

## Real Man 20

### Chapter 20

Yoo-hyun returned to his seat after comforting Kwon Sejung.

It was not an easy task, so he had to do some research beforehand.

He wanted to wrap things up as soon as possible, preferably by today.

Then he heard Kang Changseok's voice from behind.

"Hey, stop spying on other teams and play with us."

What was he talking about?

Yoo-hyun looked at him with a bewildered expression, but he just patted his shoulder and laughed.

"Hahaha, just kidding, just kidding."

"..."

Yoo-hyun had always been a difficult person to deal with.

Since he joined the company, he had been striving for the first place and dominating the others, so no one ever dared to make such a ridiculous joke to him.

It was not the right atmosphere for that, and Yoo-hyun did not give any room for it either.

He felt a bit ridiculous as he thought about how he looked so easy to him.

At that moment, Yoo-hyun let out a chuckle.

He found himself amusing for feeling annoyed by a rookie who had just started his career.

He laughed out loud and put his hand on Kang Changseok's shoulder.

"Hahahaha, that's funny."

"Haha..."

His face was awkward as he followed his laughter, and his eyes twitched slightly.

'He thinks it's funny.'

It seemed that he had something that bothered him about this side.

He could guess what it was.

Judging from his tone of voice earlier, he thought highly of himself.

He probably wanted to manage even the trivial aspects of his team members, thinking that they were his subordinates.

It was a tiresome style, but it was also a unique character that he had not seen for a long time, so he was interested in him.

Yoo-hyun smiled and went back to his seat.

After finishing the training session, he heard the senior instructor's words.

"Those who have completed their individual assignments can have lunch with their team members. We will meet again at 1:30 pm. Good job everyone."

"Thank you."

Clap clap clap clap clap.

The second class trainees clapped their hands obligatorily at the senior instructor's words and immediately buried their noses in their laptops in front of them.

They had to upload their individual assignments to the study room website before they could eat.

The current time was 11:30 am.

They had almost two hours left, but there was no one who could use all of it.

It was hard to fill in the dense spaces with words.

It was difficult to have a proper meal if they did that.

It was not a very hard assignment anyway.

They had to write about their goals and mindset before joining the company, or relate their experiences to Hansung's spirit, which they had focused on in the morning session.

There was no right answer to the question, so they could finish it in 10 minutes if they did it roughly.

But they could not do that.

If their scores at the training center did not meet the standards, their personal information would be sent to the HR team of the company along with a warning message.

They had already seen three people who were dismissed from the entrance exam, so they were scared out of their wits.

This competition and desperation were what made them endure the two-week training without any meal or sleep time.

They were rolling properly.

If it were the old Yoo-hyun, he would have tried to do it perfectly no matter what, but now it was different.

It was not because he knew that it was just a formal assignment.

Individual assignments that he did alone were meaningless to him.

He aimed for a life that lived with others rather than alone, so it was natural for him.

But he had to postpone his goal for this lunch time.

He apologized to his team members who were doing their assignments.

"I'm sorry, but I'll go ahead and see. I have an appointment."

"Huh? Did you finish your assignment already?"

"Yeah, roughly. Do you want me to show you?"

He would not have thought of showing his assignment if it were before, but now he did not care at all.

It was not a very important assignment anyway.

And even if they wanted to copy it, there was nothing they could use because it was personal content.

But it would be helpful for them to write about Hansung's spirit based on their own experiences, which required some attention.

However, Jung Dabin who sat next to him waved her hand.

"No, no. It's okay. It's my assignment. I have to do it myself."

"Show me if you're confident. I won't write the same thing. Hmph."

On the other hand, Kang Changseok pretended not to care and reached out his hand.

He looked shameless as he made that expression, and the other team members frowned, but Yoo-hyun just smiled.

He wanted to help his team members somehow, not just finish his own work quickly.

Click.

"I sent it to you as a message on the study room website. I hope it helps."

"Uh, what about your lunch?"

“You go ahead. I don’t know how it will go.”

“Uh... okay. See you in the afternoon.”

“Thank you. Have a good day.”

He had taken care of some small details for her in the short time they had known each other, and his favorability had increased little by little.

Maybe that was why she thanked him, even though his action could have been seen as unilateral.

He felt a stronger bond with her than he had expected.

“I’ll buy you a drink when I come back. See you later.”

Yoo-hyun greeted her cheerfully and left his seat.

11:40 a.m.

He didn’t have much time.

He headed quickly to Building B of the Education Center.

It was where the training programs for the executive candidates and the team leaders were held, mainly for the higher-ranking people.

He had given lectures there several times before, so he remembered the structure well.

“Let’s see.”

The training for the upper-level executives had no assignments and consisted entirely of lectures.

He was sure that they wouldn't finish before lunchtime.

He could see the trainees inside the glass window.

The preparatory training for the executives had two classes.

The other classrooms were used for labor attorney preparation and intensive language courses, so he had a good idea of where Chief Choi would be.

Yoo-hyun checked the inside of the classroom through the glass window.

They looked very different from the new recruits, with their relaxed expressions.

"Excuse me, teacher, that's..."

"No, that's..."

The teacher was flustered by the jokes of the trainees.

It was easy to find Chief Choi.

He checked the name tag on the door and noted his affiliation information.

Choi Kang Won, Chief. Electronic LCD Business Division, TV Group Marketing Manager.

He didn't remember him from his memory, so he had a high chance of retiring from the company as a senior executive.

But he had to admit that he was a powerful person right now.

The TV division was growing rapidly, and they were putting more effort into marketing because of the competition with Ilseong Electronics.

Yoo-hyun, who was waiting alone in the hallway for the lecture to end, let out a chuckle as he saw his reflection in the glass window.

It reminded him of his past self, who used to make all kinds of tricks to get deals.

"I did a lot of things."

Yoo-hyun muttered very quietly.

Clang.

Someone had already taken a seat and was swinging a golf club.

"What a lovely day."

"Ah, yes."

Yoo-hyun casually greeted the counter staff and entered the practice range.

The counter staff tilted his head at Yoo-hyun's young appearance.

Was he from the wealthy family?



He couldn't imagine that he was a new recruit.

There was no case of a new recruit coming here during their training period.

The practice range had 30 seats on one floor, and each seat had a 7-iron for practice.

Chief Choi would have brought his own club.

Thinking that he should warm up until then, Yoo-hyun took a seat and swung lightly.

He still felt the sensation in his body.

He had exercised for a short period of time, but his lower body felt firm.

His eyes focused on the white ball on the floor.

His arms moved, but the center of his body was fixed precisely.

His body remembered everything, and his muscles supported him. It was perfect.

Thud.

The ball hit by the golf club flew more steadily and with a bigger trajectory than usual.

About five minutes had passed?

Chief Choi Kang Won, who was carrying a golf bag, appeared.

He looked impatient, holding a golf club without warming up properly.

Yoo-hyun moved closer and watched his form.

The problems were clear.

“He’ll hurt his wrist like that.”

But he seemed to enjoy playing so much that his body was still energetic.

He didn’t have much time to work on him slowly. Yoo-hyun had limited time.

He approached him and said,

“Hello, Chief Choi. I’m Han Yoo-hyun, the one who greeted you this morning.”

“Huh? What are you doing here, rookie?”

Chief Choi was surprised, and Yoo-hyun answered calmly.

“I heard from a senior who joined Hanseong that I should definitely visit the golf practice range when I enter the training center.”

“Hahaha, that senior is really mean.”

“Oh, did I make a mistake?”

“No, no. What does it matter? It’s a space for everyone to use. Hehe.”

He couldn't be in a bad mood when he came to do what he liked.

He smiled kindly at Yoo-hyun, who looked embarrassed.

He didn't feel much interference yet.

Yoo-hyun measured the angle and got closer.

"Huh? Is this Henma? Wow."

"You know Henma?"

"Of course. It's a luxury golf club. Especially the driver is excellent. It's light as a feather, but the impact is monstrous. I couldn't use anything else after using this."

"That's right. That's right. You really love golf, don't you?"

"I do. Chief, excuse me, but can I try your driver once?"

He saw Chief Choi's brow twitch for a moment, but it was still within the acceptable range.

It was somewhat rude, but he took it as the guts of an ignorant rookie.

"Sure. What does it matter? It's not like it's going to wear out."

"Thank you."

Based on his experience, Yoo-hyun guessed that Chief Choi was a person who had clear boundaries that he drew himself.

He was very nice when you were inside them, but if you crossed them, you could get scolded in front of everyone like a tyrant.

Yoo-hyun bowed his waist excessively and picked up the golf club.

There was no playful look on his face.

He stood in his place with a serious expression, and Chief Choi looked at him with interest.

He must have been curious.

There were two choices here.

He could play at a similar level and gain rapport, or he could play well and catch his eye.

Yoo-hyun chose the latter to finish the job in a short time.

He lifted the driver with a golden glow over his right shoulder.

His posture was textbook-like.

Anyone who had played golf could tell Yoo-hyun's level by just looking at his posture.

Swing, clang!

The sound of cutting through the air and the metallic sound that pierced his ears rang out.

The ball that flew straight in a line hit the net 150 meters ahead without even drawing a parabola.

The ball flew at a low angle as if it was lying on the ground, and he could guess that it had a considerable distance.

As expected.

Chief Choi put down the club he was holding as if he had lost his spirit.