

“Haha, I see...”

Yoo-hyun smiled awkwardly, recalling what Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, had said.

-We can't let the mobile phone division get the upper hand. I'll give you a card, so don't worry about the money and ask for the biggest and most splendid flowers there.

Lee Chan Ho blinked his eyes, wondering what to do with this.

Money was not the problem.

He had exceeded the budget a little, but he had enough room to cover it.

The problem was the size was too big.

Lee Chan Ho asked out of pure curiosity.

“Can you even see the front when you hold this?”

“No. Senior, please guide me along the way.”

“Okay, got it.”

In the end, Lee Chan Ho had to pull Yoo-hyun's arm and guide him.

It was such a big bouquet.

At that moment.

In front of the underground auditorium of Hansung Sindorim campus.

Before the mobile phone division's fourth quarter meeting, a tea party was held.

There were large round tables placed all over the hallway, and on top of them were rice cakes, snacks, and fruits.

Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, dipped a rice cake in honey and said.

“This is how the mobile phone division does it. It looks impressive.”

“It's different indeed. We only got a can of coffee.”

Kim Young Gil, the assistant manager who was next to him, nodded his head in agreement.

Choi Min Hee, the section chief, who saw that, covered her face with her hand and growled in a low voice.

“Just eat, you two. It's embarrassing.”

“What's embarrassing? We're just eating.”

“Can you eat with your mouth shut?”

It wasn't just a casual remark, there were also strangers from the mobile phone division at the same table.

Especially right next to them was Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief of the mobile phone division's product planning team.

He belonged to the same product planning team, but the division level was different, and strictly speaking, he was a customer.

Moreover, he was a talent who had enough influence to sway the product direction.

It was only natural to be careful, even though he had made a good impression in Germany.

But Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, was fearless.

"Kim, let's come again next time. They don't check your identity here."

"Why?"

"Why? You can eat for free."

"Are you here to eat? Hehe."

Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief, chuckled at the words that Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, threw casually.

Choi Min Hee, the section chief, looked at him strangely.

"Is this funny?"

"Yes. Hehe, very. Aren't you having so much fun?"

"Your taste is a bit weird..."

Choi Min Hee, the section chief, stuck out her tongue, and Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, shrugged his shoulders and stepped forward.

"Look. The only ones who appreciate me are the mobile phone division. I don't belong here. Heh."

"Hehehehehe."

Seeing that, Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief, shook his shoulders without a break.

Choi Min Hee, the section chief, looked at him incredulously.

He looked fine on the outside, but his mental state was not.

It was the moment when the illusion she had of Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief, was shattered.

“Kim, stack some rice cakes in a paper cup. We’ll eat them in the auditorium.”

“How many?”

“Puhahahahaha.”

Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief, kept laughing, and Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, who was embarrassed, made a number 2 with his fingers and grumbled for no reason.

“But why aren’t the guys who went to get the flowers coming?”

That was when.

From afar, a huge bouquet walked in holding a man’s hand.

That’s right.

It looked like the bouquet was walking.

Buzzing.

The eyes of everyone in the hallway turned to the bouquet at once.

Thud.

Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, dropped the rice cake he was eating on the floor.

He was stunned for a moment, then opened his mouth.

“I told them to buy the biggest one... and they really bought the biggest one. Yoo-hyun sure does his job well.”

“That’s right.”

Kim Young Gil, the assistant manager who was next to him, also nodded his head in agreement.

“Hehehehe, puhahahahaha.”

Seeing that, Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief, clutched his stomach and laughed as if he was going to roll on the floor.

Choi Min Hee, the section chief, muttered softly.

“This guy really lost his mind, he did.”

As he entered the auditorium with the flowers, a guide who was in the middle came up quickly.

“Excuse me, is this a prop for the event?”

“No. This is for the winner today.”

“Oh... then, please put it over there.”

“Okay. Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun bowed his head in embarrassment and followed the guide, leaving behind the part-timers who were going.

It was such a big size that it would completely block the narrow aisle next to the seat, so he had to put it in front of the side door.

He also chose a seat near there.

Yoo-hyun, who sat at the far right end of the auditorium, with the center as the reference point, turned his head and looked around.

The large auditorium was packed with people.

It was a place where all the staff from the development center and design center in the Sindorim campus gathered.

He could see the mobile phone division executives who sat in the center of the front row, and the event hosts and the expected winners who sat on their right.

He couldn't see them because they were hidden by the people, but Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager, must have been among them.

It was unfamiliar.

It was the quarterly meeting that he had attended countless times when he was in the mobile phone division.

He didn't just belong there, he had also served as the division head.

But why did this place feel so strange?

Soon, Yoo-hyun realized what the feeling was.

‘I've never been not the protagonist.’

Yoo-hyun always had the front seat.

Because of his rank, because of his awards, or because of his presentations.

Yoo-hyun was always the protagonist who received the spotlight.

He had never prepared flowers for someone else, or sat in a corner seat to watch someone else's award.

He would rather not attend at all.

He lived to be the protagonist.

But it was strange.

He was sitting in a corner seat, not getting any attention, but he felt good.

He was not bored by the events that he had no interest in.

On the contrary, the more he waited for Park Seung Woo's award.

What expression would he have?

Imagining his happy face, Yoo-hyun smiled.

The event proceeded quickly.

The speaker's voice echoed repeatedly in the auditorium.

-Now, let me introduce you to the video...

Many videos passed on the screen.

Among them was the video of the European exhibition.

During the video playback, the color phone briefly appeared.

With a brief introduction, people from all over the world touched the color phone and showed their happy expressions.

The people who saw that scene murmured.

"Is that the color phone?"

"Isn't that the idea from the LCD division?"

"The vice president really loves it."

At the same time, the part-timers' shoulders rose.

They all felt proud.

Yoo-hyun felt a tickle in his chest.

Was he excited by this achievement?

That was never the case.

Yoo-hyun had received an award in front of the president in the past.

He had become the president, and was chosen as one of the global leaders by Time magazine.

Rather, it was a strange feeling that was hard to express in words.

It was unfamiliar.

Then, Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, who was watching the video, shouted.

“Huh? Did you see that? My face showed up.”

“Me too, me too.”

“Oh, me too.”

“Sigh...”

Lee Chan Ho, the employee, raised his hand, and Kim Young Gil, the assistant manager, wiggled his hips.

Choi Min Hee, the section chief, covered her face in embarrassment.

“Hehehehe.”

Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief, kept chuckling for some reason.

“...”

At that moment, Yoo-hyun’s memories flashed by like a panorama.

They were the journeys he had taken with the people next to him to get here.

Laughing, crying, talking, being happy, and hugging when it was hard.

There were so many things.

Soon, he would see Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager, Kim Hyun Min, the deputy manager, Choi Min Hee, the section chief, Kim Young Gil, the assistant manager, Lee Chan Ho, the employee, who were sitting next to him.

And Kim Sung Deuk, the section chief.

He couldn’t see them, but somewhere, Jang Hye Min, the senior, Kang Chang Seok, and the next-generation product development team members were sitting.

Yes. It was them.

He made it with them.

It wasn’t just Yoo-hyun, but everyone’s hearts touched and made this place.

Yoo-hyun finally realized what the unfamiliar feeling was.

The joy of being together.

The happy feeling of doing well together.

Thump thump.

That was what made Yoo-hyun’s heart beat.

And finally, the awaited contest award ceremony began.

“Wow, it’s finally starting.”

“Thump thump thump.”

They all knew the result, but they looked nervous.

Several award-winning works passed by, and one was left.

The host said in a loud voice.

-The idea award goes to, you saw it briefly in the exhibition video, right? The cheapest full-touch phone that will change the mobile phone market. It’s the color phone.

Bang.

Colored paper fluttered like petals from the ceiling.

Clap clap clap clap clap.

The applause of many people was heard.

“Wow...”

The part-timers’ faces looked overwhelmed.

He couldn’t empathize with them before, but now Yoo-hyun could feel it.

Yoo-hyun’s heart beat.

It wasn’t because he received such an award.

Just like when waves of the same height overlap, the power becomes squared.

It was a sense of accomplishment that he could feel much more because everyone was together with the same mind.

It was incomparable to what he had done alone.

-Now, let’s invite the winners to the stage.

Following the host’s words, the winners lined up on the stage.

Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager, who was at the front, moved his arm and leg on the same side because he was so nervous.

Choi Min Hee, the section chief, bit her tongue, and the other part-timers laughed.

“Why is he like that?”

“Puhahahahaha.”

Yoo-hyun liked that too.

He thought it was like Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager, who was always sincere but clumsy.

Would he feel like this if he went to his young son's school festival?

Before he knew it, Yoo-hyun's mouth had a fatherly smile.

-The idea contest grand prize. Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager. This person has shown creative thinking and excellent expertise...

Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager, who was standing at attention, was seen.

His hands and legs were shaking, but he didn't lower his head.

He faced Hyun Ki Joong, the vice president, and maintained a proper posture while the long speech continued.

He didn't look dejected like before.

He looked more confident than anyone.

He showed his growth in a short period of time without any filter.

Yoo-hyun was proud of him.

He took in his sight and quickly moved to the front seat with the flowers.

-...December 2, 2007. Mobile phone division Hyun Ki Joong, the vice president, solo. Next, a plaque and a prize of 20 million won will be awarded.

"Wow."

As Hyun Ki Joong, the vice president, handed over the plaque and shook hands, a huge exclamation filled the auditorium.

It was because of the huge prize.

But that sound was soon buried by Yoo-hyun, who handed over the flowers on the stage.

Buzzing.

Taking advantage of the noisy gap, Yoo-hyun quickly conveyed his heart.

"Congratulations, assistant manager."

"What is this..."

"You're our representative, you deserve this."

"Hehe. Yeah, thank you."

The bouquet completely covered Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager.

Hyun Ki Joong, the vice president, who was next to him, blinked his eyes in confusion.

The guide who came up to hand over the microphone didn't know what to do either.

The host was the same.

-Wow, the flowers are really big.

“Puhahahahahaha.”

The auditorium burst into laughter at the host's remark.

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Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, gave Han Yoo-hyun a thumbs up as he returned.

“Good job.”

Yoo-hyun seemed to have adapted to this atmosphere, as he didn't mind it at all.

He even reached out his hand first.

Slap.

They high-fived, and Kim Sung-deok, the manager, chuckled again.

He had been laughing all day.

There was a time when Yoo-hyun thought he could see through everyone.

He was arrogant enough to think he knew everything that was going on in the company.

He didn't know then.

How arrogant that thought was.

Yoo-hyun didn't even know the heart of one person, let alone his own.

He didn't know that fact even when he regretted it after reaching the top.

After he came back.

After he changed his direction and lowered his posture.

He was slowly learning about people.

The happiness he felt when he was with them, the joy they shared, the tired emotions they spilled over a drink.

The person who taught him that was in front of him.

Yoo-hyun looked at him.

-Please say a few words.

The MC asked for a speech from the award recipient, Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager.

He opened his mouth with the microphone handed by the usher.

People laughed loudly just by hearing his voice.

-Ah, ah.

“Puhahahaha.”

“The flower speaks.”

Squeak~

-...

The noise that erupted everywhere subsided for a moment.

What expression did Park Seung-woo have?

Yoo-hyun leaned forward, but all he saw was a flower.

It was a huge bouquet of flowers that covered even his large figure.

The flower spoke.

-I never thought I would receive such a wonderful award. I actually wondered if I deserved to stand here. I only had to eat deliciously at the table set by the part members who worked with me.

Choi Min-hee, the manager, bit her tongue at the unusual remark from the start.

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, muttered.

“Isn't that a copy of Hwang Jeon-min's speech? It's so cliché.”

“Right? He said it was a secret and prepared something like that. But he's not wrong. Park eats well.”

“Kkkkkkkk.”

Yoo-hyun looked at the flower, ignoring Kim Sung-deok, the manager's laughter.

He felt like he could see Park Seung-woo's expression behind it.

Then the flower called Yoo-hyun's name.

-First of all, I sincerely thank my junior Han Yoo-hyun, who gave me the courage to start this idea, and supported me with brilliant ideas when I was shaken.

And the flower was lifted high.

Park Seung-woo was so big that he looked like a giant flower.

The hall burst into laughter, but Yoo-hyun couldn't.

It was because of the trembling voice of the flower.

The flower hesitated for a moment and opened his mouth softly.

His voice echoed through the microphone in the auditorium.

-Yoo-hyun, getting you as a mentee was a miracle for me. Really... thank you so much.

And the flower's heart pierced Yoo-hyun's chest.

What was this feeling?

He thought of his young son performing at a school festival, but it wasn't that.

Before he knew it, his son was old enough to receive an award.

His son was receiving an award from the principal.

It felt like the father's heart watching his son.

His chest was soft.

He felt like his eyes would turn red any moment, so Yoo-hyun bowed his head.

-And also...

It was when the flower was about to say his next speech in a trembling voice.

The MC cut in.

-Ah, I'm sorry. It's a really great speech, but we have to stop here due to time constraints.

"Puhahahahaha."

The hall laughed again, and Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, was furious.

"Why. Isn't it me next? Why are you stopping here?"

"Don't even dream."

Choi Min-hee, the manager, said coldly, and Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, denied reality.

"No. Call Park over here. I have to check with Park."

"Kkkkkkkkkkkk."

Kim Sung-deok, the manager, was about to lose his breath.

Yoo-hyun didn't hear the sound.

Park Seung-woo's voice kept ringing in Yoo-hyun's ears.

His heart slowly seeped into the depths of his chest.

“...”

Yoo-hyun stared blankly at the ceiling.

The countless lights twinkled like stars.

They were nothing but lights when taken apart.

But they gathered together and lit up a big light.

He didn't know in the past, but he knew now.

The only thing that changed was that Yoo-hyun was now part of that light.

He didn't need to ask.

Park Seung-woo's words proved it.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump.

Yoo-hyun's heart, which seemed to have stopped for a moment, beat wildly.

This feeling of his chest overflowing.

He never wanted to forget it.

Yoo-hyun quietly clenched his chest.

The quarterly meeting was nearing its end.

Yoo-hyun's hot chest had finally calmed down a bit.

Kim Sung-deok, the manager who was next to him, laughed without a break at Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager's jokes.

He said after laughing for a while.

“It's so fun, Yoo-hyun's part.”

“Yes. They are good people.”

“That's right. It must be nice to work in this atmosphere. Light but serious, and also producing results.”

“That's right.”

Yoo-hyun thought the same.

Then Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, frowned and leaned his head forward.

“Kim manager, you keep talking to Yoo-hyun, are you suspicious?”

“I’m close with Yoo-hyun.”

“Oh, but you can’t take him to the mobile phone division. Never.”

“Why? Yoo-hyun said he would come.”

“Yoo-hyun, really?”

Everyone’s eyes were on Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager’s surprised question.

Yoo-hyun was in an awkward situation in the middle.

He showed his palm.

“In five years.”

“It won’t take five years. You’re going to live with me.”

Slap.

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, lowered his head and reached out to Yoo-hyun, and Choi Min-hee, the manager, slapped his back hard.

“Ow.”

“Is Yoo-hyun a baby? You really have no sense.”

“Still, you hit me too hard. You did it on purpose, didn’t you?”

“Your back is wide, that’s why, wide.”

Choi Min-hee, the manager, turned her eyes and circled around, as if she had hit him too hard.

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, who was chirping, looked at Yoo-hyun again.

“Anyway, Yoo-hyun, you can’t. You have to stay with us.”

“Well. I’ll see how it goes.”

“Hey, I said no.”

As Yoo-hyun shrugged his shoulder and moved back, Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, shouted.

That was when.

An usher who was in the hallway came over and put his long index finger on his lips.

“Excuse me, can you please be quiet?”

“Ah, yes. Sorry.”

“Ah, really. I’m so embarrassed.”

The faint bickering from the side sounded like background noise.

Yoo-hyun thought for a moment.

‘It would be so nice if we could stay together.’

But he knew that was impossible.

He had only spent half a year out of his 20 years of working at the company.

Yoo-hyun still had a lot to fix.

Like Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager.

There were people who left the company after being harmed by him.

Like the third part.

There was an organization that scattered like grains of sand.

He had to make up for some of the things he wanted to turn back in his life, even if he couldn’t pay off all his debts to them.

When would it be?

He was sure it wasn’t much left.

Yoo-hyun smiled faintly as he looked at the part members sitting next to him.

Then Park Seung-woo, who had returned to his seat, called Yoo-hyun.

“Yoo-hyun, just a minute.”

“Yes.”

Yoo-hyun got up from his seat without thinking.

Park Seung-woo, who went outside, handed him an envelope with a serious face.

“Take it.”

“What is it?”

“Ten million won.”

“What?”

Surprised, Yoo-hyun saw Park Seung-woo smile brightly.

“I want to give you more, but I have things to spend on. I’m sorry.”

“Assistant manager.”

“Forget about refusing. I’m your mentor.”

“...”

“If you don’t take it, I won’t sleep from today.”

Park Seung-woo’s words stabbed his heart.

Ten million won.

It was a lot of money for a salaryman.

But he gave it to him?

He felt the meaning of it.

He didn’t need money.

He could make as much as he wanted if he decided to.

But this wasn’t money.

It was his heart.

Yoo-hyun smiled and took the envelope.

“I’ll buy coffee for a month.”

“Of course.”

Park Seung-woo laughed cheerfully.

A few days later.

LCD mobile product planning team office.

A successful house can do anything.

In that sense, the third part was definitely a successful house.

Jo Chan-young, the director, who swept the entire product planning team without a word and went to the third part, proved it.

He said to Choi Min-hee, the manager.

“Manager Choi, you passed the panel event for NaviTime, right?”

“Yes. Thanks to the development team’s hard work.”

“You worked hard in the middle.”

Choi Min-hee, the manager in charge of the navigation panel development, successfully finished it.

There was still a final event left, but the result was optimistic.

Jo Chan-young, the director, who moved his steps, patted Kim Young-gil, the assistant manager, on the shoulder.

“Assistant manager Kim, the Apple Phone 2 panel seems to have been well resolved.”

“Yes. It’s going smoothly. I was just making a report...”

“Hey, what report. I know everything, what. Yeah, just do that.”

“Thank you, director.”

Kim Young-gil, the assistant manager, who had been struggling with the Apple Phone 2 panel problem, solved it well.

Apple showed positive reactions all the time.

Mark Horison even praised Kim Young-gil’s presentation.

Jo Chan-young, the director, grabbed Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager’s hand tightly.

“Assistant manager Park, you got an extra reward, and you have a lot of luck.”

“Haha. It’s all thanks to you, director.”

“Yeah. We did it together. There will be more good news soon.”

“Yes? What is it?”

“This guy is so impatient. Well, that’s why he jumped out of Zero Base with that passion. Anyway, I’ll tell you later.”

“Thank you.”

Park Seung-woo had nothing to say.

He swept the mobile phone division contest and the LCD division quarterly meeting with excellent employee award and excellent development award.

The team also became an excellent team.

It was literally a burst of luck.

Jo Chan-young, the director, turned his eyes and looked at Yoo-hyun.

His face was full of kind smiles.

“Is Yoo-hyun done with OJT?”

“Until the end of this month.”

“Hehe. Yeah. You’re doing very well. Keep up the good work.”

“Thank you.”

It was a short greeting, but Yoo-hyun also received Jo Chan-young’s trust. He seemed to be sparing his words in front of other high-ranking team members. Yoo-hyun wanted that too, so he expressed his gratitude without hesitation. Jo Chan-young, the director, who turned his body, also took care of Lee Chan-ho.

“Lee, you just have to do this. Oh, are you making a list of plans for next year?”

“Yes. I’m collecting ideas from the development teams as you instructed and categorizing them by category. I’ll report to you soon.”

“As expected. I knew you would do well. Thank you.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Hehe. Good, good.”

Lee Chan-ho also received Jo Chan-young’s compliment.

He gave him direct orders, even though he always did trivial things.

He picked Lee Chan-ho out of the others and deliberately pointed him out.

He didn’t care about Lee Chan-ho before, but now he took care of him first.

Lee Chan-ho was excited to work.

Then Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, came in from afar.

Jo Chan-young, the director, approached him with a smile.

“Oh, deputy manager Kim.”

“Director, hello.”

“Hehe. This guy, I saw him earlier and he’s greeting me again. Forget it, you just come with me.”

“Yes, director.”

Jo Chan-young, the director, took Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, and moved to the office.

Park Seung-woo, the deputy, leaned his head forward and looked at him. He said to Yoo-hyun,

“It seems like he’s talking about that, right?”

“About what?”

“Oh, come on, you know what I mean. The team leader, the team leader.”

“I don’t know.”

“You’re such a smart guy, you can’t not know. Shall we go?”

“Just a minute. I have to take a call.”

Yoo-hyun showed him his vibrating phone and Park Seung-woo nodded.

“I’ll go down first. What kind of coffee do you want?”

“The expensive one.”

“Haha. Okay. I’ll pick the best one and bring it to you. Who’s paying?”

“Like we promised, I will.”

Yoo-hyun smiled and pressed the answer button.

-Oppa.

At the same time, a loud voice came out of the phone.

Park Seung-woo shivered as he remembered drinking with him in Germany and moved his steps.

First floor smoking room.

The most expensive 500 won coffee from the vending machine was in Yoo-hyun’s hand.

The shape of the paper cup was different.

Park Seung-woo smirked and asked,

“Good?”

“Yes. It’s an honor.”

“Huh. I have to drink with Jae-hee again...”

“It seemed like you completely blacked out that time, didn’t you?”

Yoo-hyun snapped back, but Park Seung-woo was shameless.

“Well, sometimes men have to be weak too.”

“Oh, really?”

Yoo-hyun deliberately exaggerated his words, and Park Seung-woo shook his head as if he was incredulous.

“Geez, I raised a tiger cub.”

“Thanks to you. Thank you.”

“Kid, you know that. But why Jae-hee? Do you have something going on with Jang Sun-im?”

“No, it’s not that. I guess I was recommended as a Hansung scholarship student this time.”

Park Seung-woo was surprised by Yoo-hyun’s words.

“Oh, really? Jang Sun-im’s recommendation, right?”

“Yes.”

Yoo-hyun nodded and Park Seung-woo was happy as if it was his own business.

“That’s awesome. Did you thank him?”

“I called him right away.”

“But he must have a lot of influence. It’s not even the season for selecting academic scholarship students.”

“That’s true.”

Influence?

Yoo-hyun chuckled as he thought of Jang Hye-min, the senior.

She was someone who could parachute anyone to any position they wanted, not just scholarship students.

Even when he talked to her a while ago, it was like that.

-There’s an industrial design exhibition in San Francisco at the end of this month. I think it would be nice if you could come with me.

She wanted to take another new employee from a different business unit as her overseas business trip partner.

Just because she thought it would be nice to go together.

Of course, Yoo-hyun refused.

He didn’t need to give a long explanation.

He didn’t need to go.

Then Park Seung-woo blew smoke into the sky.

He smiled and called Yoo-hyun.

“Yoo-hyun.”

“Yes, deputy.”

“You’ve been having a lot of good things lately. Good for you.”

“Yes. It’s great.”

As he said, it was a series of good things.

He knew it couldn’t last forever, but he liked it now.

Especially since Park Seung-woo didn’t have to quit.

Yoo-hyun looked at him blankly and Park Seung-woo got angry.

“Hey, I’m fine.”

“What do you mean?”

“Huh? You looked at me like I can’t get a girlfriend, didn’t you?”

“No, I didn’t. I looked at you because you’re handsome, okay?”

“Ha. That’s my mentee. I’m proud of you.”

Yoo-hyun dodged Park Seung-woo’s approach and got up from his seat.

“Shall we go in then?”

“Yeah. How about a drink after work?”

“No, I can’t. I have to work out today.”

“Hey, don’t do that.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t.”

Yoo-hyun cut off the conversation and moved his steps.

Whoosh.

The wind was unusually cool.

The wind was the same as in the past that Yoo-hyun had experienced. But he had never felt such a refreshing feeling.

That’s how much things had changed.

It was all because of Yoo-hyun’s change.

Park Seung-woo, who had put out his cigarette late, followed him.

“Hey, let’s go together.”

“If you want to lose weight, you have to walk a little faster.”

“What’s this?”

Yoo-hyun avoided Park Seung-woo’s touch with a light movement.

At that moment, in Geoje.

Seol Ki-tae, who had put down his camera next to him, faced the two women.

He thanked his classmates who had helped him with the Geoje Group’s shooting.

Then Choi Seul-ki replied as the representative.

“Thank you for helping us with the shooting.”

“Hey, it’s nothing. We’re classmates. And we’re from the first-class 6th team.”

“Huh. Classmates are the best.”

Seol Ki-tae smiled and turned his eyes to the side.

There was Jeong Da-bin with a blank expression.

“Da-bin.”

“Huh? Oh, I was just thinking about something. Why?”

Choi Seul-ki pointed at Jeong Da-bin with her index finger and said as if to tell him.

“Oppa, she’s been weird since she met Yoo-hyun oppa.”

“Why? What’s wrong with them?”

“She’s been dumped, that’s what.”

Jeong Da-bin flared up at Choi Seul-ki’s words.

“Hey, Choi Seul-ki, it’s not like that.”

“What’s wrong with being dumped? You can just keep it as a beautiful memory.”

“Hey, it wasn’t like that, okay?”

Jeong Da-bin pursed her lips and Choi Seul-ki pushed her head forward and asked.

“But you still don’t know who Yoo-hyun oppa likes, do you?”

“Yeah. I asked some people, but no one knew.”

“I know, right? He doesn’t seem to be from the company either.”

“Yeah. I asked Sun-mi from the PR team, and she didn’t even know that Yoo-hyun oppa had someone he liked.”

“Then who the hell is it?”

Choi Seul-ki and Jeong Da-bin were talking to each other when they raised their eyes and fell into thought.

Seol Ki-tae held out his phone with a picture on it.

“It seems like this person.”

“Really?”

“Look at this.”

The two looked at Seol Ki-tae’s phone at the same time.

There was a woman in neat clothes walking in the crowd.

The quality was blurry, but they could see her impression.

Seol Ki-tae said bluntly.

“This is the person Yoo-hyun was looking for at the German exhibition.”

“Oh, really? She’s pretty.”

Seol Ki-tae explained the situation to Choi Seul-ki, who was admiring the picture.

“He doesn’t seem to know her contact information yet.”

“Wow. Is Yoo-hyun oppa in unrequited love then?”

While Choi Seul-ki blinked her eyes, Jeong Da-bin pulled the phone closer to her.

“She looks familiar somehow...”

“Huh? Da-bin, do you know her?”

Jeong Da-bin waved her hand when Choi Seul-ki asked.

“No, no, I mean. Oppa, can you send me this picture?”

“Why?”

“Just. I have something to check.”

“No problem, sure.”

Seol Ki-tae nodded.

Choi Seul-ki, who knew Jeong Da-bin better than anyone, was impressed.

“Oh, Jeong Da-bin, it would be amazing if you really knew her.”

“I don’t know yet. It’s just a guess.”

“If you’re right, you could be Cupid’s arrow for them. Oh, but maybe that would hurt your pride?”

“Hey, I’m a cool girl, okay?”

Jeong Da-bin snapped.

But her eyes kept going to the phone.

The 20th floor outdoor terrace became a meaningful place for Yoo-hyun.

He had never had a 200 won vending machine coffee next to the smokers in the past.

But not anymore.

It was perfect for spilling his guts while looking at the open Gangnam view.

Especially with Park Seung-woo, the deputy, he came often.

Today, Kim Young-gil, the deputy, was with them too.

“There’s no one but us because it’s cold.”

Kim Young-gil wrapped his body with both hands and said, and Park Seung-woo shrugged his shoulders.

“Well, this is also nice and charming. Don’t you think, Yoo-hyun?”

“Yes. I like it.”

Yoo-hyun, who was standing on the railing and looking at the distance, smiled and brought the paper cup to his mouth.

Ring. Ring.

Then, a phone call came.

It was an unknown number.

“Excuse me, I’ll take a call.”

“Sure. Take your time.”

Yoo-hyun asked for permission and moved to the side to answer the phone.

The caller was none other than Ahn Se-hoon, the manager of his father’s company.

He had a vague memory of him, so Yoo-hyun greeted him warmly.

“Yes. I remember, uncle. You used to play with me when I was young.”

-Haha. Yeah. Right. I was thinking I should see your face sometime.

“What’s up?”

-Nothing serious. I just called.

“Tell me anything.”

Yoo-hyun asked again at his hesitant voice.

It was likely to be a problem related to his father’s company.

-Well, I was just wondering if you knew anyone at Hansung Construction.

“Hansung Construction? I know someone there.”

-Yeah? Do you know the person in charge of material supply there?

“I can find out if I ask my classmates. Is there a problem?”

-No, it’s not that. It’s just that the person in charge is not answering the phone...

He could roughly figure out the situation from what he heard.

The frustrating situation continued, so he called Yoo-hyun.

Yoo-hyun went by the book.

“Our company is good, right?”

“Of course. It’s just that we don’t have a chance to get in. Our supply price and materials are the best.”

Yoo-hyun was relieved by Ahn Se-hoon’s confident words.

He was bothered by the idea of using connections unconditionally.

“I see.”

-It would be nice if the boss stepped in, but you know his style. He just waits for the contact to happen when the time comes.

“I’ll check it out.”

-No, no. I just wanted to see if you knew anyone. I’ll look into it more and call you back.

“Okay, uncle. Call me anytime.”

Yoo-hyun hung up the phone and sighed as he remembered the conversation with his father a while ago.

-What problem? There’s nothing like that.

His father always said he was fine.

He said everything was going well, there was no problem.

Yoo-hyun believed him.

That belief hadn't changed.

He just wished he could help in a situation where he could, but he couldn't.

Then, Park Seung-woo, who was next to him, called Yoo-hyun.

Kim Young-gil also stuck close to him with interest.

“Yoo-hyun, is there something wrong at home?”

“No, it's not that. Actually...”

He briefly told them the contents of the call since it wasn't a secret.

Park Seung-woo said with a serious expression.

“Then you should go down and check it out, shouldn't you?”

“It's nothing. I'm just looking for the person in charge, what's the big deal.”

“You never know, go check it out. It's not a problem even if you're not here.”

“Park deputy is right. There's nothing to do at the end of the year anyway.”

Kim Young-gil nodded at Park Seung-woo's words.

Yoo-hyun felt like he knew the two seniors' hearts, so he didn't bother to refuse.

“Okay. Then I'll take a leave without shame.”

“This guy, he sounds like he's teasing us? Kim deputy, isn't that right?”

“Well, he's polite and nice anyway.”

Kim Young-gil took Yoo-hyun's side, and Park Seung-woo pouted.

“Deputy, you seem to favor Yoo-hyun subtly.”

“I owe him a lot, you know.”

“Me too, you know?”

The two's pointless bickering was the background noise as Yoo-hyun drank his coffee while looking at the distant view.

The vending machine coffee didn't taste sweet today.

A little later.

After leaving Yoo-hyun alone, the two met separately.

Park Seung-woo opened his mouth with a serious expression.

“Deputy, do you know anyone at Hansung Construction?”

“Yeah, I do. So Park deputy, don’t worry.”

“Why? I’ll help you.”

“No. I can handle this. I owe him a lot, so I have to pay him back a little.”

Kim Young-gil owed Yoo-hyun a lot.

Chapter 175

He had helped out with the Apple project and met his current girlfriend through James’s introduction.

He had also recovered quickly thanks to the cough drops and tea that he had brought along on his business trip.

He was at the point where he couldn’t accept any more favors without feeling embarrassed.

He made up his mind and asked Park Seung-woo, his colleague.

“Park, do you know where Yoo-hyun’s father’s company is?”

“Yes, I have a rough idea. I’ll search for more details and email them to you.”

“Okay, thanks.”

Kim Young-gil, another colleague, flashed him a look.

It was the end of the year and there wasn’t much to do.

The projects were going smoothly and Yoo-hyun had some free time since he had finished his OJT.

Kim Hyun-min, the team leader, gladly granted Yoo-hyun’s vacation request.

Yoo-hyun went back to his hometown and looked for his mother first.

Of course, he had brought a lot of gifts from his business trip.

His mother’s face brightened when she saw the gifts that Yoo-hyun handed her.

“Oh my, isn’t this expensive?”

“No, it was cheap at the duty-free shop.”

“Thank you. This is exactly what I needed. Look, doesn’t it suit me?”

His mother put the small handbag that Yoo-hyun gave her on her shoulder and struck a pose.

She looked like a model on a fashion show stage and Yoo-hyun had to suppress his laughter.

Then he said seriously.

“Mother, you have such a classy vibe that the bag seems to fade in comparison.”

“Hohoho. How come? You’ve become so eloquent since you started working.”

“Well, I can’t lie, can I?”

“Hoho. That’s true. I can’t do that.”

His mother clapped her hands like a seal and was pleased.

But she also kept glancing at the small handbag on her shoulder.

Yoo-hyun smiled warmly at her.

Yoo-hyun went straight to his father’s brick factory.

It was the place that Yoo-hyun had chosen as an excuse to drink secretly.

His father had initially objected, but he eventually agreed because of the liquor that Yoo-hyun had bought outside.

Yoo-hyun walked while talking to his father on the phone.

His father’s worried voice filled the receiver.

-It’s going to be very dirty, are you sure?

“What, it’s fine. It reminds me of the old days and I like it.”

-Okay. I’ll be there soon. The key is...

“Yes, I got it. See you soon.”

Yoo-hyun hung up and entered the brick factory.

It was quiet around since it was a day off.

Yoo-hyun found the key in the corner and opened the door to the break room.

Click.

The light turned on and a dim light illuminated the room.

He thought he should change the fluorescent lamp.

Yoo-hyun first unpacked the liquor and snacks that he had bought as gifts on the break room table.

Then he quickly scanned the nearby documents.

He had something to check.

‘Bidding details, contracts, payment ledgers, and...’

His father’s company had not yet fully implemented the computer system.

There was a lot of work done by hand, and he could tell the situation by just looking at the file folders scattered around.

Rustle. Rustle.

“It’s not too bad yet.”

Yoo-hyun muttered as he flipped through the documents.

It wasn’t a difficult situation, but it wasn’t good either.

He had a hunch why Ahn Se-hoon, the deputy manager, had called him.

What if they got the Hansung Construction project here?

It would surely turn on the green light for the factory’s future.

He wanted to help his father if he could.

Clang.

Then he heard the sound of the front door opening and Yoo-hyun casually put the file back in its place.

His father turned on the light and said.

Bang.

“What are you doing in the dark?”

“Huh? Wasn’t this the switch?”

“No, it’s this.”

His father pointed to an empty space behind the cabinet.

No one would have known.

Yoo-hyun said with a disappointed look.

“I didn’t know.”

“Well, I should clean up a bit anyway. Let’s sit down.”

“Okay.”

Yoo-hyun sat on the sofa and looked around.

The surroundings were clearly visible as the light brightened.

Yoo-hyun turned his head around and said.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve been here.”

“Right? You used to come here a lot when you were young.”

“Yes, I did.”

He did.

He had rolled around a lot on the old sofa that he was leaning on now.

His head had hit the corner of the angular table where the liquor and snacks were placed.

He had bled too.

On the wall behind him, there were traces of stickers that he had stuck as a prank when he was young.

The big clock on the wall was the same as before.

He remembered that he had pulled out the cuckoo that came out every hour when he was young.

What did his father say then?

‘I think he clapped his hands when he caught the cuckoo.’

He chuckled at the old memory that came to his mind after a long time.

A very long time ago, that is, more than 20 years and another 20 years ago.

Memories that he thought he had forgotten came to his mind.

“Where is your father’s room?”

“I tore down the office and expanded the break room. I didn’t need a separate room when I looked at it. Hehehe.”

His father answered with a laugh.

But Yoo-hyun knew how much his father had cherished that room in the past.

-Yoo-hyun, dad is going to expand this room as much as the factory. I’m going to make a really big company, that’s what I’m saying.

To young Yoo-hyun, his father was a big tree.

His father’s hearty words became Yoo-hyun’s dream.

He ate his dream and grew up comfortably in the shade that the tree made.

He didn’t imagine that the tree would break then.

He just thought it was natural.

Maybe that's why.

When his father collapsed and his family fell apart.

When he no longer had the comfortable shade and had to face the cold reality.

He ran away with success as an excuse.

'He was a coward.'

He buried himself in his own excuses and lost the most precious thing in his life.

He had easily given up his family, which he couldn't buy with any wealth or fame.

Yoo-hyun was lost in thought when his father handed him a glass.

"Come on, let's taste the liquor that our son bought."

"Sure."

Yoo-hyun saw a tree in front of his eyes.

It wasn't as big as before, but it still gave generously.

Yoo-hyun didn't want to stay under the shade of that tree anymore.

His father took a sip and exclaimed.

"Wow. This is the taste. It's so good."

"Are you okay? Do you want some ice?"

"No, I like this. Hehe."

He saw his father's eyes.

He wanted to give him water and fertilizer.

He wanted to help him grow as big as before.

So he said.

"Father, I know someone at Hansung Construction..."

"Yoo-hyun."

His father cut off Yoo-hyun's words and poured liquor into his glass.

Yoo-hyun took the glass and answered.

"Yes, father."

"Leave the company matters to me. It's not too hard for you yet."

"That's not what I meant."

“I know, your feelings. But can you trust me and wait a little?”

-Yoo-hyun, do you want me to be such a pathetic senior?

Suddenly, he remembered what Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, had said a while ago.

It wasn't always good to just give.

Sometimes, you had to know how to receive and wait.

You had more value when you stood up on your own.

Park Seung-woo and his father wanted that from him.

“Of course. I trust you.”

“Son.”

Yoo-hyun smiled faintly and his father chuckled and drank his liquor.

“Wow. Good. Have some jerky too.”

“Yes. I'm eating.”

As they drank, they talked more.

“How's your work life?”

“This factory is...”

Was it because they became closer?

They had no trouble sharing their daily lives.

He didn't need to be alert and careful around his father.

He just comfortably handed him liquor.

He just comfortably said whatever came to his mouth.

Yoo-hyun got to know his father more and more.

His father's usual thoughts, hobbies, difficulties at work, what he was doing, stories about his employees, etc.

The more Yoo-hyun brought up the conversation, the closer he could get.

“Hahaha. That guy, Mr. Ahn...”

“Haha. Really?”

His father looked the happiest when he talked about his employees.

He wanted to work under his father, seeing how he poured out his affection for each and every name he mentioned.

Just like Park Seung-woo. Like the people in the third part.

Maybe the people here were living a similar life.

Yoo-hyun looked at his father calmly.

There was a tree.

It wasn't very big, but it stood firm against the storm.

It shone brighter than any other tree, having melted the years into its core.

Yoo-hyun couldn't even imagine being such a cool tree.

That tree was right in front of him.

Yoo-hyun offered the tree a drink.

"Father, did I tell you?"

"What?"

"That I respect you."

"Pfft. You learned how to butter up at work, just like your mother said?"

"I have a senior I respect there too."

"Yeah? Then that's good."

Clang.

The glasses clinked.

At the same time, gentle smiles crossed.

The two looked very alike right now.

After finishing their drinks, they staggered home.

His mother greeted them warmly.

"Oh my, you're crazy. You shouldn't drink, you know."

Pat pat.

His mother lovingly rubbed his father's back.

His father twisted his body like a pretzel and stuck out his index finger.

"I had one drink, just one."

"You had one drink and your legs are shaking?"

Yoo-hyun, who was laughing foolishly, also stuck out his index finger.

“Me too, mom. I really had just one drink.”

“Yoo-hyun, you too? You’re hopeless.”

His mother shook her head at her bright son’s face.

Then she closed the door and went in with a thud.

His father laughed and said.

“I would have been kicked out if it wasn’t for you.”

“Then let’s drink again when I come next time.”

“Good. I’ll prepare then.”

“You’re the best.”

“Hahahaha.”

“Hahaha.”

The two fools laughed loudly in the late night when everyone was asleep.

His mother opened the door and shouted.

“Really, look at you. Stop it already.”

The next day.

Yoo-hyun went to the car center to meet Kim Hyun-soo.

He sat down in the lounge and gave Kim Hyun-soo toothpaste, just like he did with Kang Jun-ki.

He also added cold tea, cold candy, and cold bath products for Hyun-soo’s mother, who was recovering.

Kim Hyun-soo, who took everything, snorted.

“Why are you bringing all this? Anyway, thanks.”

“How’s your mother?”

“She’s healthy. Thanks to you.”

“What did I do. And...”

“Ah, if it’s about money, forget it.”

Kim Hyun-soo raised his hand and stopped Yoo-hyun from opening his mouth.

Then he quickly muttered to himself.

“I was lucky and made some money, and I gave you what I could. I’m saying this in case you’re worried, but I won’t do that anymore. Okay?”

“That’s not it, man.”

“Yeah? Well, whatever.”

Kim Hyun-soo shrugged and drank the coffee he had gotten from the vending machine in the lounge.

Yoo-hyun looked at him and chuckled.

He was still relaxed, despite his age.

Chapter 176

Yoo-hyun was about to speak again.

Ring.

Kim Hyunsoo’s phone, which was placed on the table, rang.

At the same time, the screen lit up.

Behind the message, there was a picture of Kim Hyunsoo and a woman leaning their heads together in a friendly manner.

Yoo-hyun asked him as he checked the text message.

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

“Of course. I need one. Christmas is coming soon.”

“Oh, congratulations. I’m really happy for you.”

Yoo-hyun grabbed his hand, and Kim Hyunsoo looked at him with a strange eye.

“Why? Did you think I would be alone forever?”

“No. Of course not.”

-Women are nothing. They’re useless, man. You should be good to your father. He must be lonely.

He remembered what he had said at his mother’s funeral.

At that time, Yoo-hyun was not mature enough to accept other people’s advice.

He had achieved a decent success at work, but he did not know the value of family even after sending his mother away.

More than that.

Kim Hyunsoo, who was in his middle age, was single.

He had heard from people around him that he had never dated a woman since he was young.

It was understandable.

If his mother had died of a serious illness this time, and he had been struggling with debt.

Then would he have had the mind to meet a woman?

Maybe the future that Yoo-hyun changed gave him another chance.

I think I paid off some of the debt, my friend.

That thought made Yoo-hyun smile brightly.

Kim Hyunsoo asked him with a curious look as he saw him.

“Hey, you’re so happy that it’s weird. Am I not good enough?”

“No way. How could that be? It’s just that there are a lot of people who are worried about women problems in our company.”

“Really? What are they worried about? You work for a successful company.”

Kim Hyunsoo said, and Yoo-hyun smiled faintly as he thought of Park Seungwoo, the assistant manager.

“That’s what I’m saying. But there are quite a few.”

“Really? Are they lacking something?”

“Hehe. You’re not talking about me, are you?”

“A little.”

Puff.

Yoo-hyun spat out the coffee he was drinking.

It was an unexpected attack.

Yoo-hyun said angrily.

“Hey, wait a minute. I’ll show you soon.”

“Bring her anytime. I’ll buy you dinner.”

“Really?”

“Of course.”

Kim Hyunsoo nodded his head and lifted his paper cup.

Yoo-hyun also lifted his paper cup and clinked it.

Tick.

The little coffee left swayed.

Whether it was expensive liquor or a paper cup in their hands.

Whether they had billions or a single bill.

Regardless of that, the two friends who could look at each other as they were smiled.

There was definitely a good point to taking a vacation.

The seats were spacious when they took the bus on a weekday, not on a weekend.

The road was also quiet.

Yoo-hyun got on the bus with a good mood.

It was not a long schedule, but he felt like he had received a lot and was going back.

Especially, the conversation with his father remained in his heart.

He was thinking of his father as he looked out the window when the phone rang.

It was his father's call.

"Yes, father. What's up?"

-Yoo-hyun, didn't I tell you I was fine?

"Yes? What do you mean by that?"

-Hansung Construction. You did it, didn't you?

As his father asked him with a puzzled voice, Yoo-hyun's eyebrows narrowed.

He didn't know what was going on, but it seemed like there was a problem.

"Hansung Construction? Why? What's wrong?"

-No, no.

"Father."

-It's a good thing. So don't worry.

Click.

He looked at the disconnected phone and thought.

There was no good thing related to Hansung Construction.

As far as he had seen, the contact was not even properly in progress.

At best, he had only received a call from the person in charge.

His father was not the kind of person who would call his son for something like that.

Yoo-hyun hurriedly called the number he had saved a while ago.

It was Ahn Sehoon, the manager who worked at his father's company.

"Uncle, it's me, Yoo-hyun."

-Oh, Yoo-hyun. I was going to call you.

"Why?"

-Thank you. Thanks to you, we got the contract from Hansung Construction.

"What? Contract? I..."

He was about to continue when he heard a ridiculous word from the other side of the phone.

-Kim Younggil, the assistant manager? He said you asked him to do it.

"..."

-Anyway, that's what the person in charge said. He said he was already interested in our product because of the good evaluation, but there was a place that was pushing from above. But he said he had to do it right away because he received such an important request.

"I see."

-Yeah. Thank you. The work went well thanks to you. Now I can breathe a little easier.

Ahn Sehoon's words made Yoo-hyun smile unknowingly.

"That's good."

-Come down and have a drink with me. The boss looks very happy too.

"Yes, uncle. I'll do that."

Yoo-hyun was blank for a moment after hanging up the phone.

Things were going too far beyond his expectations.

Yoo-hyun picked up his phone without hesitation.

He had a mixed feeling of wanting to check and being grateful.

The phone was ringing.

Click.

The call was cut off.

A text message came right after.

-Let's talk in person unless it's a matter of life and death.

Yoo-hyun replied right away.

He wrote and erased several times before sending a concise reply.

-Thank you, sir.

-What do you mean, thank you? I should thank you. Come up and have dinner with me.

-Yes, sir. I'll see you soon. Have a good day.

-You too, have a good day.

Yoo-hyun looked down at the short text that arrived last.

Thump.

The bus shook as it hit a speed bump.

Maybe that was why Yoo-hyun's heart fluttered.

He felt this emotion would last for a while.

The next day,

His face was full of worries as he stood in front of the sink.

It was because of the call he had with Jang Hyemin, his senior, a little while ago.

She asked him again about the San Francisco business trip, and Yoo-hyun refused, of course.

And he tried to refuse until the end.

Until he heard what she said next.

-It's not just a place to display designs. There are also a lot of influential people there, so it would be good for you to expand your network.

-Thank you for your concern, but I'm not going.

-Sigh. Kyungwook oppa is coming too...

-What? What did you say?

-Oh, no. Nothing. I just have someone to meet there, and I was talking to myself.

There was only one person she could call Kyungwook oppa.

Shin Kyungwook, the director.

He was Yoo-hyun's former boss and the eldest son of the chairman.

He gave him the most and left him the most painful scar.

He still felt the grief he felt when he died.

It was the past that Yoo-hyun wanted to fix.

But why was he attending the San Francisco design fair?

The third generation of Hansung Group was still in the stage of being secluded, so he was more curious.

“What's in San Francisco...”

Yoo-hyun muttered as he looked at the mirror.

Shin Kyungwook's advice flashed through his mind.

-The more complicated the matter, the more you should deal with what's in front of you first.

Yeah. Maybe he was thinking too complicated.

He could worry about it after he checked it properly.

Yoo-hyun nodded his head as if he had made up his mind.

That night.

After finishing his workout and returning home, Yoo-hyun sat down in front of the computer.

Click.

As he clicked the mouse button, a web page popped up on the monitor screen.

It was a page that started with the title '2007 San Francisco Design Conference Section'.

There were lists of participating companies and speakers for each section by schedule.

“Apple is coming.”

Yoo-hyun murmured as he looked at a section.

He might not have cared much if it was just the name of Apple.

It was a bit unusual for Apple to present in other places, but it was possible considering the scale.

But he couldn't just pass by when he saw the name of the speaker.

John Norman.

If Jonathan Ive was the heart of Apple's design, he was the blood vessel that connected the blood to different fields.

He was a protégé of Jonathan Ive, who emphasized UX (user experience) design based on a deep understanding of software.

There were very few people who knew this fact.

He had just graduated from college, and he didn't show his face in the media much.

In the future, his recognition would rise, but not now.

Yoo-hyun recalled the call he had with Jang Hyemin earlier.

-I got a call this morning that someone important is coming. Can you tell me who it is?

-I can't tell you right now. Anyway, someone high up from the US branch is coming. He's hard to meet, so it'll be helpful for you too.

-Thank you for your concern. But why is he coming?

-I don't know either. He's not the kind of person who tells me why. I think it might be because of Apple. He's very interested in Apple.

She clearly said that Shin Kyungwook was coming.

And that he was coming because of Apple.

It was a plausible story.

It wasn't like him to just come and see the designs.

It was more reasonable to say that he came to see Apple.

But it was a bit of a stretch to conclude that.

It was unlikely that Shin Kyungwook would find John Norman at this point.

And more importantly, he was not very active in Apple's business when he was the mobile group leader.

Rather, he maintained a contrary position on the surface, and wanted to focus on Hansung Electronics rather than Apple.

The success of the iPhone 4 panel was because Yoo-hyun's advance product team had the related technology when he was dispatched.

And the choice was made by Apple.

There was not much intervention from the top.

What if Shin Kyungwook had deliberately hidden the cards?

A possibility flashed through Yoo-hyun's mind.

"Could it be?"

There were many unseen forces that checked Shin Kyungwook, who had fallen like a parachute.

The center was an organization that included Han Kyunghoe (a meeting for the Korean economy), high-ranking executives of Hansung Group, and major figures in the political and business circles.

Han Golmo (Korea University golf meeting) was just a subordinate organization of Han Kyunghoe.

That's how great Han Kyunghoe's power was.

The king makers who initiated it did not get along with Shin Kyungwook, who was the eldest son but from a previous wife.

And Shin Kyungwook, who was the head of the investigation team, had cut off the necks of many Han Kyunghoe members.

He could guess how the conflict between Shin Kyungwook and Han Kyunghoe was at that time without experiencing it.

Could he have pushed Apple aggressively in that situation?

No, he couldn't.

He began to see the events that he couldn't see as a rookie.

He remembered what Shin Kyungwook said when he was the mobile group leader.

-The LCD division should get out of electronics. That's how they can grow.

He meant that if they couldn't maintain their independence under Hansung Electronics, they would be eliminated from the competition.

It was true.

Now, the mobile division was the main customer, but in two years, the mobile division would not be able to catch up with Apple.

TV, monitor were the same.

As the market grew, as the LCD business grew, the focus had to be on the world.

The LCD division missed that time, and eventually left Hansung Electronics with a massive layoff.

Yoo-hyun, who was in charge of this at the group strategy office, was the one who led it.

It was one of the things he regretted the most.

Chapter 177

What if they could have advanced that time?

If they had spun off at the most glorious time, Hansung Display (formerly LCD Division) could have been much bigger.

Maybe they could have created a win-win situation for everyone, as Director Shin Kyung-wook and the members had wished.

The business with Apple, especially the success of the iPhone 4, had a huge impact on the whole group.

Hansung LCD sales ranked first in the world in all fields: TV, monitor, mobile phone.

That was the time they should have spun off.

But after that, a wrong decision broke the wings of the LCD Division, which could have flown higher.

Click.

Yoo-hyun displayed the past records he had written down when he came back on the monitor screen.

He only picked out the keywords related to Apple.

2008: iPhone 2 launch, iPhone 4 panel pre-negotiation.

2009: iPhone 3 launch, iPhone 4 panel final delivery decision, large-scale investment.

2010: iPhone 4 launch, iPhone exclusive contract acquisition.

Everything turned upside down in 2010, and the optimal spin-off time was 2011-2012, when they were growing.

The time to decide that was next year.

At the same time, he thought of the iPhone 4 panel at the starting point.

-Retina display.

The keyword was this panel, which had received rave reviews from Steve Jobs.

The future would change depending on how he handled this process.

Above all, he had to protect Director Shin Kyung-wook.

He had to save him, who was human unlike a chaebol.

Yoo-hyun, who had neatly organized his complicated thoughts, changed into a refreshed face.

It was another start.

Sometimes he wanted to sweat it out.

Today was such a day for Yoo-hyun.

On Saturday afternoon, he stopped by the gym.

He thought there would be people there.

But the gym was lit up, and no one was in sight.

“Manager, I’m here.”

“...”

Only silent silence answered him.

The door was wide open.

They must have gone out to eat.

“Are you too comfortable?”

Yoo-hyun chuckled and changed his clothes.

A little later, he put on gloves and hit the sandbag.

Bang. Bang.

He felt a pleasant vibration at the end of his fist.

His body was definitely light.

It felt different from just being in good condition.

Something he had been holding back seemed to loosen up.

Thud.

The sandbag shook violently from Yoo-hyun’s kick.

He felt a thrilling weight at the end of his shin.

At the same time, he thought he knew what this feeling was.

It was ambition.

Was it because he was looking forward to meeting Director Shin Kyung-wook again?

Hello, this is Bing. I can help you with editing and translating your web novel text. Here is my attempt:

Or was it because of his confidence in the future he would change?

Right now, Yoo-hyun's chest was boiling with ambition. He wanted to go higher and do better.

It was a feeling he hadn't felt in a long time.

Bang. Bang. Bap-bap-bang.

He hit the sandbag a few more times and sat down for a moment.

Thump-thump.

His heart was pounding and it felt good.

That was when it happened.

Creak.

The door opened and a strange man appeared.

He had a small tattoo on his shoulder and a scratch on the side of his short sports hair. He was an impressive-looking man.

He walked around the gym, looking around.

Then he covered his nose with his hand and blurted out.

“What is this place, a beggar's den?”

“What are you here for?”

“Why are you asking me that?”

“...”

He snapped at Yoo-hyun when he asked.

What?

Yoo-hyun wondered if he had heard wrong and rubbed his ears.

He even looked around.

He wasn't sure if this was really the Number One Gym.

Then the man said something more shocking.

“What are you looking at? Hey, moron, go boil some ramen. I'm hungry.”

“What are you?”

Yoo-hyun got up from his seat and asked with a dumbfounded expression.

Then he flared up.

“Hey, don't you know who I am?”

“Who are you?”

“My name is not cheap enough to be called by the likes of you, bastard.”

Shoo-shoo. Shoo-shoo.

He stretched his hand in the air and spat out some nonsense.

He was in his mid-twenties.

His face looked like a neighborhood thug.

His clothes had the logo of the Shinsegae Gym across the street.

He seemed to have come in the form of a gym exchange.

Yoo-hyun sighed and waved his hand, considering the manager's face.

“Ha. Just go.”

“Are you crazy? You're not boiling ramen?”

“I'm going crazy, really. If you want to eat, boil it yourself.”

“What?”

When Yoo-hyun pushed back hard, the man moved his fist with a sound from his mouth.

Shush.

It was clearly a bluffing move.

His fist stopped right in front of Yoo-hyun's nose.

Yoo-hyun stood there blankly, and the man smirked.

“With this one punch, your nose will bleed, and your eyes will swell up.”

“...”

Whoosh.

He threw a hook and stopped his fist right at Yoo-hyun's jaw.

“Would you get a concussion from this one?”

“You're gonna get a real hook if you keep doing that.”

Yoo-hyun said, looking at him as if he didn't care.

Then he tried to kick him with a high kick.

“This one will knock you out...”

It was obvious that he was just pretending to hit him again.

Yoo-hyun was so amused that he pushed his head forward at the right moment.

Thud.

The man lost his balance and hit his butt on the floor.

He was nothing special, but he had one thing to admire.

He got up like lightning.

He quickly took off his clothes and slapped himself.

“Wow. You bastard, you make me lose it. Cough. Spit.”

He suddenly spat out a phlegm.

Yoo-hyun's forehead tensed up in an instant.

He had seen many reckless people, but this one was in the top three.

He was that insane.

Yoo-hyun tried to calm himself down and said.

“Wipe it.”

“Why? Want me to spit more? Spit.”

“...”

The second spit was the last straw.

Yoo-hyun walked silently to the front door.

He heard a man laughing behind his back.

“Hahaha. Look at him running away with his tail between his legs. The number one guys are a mess.”

“...”

Yoo-hyun didn't say anything and locked the door.

Clang.

The man asked him incredulously as he came back.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm going to teach a mongrel a lesson.”

“What? You want to fight me? With me, Yang Gichan?”

That was when he heard that name.

A name he had forgotten popped into his head.

‘Yeah. Yang Woochan.’

It was the name of his sister's husband who had tormented her in the past.

He was a scumbag just like this guy.

The old memories that he had erased suddenly came back and he felt a surge of anger.

At the same time, the last thread of reason that he had left snapped.

Without a word, Yoo-hyun climbed onto the ring and threw the spare gloves and headgear to the side of the ring.

Thud.

Yang Gichan knew what that meant.

“Put that on if you don't want to ruin your face.”

“...You're a real psycho. You're going to die if you do this.”

He spat out a laugh and made a gesture of slitting his throat with his hand.

Regardless of what he said, Yoo-hyun put on the headgear and bit the mouthpiece.

No matter how much he beat up the thugs, he shouldn't hurt his body.

In that respect, Yoo-hyun was ruthless.

“Are you not wearing it?”

“...”

Yang Ki-chan, who climbed onto the ring, kicked the headgear with his foot.

“Wow. You really piss me off.”

“It'll hurt a lot if you don't wear it.”

“Get lost, you moron. You’re really dead today.”

Yoo-hyun, who stood on the ring, said calmly.

“Let’s make a promise before we start.”

“What, you bastard.”

“Hitting each other, self-defense okay?”

“There are all kinds of idiots, really. Then can I kill you?”

“Yeah. Go ahead.”

It was the moment Yoo-hyun finished his sentence.

Whoosh.

As expected, he was not a thug for nothing. He threw his fist without even starting. He instinctively ducked his head and dodged it.

“Huh? You dodged? This too... ugh.”

Yoo-hyun counterattacked with a punch as soon as he dodged the second attack.

It was a light punch, but it hit the tip of his chin with perfect timing.

His head shook as he didn’t wear a headgear.

“Hey, wait...”

He tried to take advantage of Yoo-hyun’s carelessness, but he was the one who got hit.

He panicked and reached out his hand to bite him.

That was his misfortune.

Bang.

Yoo-hyun punched him without mercy.

His body swayed greatly as he was hit in the abdomen.

“Ugh.”

The highlight was the kick.

Crack.

Yoo-hyun’s shin hit Yang Ki-chan’s side.

It was a kick that could make the heavy sandbag sway.

He couldn't stand it.

“Ugh, ugh.”

Yang Ki-chan, who knelt down, vomited on the floor.

Yoo-hyun went to the corner of the ring and brought the mouthpiece and the headgear.

“Put it on.”

“...”

“You'll die if you don't.”

As Yoo-hyun grabbed his head and glared at him, Yang Ki-chan swallowed his dry saliva.

It was because the fear he had never experienced before had taken over his mind.

“I'll give you some time, so put it on properly and get up.”

“...”

“You can't hit me without it, can you?”

Grit.

Yang Ki-chan, who clenched his teeth, got up from his seat.

‘I was careless earlier.’

It was a big deal that he gave up his chin first.

Now there was no way he would do that again.

He put on his gloves and took his stance.

He was about to make his pro debut, and he couldn't lose to such a brat.

That confidence made his mind clear.

Now he was determined to win properly.

“Son of a bitch. I'll beat you up... ugh.”

Thud.

It was when he was about to open his mouth.

A fist flew like lightning and hit his head.

“Shameless... ugh.”

Crack.

Then a foot flew and pushed his abdomen.

Bang.

He fell back nicely because of that.

Yang Ki-chan quickly raised his hand and said.

“How can you hit me without ringing the bell?”

“You hit me first, remember?”

“Hey, I’m down. Don’t tell me you’re still... ugh.”

Thump thump thump thump thump.

Yoo-hyun stepped on him and punched him as he rolled on the floor.

The insult to the gym, the spit on the floor, the annoying face, the unlucky name.

He couldn’t tolerate him who ruined his good mood.

It was perfect.

Yoo-hyun grabbed him as he ran away and hit him again.

Bang.

“Stop, stop.”

“Shut up.”

He didn’t calm down even after hitting him for a long time.

It was then that Yoo-hyun was hitting Yang Ki-chan like crazy.

“What’s going on, why is the door locked?”

Buzzing.

The manager’s voice was heard from the entrance.

Yoo-hyun quickly took off his headgear and threw it away, and also took off Yang Ki-chan’s headgear, who was lying on the floor.

“Take off your gloves. Hurry.”

“My, my hand...”

Yoo-hyun looked at him with a swollen face and said as if he was annoyed.

“Ah, you’re so frustrating. I’ll take them off for you, take them off.”

“Ugh. Ouch.”

“Don’t whine. Hey, this never happened.”

“...”

“You’ll be embarrassed too. Got it?”

Yoo-hyun left him behind and quickly got off the ring.

Chapter 178

Just as he was about to slip into a corner, the manager came in.

He saw Yang Ki-chan sitting on the ring and his eyes widened.

It was because of his swollen face, which was visible even from a distance.

“What is this?”

“Hahaha. Manager, someone must have had a fight.”

Then, a middle-aged man he had never seen before shouted loudly from the side.

He looked like the manager of Yang Ki-chan’s gym.

A moment later, he ran over as if he was startled by the situation.

“...Ki, Ki-chan.”

“Ma, manager.”

“What is this, what happened?”

“Well...”

As they had a tearful reunion, Yoo-hyun came over scratching his head.

“He wasn’t feeling well since we came here.”

“Hey, Ki-chan, is that true?”

The manager of the New World Gym was surprised by Yoo-hyun’s words and nudged Yang Ki-chan.

“Ye, yes.”

“What on earth happened?”

“...”

“Did you have a car accident or something?”

Yang Ki-chan didn’t say anything, and Yoo-hyun threw a mutter and walked away.

The manager looked at Yoo-hyun with a suspicious eye.

Then he pointed at Yang Ki-chan with his chin.

Did you do that? That was the sign.

Yoo-hyun quietly put his index finger to his mouth, and the manager gave a hollow laugh.

The manager approached the ring and said to the manager of the New World Gym.

“Cha manager, I don’t think we can do this today.”

“...Manager, I need to know what happened.”

“Why? You don’t think your promising fighter got beaten by our newbie, do you?”

“...”

The manager of the New World Gym glanced at Yoo-hyun with a suspicious eye.

It didn’t make sense that he was on the ring with his body messed up.

And it didn’t make sense that Yang Ki-chan got beaten by such a novice.

Even if he cheated, Yang Ki-chan wouldn’t keep his mouth shut.

As Yoo-hyun played dumb, the manager quickly wrapped it up.

“Come on, let’s not do this here and sort it out first.”

“...Okay. Ki-chan, let’s go.”

“Yes, yes, manager.”

Yang Ki-chan’s expression looked complicated as he got up from his seat.

He glared at Yoo-hyun sharply after tasting all kinds of humiliation.

‘You, I won’t let you go.’

He seemed to say that with his eyes.

Yoo-hyun snorted in disbelief.

People don’t change easily.

That day, Yoo-hyun was tormented by the manager until evening and barely escaped the gym.

“Yoo-hyun, let’s go to the competition.”

“I’ll stop going.”

Yoo-hyun ignored the manager’s words behind him and went down the stairs.

It was already dark outside.

The weather was cloudy and it looked like it was going to rain.

As Yoo-hyun walked out of the building and walked down the alley, he heard someone's voice.

It was Yang Ki-chan, whom he had met earlier.

He gestured with his swollen face.

“Hey, you come here.”

“You again?”

“Yeah. I'm going to mess you up.”

“What? You brought your friends too?”

It was as Yoo-hyun said.

Big thugs blocked the alley in front and behind.

In the alley, Yang Ki-chan was holding a stick.

Yang Ki-chan was furious.

“I wanted to let you go, but I couldn't sleep tonight.”

“You're making a mistake.”

“Mistake? Haha. I can send you to hell with no problem.”

“...”

There were only three of them.

But why were they all standing separately?

Shouldn't they be together?

Yoo-hyun had some useless thoughts in his head.

He wasn't tense at all.

“Are you scared? Then kneel, bastard.”

“...”

Yoo-hyun checked the CCTV and ran into the alley.

Thud thud thud.

Yang Ki-chan's body flinched at Yoo-hyun's sudden movement.

It was because of the punch he had taken today, which was engraved in his brain.

“Hey, what are you doing? Attack... ugh.”

Crash bang.

Yoo-hyun’s flying kick hit Yang Ki-chan’s chest accurately.

At the same time, Yang Ki-chan rolled on the floor.

Meanwhile, the manager who was in the gym asked Oh Jung-wook with a serious expression.

“How did Yoo-hyun beat that guy, Yang Ki-chan?”

“No way. Yoo-hyun didn’t do it all, did he?”

“Where did he get hit?”

“Maybe he really had a car accident? That’s when he fought with Yoo-hyun.”

“Stop talking nonsense.”

The manager bit his tongue at the ridiculous words.

Then, something sticky stuck to his hand.

“Ouch, dirty. What is this?”

“It looks like spit.”

“Some trash. Damn it.”

The manager wiped his hand with a towel on the floor.

Then, a bag next to him caught his eye.

“Huh? Isn’t that Yoo-hyun’s?”

“Yes. It looks like it.”

“Damn, he’s usually so meticulous, but he left something like that.”

The manager picked up the bag carefully.

Then Oh Jung-wook asked in surprise.

“Are you going to take it to him yourself?”

“It smells bad. You stay here and clean up.”

“This can wait until tomorrow...”

“Clean it up.”

The manager left the words and went outside.

Yoo-hyun had gone down a while ago, so he must have been at the bus stop.

The manager arrived at the alley.

“Ugh.”

A dull sound came from the side alley.

A familiar back caught his eye.

“Yoo-hyun, what are you doing?”

“Ah, manager, these guys are...”

Yoo-hyun was about to speak.

Two men ran away, and a man with a swollen face ran away as well.

But the one who was lying on the floor was caught by Yoo-hyun.

The manager looked around with a blank eye.

He saw Yang Ki-chan, whom he had seen earlier, and there was a stick on the floor.

The thugs who ran away must have been the ones Yang Ki-chan brought.

What was more absurd was that Yoo-hyun was holding Yang Ki-chan’s collar.

The surprised manager opened his mouth quickly.

“Hey, you’re going to get fired if you do that.”

“It’s okay. I secured the CCTV and recorded what you said earlier.”

“Come on, let go of him. You wouldn’t do something like that.”

“Please...”

As the manager tried to stop him, Yang Gichan looked at him with a pitiful expression, as if he was his savior.

That’s when Yoo-hyun blurted out a word.

“This bastard spat on me in the gym earlier...”

“So it was you, you son of a bitch.”

The manager’s eyes changed in an instant.

Slap.

“Ahh.”

He flew like lightning and slapped Yang Gichan’s cheek.

It was so fast that even Yoo-hyun was surprised.

Yang Gichan's face, which was already swollen, was barely recognizable.

Yoo-hyun tried to stop him again.

"Manager."

"That's enough, let him go."

"No. I'll handle this myself."

"Let go, I said."

The manager growled at Yoo-hyun and grabbed Yang Gichan's collar and lifted him up.

Then a huge figure intervened.

It was an incredible strength.

"Gurgle."

"Do you think I'm a pushover?"

"That's not it... Cough."

"Did you lose your mind today, you bastard?"

Smack.

Yoo-hyun shook his head as he looked at Yang Gichan, whose face turned pale with fear.

He knew the manager's temper well.

A few days later.

The staff of the third department gathered in a small conference room on the 12th floor of Hansung Tower.

Instead of the lively atmosphere that had been there for a while, a somewhat unfamiliar serious mood filled the room.

On the screen, dozens of ideas were displayed.

Swipe.

As he turned the page, a complex-looking blueprint and explanation filled the TV screen.

Yoo-hyun watched the situation quietly, as usual.

Lee Chanho, who had compiled these materials, spoke first.

“Lastly, the idea from the fourth team, the advanced product development team. It’s a super high-resolution panel idea, and this is...”

As his brief explanation ended, Choi Minhee, the section chief who was leading the meeting instead of Kim Hyunmin, the deputy manager, asked.

“Up to 350ppi (pixels per inch)?”

“Yes. Theoretically, it can be made up to 400ppi.”

“Kim, what’s the ppi of the iPhone? That’s pretty high, too.”

Kim Younggil answered Choi Minhee’s question.

“163.”

“Huh. Twice as much? That means over 600,000 pixels per inch.”

Kim Younggil added, looking at the surprised Choi Minhee.

“The idea is good, but it doesn’t look easy. First of all, it’s impossible to make panels with the existing production line.”

“It’s not just a panel problem, but also a circuit problem, right? To handle the communication speed of that resolution, I think we need at least four ICs.”

Park Seungwoo, who had been listening quietly, raised a question.

They were all valid opinions.

Choi Minhee scratched his head.

“But how are they going to make this? They said it’s not compatible with the existing line.”

“Look here, it seems like they’re going to use the OLED panel production line.”

Yoo-hyun, who finally stepped in, pointed to the picture at the bottom of the document. Choi Minhee’s eyes widened.

“OLED?”

“Yes. They’re going to make a panel with higher resolution using LTPS (low-temperature polysilicon) TFT, and deposit liquid crystal on it. The problem with the resolution is the TFT line.”

“Let’s say that’s possible. But how many of these can we make with the existing line? The capacity (daily production) won’t be enough.”

Park Seungwoo also followed Choi Minhee’s objection with a negative opinion.

“The productivity will be low.”

“Besides, that production line belongs to the Future Product Research Institute.”

As the discussion deepened, Kim Younggil, who had been thinking quietly, spoke up and opinions poured out.

“But it would be nice if it worked, right? I think this is the best idea today.”

“Isn’t it too unrealistic? The risk is high, too.”

“Well, that’s true, but someday we’ll have higher resolution, right? It’s also stated in our TRM (technology roadmap).”

“It’s a long way off. What do you think, Yoo-hyun?”

Yoo-hyun, who had been silent for a while, opened his mouth at Choi Minhee’s question.

“I agree with Kim’s opinion. It would look really cool if we saw the real thing.”

“Hmm, okay. Then let’s add this to the list.”

Choi Minhee nodded his head right away.

Then, Park Seung-woo, the assistant, grumbled lightly.

“Mr. Choi, don’t you think Yoo-hyun is too obedient?”

“No. If anyone has any objections, speak up. I’ll fix it.”

“Come on, who would object? This will change again when it goes to the manager.”

“Yeah. Then let’s just go with it.”

Unlike the long conversation, the conclusion was quickly made.

That’s when it happened.

Squeak.

Kim Hyun-min, the deputy manager, opened the door and came in.

“Oh, sorry for being late. How are you doing?”

“Yes. It’s much cleaner with Mr. Choi.”

Kim Hyun-min smiled at the blunt answer from Park Seung-woo.

“Mr. Park, thank you for the compliment. I’ll remember it.”

“Yes, sir, the future team leader.”

“Sure, sure. Call me whatever you want.”

“Huh? You’re not angry today?”

Kim Hyun-min ignored Park Seung-woo's remark and turned his gaze.

"Enough, Kim and Yoo-hyun."

"Yes, sir."

"The San Francisco business trip that Jang Hye-min, the senior, requested. It's approved."

As soon as Kim Hyun-min finished his sentence, congratulations came from everywhere.

"Oh, you're finally going."

"That's great."

"Congratulations."

"Thank you."

Kim Young-gil, the assistant who thanked him with Yoo-hyun, suppressed his rising smile.

He was worried if he could really go, but he was happy that it was confirmed.

It meant more to him because he was attending a design exhibition that he never had a chance to go to before.

Chapter 179

In the warm atmosphere, Kim Young-gil whispered to Yoo-hyun.

"Yoo-hyun, thank you. Thanks to you, I can go to the design fair too."

"It's not me, it's Jang Hye-min who recommended you."

"Hey, I know it's all thanks to you."

"No, it's not."

Kim Young-gil poked Yoo-hyun's ribs and he chuckled.

Kim Hyun-min, who was watching Kim Young-gil's smiling face, asked him with a mischievous expression.

"What are you so happy about, Kim?"

"Overseas business trips are always nice."

"Is Eileen okay? You won't be able to spend time with her at the end of the year."

"I'll just buy her a big gift when I come back. She'll probably like it more."

"Lucky bastard."

Kim Hyun-min bit his tongue at Kim Young-gil's remark.

Then, a small sigh from Park Seung-woo was heard.

“Sigh.”

“It’s okay. You’ll meet someone nice too, Park.”

Choi Min-hee looked at Park Seung-woo with a pitying expression.

All this situation made Yoo-hyun smile.

That’s when it happened.

Lee Chan-ho, who was checking the company’s website for a moment, shouted.

“It’s out.”

“What is?”

When everyone’s eyes widened, Yoo-hyun said quietly.

“I guess the personnel changes are out.”

“Of course. Yoo-hyun is quick. You’re right.”

Park Seung-woo said casually to Lee Chan-ho, who nodded.

“Chan-ho, show us.”

“Yes. Okay.”

Lee Chan-ho moved the window on his laptop to the side, and a page popped up on the TV screen.

There was a notice that said ‘Organizational Change Announcement’.

Park Seung-woo opened his mouth wide and asked.

“Wow. Are you really a team leader now?”

Pop.

Kim Hyun-min sucked on his iced coffee with a straw, looking awkward.

It was a contrast to his usual confident appearance.

“Come on, look.”

“Yes, okay.”

Choi Min-hee urged him and Lee Chan-ho pressed the button.

Click.

The notice page opened and the changes rolled down.

<Organizational Change Announcement>

Mobile Group

-Sales Team: (Before) Vacant, (After) Oh Jae-hwan Team Leader

-Product Planning Team: (Before) Oh Jae-hwan Team Leader, (After) Kim Hyun-min Team Leader

They were not surprised by the expected content.

Instead, they congratulated him.

“Team leader, congratulations.”

“Congratulations.”

“Wow. How dare you call the team leader a deputy team leader. I'll sew your mouth shut.”

Park Seung-woo pretended to draw his mouth with his hand and Kim Hyun-min team leader flared up.

“Hey, someone sew Park Seung-woo's mouth shut, really.”

“Hahaha.”

Everyone was laughing, but Yoo-hyun couldn't be happy.

It was because of the personnel reshuffle below.

-Product 3: (Before) Ko Jun-ho Executive Director, (After) Lee Tae-ryong Executive Director

-Product 4: (Before) Song Moon-joon Executive Director, (After) Ko Jun-ho Executive Director

‘Why?’

Ko Jun-ho, the executive director of Product 3, moved to Product 4.

He was the one who stole the performance of the previous Product 4, the leading product team.

And the new Lee Tae-ryong executive director came from the home appliance division.

He was a key member of the Han Kyung-hoe group and a relative of Shin Hyun-ho, the chairman of the board, who was raised by Shin Cheon-sik, the head of the home appliance division.

There was no way he could lead the Apple business properly.

In short, a thief and a flatterer appeared out of nowhere.

It was a completely different situation from the past.

In the end, this was also a butterfly effect triggered by Yoo-hyun.

The problem didn't end there.

Kim Hyun-min told a story he had heard somewhere.

"I heard that the group leader and the division head will change next year."

"Really?"

"It's because of Lee Kyung-hoon, right? The group leader was also hit by the color phone."

Kim Hyun-min team leader answered Yoo-hyun's question.

Then Park Seung-woo added.

"I think the division head also has something wrong, right?"

"Yeah? Anyway, this organization, there's no good day."

In the midst of the gossip, Yoo-hyun's forehead furrowed.

Was it because Yoo-hyun didn't react?

Choi Min-hee asked jokingly.

"Yoo-hyun, do you think our team leader is not good?"

"No. Of course not. Team leader, congratulations."

"Haha. Thank you. I don't need any other personnel. You're the best."

Yoo-hyun smiled and asked Kim Hyun-min team leader.

"Team leader, but we're not merging with OLED, right?"

"Oh, you mean the Future Product Research Institute coming into the LCD division?"

"Yes. I heard rumors about it."

"I don't know. Maybe the higher-ups are drooling over LCD because of the color phone. So they'll see OLED as useless, right?"

Kim Hyun-min team leader showed a sour reaction, but Yoo-hyun was serious.

"But it's still a future technology, right?"

“Yeah. But, you know, they want to make money from what works first. Why, are you sorry?”

Yoo-hyun didn't hide his feelings and answered Kim Hyun-min team leader's question.

“Yes. I had a good idea for high resolution, but I think OLED technology is needed. But it's hard to push it if the divisions are different.”

“Well, we have a line in Ulsan. We can borrow it, right?”

Kim Hyun-min team leader said casually, but it was not easy.

It was hard to use it even when they were in the same division, but it would be more difficult if the divisions were different.

Normally, by this time, the OLED part of the Future Product Research Institute should have moved to the Mobile Group of the LCD division.

From the staff to the organization.

Too many things had changed from the past.

Yoo-hyun's head was complicated.

After the meeting.

As if he had read Yoo-hyun's mind, Park Seung-woo called him.

Yoo-hyun put on his jumper and went to the outdoor terrace on the 20th floor.

Park Seung-woo, who sipped coffee in a paper cup, said.

“I don't know what it is, but just clear your head. It seems like a hard thing to do if you worry about it. Sometimes, just resting is a way to go.”

“I'm getting good advice from my mentor after a long time.”

“Huh. Hey, I'm a model in everything, you know?”

“Sure, sure. Blind dates too...”

Yoo-hyun's words made Park Seung-woo angry.

“Hey, you really. I'll show you my true colors in this blind date.”

“Really? When?”

“Next week or so? Choi gave me the introduction. I'm a pretty good guy, right?”

Choi Min-hee must have felt sorry for him.

Yoo-hyun hid his feelings and said.

“No wonder. You’re not sorry you can’t go to San Francisco.”

“Hey, that’s too much to ask for. You and Kim are going, what else do you want?”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah. Oh, Yoo-hyun, tell Eileen thank you.”

Yoo-hyun was slightly surprised by the sudden remark.

“Why?”

“She checked out the hotels and flights in advance because she didn’t have time before the San Francisco decision came out.”

“Oh.”

“Anyway, you’re a popular guy. I’m jealous.”

“I guess so.”

Yoo-hyun answered softly and looked at the Gangnam skyline.

The sprawling cityscape eased his complicated mind a little.

While Yoo-hyun was sipping his coffee, Park Seung-woo glanced at him.

He looked like he had a lot to say.

“Yoo-hyun, next year, when the color phone is over... No.”

He opened his mouth with difficulty, but then shook his head again.

Why was he embarrassed when it was obvious?

Yoo-hyun spoke first.

“Why? Is it because of the MBA?”

“Wow. How did you know? No one knows yet.”

“Why wouldn’t they? How long have I been with you? You deserve it.”

“...Thank you. It’s all thanks to you.”

Yoo-hyun frowned at Park Seung-woo’s words.

“Hey, don’t say that again. You’re qualified enough, don’t worry. Oh, of course, you have to finish well before you go, right?”

“Of course. People have to leave clean.”

Yoo-hyun, who heard the story, felt strongly.

The future he knew was changing.

In other words, it was a headache.

Park Seung-woo, who didn't know Yoo-hyun's mind, asked with a worried expression.

“Are you okay if I leave for a while?”

“Of course. No problem.”

“Really? Are you confident?”

Yoo-hyun smiled at Park Seung-woo's question.

Are you confident?

Of course.

If he wasn't, he wouldn't have come back.

“Don't make me repeat myself.”

“Haha. Kid. You're just like my mentee.”

Yoo-hyun answered coolly and Park Seung-woo laughed loudly.

Whoo.

The laughter was scattered by the blowing wind for a while.

A little later, Yoo-hyun returned to his seat and thought.

He had a lot to thank Eileen for, as Park Seung-woo said.

He decided to talk to her in person.

He didn't like to keep his worries to himself.

He picked up his phone with a firm mind.

Soon after.

He got a reply from Eileen.

-Meet me on the rooftop terrace on the 20th floor.

‘It's cold.’

That was the first thought that came to his mind as soon as he received the text.

When he went out with Park Seung-woo, the wind was a bit calm, but now it was blowing a lot.

He looked out the window and saw the branches bending.

He had no choice but to put on the padding that was hanging on the chair and went up to the outdoor terrace on the 20th floor.

Whoo.

On the outdoor terrace on the 20th floor.

Yoo-hyun was there in the fierce winter wind.

He had already gotten the vending machine coffee.

Eileen, who arrived soon and sat on the outdoor bench, sipped the coffee that Yoo-hyun handed her and said.

“It’s nice to have something warm.”

“Are you not cold?”

“No, not at all.”

That was impossible.

The weather was so cold that even smokers wouldn’t come out.

How could there be only Yoo-hyun and Eileen on the outdoor terrace?

Yoo-hyun took off his jumper and gave it to Eileen, who was shivering.

“Here, put this on.”

“No, I’m fine.”

“I’m hot.”

Yoo-hyun lifted his arm and showed off his health.

Then Eileen, who put down her paper cup on the bench, glanced at him.

“You always do this... Huh?”

It was when she was talking. The paper cup was blown away by the wind.

Suddenly, Yoo-hyun’s hand reached out and grabbed her paper cup.

Then he took out a handkerchief and wiped the coffee that had flowed next to the paper cup and wrapped the paper cup with the handkerchief.

“Are you okay?”

“Huh? Yeah.”

Eileen took the paper cup with a flustered expression.

She took a breath and said with determination.

“You always do everything for me...”

But she couldn't finish her sentence.

Yoo-hyun had stood up and blocked the strong wind with his back.

When she looked up, she saw Yoo-hyun smiling at her.

He said casually.

"I was just bored sitting here."

"..."

There was a moment of silence.

Eileen, who felt awkward, got up quickly.

"Ah, it's really cold. Let's go in."

Then she ran away from her seat, embarrassed.

Yoo-hyun laughed at the unexpected remark.

"Shall we go?"

"I sent you the San Francisco business trip ticket by email, so check it quickly. There's not much time to change it because the reservation is full."

"Thank you."

"Don't say that again."

She left those words and ran away.

'Thank you, really.'

A faint smile appeared on Yoo-hyun's lips.

Chapter 180

That evening.

As Yoo-hyun was heading home after working out at the gym, his phone rang.

-I'm going to Seoul.

-You're coming to Seoul? What do I do? I have a business trip this time.

Jung Da Bin quickly sent a reply.

They had to meet this year-end.

-When are you coming back from your trip? Let's meet if we can.

-Okay. I'll check and let you know the time.

-Yes, okay. Please contact me.^^

Jung Da Bin took a breath.

She had passed one hurdle.

The problem was what came next.

A little later.

Ding.

The person she had been waiting for logged into the messenger.

Jung Da Bin immediately sent a message.

-Da Hye, why are you coming in now?

-Sorry. I just woke up.

-No. Well, it's dawn there now. So? When are you coming?

-I'm going in next week.

-Okay. Make some time for me at the end of the year.

-Hey, I'm busy. I have to go back at the beginning of the year.

She remembered her schedule all at once.

Jung Da Hye was planning to stay in Korea until the end of the year if she came next week.

There was no promise of when she would come back next.

Jung Da Bin made a quick decision and took action.

-So? You're not going to see your beloved cousin's face?

-Why are you so nagging? Is it something related to Yoo-hyun again?

-No, it's not.

She said no, but it was true.

It was a strange thing.

Jung Da Hye didn't know who Han Yoo-hyun was, but ironically, Yoo-hyun knew Jung Da Hye.

The photo he took at the European exhibition was the proof.

When she asked Jung Da Hye, she said she was in Germany that day.

How did they miss each other?

She thought about asking Yoo-hyun, but she wanted to see for herself.

Jung Da Bin typed quickly.

-Anyway, clear your schedule. Got it?

-You're still so pushy.

-Well. I'm Jung Da Bin. Let's see when you come. I'll buy you something delicious.

-Okay.

Jung Da Bin closed the messenger window and chuckled.

“What am I doing?”

Contrary to her empty words, a smile hung on her lips.

It seemed like something fun was going to happen.

The first snow fell, and at the same time, the year-end party season opened.

The company supported each organization with welfare benefits, and they usually used them at the end of the year.

In the case of the mobile sales marketing department, they had a lot of money left over from the organizational reward.

The product planning team and the third part had nothing to say.

Thanks to that, they had separate parties.

They had already finished the department party at the most expensive beef restaurant nearby.

And now.

Yoo-hyun was enjoying the team party at a tuna restaurant.

He ordered the most expensive menu among the unlimited refills.

The drinks and food were piled up with expensive dishes as they talked about tuna tears and whatnot.

Go Jae Yoon, the deputy manager, resigned and Shin Chan Yong, the manager, was absent with the excuse that he was busy, so everyone had a good time.

Kim Young Gil, the deputy manager who was running the event, spoke in a loud voice.

“We'll use the remaining money to give out gift sets. Do you agree?”

“Wow. Good idea.”

“Awesome.”

No one hated getting gifts.

Jo Chan Young, the senior manager who had a hot face from the atmosphere, said a word.

“It’s all thanks to you that I can keep my position. Especially the product planning team, you worked the hardest this year.”

“No, sir.”

“Hehe. Not really. Come on, raise your glasses.”

“Yes.”

It was always a good thing to be praised.

Especially the recognition of Jo Chan Young, the senior manager who was their direct boss, made everyone’s hearts flutter.

Was that why?

Everyone raised their glasses in unison at Jo Chan Young’s words.

Even though the internal cohesion was not established after the new team leader took office, the team members looked very united.

“For the product planning team, which will do even better in the future, cheers.”

“Cheers.”

As if to prove it, the team members shouted in unison.

Kim Hyun Min, the team leader, hit the peak.

“Guys, you drank a lot today, right?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Rest well until the end of the year.”

“Wow, can we use our vacation as we please?”

Hwang Dong Sik, the deputy manager of the second part, asked and Kim Hyun Min, the team leader, said coolly.

“It’s either people and work, or work and people. Rest hard when you rest.”

“Kim team leader is awesome.”

“Ahem.”

People reacted well to even a trivial word because Oh Jae Hwan, the team leader, had been controlling the vacation.

Kim Hyun Min, the team leader, definitely knew how to lift the mood.

The department and team parties were good, but the best one was the part party.

The third part took a seat at the Baekje Hotel buffet, which started with 150,000 won per person.

This was enough.

Kim Hyun Min, the team leader, looked around and admired.

“Wow, we’re coming to a place like this.”

“Right? It feels like we’re royalty or something.”

Choi Min Hee, the manager, was also intoxicated by the atmosphere.

‘They’re used to this place.’

Here is my response:

Yoo-hyun was about to say something, but stopped himself.

He knew the truth better than anyone, having spent a long time by the side of the royal family.

But it was not necessary to talk about it now.

They each filled their plates with food.

Lee Chanho, who had piled up his plate with beef, raised his thumb.

“The food here is amazing.”

“Why did you come here if you’re only going to eat beef? You should have gone to a beef restaurant.”

“The beef here might be different, you know.”

Park Seungwoo, the assistant manager, said nothing, and Lee Chanho was confident.

Then, the waiter came over and poured wine.

Glug glug glug.

Lee Chanho immediately picked up his glass and savored the wine.

“The wine tastes good too.”

“Hey, Chanho, you have to toast before you drink that.”

“Really?”

“You wouldn’t know unless you came here often. Tsk tsk.”

Kim Hyunmin, the team leader, clicked his tongue, and Choi Minhee, the section chief, hit the nail on the head.

“Team leader, it’s your first time here too, right?”

“No. I’ve been here a few times.”

Behind the two people who were bickering, the pianist’s live performance began.

Yoo-hyun laughed as he watched the mismatched ensemble.

The atmosphere was sweet, but this table was like a sitcom.

Choi Minhee, the section chief, subtly egged on Kim Hyunmin, the team leader.

“The mood is nice, why don’t you propose a toast?”

“Should I?”

“Come on, gracefully... No, wait. This is the part leader’s job.”

Kim Hyunmin, the team leader, lifted his glass, but then passed the baton to Choi Minhee, the section chief.

She waved her hand.

“Team leader, just do it. Why are you excluding yourself?”

It was obvious that he wanted to do it, but he was too embarrassed.

So Yoo-hyun stepped in.

“Since this is a part dinner, it’s right for Choi section chief to do it.”

“See? Choi section chief, say something.”

Choi Minhee cleared her throat and raised her glass.

“I won’t say much. You all know what to do. But just remember this one thing.”

“...”

Everyone paid attention to her sharp voice.

“We’re all in this together from now on. If someone is struggling, help them. If someone is doing well, pull them up.”

“That’s a bit long...”

She ignored Kim Hyunmin’s remark and lifted her glass higher.

“So let’s make a better result next year. For the third part, cheers.”

“Cheers.”

Clink. Clink. Clink. Clink. Clink.

Everyone’s glasses collided.

Yoo-hyun smiled as he saw Choi Minhee’s bright smile.

‘People change a lot.’

Choi Minhee, the section chief, used to be as individualistic as Yoo-hyun in the past.

Of course, she was ambitious about her performance as much as she was good at her work.

But now that she was a leader, she showed a completely different side of herself.

It wasn’t just that her character had changed through a series of events.

The formula for success that they had shared was deeply engraved in her mind.

The same was true for the other part members.

“Third part as a team.”

“Hey, Park, is that something you say in front of the team leader?”

Kim Hyunmin, the team leader, said something, but the team members didn’t care.

“Third part as a team.”

“Third part as a team.”

Kim Younggil, the assistant manager, and Lee Chanho, who were drinking together, also shook off their passive past selves. Kim Hyunmin, the team leader, who saw them, laughed and said.

“Wow, I can’t believe it. Fine, you guys eat the team. I’ll be in charge.”

“That’s cool.”

Yoo-hyun replied, and Kim Hyunmin scratched his head.

“I’m just saying.”

“No, you’re not. You can do it.”

Kim Hyunmin, the team leader, who suddenly showed his ambition, was the same.

They were all people who shared the success DNA.

“Hahaha. Even words are good. Come on.”

“For Kim Hyunmin in charge.”

“Park, you crazy guy.”

“Puhahaha.”

Clink.

That’s why they could laugh through the hardships.

As long as they kept this in mind, they would be able to create a better result in the future.

That’s what Yoo-hyun was thinking.

Choi Minhee, the section chief, called Yoo-hyun and Kim Younggil, the assistant manager.

“Yoo-hyun, and Kim.”

“Yes, section chief.”

“Have a good trip to San Francisco. You two are the key figures that we can’t do without in our part. Don’t you dare get hurt and come back.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Park Seungwoo, the assistant manager, who was listening, made a loud noise.

“What about me and Chanho?”

“You two are also key figures. The third part itself is the core, right?”

“Hey, that’s...”

Just as Kim Hyunmin, the team leader, was about to intervene, Yoo-hyun lifted his glass again.

“For the core third part.”

“For the core.”

Clink.

Everyone’s glasses collided.

The last dinner of the year ended with a warm laughter.

Time passed and it was the day of the San Francisco business trip.

Yoo-hyun, who got off the airport bus, received a call from his father.

His father's company had finally succeeded in winning the Hansung Construction contract, and the factory was busy running.

He even told Yoo-hyun about it.

"Yes, dad. That's great."

-Yeah. I owe a lot to your senior at the company.

"Doesn't your company have competitive technology or price?"

-Of course we do.

Yoo-hyun gently asked his father, who was proud of his words.

"Can you still thank him?"

-Of course. I have to. No. I...

"The senior feels burdened. I'll just do well."

-...Okay. Please do. Let me know if you need any help.

Yoo-hyun smiled and answered his father.

"Yes, I will."

-You have to listen to your senior.

"Of course."

-Hmm, hmm. Then hang up.

His father's voice sounded a bit regretful.

He felt like he knew what he wanted to hear, so Yoo-hyun called his father.

"Dad."

-Why.

"Let's have a drink when I come back."

-Do that.

He got a nonchalant answer, but he could imagine what his father's face looked like.

Click.

Yoo-hyun looked at his disconnected phone and smiled.

When did he start talking so kindly with his father?

The change that had been happening little by little came to him at some point.