

Real Man 251

Chapter 251:

It was true that Circuit Team 3 had a lot of work to do and felt a lot of pressure.

It meant that the Pre-Product Team had enough lead to work on their own.

But the situation was not as easy as they thought.

This was not a theory, but a practice.

They could not approach the work with logic alone when people were involved.

As if to prove the difficulty, Jin-mok Lee, the team leader, scratched his head hard.

“Ugh! How can we entrust PCB simulation to the senior engineer?”

“We need the help of an experienced person if we want to get Apple certification later.”

“Yoo-hyun, this is really hard. I’d rather do it myself.”

It was not just him.

Ki-yong Maeng, the senior engineer, had a gloomy face.

“I can’t ask Jo, the manager, to go to the IC meeting with me.”

“Just say it. He should know it too, since it’s on the work list.”

“Yoo-hyun, this is not a simple matter.”

The two most active people were in this state, and the others were not even worth looking at.

Sun-dong Kim, the team leader, did his work well by himself, but that was his own way.

He also needed to adapt to Apple’s work style.

Su-jin Min, the senior engineer, was the same.

She also needed to fill in her gaps through Circuit Team 3.

Yoo-hyun watched them for a while, but he did not see any signs of improvement.

What should he do?

He returned to his seat and fell into thought.

It was certain that the problem would be solved naturally over time.

But Yoo-hyun wanted to shorten that time.

To do that, he needed to think about why this problem occurred in the first place.

Was it because they were outranked?

It seemed so on the surface, but it was not.

The fundamental reason was that they lacked confidence.

The people of Pre-Product Team 1 Part underestimated themselves too much.

They needed a clear opportunity to break this.

Yoo-hyun had this feeling when he heard Jin-mok Lee's voice.

“Oh? The soccer bracket is out.”

“Where, where?”

“Look here.”

The people of the part gathered around at the same time.

Yoo-hyun also joined the crowd and looked at the monitor screen that Jin-mok Lee pointed at.

The mobile group soccer tournament bracket was posted as an announcement on the company bulletin board.

Wow!

Jin-mok Lee clicked the mouse with a tense expression and the bracket appeared on the screen.

There were a total of 16 teams listed at the bottom of the screen.

It was a tournament bracket, so the teams next to each other were opponents.

Circuit Team 3 VS Pre-Product Team 4

“Wow! Circuit Team 3?”

Jin-mok Lee shouted loudly as he confirmed the bracket.

Then the people of Circuit Team 3 who were behind the partition raised their heads up.

Their eyes alone made them feel intimidated and everyone fell silent.

“...”

In the quiet atmosphere, Yoo-hyun whispered.

“Is Circuit Team 3 good?”

“Awesome!”

As if they had made a promise, they gave the same answer at the same time.

Yoo-hyun smiled slightly.

He had a feeling that it was time for change.

The next morning, early in the morning.

Yoo-hyun, who was running on the park trail, said to Jung-hyun Woo next to him.

“Ha, shall we take a break?”

“Yes, brother. Ha ha ha.”

Jung-hyun Woo, who was soaked in sweat, nodded his head with a desperate expression.

Thud!

Yoo-hyun sat down on a bench and handed water to Jung-hyun Woo.

“Here, drink.”

“Huh, huh! Thank you.”

Jung-hyun Woo gulped down water and gasped for breath for a long time.

Then he asked Yoo-hyun with a frustrated expression.

“Brother, why are you so fit?”

“You’ve improved a lot too.”

“I’m just trying to catch up with you by running like crazy.”

“I’m also running so I don’t lose.”

“That’s ridiculous.”

Yoo-hyun laughed and Jung-hyun Woo shook his head vigorously.

He was confident in his fitness too, but when he ran with Yoo-hyun, he felt a huge gap.

As if he read Jung-hyun Woo’s thoughts, Yoo-hyun said,

“It doesn’t happen at once. If you keep doing it, you’ll be surprised how much you’ve improved.”

“Yes. I trust everything you say.”

“Child.”

Yoo-hyun ruffled Jung-hyun Woo’s hair.

Then Jung-hyun Woo suddenly remembered something and clapped his hands and asked,

“Oh, brother, soccer first game, we’re against Circuit Team 3?”

“That’s right.”

“Are you going too?”

“I have to, because we don’t have enough people.”

“Wow! Really?”

“Yeah. I’m worried because Circuit Team 3 is a strong opponent.”

Jung-hyun Woo, who was half-hearted, said something absurd.

“Hey, how can we lose when we have you?”

“Have you seen me play soccer?”

“I can tell by just looking at you running.”

“Is it the same?”

“There’s no one who would think you can’t do it, right?”

Jung-hyun Woo’s face was full of confidence.

Not only Jung-hyun Woo, but many people thought the same way.

They saw Yoo-hyun’s strong appearance so many times that they did.

Yoo-hyun sighed secretly for this reason.

One might think that it was enough to do well at work in the company, and why soccer was so important.

But it was not the case in Ulsan factory.

Especially this match against Circuit Team 3 had a different weight.

The team leader who came back from the morning meeting summoned the whole team.

Kim Ho-geol, the chief engineer’s serious voice echoed in the middle conference room.

“We have to win this soccer game, no matter what.”

“Huh?”

When the people made a bewildered expression, Kim Ho-geol, the chief engineer, spat out a determined word.

“It’s a special order from the manager. He said he won’t let us go if we lose.”

“Huh...”

“Did the manager have a grudge against Circuit Team 3?”

Jin-mok Lee, the team leader, asked with a dumbfounded expression, and In-wook Jung, the manager, answered instead.

“You saw the manager at the last meeting. That means he’s ready to go to war with 3rd Division.”

“Even so...”

“It’s not even so. If we lose this time, we’ll have to take a one-way ticket to hell.”

“...”

When In-wook Jung confirmed the kill, silence filled the conference room.

Yoo-hyun could not be comfortable either.

He had a lot to do with why the two divisions became so hostile.

The best scenario was victory.

But it was not easy.

He could tell by listening to the whispers around him.

“How can we beat Circuit Team 3? They even have a former player there.”

“Besides, they are the favorites to win.”

“We don’t have enough players, even the team leader has to play. How is that fair?”

“Ha! This is crazy.”

The atmosphere was buzzing for a moment.

Suddenly, Maeng Gi-yong, who was next to him, blurted out something absurd.

“We have Yoo-hyun, don’t we?”

“What? What are you talking about?”

Yoo-hyun asked in disbelief, but Jung In-wook, the manager, shrugged it off and nodded.

“Well, you never know with Yoo-hyun.”

Out of nowhere, Lee Jin-mok, another manager, joined in.

“That’s right. If we send Yoo-hyun to the front line, he’ll score a few goals for sure.”

“I told you I’m not good at soccer.”

Yoo-hyun waved his hands, but the answer was the same.

Even Min Su-jin and Kim Seon-dong, senior and junior staff members, chimed in.

“Yoo-hyun, too much modesty is poison.”

“I think we should give Yoo-hyun the ball as much as possible.”

“...”

The situation was so ridiculous that a hollow laugh escaped from Yoo-hyun’s mouth.

These people were all seriously mistaken.

Yoo-hyun’s reputation had been exaggerated too much.

But soccer was a different story.

None of them took Yoo-hyun’s worries seriously, and Maeng Gi-yong said he would come up with a strategy centered on Yoo-hyun.

Jung In-wook agreed, and so did the team leader.

“Yeah. We don’t have time to practice because of work. Let’s do it that way.”

“Let’s give it a try.”

“Even the team leader...”

Yoo-hyun looked dejected as the mood rose around him.

“Good. We have Messi. There’s no way we can lose.”

“I heard Team 3 was scared of Yoo-hyun’s rumor.”

“Yeah. We can win if Yoo-hyun plays.”

Everyone suddenly cheered up.

It was better than looking depressed.

But the deeper Yoo-hyun’s sigh became.

“Sigh.”

Yoo-hyun left work on time that day and met Ha Jun-seok.

But the place was unusual.

It was not his home or a pub, but an outdoor futsal court near his home.

Ha Jun-seok, who was sitting on the ground listening to Yoo-hyun's story, laughed and clutched his stomach.

"What? They call you Messi? Puhahahaha!"

"Hey, don't laugh. I'm serious."

"I know, I know. That's why you're wearing soccer shoes now."

"That's right."

Yoo-hyun looked at the soccer shoes that Park Seung-woo had bought for him and answered.

Ha Jun-seok patted Yoo-hyun's back and got up from his seat.

"Don't worry. I'll teach you properly."

"Kid, don't brag."

"Brag? What do you mean? I was once called Maradona in our school."

Ha Jun-seok said with a confident expression, and Yoo-hyun corrected him precisely.

"That's because you used your hand."

"Hey! That's not true."

"Fine, let's start already."

Yoo-hyun smiled at Ha Jun-seok's angry face and got up from his seat.

He stretched his body for a moment.

Soon after, two people faced each other in an empty futsal court.

The sun was setting, but their expressions were very serious.

They were both sweating from moving around.

Yoo-hyun flashed his eyes and said to Ha Jun-seok.

"Give it to me again."

"Okay."

Bang.

The ball kicked by Ha Jun-seok flew low and fast.

Yoo-hyun ran to receive the ball, but it bounced far away as soon as he touched it with his foot.

At the same time, Ha Jun-seok's nagging came to his ears.

"No, just receive the ball. Don't kick it somewhere else."

Yoo-hyun ran to get the ball and passed it to Ha Jun-seok.

"I got it. Kick it again."

"Here it comes."

Ha Jun-seok kicked the ball again, and this time too, the ball flew at a low height.

The problem was that it was quite far from Yoo-hyun.

Yoo-hyun sprinted to catch the ball.

Tick.

He barely touched the ball with his foot, but it flew in the wrong direction again.

Ha Jun-seok asked with a dumbfounded expression.

"Why is your foot like that?"

"I don't know. Why does it bounce like that?"

"Let's try again."

It was the same no matter how many times they tried.

Yoo-hyun quickly came to a conclusion.

He had no talent for handling a soccer ball, then or now.

Ha Jun-seok approached him and said.

"This is serious."

"Is it that bad?"

"Yeah. If you can't receive the ball, how are you going to attack?"

Ha Jun-seok was right.

If he couldn't receive the pass well in a one-on-one situation, he had a high chance of failing to attack.

Yoo-hyun didn't play soccer much, but he knew that much.

"But I can kick the ball well, right?"

"What are you going to do if the ball flies? Your accuracy will drop."

"You can't receive the ball, and you can't kick it well either."

"Yeah. That's exactly your situation. You'll never score a goal no matter how fast you are."

Ha Jun-seok shook his head as if he had given up on the possibility.

Yoo-hyun thought for a moment and something flashed in his mind.

He asked a meaningful question.

"Does soccer have to be about scoring goals?"

"That's how you win."

"But you don't have to score goals, right?"

"What?"

"Forget it. Let's go home and have a beer."

Yoo-hyun turned his back on Ha Jun-seok, who looked bewildered, and walked away.

For some reason, his lips were curled up.

Chapter 252

It was when Yoo-hyun finished showering in the bathroom after arriving home with Ha Jun Seok.

Ding dong.

"Yes, I'm coming."

The delivery food that he ordered just in time arrived.

Yoo-hyun took the pork trotters and spread the tray, quickly placing the food.

Before he knew it, the table was filled with food and drinks.

But Ha Jun Seok was still motionless in his room.

“Jun Seok, what are you doing? Hurry up and come.”

“Oh, just a minute. I have something to check.”

Yoo-hyun wondered what it was and got up from his seat.

The guy was checking his email on his computer.

It was work-related stuff.

“You’re working here too?”

“Yeah. I just need to confirm the contract that came in.”

“What is it? The Nam Jong Bu case?”

“No, that’s not it... Ah! Right. I need to buy some liquor.”

“Forget it, just finish checking and let’s eat.”

Yoo-hyun left those words and turned around.

That’s when he heard Ha Jun Seok’s frantic voice from behind.

“Huh? Yoo-hyun! Yoo-hyun!”

“What is it?”

“Look, look at this.”

Yoo-hyun approached him and asked, and Ha Jun Seok pointed to the monitor with his finger.

There was a familiar face on the screen.

“Huh? Hyun Su.”

“Right? Isn’t it? Wow! This kid, he made it to the news. And it’s our newspaper!”

“Scroll down a bit.”

“Okay, okay.”

Yoo-hyun checked the title and skimmed through the details of the article.

<“I just pulled him out because he was there.”, The car center owner’s good deed makes people ‘teary-eyed’!>

It was the same gist as the article Yoo-hyun had seen before.

Except Kim Hyun Su’s photo was huge, and the article content was richer.

The article that had been tucked away in a corner of a local newspaper had belatedly exploded.

And it was our newspaper of all places.

Why on earth...

It was too coincidental to be a coincidence.

Ha Jun Seok, who had no idea of Yoo-hyun's dilemma, muttered excitedly.

"His dad is also heartwarming. He donated rice even though he has no money. He should have given it to Hyun Su instead."

"Hyun Su didn't accept it, so he donated it."

"That's true. Hey, the comments are good too."

It was as Ha Jun Seok said.

-He looks like he has a young friend now. His heart seems to be upright too. It's been a long time since I saw such a warm news.

-This is how you should live in this world. I'm going to that car center too.

-I know that owner. He's very kind, and the repair fee is cheap.

-Where is the car center located? I can't find it no matter how hard I look.

There were a lot of warm messages for a portal site news comment section.

Yoo-hyun smiled as he read them carefully.

Ziing.

A text message came from Oh Eunbi, a reporter.

-There's an article by a junior reporter that I think is good, so I recommend it to you. Try searching for Kim Yeonguk, the reporter.

Yoo-hyun chuckled when he finally understood the situation.

It was clear that Oh Eunbi, who had heard this story from him a few days ago, had helped him from behind.

It was absurd, but he could see that she had deliberately cared for him, so Yoo-hyun sent a message of gratitude right away.

-Thank you. I owe you a lot.

Soon after, another message flew in.

-Think of it as paying back the favor. And just in case, I'll leave you the junior's number.

In fact, if you look at it, Yoo-hyun had received much more help from her.

He felt a little sorry, but he intended to pay her back later.

As he was about to send a reply with that feeling, Ha Junseok was already on the phone with Kim Hyunsoo.

He had it on speaker mode, so Kim Hyunsoo's voice was also heard.

"Hyunsoo, you're awesome!"

-Hey, I know why you called, so stop it.

"How can you not call me even once when you're in the newspaper! Are you a star now?"

-I'm already going crazy because of that.

"Your car center is a hit. Congratulations. Buy me a drink!"

-Junseok, stop being an asshole and...

Kim Hyunsoo's rough voice echoed loudly.

He could vividly imagine what kind of expression he had on his face without seeing it.

Yoo-hyun also congratulated him with a happy heart.

"Hyunsoo, I saw your article. You looked cool in the photo."

-Huh? Yoo-hyun, are you there too?

"Yeah. This is my house."

-I was going to call you anyway...

Kim Hyunsoo trailed off as Ha Junseok flared up.

"Hey, what about me?"

-Not you, of course.

"What? Why?"

-Yoo-hyun, thank you.

Kim Hyunsoo unexpectedly thanked Yoo-hyun instead of answering Ha Junseok's question.

Yoo-hyun was also surprised and asked back.

"What did I do?"

-I heard from Kim Yeonguk, the reporter. You helped him out.

“No, that’s not...”

Yoo-hyun immediately waved his hand.

What did Oh Eunbi say to the junior reporter that made him say such a thing?

Kim Hyunsoo thanked Yoo-hyun again with that gratitude.

-You always owe me a lot. Thank you.

“Hey, don’t say that.”

-I’ll buy you something really delicious when you come over.

“Don’t be cheesy and hang up.”

As Yoo-hyun hung up the phone, Ha Junseok next to him looked at him with a strange look in his eyes.

He grabbed Yoo-hyun’s arm and said bluntly.

“Yoo-hyun, can’t you get me an article too?”

“What are you talking about.”

“I’ll do something nice for you, okay?”

Yoo-hyun bit his tongue as he looked at Hajunseok, who had a desperate expression on his face.

This guy was also a friend who had a screw loose somewhere, just like Gangjunggi.

The conflict with Circuit Team 3 was not easily resolved.

The staff of the Pre-Product Team could not lead the work proactively.

Rather, they were busy being dragged around by Circuit Team 3.

It was not just a problem of the staff.

Inside the medium conference room on the second floor of Ulsan Plant 4.

There, Hamjonggil, the team leader of Circuit Team 3, who had not shown his face until then, appeared.

It was exactly the day when Gohjunho, the director, left his seat for a vacation.

He seemed to have come with a purpose.

As if to prove Yoo-hyun’s guess, he scolded the staff of the Pre-Product Team and Circuit Team 3 who had gathered there.

“Team Leader Kim, you sent your team members here, only to threaten them with this schedule?”

“Team Leader Ham, that’s not it.”

“What? Are you going to bring up the business director and the manager again?”

“...”

“You know, there’s such a thing as karma, even if you get pushed from behind.”

He acted as if he was trying to relieve the grievances of the dispatched staff of Circuit Team 3, and he gave Kimhogeol, the senior engineer, a hard time.

It was exactly the same as the last meeting.

But if there was anything different, it was that this was nothing but a venting of anger.

No matter how much he made a fuss, he could not reverse the direction that had changed once.

Yoo-hyun knew that too, so he just watched quietly.

Hamjonggil, the senior engineer who was furious, also knew that it was a futile act, so he gave a hollow laugh.

Instead, he added sarcasm to his words.

“Geez, how did I get involved with this kind of team?”

“Team Leader, I think that’s a bit too much.”

Then, Kimhogeol, the senior engineer who had been only taking it in, quietly answered back.

Everyone was surprised and looked at him.

Yoo-hyun honestly found this unexpected.

Hamjonggil, the senior engineer, made a sharp face and frowned as he said.

“Huh! What did you say just now? I think I heard it wrong.”

“I understand that you are angry about work-related matters, but I don’t think it’s appropriate to say this kind of team.”

He was in a scary situation, but Kimhogeol spoke calmly.

His legs were shaking, but he spoke clearly.

Then Hamjonggil’s roar fell.

“Hey, Kimhogeol!”

“Yes, Team Leader.”

“Are you really going crazy right now?”

“No.”

“Ha, really. Let’s see. Hey, Jo Manager.”

Hamjonggil snorted as if he couldn’t believe it and called Jo Gangtae, the manager who was next to him.

Jo Gangtae bowed his head and showed the spirit of Circuit Team 3 with his body.

“Yes, Team Leader.”

“There’s soccer today, right?”

“Yes.”

“If we lose to this kind of team, I’ll kill you.”

“I understand.”

Hamjonggil emphasized the words this kind of team and got up from his seat with a bang.

Creak.

Kimhogeol also got up and said.

He also had a bit of a stubborn side to him.

“Team Leader, I think the expression this kind of team is...”

“What’s wrong with saying this kind of team to this kind of team?”

“...”

But that didn’t work on Hamjonggil either.

He scolded Kimhogeol in front of both teams’ staff.

It was a really childish response.

“That’s also a team leader. If you don’t like it, improve your skills.”

“...”

His childishness didn’t end there.

He ignored both teams’ staff by bringing up soccer.

“Oh, can you win at soccer? With those weaklings.”

“Team Leader, that’s too much.”

Kimhogeol blushed and confronted him. Hamjonggil shouted angrily.

“Kim Team Leader! You follow me out.”

“Yes.”

In the suffocating atmosphere, the two team leaders left their seats.

The meeting broke down. But no one got up from their seats.

As the two team leaders clashed hard. A strange current flowed between the two teams that had already been in friction.

Jo Gangtae looked at Jeong Inwook across from him and sneered at him.

“Jeong Manager. It’ll be fun if we lose at soccer.”

“We’ll do our best regardless of winning or losing.”

Jeong Inwook gave a textbook answer. Lim Changi, the senior engineer next to him, chimed in with a snort.

“Hey, you’ll be in trouble if we lose. Director Go won’t let it go.”

“Lim Senior, stay out of it.”

Jeong Inwook said with a stiff expression.

Jo Gangtae picked a fight with him childishly.

“Why? Are you better at soccer than Lim Senior?”

“Jo Manager, what does that have to do with being good at soccer?”

“What do you mean, what does it have to do with it? Then, should we do it with work? Are you better at drawing circuits than Lim Senior?”

“Jo Manager!”

Jeong Inwook couldn’t stand it and snapped.

This was also an unexpected situation.

Yoo-hyun, who was watching the interesting situation, was asked by Minsujin, the senior engineer next to him.

“Yoo-hyun, are men always this childish?”

“Yes. They tend to be like this.”

“Geez. They’re like this whenever they talk about soccer or games. Tsk tsk.”

Minsujin showed her insight while Jo Gangtae kept nagging.

“Jeong Manager can’t do it, so he’s out. The captain on your side is Maeng Senior, right?”

“Yes, Manager.”

Maeng Giyong answered reluctantly. Jo Gangtae lifted Lim Changi next to him.

“You better be prepared. Our Lim Changi Senior is good at kicking the ball.”

“Hey, I’m not that good. Park Bongsu Chief is better than me.”

“No, Senior.”

Lim Changi pointed to Park Bongsu next to him as he backed off. Park Bongsu, who had a good build, nodded his head.

They both looked like they had done quite a bit of exercise.

Jo Gangtae smiled and said to Jeong Inwook.

“Hehe. Well, you know our skills best, Jeong Manager.”

“...”

“So be prepared. Don’t cry after you lose.”

Jo Gangtae provoked him childishly. Jeong Inwook clenched his fist.

But there seemed to be nothing he could do in front of his old team members.

It seemed like the situation was crossing the line. Yoo-hyun stepped in.

“You can only know how long or short it is after you try it.”

“What are you doing, butting in?”

“Do you want me to introduce myself again?”

“Huh!”

Jo Gangtae made an incredulous expression at Yoo-hyun’s words.

The staff of the Pre-Product Team swallowed their saliva and looked at Yoo-hyun.

Chapter 253:

At that moment, Senior Im Chang-ki pointed at Yoo-hyun and asked Senior Maeng Gi-yong.

“Senior Maeng, is he the ace of the advance product team?”

“Yes. He won’t give up easily.”

Senior Maeng Gi-yong, who was a colleague of Senior Im Chang-ki, answered firmly.

Seeing that, Manager Jo Kang-tae spat out a rude remark.

“Wow, you guys are really pathetic.”

“Do you play soccer with your mouth?”

Yoo-hyun immediately retorted, and Manager Jo Kang-tae stood up abruptly.

“Huh! I’ll show you what I can do!”

“Manager Jo, let’s stop here and settle it on the soccer field.”

Manager Jung In-wook, who had been holding his breath for a while, intervened to calm the situation.

At that moment, Manager Jo Kang-tae’s eyebrows twitched.

He glared at Manager Jung In-wook’s face and said.

“Get ready. I’ll make you experience hell.”

That afternoon at 4 p.m.

At a time when the workday was not over yet, the soccer field next to the Ulsan 4th factory was filled with people.

Most of them were from Product Development Division 3 and 4.

Not only the team leaders, but also Vice Presidents Lee Tae-ryong and Go Jun-ho were present.

It was a big event for the mobile group, as shown by the large banner hanging on one side.

-2008 LCD Business Unit Mobile Group Office Soccer Tournament

As if to show that, a loud cheer erupted.

“The strongest! Circuit! Team 3! Hooray!”

“Advance! Advance! Fighting!”

The people who had arranged their seats on both sides of the ground cheered with enthusiasm. It was quite a spectacle.

Behind the cheering seats, there were large shades and tables underneath them.

Each table was full of drinks, chicken, snacks, and so on.

People ate food, cheered, and chatted.

It was the scene around the soccer field just before the game started.

At that time.

The two teams that received the hot cheers were having their own strategy meetings inside the ground.

At the advance product team meeting, Yoo-hyun suddenly made a suggestion.

“I think...”

“What?”

Senior Maeng Gi-yong, who wore the captain’s armband, was surprised by Yoo-hyun’s proposal.

He shook his head and said.

“Yoo-hyun, your calf muscles tell me you’re a striker.”

“No. I want to play defense.”

Then Assistant Manager Lee Jin-mok joined in with a puzzled look.

“Why? You were running so fast earlier. We have to win this game.”

“I’m playing defense to win.”

Yoo-hyun said firmly.

He was speaking after analyzing his own level accurately.

But the others misunderstood him.

Senior Go Sung-chul, who was not very close to Yoo-hyun yet, said.

“Mr. Yoo-hyun, if you’re stepping back because of us, don’t do that.”

“No. I’m really better at defense than offense.”

Assistant Manager Jung In-wook also chimed in.

“Yoo-hyun, you don’t have to be humble here.”

“Anyway, I want to play defense. But I’ll run hard.”

Yoo-hyun was frustrated but pushed on.

Senior Maeng Gi-yong, who was talking, also gave up eventually.

“Fine. I got it.”

“Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun bowed his head slightly.

Of course, he secretly sighed a long sigh of relief inside.

A little later, the two teams faced each other side by side on the ground.

Team 3 of Circuit Division wore uniforms as they often played soccer.

The advance product team wore fluorescent vests over various clothes.

Yoo-hyun faced Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo, who was a former soccer player of Team 3.

He had thick thighs like a horse and wide shoulders like a rugby player.

He lifted one corner of his mouth and looked at Yoo-hyun.

“Let’s do our best. I’ll crush you completely here.”

“Please be gentle.”

Yoo-hyun casually joked as he replied. His eyebrows twitched.

Not only the two of them.

Sparks flew everywhere.

It was like they were facing enemies on a battlefield. Their eyes were filled with venom.

It was an incredible tension.

Whistle!

The whistle blew and the game started.

Yoo-hyun’s strategy was simple.

Kick the ball away when it comes to him.

He had no talent for ball touch, but he was confident in running alone.

Dadadadak!

As Yoo-hyun ran towards the ball, Senior Go Sung-chul, who was holding the center of defense, shouted.

“Mr. Yoo-hyun! If you go that far, what are you going to do?”

Bang!

The ball flew over his head as if mocking Yoo-hyun who was running towards it.

“Block it! Block it!”

The voices of the advance product team defenders came from behind.

Regardless, Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo, who got the ball, mocked the defense.

He was good at both physique and footwork, so there was no one who could stop him.

He entered the penalty area in one breath.

At that moment.

Yoo-hyun ran like crazy from behind.

Dadadadak!

“Uh!”

Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo, who had easily passed one more person, was startled by Yoo-hyun who was running from behind.

“Do you want to try?”

He pushed Yoo-hyun’s shoulder hard with his own.

Usually, the defender would lose his speed and roll on the ground.

At that moment.

Kwadangtangtang.

The one who fell was rather Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo.

Then Senior Im Chang-ki, who was next to him, shouted.

“Referee, foul!”

But the referee shook his head.

It was a legitimate action.

In a situation where everyone was confused, Senior Maeng Gi-yong raised his hand.

“Yoo-hyun, pass!”

Yoo-hyun, who got the ball, looked at him and kicked the ball hard.

Torororororo.

The ball rolled without any shape in the rain, but at least it didn't go to the other team.

Senior Go Sung-chul, who received the ball, kicked it forward.

After that, he looked at Yoo-hyun with a bewildered expression and said.

“Good job.”

The same situation repeated after that.

Senior Go Sung-chul said as he saw Yoo-hyun running towards the ball.

“Mr. Yoo-hyun, you'll run out of battery if you just run like that.”

“I'm fine!”

Dadadadak.

Regardless, Yoo-hyun never stopped.

He ran like crazy all over the field.

Bang!

Senior Im Chang-ki ran towards the ball that came to him. But Yoo-hyun kicked it away like lightning.

Senior Im Chang-ki stuck out his tongue.

“Huh! Where did that guy come from?”

That wasn't all.

Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo had his passes cut by Yoo-hyun several times.

“Shit!”

A situation that made him want to swear unfolded.

Dadadadak.

Now, whenever Yoo-hyun ran, the members of Team 3 of Circuit Division were busy passing the ball around.

He should have been exhausted by now, but Yoo-hyun kept running.

The others were fed up and sighed in frustration.

“Why does he always come to me?”

“This is driving me crazy.”

“Someone get rid of him.”

Regardless, Yoo-hyun kept running.

He was playing defense with an incredible amount of activity.

Degurururu.

The ball that Senior Maeng Gi-yong kicked rolled completely past the goalpost.

Assistant Manager Lee Jin-mok shouted loudly.

“Senior Maeng, focus, focus!”

“Sorry. Ha! Why can't I do this?”

The advance product team's offense missed one after another.

They all showed that they didn't exercise much.

Their failure to attack led to a counterattack.

Team 3 of Circuit Division pressed them hard.

But they were all blocked by Yoo-hyun, who ran like crazy.

Senior Im Chang-ki was startled by Yoo-hyun running towards him and tripped over his feet.

“Ugh!”

Kwadangtang!

It wasn't just that he stopped them.

He stole the ball like a ghost whenever they tried to dribble in front of him.

Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo, who was confident, had his ball taken away again and got angry.

“Damn!”

He couldn't win in a physical fight or a dribble, so he was going insane.

He passed the ball hastily and got tangled up, losing the ball frequently.

That's how the first half ended with 0 to 0.

“Huh! Huh!”

Senior Maeng Gi-yong handed a drink to Yoo-hyun, who was gasping for breath.

“Yoo-hyun, are you okay?”

“Yes. I'm fine.”

Yoo-hyun drank the drink gulpingly and answered.

“Hey, take it easy. You'll die if you keep doing this.”

“I'm fine. Just score some goals, please.”

“...”

The others had nothing to say to Yoo-hyun's words.

Then Assistant Manager Lee Jin-mok stepped up.

“Hey, don't worry about us and attack. Score a goal with that strength, instead.”

“It's the same whether I score or block a goal.”

“...But if you keep going like this, you won't be able to run until the end.”

“Don't worry. I'm still fine.”

Yoo-hyun smiled brightly.

Meanwhile, Team 3 of Circuit Division was serious.

Senior Im Chang-ki sighed deeply and said.

“Is that guy really a red horse?”

“His cutting ability is no joke. I can't dribble at all.”

Ace Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo also shook his head in despair.

To lift the mood, Senior Im Chang-ki, who wore the captain's armband, encouraged his teammates.

“Don't worry. He'll get tired soon.”

Then excited voices came from here and there.

“Yeah. He must have run more than 10 kilometers by now. He'll wilt soon.”

“There's nothing to see from the advance product team once we get rid of him.”

“Should we push more attackers?”

“Yeah. Let's completely smash them.”

A fierce look appeared on the faces of Team 3 of Circuit Division members.

That's how the second half started.

How many office workers run about 10 kilometers every morning?

It was safe to say that there were only a handful in the entire Ulsan factory.

Yoo-hyun was one of them who did it every day.

He even did martial arts until he was out of breath at night for a while.

He wasn't going to run out of stamina just because he ran for a few tens of minutes.

Dadadadak!

Yoo-hyun ran even more crazily in the second half.

Senior Im Chang-ki got the ball and was surprised by Yoo-hyun running towards him. He kicked the ball away.

Suddenly, his lament came from behind Yoo-hyun's back, who had turned his body in the opposite direction.

“Damn! How can there be such a kid!”

An out-of-spec person.

That was a word that described Yoo-hyun in this Ulsan factory.

Just like his dispatch life, it was the same in this soccer game now.

Yoo-hyun moved in a way that others never thought of.

Thuk.

The ball that flew far away landed in front of Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo, the ace.

As he drove the ball to break through the defense, Yoo-hyun started running towards him.

“Huh! Huh!”

His breath became faster.

Why was he doing this so much?

It was a question that came to his mind sometimes during his dispatch life.

He stepped up and took off his shoes to change the team members who couldn't take care of themselves.

Sometimes he had to suppress his frustration and endure it.

It was more than just fixing the future.

He was too immersed in it.

He might not have needed to do that much.

It was when Yoo-hyun was thinking such thoughts while running.

Senior Go Sung-chul shouted at the defenders.

“Hey! Block it!”

Assistant Manager Son Moo-gil threw himself to block the ball.

“Uaaaaaaah!”

He screamed desperately as he tackled.

Unlike the first half, he showed his fighting spirit.

But that didn't narrow the gap in skill.

Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo broke through two defenders and went for the goal.

“Yoo-hyun, help!”

“I'm coming!”

Yoo-hyun answered Senior Go Sung-chul's call and sprinted towards him.

Dadadadak!

The explosive speed made the crowd cheer.

“Waaaaaaah!”

It was the moment when Assistant Manager Park Bong-soo was about to shoot at the goal with only the goalkeeper left.

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It was awful.

Yoo-hyun blocked his way.

Park Bong-su, the team leader, sneered and narrowed his eyes.

“Get out of the way.”

He kicked the ball and did a phantom dribble.

He had a flashy footwork, probably because he was a former player.

“Wow!”

The spectators were amazed by his skill, as if he was a pro player.

But Yoo-hyun was calm.

He had dodged all the fast punches from Kang Dong-sik, who was flying right in front of him.

He even read his feints and predicted his moves to knock him down.

He couldn't fool Yoo-hyun with such slow movements.

Thump.

It was when Park Bong-su's foot moved left and right in a zigzag pattern.

Yoo-hyun tapped the ball.

Then the ball rolled away into an empty space.

“Shit!”

Park Bong-su, who didn't care about the ball, ran at him and pushed his shoulder.

Yoo-hyun also resisted by bumping his shoulder.

“Hey, hey!”

The spectators were shocked, and the referee was about to blow his whistle.

Crash.

Instead, Park Bong-su fell to the ground.

“...”

The people were speechless at the absurd outcome.

Anyone could see that Yoo-hyun's body looked thin.

But what they didn't know was this.

Yoo-hyun was the one who fought with Kim Tae-su, the biggest guy in the gym, in a one-on-one match.

He also overpowered Nam Jong-bu's bodyguards with his strength.

To Yoo-hyun, Park Bong-su was just an ordinary person.

Bang!

Yoo-hyun ignored Park Bong-su and kicked the ball hard.

It hit the side, but the ball flew far away.

There was Kim Seon-dong, the team leader, where the ball landed.

“Team leader Kim!”

“Huff, huff, huff.”

Yoo-hyun shouted loudly, and Kim Seon-dong ran to catch the ball.

“Aaaaaah!”

Then he ran with all his might with the ball.

He didn't run very well, but he shed his shyness and ran.

It was as if he inherited Yoo-hyun's will, and his eyes were full of determination.

The defenders who had gone to attack came running back, and he passed the ball.

Thump.

Roll roll roll roll.

The ball reached Jeong In-wook, the manager.

He was the same.

He ran a little more to pass the ball somehow.

Then he quickly rolled the ball to a gap where there was no defender.

“Senior Maeng, go!”

It wasn't a clean pass, but it was a one-on-one chance with the goalkeeper since there was no defender around.

“Yeah!”

Maeng Gi-yong, the senior, also ran with all his might like Yoo-hyun had shown him.

But unfortunately, the goalkeeper was faster.

Bang!

“Damn it!”

A rough sound came out of Maeng Gi-yong's mouth, who had been quiet until then.

Someone might see this scene as just a failed attack.

But it looked different to Yoo-hyun's eyes.

The wind was blowing.

The team was changing.

Yoo-hyun felt it.

That's right.

The reason why Yoo-hyun came here as a dispatch and stirred things up everywhere.

The reason why he ran around the soccer field like crazy.

The reason was right in front of him.

He liked seeing the people around him change.

Maybe they were labeled as trash for unreasonable reasons.

He wanted to gather their wills and create a fresh wind.

It was a pleasure that he had never felt before in his past life.

Bang!

The goalkeeper kicked the ball out of bounds at the same time as Yoo-hyun hit the ground.

That's when it happened.

Yoo-hyun, who had been on the other side, was already sprinting over there.

“Waaaaah!”

“Yoo-hyun!”

Cheers and calls mixed together.

Yoo-hyun couldn't do everything.

He had things that he could do well, and he had been doing them until now.

Turning the wrong direction of the ship.

Giving the ship enough fuel to move forward.

That was all Yoo-hyun could do.

The rest had to be done by the crew members who raised their limits on board.

Only then could the ship reach its destination.

With that in mind, Yoo-hyun ran toward the ball.

“Huff! Huff!”

Running was something Yoo-hyun could do.

And also,

It was giving fuel to the huge ship that had just started moving in the right direction.

Whoosh!

Yoo-hyun crossed the half line and jumped into the air.

His head hit the ball that was going out of bounds.

Crash!

As Yoo-hyun fell to the ground with a cloud of dust, the ball flew in a parabola into the ground.

“Uh, uh...!”

The ball went over the surprised defender and bounced on the ground.

There was Lee Jin-mok, the team leader, in that position.

Yoo-hyun’s voice echoed loudly.

“Team leader Lee!”

“Don’t worry! I’ll save it!”

Lee Jin-mok’s eyes sparkled as he caught the ball and crossed it.

Yoo-hyun’s will passed through Lee Jin-mok to Maeng Gi-yong.

The ship that had been filled with fuel finally started to sprint toward its destination.

“Senior Maeng!”

Lee Jin-mok’s shout flew, and Maeng Gi-yong charged toward the flying ball.

He had to head it, but he missed the timing to lower his head.

Thud.

“Ugh!”

Maeng Gi-yong took the ball with his face and it rolled away.

Thud.

The goalkeeper tripped over his feet because of the sudden change of direction of the ball.

The ball rolled leisurely into the goal.

It was a miraculous goal that exploded in the 85th minute of the game.

“Yay!”

Maeng Gi-yong roared and did a goal celebration.

“Yoo-hyun!”

He ran to Yoo-hyun, who was near the half line, with his arms spread and hugged him.

Clatter.

“Woooooah!”

The team members ran over and covered Yoo-hyun and Maeng Gi-yong.

“Yoo-hyun! Yoo-hyun! Yoo-hyun! Yoo-hyun!”

The crowd was ecstatic.

The one who hugged Yoo-hyun the hardest was Senior Go Seong-cheol.

He had dropped the ‘Mr.’ from his speech.

“Yoo-hyun, you’re awesome!”

“Well done!”

The others were the same.

They couldn't contain their boiling emotions.

But the ship hadn't reached its destination yet.

Yoo-hyun calmly said.

“There's still time left.”

“Yeah! Let's do our best.”

Senior Maeng Gi-yong clenched his fist.

Team Leader Lee Jin-mok shouted loudly.

“Yoo-hyun!”

The others also joined in with their chants.

“Yoo-hyun! Yoo-hyun! Fighting!”

The team members started to squeeze out their strength, even the ones they had as babies.

Yoo-hyun couldn't lose either.

He ran like a madman.

He felt like his whole body was going to explode.

Bang!

He finally cut off Park Bong-su's last ball.

“Aaaah!”

The whistle blew along with Park Bong-su's scream.

Beep beep beep!

In the end, Team Product Development beat Team Circuit 3 by 1 to 0.

“Huff! Huff! Huff!”

As soon as the game ended, Yoo-hyun lay down on the ground.

He was exhausted, even though he had a good stamina. He had run more than four times as much as a normal person.

Then the people rushed over to him.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes. I’m fine.”

“Let me massage your legs.”

Senior Go Seong-cheol grabbed Yoo-hyun’s feet and loosened his tense muscles.

Senior Son Mu-gil handed him a glass of water.

There was no circuit or panel to cut here.

Everyone looked at Yoo-hyun with warm eyes.

Of course, their words were somewhat rough.

“You crazy bastard.”

“I’ve never seen anyone like you, never.”

Yoo-hyun silently raised his thumb and everyone lay down with him.

It was the moment when the team became one.

Was it because of the victory in soccer?

The people of Team Product Development, who had been dragged around by Team Circuit 3 because of their rank and weight, had changed.

Their speech and behavior had confidence in them.

That atmosphere was felt everywhere in the office.

Senior Min Su-jin approached Senior Im Chan-gi and suggested.

“Senior Im, I think this is the right way to design the AP board.”

“Why? You said it wasn’t last time.”

“I just let it go then, but I realized that we need to consider backup plans too.”

“Huh! Then we have to do it again.”

“I’ll buy you a drink if you help me. Please.”

Senior Im Chan-gi grumbled, and Senior Min Su-jin approached him kindly.

It was something she couldn’t do normally, considering her personality.

She wanted to succeed in this project somehow.

She wasn’t the only one.

The others also took the initiative to regain their authority.

They didn’t need a meeting anymore. They went directly to communicate with each other.

Their speed accelerated gradually.

It wasn’t just because of the confidence they gained from winning soccer.

They realized that they knew more than Team Circuit 3 when they actually confronted them.

That realization turned into skill.

Team Circuit 3 had an advantage of having their eyes on Apple for a long time, doing Apple business.

On the other hand, they only made products that Apple wanted, under strict control of Apple.

And they made almost the same product for two years.

They couldn’t compete with Team Product Development, who had accumulated all kinds of experiences, in terms of knowledge.

Team Leader Kim Seon-dong was giving a seminar to Team Circuit 3 members in a small conference room.

“If you use a camera for screen correction, then...”

Questions popped up from everywhere in response to his explanation.

“Does this work?”

“Yes. It does. If you look at this...”

Yoo-hyun stepped forward and showed them a demo himself. Their eyes widened in astonishment.

“Wow! That’s amazing.”

It was a versatile technology that could be applied to other panels as well.

They touched the panel with curiosity as they watched. Yoo-hyun gave Team Leader Kim Seon-dong a thumbs up.

Team Leader Kim Seon-dong smiled back at Yoo-hyun and continued his speech confidently.

“Yes. With this method, you can also catch many LCD defects that existed before.”

“Wouldn’t it take longer to produce?”

“Yes. But if you install an automation program on the production line, you can solve that problem.”

“Oh, that sounds good.”

His speech was a bit awkward, but he delivered the key points clearly.

Team Circuit 3 members nodded their heads.

They were slowly realizing it too.

The power that Team Product Development had.

They weren’t the only ones.

Team Product Development also actively led the people from Future Product Research Lab and CTO, who came down from the second floor.

They realized that Team Product Development had to exist for this project.

In the end, Team Product Development was the center.

That confidence gradually turned into results.

Yoo-hyun saw it.

The project was on track, and it was somewhat stable.

Finally, the long-awaited team dinner day came.

The atmosphere of the team members who gathered in one place after work was completely different from last time.

There was no awkwardness at all.

They all seemed to have been waiting for this day, and they were all in a good mood.

The menu change was also a reason.

Team Leader Lee Jin-mok, who was grilling meat, shouted loudly.

He also had a beef mania like Lee Chan-ho.

“Of course. A team dinner has to be beef.”

“I’ll grill it for you.”

Yoo-hyun tried to help, but Team Leader Lee Jin-mok shook his head.

“No. Yoo-hyun, you just stay still. I’m a certified grill master, you know.”

“Puhahaha! This guy is crazy when he’s drunk.”

Senior Maeng Gi-yong laughed loudly as he watched him, his face flushed red.

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At that moment, Senior Go Seong-cheol approached Yoo-hyun with a bottle of liquor.

“Come on, Yoo-hyun, have a drink.”

“Thank you.”

Glug glug.

Senior Go Seong-cheol filled Yoo-hyun’s glass and confided his feelings with the help of alcohol.

“I can’t believe I’m seeing you again, Yoo-hyun.”

“You’re happy to see me, right?”

“Puhahaha! Of course. You can’t get any worse than before.”

Senior Go Seong-cheol laughed loudly at Yoo-hyun’s answer.

Across the table, Team Leader Hwang Seong-ik chimed in with a smirk.

“Hehe! Senior Go said you were a psycho back then, remember?”

“Hey! Why do you have to bring that up?”

Senior Go Seong-cheol flared up, but Yoo-hyun replied calmly.

“Everyone said that about me.”

“Puahahaha!”

Everyone was laughing and chatting in a friendly atmosphere.

The wall between Part 1 and Part 2 was completely gone here.

There was no sense of distance between them.

No one could tell that Yoo-hyun was a dispatched employee.

It was proof that Yoo-hyun had blended in with the team.

When everyone was drunk, Chief Kim Ho-geol came over to Yoo-hyun.

He also had a flushed face from drinking too much.

He gestured to Yoo-hyun.

“Yoo-hyun, can I talk to you for a bit?”

“Sure.”

Yoo-hyun wanted to hear what he had to say anyway, so he got up without hesitation.

Yoo-hyun came out of the restaurant and sat on a bench outside with Chief Kim Ho-geol.

The place was different, but it felt similar to the last time they had a conversation after the dinner.

Of course, he enjoyed the dinner more this time and drank more alcohol.

Maybe that’s why Chief Kim Ho-geol brought up the old topic.

“What you said about real politics.”

“Yes, Team Leader.”

“I think I understand a little bit now.”

“It seems so.”

Was it because Yoo-hyun’s answer was too blunt?

Chief Kim Ho-geol suddenly chuckled.

He snickered for a while and then looked at Yoo-hyun and said,

“You’re really amazing.”

“In what way?”

“Just. You’re like someone who came to teach me.”

Chief Kim Ho-geol hit the nail on the head.

But he couldn’t reveal his true intentions, so Yoo-hyun changed the subject.

“I didn’t mean it that way.”

“No. It really helped me a lot.”

“I’m glad you think so.”

“Thank you.”

“...”

Yoo-hyun didn’t bother to reply.

He could feel his sincerity in his voice mixed with pauses.

He hesitated for a moment and then continued.

“I was shaken a lot back then.”

“The past doesn’t matter. You’re doing great now.”

Yoo-hyun comforted him, and he blurted out what he had been hiding.

It was something he couldn’t say easily without alcohol.

“To be honest, I resented the team members sometimes.”

“Why?”

“Well, I wished they would do their jobs well, but they seemed to be not moving at all.”

“I see.”

“You probably can’t understand that.”

No, he understood it perfectly well.

No one knew better than Yoo-hyun about the leader’s frustration towards his subordinates.

But he didn’t need to bring it up, so he just listened.

Chief Kim Ho-geol sighed and continued.

“Sigh... But it wasn’t like that.”

“What do you mean?”

“It was my fault. When I changed, the team changed too.”

“That’s right. That’s why the leader’s role is important.”

Chief Kim Ho-geol nodded at Yoo-hyun’s words.

“Yeah. Back then, I was too busy trying to keep up with you that I didn’t see the team members.”

“You’re doing well now.”

“It’s strange. Your words are comforting me, even though you’re an employee.”

It wasn’t just a casual remark.

Yoo-hyun pretended not to notice and smiled lightly and asked,

“What does it matter who said it?”

“Hehe. You’re right...”

“That’s right.”

He took a breath and then brought up another old conversation with Yoo-hyun.

“Do you think our project will go well as you said before?”

“Of course.”

“Then... I think I’ll have something to say to you too.”

“Then let’s wait for each other until then.”

“Let’s do that.”

The two people smiled at each other.

The Preceding Product Team was changing.

Maybe each individual couldn’t feel the difference in their skin.

They didn’t produce any surprising results or come up with any groundbreaking alternatives.

But those small differences add up and make a difference in the outcome.

It creates a big change that makes your eyes widen.

Such a change is more clearly seen when you step back and look at it.

Inside the conference room on the second floor of Ulsan Plant 4.

There, Vice President Go Jun-ho, who was receiving a report on the project progress, asked Senior Maeng Gi-yong.

“I heard the IC order went out. How did you finalize the protocol?”

“We followed Apple’s development progress and confirmed it. We adopted the MIPI method and increased the number of communication lines to accommodate the resolution.”

“Hmm, Apple hasn’t confirmed it yet, right?”

He was confident in his answer, so Vice President Go Jun-ho probed him a little. It was not to scold him, but to test him.

But Senior Maeng Gi-yong showed a very surprising attitude.

“Yes. We informed Apple about that. If they decide on a new interface, we will adjust accordingly.”

“So you’re going to develop a new IC later?”

“We’re thinking of a revision rather than a new development. We made the initial version bulky without considering the cost to accommodate that.”

He used to be hesitant and defensive, but now he made a decision on his own and produced a result.

And the alternative he suggested was simple and clear.

Vice President Go Jun-ho nodded and praised him.

“Good. There’s no point in saving money on the prototype and wasting time. You did well.”

“Thank you.”

It was not only Senior Maeng Gi-yong.

Everyone from circuit to panel expressed their opinions actively.

They were quite specific and reasonable, so there was nothing to criticize.

Some of them even proposed unexpected solutions.

Vice President Go Jun-ho asked Team Leader Lee Jin-mok in surprise.

“You’re going to make a mockup that supports Apple’s multi-touch as well?”

“Yes. I think we need to support touch as well to increase the quality, so I’m looking into it.”

“Semiconductor? Have we ever made a mockup here?”

“I contacted the company that worked on the color phone mockup, and they were pretty good. I’ll report the results as we proceed.”

“Okay. Go ahead and try.”

Team Leader Lee Jin-mok’s confident attitude pleased Vice President Go Jun-ho.

Of course, not all the solutions were satisfactory.

He stopped Senior Son Mu-gil from Part 2’s opinion.

“I get what you’re saying, Son, but wouldn’t it be better to go ahead with the panel part first?”

“Yes. We’ll proceed with the schedule as a priority, and also prepare a backup plan in advance.”

As if he expected it, he immediately gave an answer.

“Okay. Let me know.”

All these changes came as a surprise to Vice President Go Jun-ho.

Just a few months ago, he was so disappointed with the Preceding Product Team.

They were nowhere to be seen now.

They were like completely reborn, active and proactive.

The report was over in less than 30 minutes, and Vice President Go Jun-ho was sure this would work.

His heart burst into a cheerful laugh.

“Hahaha! Kim, what kind of magic did you do to your team?”

“It’s all thanks to the team members who worked hard.”

“Wow, I can hardly recognize the Preceding Product Team I knew. You did a great job.”

“Thank you.”

The team members bowed their heads together.

Their excited expressions showed how they felt right now.

They felt like they had achieved everything by getting recognition from the scary Vice President Go Jun-ho.

The operation of a complex organization was simple when you cut it down like this.

You could move people with a word, not money.

Yoo-hyun was thinking that when Chief Kim Ho-geol spoke up.

“Director, Yoo-hyun especially worked hard among us.”

“Hehe. I know that without you telling me.”

Yoo-hyun greeted him with a stiff expression at the unexpected compliment.

“No, thank you.”

Then Vice President Go Jun-ho raised his hand and asked the team members with a playful expression.

“You don’t have to be humble. Everyone here must feel the same way. Right?”

“Yes. Director is right.”

Was it because the mood was bright today?

Team Leader Jeong In-wook answered first, and voices came from here and there.

“Yoo-hyun had a lot of trouble.”

“He simplified the goal so it was easier to work.”

“He also organized the collaboration with Part 3 well.”

“The schedule was tight, but it was clear so we could focus.”

Various flattering compliments followed.

In the middle of that, Team Leader Lee Jin-mok blurted out something.

“The soccer game was the best.”

“Hahaha!”

The conference room burst into laughter.

It didn’t seem like a place where they reported to Vice President Go Jun-ho.

It was such a light-hearted atmosphere.

Everyone’s laughter and warm encouragement hit Yoo-hyun’s chest hard.

He rubbed his ticklish chest and thanked them.

“Thank you for your kind words.”

“Yoo-hyun, if you keep this up, you’ll see the results you made, right?”

As soon as Yoo-hyun finished speaking, Vice President Go Jun-ho jumped in.

His face was full of mischievous smiles that didn't suit him.

Yoo-hyun quickly gave him the answer he wanted.

“Yes. Of course.”

“Haha! That's what I like about you.”

It wasn't just an empty remark out of excitement.

If they made a good prototype, they would surely catch Apple's eye.

The plant investment was a natural consequence.

Why?

Because they had achieved that in the past when they did worse than this.

But Yoo-hyun wanted more than that.

He wanted to get more from Apple.

That asset would be a breakwater to prevent the spin-off and mass layoffs in the future.

He put his heart into one more word.

“Director, you'll see more than what you think.”

“Haha! Then I'll have to grant you another favor?”

Only the two of them knew the conversation, and the others blinked their eyes.

Yoo-hyun answered confidently.

“Yes. Then you'll have to grant me a bigger favor.”

“Haha. Just make it happen. I'll grant you anything.”

“Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun thought of someone at that moment.

It was Vice President Lee Tae-ryong.

He was someone Yoo-hyun knew very well in the past.

‘Well, it's time to make a move, right?’

Yoo-hyun smiled deeply.

At that time, in the office of Product Development Part 3 in Ulsan Plant 3.

There, Circuit Team 3 Leader Ham Jong-gil was speaking with a stiff expression.

“Director, based on the current situation, there should be no problem in making a high-resolution panel within the schedule.”

“Hmm, I heard the product planning team is setting up a demo date with Apple?”

“Yes. Apple is also curious about it.”

Vice President Lee Tae-ryong, who was listening to the report, said something meaningful.

“When the demo date is set, we’ll make some news.”

“I don’t know exactly about that part.”

“I see. Okay. You can go now.”

“Yes, Director.”

After Senior Ham Jong-gil bowed and left, Vice President Lee Tae-ryong’s face crumpled.

“Ha! It’s going smoothly, huh...”

He couldn’t let this go on as it was.

That wasn’t his style.

He thought for a while and then picked up the phone with a sneer.

As soon as the call was connected, his mouth burst into a familiar voice.

“Hello, Tanaka-san. Hi!”

At the same time, his mouth curled into a characteristic smile.

After the report was over, Team Leader Lee Jin-mok came over to Yoo-hyun who was sitting at his desk.

Chapter 256

Lee Jin-mok, the team leader, asked with a puzzled expression.

“Yoo-hyun, I’m talking about the semi-electronic mockup.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did you tell them in advance?”

“Why?”

Yoo-hyun avoided answering, thinking that he had no reason to do so.

Then Lee Jin-mok scratched his head and said.

“It just seems like everything is ready as we need it.”

“In what way?”

“The multi-touch function, the resolution support, and so on.”

“Are the other companies not doing it?”

Yoo-hyun casually asked and he told him the honest situation.

“Well, there was no company that could do it within the deadline. If it wasn't for Semi-electronics, we would have been in big trouble.”

“That's good.”

“Yeah, that's good. Anyway, thanks.”

“Don't mention it. You did it, sir.”

To be precise, Semi-electronics did a good job.

And there was also a contribution from his friend Kang Jun-ki.

As if he could hear Yoo-hyun's thoughts, Lee Jin-mok asked bluntly.

“Oh, do you know Kang Jun-ki?”

“Yes. I worked with him on the last mockup. Why?”

“He said he knows you.”

“Did he badmouth me?”

“Hahaha! Badmouth? No way. There's something else.”

Lee Jin-mok laughed out loud and patted Yoo-hyun's shoulder as he passed by.

What?

Yoo-hyun was baffled by the situation and decided not to ask.

He could see that he wouldn't tell him anything if it was nothing important.

Instead, Yoo-hyun picked up his phone.

He pressed the call button and put the phone between his shoulder and cheek as he checked his email.

On the screen, an image of the work sent by Han Jae-hee popped up.

Soon after, his sister's voice rang through the receiver.

-What's up? Why are you calling so late?

“I just sent you an email.”

-You sent it a long time ago. It's almost a day.

It wasn't even half a day.

Yoo-hyun asked with a dumbfounded feeling.

“Are you drinking in broad daylight?”

-What? You and what else are killing me.

“What does that mean? You're killing me?”

-Whatever, how's the image?

Yoo-hyun chuckled and Han Jae-hee cut him off sharply.

She was always firm on unnecessary things.

Yoo-hyun took a small revenge with a sarcastic remark.

“It's not bad for a test version.”

-What? This is not a test version, you know?

“The icons are too blurry.”

-That can't be. I downloaded all the iPhone images and changed them.

He was joking, but Yoo-hyun didn't make up something that wasn't true.

And Yoo-hyun knew why his sister made such a mistake.

“The resolution of this panel is four times higher than the previous iPhone.”

-That's not noticeable on the phone. That's the full resolution of my monitor.

He said it playfully, but it was a mishap caused by not experiencing the ultra-high-resolution panel.

The work talk ended and they naturally moved on to small talk.

Maybe because it was a long time since they talked, Han Jae-hee was a bit talkative.

Among them, the story of her ex-husband caught Yoo-hyun's attention.

-As for Yang...

“Really?”

-Yeah. He was really crazy.

Yang Woo-chan was arrested for doing a lot of scumbag things besides filming hidden cameras.

He also got caught for forging his academic credentials and got expelled from school.

It was a very desirable outcome.

Yoo-hyun smiled with satisfaction when his sister suddenly brought up their mother.

-But brother, mom seems to be in a bad mood.

“Why? She sounded fine to me.”

-No, I went home last time and...

Han Jae-hee told him a long story about what she saw when she went home.

There was something strange in the content and Yoo-hyun asked.

“What’s wrong with baking bread?”

-Mom bakes bread when she’s in a bad mood.

“Really?”

-Yeah. Don’t you know that?

“...”

Yoo-hyun had no idea that his mother had such a side to her.

He couldn’t recall any situation where his mother got angry.

Yoo-hyun was silent for a moment and his sister clicked her tongue.

-Brother, you should have a drink with mom too. Don’t just drink with dad.

“I guess so.”

-Tsk tsk. I’m really teaching you, brother.

Han Jae-hee was right.

He had talked to his mother a lot, but he never had an honest time with her.

But it was annoying to hear her say that, so Yoo-hyun snapped back at her.

“You just like drinking anyway.”

-Nyah. Byeong!

Then Han Jae-hee hung up the phone like a drug addict.

She had done everything she could.

He was speechless for a moment, but Yoo-hyun soon called his mother.

As always, his mother’s cheerful voice came through.

-Yoo-hyun, what's up at this hour?

"I just wanted to hear your voice, mom."

-Hohoho! Good job.

She didn't sound like she was in a bad mood by her voice alone.

Yoo-hyun asked with a hint of doubt.

"Mom, what happened to the store expansion?"

-Huh? Why?

"Just curious. I said I would help you with the contract."

-Oh, I decided not to do that. The conditions were not good.

"I see."

-Yeah. It's better not to have a headache, right?

His mother said it casually.

But Yoo-hyun couldn't take her words at face value.

He knew how much his mother had been looking forward to it.

Yoo-hyun checked the calendar on his desk and said.

"Mom, I'm going home this weekend."

-Why? Your dad won't be here this weekend.

"I know, he's going on a business trip."

-Then it's better to come when your dad is here.

"You'll be lonely by yourself, mom."

His mother rebutted his gentle words out of nowhere.

-I'm more comfortable and happy without your dad.

"Are you kidding me?"

-No. I don't have to cook or watch him drink. How nice is that?

It sounded like there was some truth in her words, so Yoo-hyun laughed out loud.

They exchanged a few more words and Yoo-hyun said goodbye.

"Yes, mother. I'll see you soon."

-Okay. Take care of yourself.

Click.

It was a pleasant conversation, but why did it feel so heavy in his chest?

Yoo-hyun felt like he still didn't know his mother well.

That weekend, he took a bus to his home.

His mother, who had been waiting for him after work, greeted him warmly.

"You must be tired from the long trip."

"It's not far. It's quick."

"Oh, what did you buy this time?"

Yoo-hyun smiled and handed over the paper bag he was holding.

His mother waved her hand.

But her other hand had already grabbed the paper bag.

There was a full smile on her lips.

Looking at his mother, Yoo-hyun said.

"Open it."

"What? Alcohol?"

His mother's expression darkened at once, as if it was not what she expected.

Regardless, Yoo-hyun explained.

"It's sweet wine. Jae Hee said you like it."

"He always says nonsense."

"But it has some benefits too."

"Like what?"

At his mother's question, Yoo-hyun opened the box and took out a bottle of wine and answered.

"Thanks to him, I can have a drink with you."

"Hey, what's with the alcohol."

"You have a day off tomorrow."

He looked at his mother, who shook her head.

He had prepared well for this, so his mother seemed to have no good excuse.

"Well, that's true..."

“Then let’s have a drink. I’ve been looking forward to it.”

Yoo-hyun hooked his arm around his mother’s and spoke friendly.

In the end, his mother gave up and chuckled.

“My son has grown up.”

“I’ve been grown up for a long time.”

“I know. Just wait a bit.”

His mother went into the kitchen and prepared some snacks.

She was so excited that she lifted her shoulders.

He laughed as he watched her back. She looked like his younger sister.

Soon, a table was set on the floor, and on it were splendid snacks.

This was not something that could be passed over lightly.

He realized anew that his mother ran a side dish shop.

Yoo-hyun poured wine into his mother’s glass.

“Mother, here you go.”

Glug glug glug.

“My son also filled his glass. How nice.”

“Me too.”

“Cheers.”

Clang.

The two smiled and clinked their glasses.

One glass, two glasses, they drank lightly.

A warm evening breeze blew in.

The sound of frogs croaking added to the mood.

They didn’t realize it when they drank, but wine made them drunk quickly.

His mother’s face turned red and Yoo-hyun asked her.

“Mother, don’t you want to move to another house?”

“Why the house?”

“Just curious. You used to live in a bigger and nicer house.”

He had wanted to ask her for a long time.

He still remembered the dismal expression on his mother's face when there was a red sticker on the house.

He thought it would be a scar in his mother's heart.

But his mother gave an unexpected answer.

"I like it here. It's free and comfortable."

"Really?"

"Don't I look like it?"

"No. You do look like it."

"Yeah. It's different from then."

His mother emptied her glass of wine with a smile on her face.

Now there was no trace of the quiet and calm lady he used to see in his mother.

Instead, she became lively and bright.

She had confidence in every move she made.

The achievement she made by herself freed her.

He found that very positive.

"You look happy."

"Then I'm glad."

His mother said casually.

Yoo-hyun, who was looking for an opportunity, changed the subject and subtly probed his mother's mind.

"Mother, do you have any worries?"

"Jae Hee's studies?"

"Haha. Why? He's doing well."

"Just. I feel worried about him somehow."

"What about me? You never told me to study."

Yoo-hyun shrugged and asked innocently.

His mother never touched him since he was young.

It was the part that his sister envied and was jealous of the most.

But his mother gave an unexpected answer.

“I shouldn’t have done that to you.”

“Why?”

“...Well. It’s in the past now.”

His mother chuckled and muttered to herself as she emptied another glass.

The alcohol that was quite full disappeared at once.

At the same time, his mother revealed what she had been hiding.

“Do you want to hear it?”

“Yes. I want to hear it.”

“Actually...”

When Yoo-hyun was young, his mother was very pushy about studying.

It was the result of being swept away by the early education craze.

His mother brought up something that Yoo-hyun had no memory of.

“You worked very hard. You never complained. That made me more greedy.”

“Really?”

“So once I tried to see how far you could go and gave you a lot of homework on purpose.”

Yoo-hyun just listened to his mother’s story without saying a word.

He saw sadness on his mother’s face.

“It must have been about two weeks, maybe. There was a lot of it. Even an adult would feel it was too much.”

“Did I do all of it?”

His mother’s eyes flashed with regret at Yoo-hyun’s question.

“I only found out in the morning. That little thing... He must have been scared of me.”

“...”

“He stayed up all night and did it all. He even had a nosebleed.”

“I see.”

Yoo-hyun nodded with a complicated expression as he looked at his mother who spoke with a bitter smile.

He felt like he could sense his mother's feelings just by listening.

Then his mother took Yoo-hyun's hand.

"I swore then. I should never do this to him."

And she lifted her head and met Yoo-hyun's eyes.

Her eyes were moist, perhaps because of the old memory that came to her mind.

Chapter 257

Yoo-hyun felt the warmth of his mother's hand and joked.

"Did you really have to change so drastically?"

"Huh?"

"Thanks to that, my childhood was easy."

His mother chuckled and said.

"You did well, though. Jaehui was hopeless."

"He's a bit stubborn."

"That's right. I wonder who he takes after."

"He seems to resemble you a bit..."

"What did you say?"

His mother turned serious for a moment when Yoo-hyun teased her.

Then she shook her head and firmly said.

"No. It's your father."

"Puhahaha!"

Yoo-hyun laughed out loud at his mother's playful answer.

His mother also joined in the laughter.

It was amazing.

He felt really new to have such an open and honest conversation with his mother.

He thought he knew a lot about his mother, but there was much he didn't know.

That's how it went as they drank, and his mother's face turned redder.

She was the first to speak to Yoo-hyun, who was having a friendly chat.

“Yoo-hyun, if it’s because of the store contract, it’s really okay.”

“Yes. I know.”

“I just didn’t want to worry you, so I didn’t say anything.”

She said that, but her eyes showed the troubles and hardships she had gone through.

But now she smiled as if she had really shaken them off.

He felt bitter seeing her act strong.

Looking at his mother, Yoo-hyun muttered.

“Why would I worry about you?”

“That’s right. Don’t worry, I can handle it.”

“Yes, mother. I will.”

Yoo-hyun also squeezed his mother’s hand with strength.

That day, he had a lot of conversations with his mother.

The stars twinkled in the night sky.

The next morning.

Yoo-hyun finished getting ready to go out.

His mother seemed quite tired and was sound asleep.

She had been working hard every day without rest, so it was understandable.

“I’ll be back.”

Yoo-hyun left a quiet greeting in front of his mother’s room and left the house.

He headed to the traditional market where his mother worked.

The market closed twice a month, and today was one of those days.

Why did he bother going to the market where his mother wasn’t?

First of all, he was bothered by his mother’s troubled eyes that kept catching his attention yesterday.

He vaguely wanted to check it out for himself.

He also wanted to find a way to help his mother by going there himself.

He had never run a store himself, but he had a good eye for it.

He didn’t want to leave her alone when he could lend a hand.

So he moved.

The market was quiet because it was a day off.

There were shops with shutters down and shops with lights off and doors tightly closed.

As he walked along the street, he checked how many side dish shops there were.

Most of them were bigger than his mother's shop.

There were even large-scale businesses that used the entire first floor of the building.

There were more than he expected, and he clicked his tongue.

"That's a lot."

The competition was definitely fierce.

That meant there was a high demand for side dish shops, but it seemed too much.

It wasn't a good idea to compete on scale in this situation.

It was better to differentiate the category and get out of the competition.

Two items came to his mind.

Online sales that differentiate distribution.

Diet side dishes that differentiate products.

Both of these items matched the future trends.

Considering that the market area would be increasingly pushed by large corporations, it was better to change now.

He thought so as he walked along.

A paper stuck on the wall of the building caught his eye.

He approached it and checked it out. It was a notice for merchants.

It read:

-Warning: Members who do not pay the merchant association fee will be excluded from eligibility requirements. -Fire alarm installation cost 800,000 won per store, piping construction cost 500,000 won, disinfection per store 50,000

won, small business fire insurance 20,000 won. -Merchant chairman Bae Hogil compensation.

Yoo-hyun snorted at that.

“That’s ridiculous.”

It was obviously nonsense.

This was a traditional market.

Even if the building was privately owned, there was national subsidy.

The building exterior design and alley ceiling were also supported by national subsidy. There was no way that there was no subsidy for these common items.

This meant that this kind of scamming was rampant here.

There were always people who preyed on the weak wherever they went.

Especially since this had something to do with his mother.

He couldn’t help but get angry.

Click.

Yoo-hyun took out his phone and took a picture of it.

Then he looked around his mother’s shop.

The street stall in front of the building was cleared away, and the door was closed.

But the shutter wasn’t down, so he could see inside.

Looking inside, he could see that the space was narrow.

It was understandable that his mother wanted to expand the shop.

Was there no other way?

There were shelves inside the building, but the space was so small that there wasn’t enough variety to display.

If the amount of storage was the problem, it might be better to raise the shelf levels.

That’s what Yoo-hyun was thinking as he stood in front of the closed door.

Thud.

A box hit his foot.

He looked down and saw a crumpled paper in the trash pile.

It caught his eye because it had his mother's handwriting on it.

He unfolded the paper and smiled bitterly.

“She had high hopes...”

There was a notice that they had moved to another store.

They even drew a map to show the way.

It looked like they had prepared it in advance for their regular customers.

It must have been a last-minute change of plans.

What went wrong?

He wondered as he followed the map.

He wanted to check out the place at least once.

Woof!

Then, a dog came up and barked at him.

Its loud cry echoed in the empty alley of stores.

When he looked at it, the dog turned away and ran off.

It was the direction he was heading to.

He walked past two blocks and entered a small alley.

He saw a store with lights on in the distance.

There were quite a few people gathered there.

Crack!

Then, the dog screamed and rolled on the ground.

It looked like someone had kicked it hard.

“You bastard! How dare you!”

One of the men in orange vests spat out curses.

Snap.

The dog ran away as if fleeing, and he instinctively hid himself.

At the same time, he quietly approached and observed the situation.

An old lady who was restless in front of an outdoor table.

A middle-aged man who was frowning and waving a paper.

A man in a white shirt who was watching from a distance.

Two men in orange vests who were leaning on their arms next to him.

Their faces came into view one by one.

He had a hunch about what was going on.

He took out his phone and pressed the record button.

Then, the middle-aged man pushed the old lady who bowed her head.

“Mrs. Shin, sign it and get out. What are you trying to do?”

“Mr. President, this is different from the contract.”

“Oh, come on, can’t you let go of this? How many chances did I give you?”

“How can I leave if you suddenly tell me to? And this is clearly illegal.”

“Oh! Who do you think you are talking to?”

The president shouted when the old lady resisted.

Then he bowed his head to the man in the white shirt.

“Mr. Hwang, I’m sorry. I promised to leave by today...”

“Hehe! No, no, Mr. President. As long as it’s clean, there’s no problem. Right, guys?”

The man in the white shirt smirked and turned his head. The men in orange vests next to him nodded their heads.

“Yes! Mr. Hwang.”

“Mr. Hwang, please... please spare me.”

The old lady trembled as if afraid.

It was obvious that Mr. Hwang, the landlord, was bullying the tenant with thugs.

The president who was supposed to protect the merchants was rather threatening the old lady who was a merchant herself.

“See, Mrs. Shin, just sign it and end it nicely.”

“I can’t do it.”

“I can’t wait any longer if you don’t sign it now.”

“I can’t do it. I’ll report this if you do.”

“Huh, really. You don’t know that these cops are all under my thumb?”

“Mr. President, please. I’ll die.”

The old lady knelt down and Mr. Hwang gestured with his chin.

“It won’t work. Make her sign by force.”

“Yes, Mr. Hwang.”

Then, the men in orange vests grabbed the old lady from both sides.

The old lady cried out but there was no way she could win with strength.

“No! I can’t do it!”

“Mrs. Shin, just sign it quickly and let’s finish this.”

The president urged her as she resisted.

The situation was getting worse by the minute.

He couldn’t believe it and snorted.

“They’re really something.”

What should he do?

The photos and videos he took today could make a big news story.

Even if the cops were in cahoots with them, they would have to move if a reporter stepped in.

That’s how he could settle it.

But...

He felt uneasy and sent a message to Kim Yeon-guk, a reporter from Our Daily News’ social affairs department.

He was a junior of Oh Eun-bi, who wrote an article about Kim Hyun-soo a while ago.

He became acquainted with him through that article.

He was in charge of this area so he would respond quickly.

Then, he heard the old lady’s scream again.

“Mr. Hwang, please. Spare me just once.”

“We don’t have time, hurry up. Once we finish here, all these stores will be cleared.”

Mr. Hwang pointed at two buildings next to him and smirked.

Suddenly, his brows furrowed sharply.

One of the stores that Mr. Hwang pointed at was the one that his mother was supposed to move to.

He had a feeling why his mother's contract was suddenly canceled.

He could imagine what kind of deal had been made behind the scenes.

He couldn't just sit still and watch.

He stood up from his crouched position.

Then, the old lady who had her wrist held by the man in orange vest dropped the pen.

The pen fell and scratched the paper.

"I can't do it."

"Oh! What are you doing! You're wasting ink!"

Mr. Hwang yelled as he saw that and the men on both sides threatened the old lady.

"Lady, do you really want to die?"

"Please..."

At that moment, he saw his mother's face overlapped with the old lady's.

He felt a surge of anger as he thought that those bastards could ruin his mother's always bright face.

"Those sons of bitches."

He clenched his teeth and walked forward.

Mr. Hwang saw him approaching and shouted.

"Who are you?"

"I don't care about that. You two in orange, get your hands off."

He pointed at the heads of the two men in orange vests, and they spat out curses like thugs.

"You fucking bastard! What did you say?"

"Is this guy crazy or what!"

He chuckled and said to Mr. Hwang.

"You know this is illegal, right? Forcing a contract like this."

"What are you talking about! Hey! Grab that kid!"

As soon as he finished his words, Mr. Hwang shouted angrily.

At the same time, the two men in orange vests who were holding the old lady jumped out.

Chapter 258

Yoo-hyun snorted and said.

“Oh? Now you’re going to charge me with assault?”

“You bastard!”

Then, the big guy in the orange vest threw a punch.

Thud.

Yoo-hyun blocked the incoming fist with his shoulder.

“You hit first, right?”

“What? This kid!”

The big guy in the orange vest scowled and threw another punch.

It couldn’t have looked that slow.

Thud.

Yoo-hyun dodged the fist and landed his own punch on the guy’s chin.

It was a counterpunch to a vital spot, and with the force behind it, the guy collapsed right away.

“Ugh!”

Yoo-hyun quickly turned his body and kicked the small guy in the orange vest who was rushing at him from the side.

Bam!

He hit him right on target.

The guy also fell limp from the powerful kick.

As soon as two of them were subdued, the landlord shouted and swung his fist.

The guy with a shabby look had some courage.

“You bastard, die!”

Thud.

But his cotton fist hit Yoo-hyun’s chest and he felt nothing at all.

Yoo-hyun grabbed his wrist.

“Ugh! Aah!”

Then he twisted his arm and kned him in the head.

“Why are you using violence? Against a law-abiding citizen.”

“I’ll, I’ll report you.”

“Go ahead and report.”

Thump.

“Aah!”

The landlord’s arm was twisted behind his back and he screamed.

Yoo-hyun kicked him behind the knee and he knelt down.

Thud.

It was a moment when everyone around him was subdued.

The merchant president who was next to him trembled and said.

“Do you, do you know who I am?”

“Who are you? You’re a thug who sucks blood from merchants.”

“What did you say? I, I have connections with the police...”

“Then go ahead and report.”

As soon as Yoo-hyun said that, the merchant president blinked and asked back.

“Are, are you serious?”

“Ugh! Hurry up and get this bastard...”

The landlord whose arm was twisted shut up when Yoo-hyun hit him in the back of his head.

He still hadn’t come to his senses.

Thud.

“Ow!”

“Be quiet.”

The merchant president asked nervously.

“Can, can I really do it?”

“Do it. I want to put you away right now.”

Yoo-hyun growled and he pressed a phone number on his cell phone.

It was not 112 but a personal number.

Suddenly, his expression cleared of fear.

He even smiled confidently and talked on the phone.

“Hey, Park chief, it’s me...”

Yoo-hyun sneered at him.

“Bullshit.”

A moment later.

Yoo-hyun was sitting at a nearby police station.

The people who were with him earlier were also there.

Park Sang-ik, the chief who was sitting across from him, said to Yoo-hyun.

“It seems like there was some misunderstanding here?”

“Didn’t I show you the picture earlier? And the lady testified too.”

“That’s not enough evidence, evidence.”

Park Sang-ik shook his spoon as if he was annoyed, and the merchant president next to him said smugly.

“You’re right, chief. You see things clearly. This kid hit me here with his fist, ugh...”

“Oh, president, you must be hurt.”

“Yeah, right.”

Yoo-hyun snorted at their cozy act.

Then he took out his cell phone again and said.

“Then I guess I have to show you this too.”

“What is this?”

Park Sang-ik asked, and Yoo-hyun shouted loudly.

“Just look at this for a second!”

“What’s wrong with you?”

Then the police officers next to him also turned their heads curiously.

Yoo-hyun pressed a button and the video he had taken earlier played.

It showed the merchant president and his group threatening the old lady clearly.

With their vivid voices, the expressions of the landlord and the two thugs in orange vests who were being interrogated next to them crumpled up.

The climax was the merchant president's words:

-Do you know that these cops are all people who would die at my word?

The absurd situation made the police officers blink their eyes.

Then, the old lady who was testifying next to them ran over and said.

“That's right. The merchant president said that. He said it's useless to report because all the police are on his side.”

“What! Where did you get this fake video?”

The merchant president snapped, but Yoo-hyun calmly countered him.

“This is a video I just took. Where did I have time to manipulate it?”

“President.”

Suddenly, Park Sang-ik glared at the merchant president harshly.

“That...”

The merchant president gave him an apologetic look, and Park Sang-ik sighed and said to Yoo-hyun.

“You're young and inexperienced, aren't you? This kind of thing is not evidence either.”

“Then I'll have to hire a lawyer.”

“Go ahead and try. You'll just waste your time, what do you think you'll gain from it?”

Chief Park Sang-ik was experienced in dealing with these situations and responded skillfully.

He knew that it was a pointless action for Yoo-hyun, who had no stake in the matter.

Yoo-hyun shrugged at the expected answer.

“You're right. It's not worth wasting my time on this, I'll have to call a reporter.”

“Oh! You're hopeless, young man.”

Only then did Chief Park Sang-ik's eyebrows twitch.

“Why? Don’t you think it would make a great article if I link the abuse of power and the police bribery?”

“Call a reporter! Go ahead and call! You brat, where do you get your nerve from?”

Chief Park Sang-ik yelled at Yoo-hyun’s sarcastic words.

Yoo-hyun obediently followed his words.

“Yes. I already did.”

“What, what did you say?”

It was at that moment.

Clang.

The door opened and a tall young man entered the police station.

Yoo-hyun recognized him right away from his profile picture.

He raised his hand and greeted him.

“Mr. Kim, the reporter.”

“Oh? Mr. Yoo, hello.”

“...”

The police station became quiet for a moment.

It was because of the camera that Kim Yeon-guk, the reporter, brought with him.

There was a big logo of Uri Ilbo on it.

“Haha! I should introduce myself first. I’m Kim Yeon-guk, a reporter from Uri Ilbo.”

“U-Uri Ilbo...”

“Yes. I received an interesting tip. It’s a complicated story involving the police and the chairman of the merchants association, right?”

As soon as he finished his words, Chief Park Sang-ik’s eyes changed.

He hit the heads of the chairman of the merchants association and President Hwang, who were sitting on the floor, hard with a file folder.

Thwack! Thwack!

“Chief Park...”

“You bastard, how dare you act like you know something!”

The chairman of the merchants association, who opened his mouth for nothing, got into trouble.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

“Aaah!”

After venting his anger, Chief Park Sang-ik ordered his subordinate officers.

“Hey, we have enough evidence for this guy, so make sure you search him thoroughly.”

“Yes, chief!”

“No, Chief Park, is this how you do it?”

The chairman of the merchants association asked in a pitiful voice at Chief Park Sang-ik’s sudden change of attitude.

President Hwang also added his voice as if he had some connection.

“Chief Park, this is not right.”

Then Chief Park Sang-ik looked at them with a fierce expression.

“Do you think this is a joke? This is a police station, a police station! How dare you insult the police!”

“That’s not what I meant...”

As the chairman of the merchants association stuttered, Chief Park Sang-ik gave strong instructions to his subordinates.

“Hey, check that guy Baek Ho-gil too. He has a record of illegal prostitution.”

“Yes, chief!”

“And that guy Hwang Joo-hwan has some illegal transactions when he acquired the building. Make sure you investigate that part too.”

“Yes, sir.”

“...”

The faces of the chairman of the merchants association and President Hwang turned pale at the same time.

It was after the storm had passed.

Chief Park Sang-ik spoke to Kim Yeon-guk, the reporter, with a friendly face.

“You must have had a hard time coming all this way. Do you want some tea or something?”

“I think there’s someone who had a harder time than me.”

“Oh dear, look at me. I’m sorry about earlier.”

Kim Yeon-guk nodded at Yoo-hyun and Chief Park Sang-ik reached out his hand.

Yoo-hyun hid his feelings and shook his hand.

“I guess mistakes can happen when there are many cases.”

“Hahaha! That’s right. You’re very smart.”

“Just make sure you handle it cleanly.”

“Don’t worry about that. The police are the people’s stick, aren’t they?”

Yoo-hyun snorted as he saw Chief Park Sang-ik’s confident expression.

He turned his head and saw Kim Yeon-guk wink at him.

Yoo-hyun whispered his thanks to him.

“Thank you.”

“Let’s talk about that over a drink later.”

Kim Yeon-guk made a gesture of drinking alcohol.

He looked like a male version of Oh Eun-bi, who was good at handling things.

Then Chief Park Sang-ik guided them to an inner seat.

He looked so nice that it was hard to believe he was the same person.

“Come on, come this way.”

Seeing him, Yoo-hyun gave Kim Yeon-guk a thumbs up.

He had to admit it.

The power of the pen was formidable.

Yoo-hyun, who came out of the police station, met Kim Yeon-guk at a pub.

He spoke frankly, unlike his gloomy appearance.

Kim Yeon-guk recalled the earlier incident and said.

“Geez, there are so many rotten bastards.”

“That’s why we need people like you, reporters.”

“Hahaha! Mr. Yoo, you’re good at flattering. No wonder Ms. Oh likes you.”

“Thank you for your kindness. I really appreciate it today.”

Yoo-hyun filled Kim Yeon-guk’s glass with beer.

He owed him a lot for his article on Kim Hyun-soo last time and today’s case.

Especially this time, he came to the police station at Yoo-hyun’s request.

And it was on a weekend.

No matter how close his house was, it was not an easy thing to do.

But he acted as if it was nothing and shook his head.

“Hey, don’t thank me. I got a good article thanks to you.”

“But it’s still small compared to your trouble.”

“No. You got the video clearly, right? This article will be a big hit. Haha!”

“I’m glad then.”

Yoo-hyun was grateful for Kim Yeon-guk’s kind words.

They drank and chatted for a while.

Clang.

The pub door opened and a familiar guest came in.

Yoo-hyun raised his hand and welcomed Kim Hyun-soo.

“Hyun-soo.”

“What? You said you were going home right away... Huh? Reporter.”

Kim Hyun-soo, who was talking to Yoo-hyun, was surprised to see the person sitting across from him.

Kim Yeon-guk greeted him.

“Mr. Kim, hello.”

“What are you doing here...”

Kim Hyun-soo looked bewildered as he sat down at Yoo-hyun’s request.

“You two look like a picture together. You’re both justice warriors, aren’t you?”

“Don’t say that. Have a drink first.”

Yoo-hyun filled Kim Yeon-guk’s glass with beer.

He also poured some for Kim Hyun-soo’s empty glass.

Kim Hyun-soo, who had no idea what was going on, asked in a puzzled tone.

“Yoo-hyun, did you tell the reporter about those bastards who nailed me to the ground last time?”

“No. Why would I do that?”

Yoo-hyun shook his head and Kim Yeon-guk leaned forward with interest.

“Oh? What’s that story?”

Kim Hyun-soo realized his mistake at that moment.

Chapter 259

Kim Yeon-guk, a reporter, used his reporter’s intuition to dig deeper into the story.

His eloquent words eventually made Kim Hyun-soo confess everything.

“It happened like this...”

“Yes, yes. There were four friends and three thugs. Many people fixed the flat tire. And then?”

“Mr. Reporter, why are you writing this down?”

Kim Hyun-soo asked incredulously as he saw Kim Yeon-guk taking notes on his notebook.

Kim Yeon-guk gave a sly smile.

“I just have a feeling about this.”

“This is not a news story...”

Kim Hyun-soo scratched his head and Yoo-hyun cut him off.

“Enough. Do you think the reporter is digging a hole to do business? He writes when he has a good material.”

“Exactly. Yoo-hyun, you are very clear.”

Kim Yeon-guk nodded and added more specific advice to Yoo-hyun.

“If you go to the police station, you can find out the exact situation. I’ll tell you the exact time and location.”

“Thank you.”

There was nothing to be thankful for.

The one who got the help was Yoo-hyun.

This would also help Kim Hyun-soo when the article was published.

Yoo-hyun said sincerely.

“I hope this was helpful in some way.”

“Of course it was. The friendship between friends is heartwarming, and the way you taught the thugs a lesson is satisfying. This is what makes a fresh news story.”

“I’m glad.”

Yoo-hyun smiled and Kim Yeon-guk also showed a friendly smile.

On the other hand, Kim Hyun-soo felt embarrassed to death.

“Ha! It’s still not right...”

“Hyun-soo, don’t be like that. Your face hasn’t been published yet.”

“That’s right. I felt it last time when I interviewed you, but you seem to care too much about what others think.”

Kim Yeon-guk said and Yoo-hyun asked seriously.

“Do you have star syndrome or something?”

“You could say that.”

“Mr. Reporter!”

Yoo-hyun saw Kim Hyun-soo getting angry and handed him a glass.

“Hahaha! Come on, let’s smile and have a good time. We met good people here. I’ll pay for this.”

“Fine... I’ll pay for the second round.”

Kim Hyun-soo gave up and said, and Kim Yeon-guk raised his glass.

“Good. I feel rewarded as a reporter.”

Clang. Clang.

The three of them laughed happily as they clinked their glasses.

It was a comfortable drinking party, as if they were old friends.

A few days later, a news article appeared on the ranking section of an internet portal site.

<Building owner who bullied with gangsters, merchant president who took advantage of corruption. Is this okay for the traditional market?>

It was not about the corruption of a chaebol family, nor about the drug scandal of a celebrity.

Yet, this news caused a huge reaction for a reason.

It contained photos and videos of the bullying scene.

People criticized the merchant president and the building owner as if they had been victimized themselves.

It was not only on the internet.

The U-ri Daily newspaper also had a big news on its social page.

Thanks to that, all the market merchants saw the news.

Of course, Yoo-hyun's mother was among them.

That day at lunchtime.

Yoo-hyun, who was sitting in his office and checking the article, received a phone call from his mother.

After exchanging simple greetings, his mother rambled on about the article.

-So that merchant president bastard...

"He's trash."

-Yeah. A son of a bitch. Oh! Ahem. Anyway, he's a bad guy. And the building owner is worse.

"I'm glad they were caught by the police."

-Yeah. You don't know how angry they are.

His mother's voice was full of energy.

She was as happy as when she heard Yoo-hyun's employment news.

Yoo-hyun tried to hold back his laughter and asked.

"Mother, did you think about what I told you?"

-The shelf height thing, I think it's a good idea. It will make the display look more spacious and...

"Not that, the diet products."

-Ah, I thought about that too because it seems like young people are looking for it...

His mother spouted out her ideas non-stop.

She had definitely thought about it more than once.

She even had opinions on some details that Yoo-hyun had not thought of.

Of course, there were many shortcomings too, but he thought she could fill them up gradually with this passion.

Yoo-hyun listened to her and replied positively.

“It sounds good to me.”

-Really? I'll have to think about it more.

“Yes. It's really good, so have some confidence and try it.”

-Hoho! Okay. Thank you. But I don't understand what you mean by internet something.

“I'll help you with online sales.”

-Doesn't that cost a lot of money?

His mother asked worriedly as Yoo-hyun offered his help.

He already had a plan in mind, so he presented his alternative.

“No, it doesn't. You just need to contract with a delivery company, and the most important thing is to make a promotional image. You can ask Jae-hee to do that.”

-Jae-hee, he said he's busy with your work.

“It's okay. He almost finished it and now he has some free time.”

-Jae-hee is completely under your control. Hoho.

His mother laughed as Yoo-hyun spoke decisively.

He wanted to see this smile forever.

Yoo-hyun smiled and said.

“Mother, I'll help you a lot from now on.”

-You've already done more than enough. Don't worry about me and do your work.

“Yes, mother. See you next time.”

Yoo-hyun hung up the phone with a light heart.

Mang Ki-yong, his senior, came up to him and asked.

“What are you so happy about?”

“I just feel good.”

“Good. I like that attitude. I hope you smile even after the game today.”

Yoo-hyun was about to answer his senior’s meaningful words when...

Before he knew it, Lee Jin-mok, the team leader, joined in.

“We can’t win by just smiling. Let’s go for the victory since we’re here.”

“Are you serious?”

Yoo-hyun asked and Lee Jin-mok answered confidently.

“Of course. We won two games, and we only need to win two more, right?”

He was the most worried and nervous one in every game.

It was funny to see him so self-assured before facing the strongest contender.

Yoo-hyun chuckled and reminded him of his past.

“I remember your face in the first game.”

“Hey, that was then, and this is now.”

“Let’s see you create a miracle.”

Yoo-hyun said coolly and the two of them laughed.

There was no shadow of defeat on their faces.

It was a remarkable change compared to before.

Soon after.

The people of the Advanced Product Team made a circle by putting their arms on each other’s shoulders.

Mang Ki-yong, the captain, said.

“Our opponent is Panel 1 Team, the most powerful contender. They must think we will lose for sure.”

“No way!”

Lee Jin-mok shouted and Mang Ki-yong raised his voice as well.

“Good! Let’s use this energy... Yoo-hyun, say something.”

He suddenly passed the baton to Yoo-hyun.

Yoo-hyun spat out a sigh and looked around.

All 10 people who faced each other had no word of giving up on their faces.

He saw the improved Advanced Product Team and said briefly.

At times like this, unity was more important than long words.

“Let’s play without regrets. Advance!”

Yoo-hyun shouted and the people cheered as if they had been waiting for it.

“Advance! Advance! Fighting!”

Along with their loud voices, cheers came from the stands as well.

“Woah!”

Regardless of the outcome, their concentration and enthusiasm for the game were unmatched.

It was very hot as summer approached.

It was still bright outside, so the heat felt even more intense.

Despite that, the Advanced Product Team ran hard.

But the opponent was not easy either.

Panel 1 Team had thoroughly analyzed the Advanced Product Team and prepared for it.

Bang!

They used precise long passes to disrupt the left and right sides of the Advanced Product Team.

“Out!”

Then they trapped them with a flawless defense.

It was not a neighborhood soccer level at all.

Their well-organized teamwork was different from the previous teams.

“Huff, huff.”

The members of the Advanced Product Team did their best beyond their limits.

They worked so hard that they felt out of breath.

But they couldn’t overcome the wall of Panel 1 Team in the end.

Beep. Beep.

The referee’s whistle sounded and the game was decided with a final score of 2 to 0.

“Puha!”

Yoo-hyun sprayed water on his face and shook his head.

The team members were all lying on the ground as if they were exhausted.

Yoo-hyun also lay down with them.

“Good job, everyone.”

As soon as Yoo-hyun said that, the people who were lying down and breathing heavily said one word each.

“You did well, Yoo-hyun.”

“That was really fun.”

“You all worked hard.”

“Should we get uniforms too?”

“Sounds good.”

They all sounded happy even though they lost.

Mang Ki-yong, who was lying next to him, smiled too.

In the noisy atmosphere, Yoo-hyun and Mang Ki-yong's eyes met.

Mang Ki-yong asked quietly.

“Yoo-hyun, are you disappointed?”

“A little bit.”

“I thought so.”

“But it was fun.”

“Me too. Puhaha.”

Mang Ki-yong's laughter felt sincere.

So did Yoo-hyun's.

He never thought he could feel good even after losing, but he did.

He knew it was possible because they were all together.

He used that feeling as a stepping stone and got up quickly.

Then he shouted loudly.

“Come on, get up and let's go eat jajangmyeon.”

“Are you paying?”

Yoo-hyun shook his head at Lee Jin-mok's question and said.

"Of course, the team leaders should pay."

Then Jung In-wook, the manager, stuck out his tongue.

"That bastard, I knew he would do that."

"And among them, the senior team leader pays."

Yoo-hyun pointed at him without backing down.

Jung In-wook sighed resignedly and gestured with his hand.

"Ha! Let's go then."

That's when a savior appeared.

Kim Ho-geol, the chief engineer, grabbed Jung In-wook's hand and lifted him up as he said,

"You should use your boss at times like this."

"Oh my god, what an honor."

Jung In-wook joked with a relaxed tone and Kim Ho-geol said to the team members.

"Come on, let's have fun today without going back to the office."

"Wow, sounds good!"

Everyone's face was full of smiles.

Yoo-hyun also smiled brightly.

The soccer result was irrelevant to the work progress.

The panel design, which was a joint project with the Future Product Research Institute, was completed before he knew it.

They also did thorough and faithful simulation and verification.

Thanks to that, Go Jun-ho, the executive director, stamped his approval with a satisfied expression and the mask order for panel production was placed.

The mask for panel production was a mold for making boards, and the basic price was tens of millions of won per piece.

It was already expensive, but it was more expensive and more in number because it was for OLED boards.

The risk of failure was considerable.

Go Seong-cheol, the senior engineer who led the design, prayed every day as he came to work.

He had a lot of shadows on his face.

Yoo-hyun said to him,

“Mr. Go, it will be fine.”

“What if something goes wrong? It’s billions of won flying away.”

“Do you think you’ll get fired?”

“What?”

He looked incredulous and Yoo-hyun smiled.

“Don’t be too nervous.”

“If this doesn’t work, the schedule will be ruined.”

“There will be another way.”

Yoo-hyun said easily and Go Seong-cheol shook his head as if he was annoyed.

“Ha! You are really...”

“Have some confidence.”

Yoo-hyun looked around as he encouraged him.

Go Seong-cheol was not the only one with a dark expression.

Mang Ki-yong, who placed the IC order, Lee Jin-mok, who made the FPCB, Min Su-jin, who made a new video board, and Kim Seon-dong, who designed the code, were all the same.

There were so many things to worry about because they targeted the final prototype product this time.

It was different from the sloppy demo last time.

Chapter 260

As Yoo-hyun sat down, Senior Maeng Gi Yong came over and reminded him of something.

“Did you contact the IC attachment company?”

“Yes, I set a date.”

This panel was different from the previous ones in many ways, as it was a product form.

It was also a big change to attach the IC directly to the panel glass surface, not to the film.

Because of this, an additional attachment process had to be carried out by an external company.

Senior Maeng Gi Yong sighed deeply after hearing Yoo-hyun's answer.

"Ah, I wish the panel hadn't come out."

"Why do you say that? You said the IC production progress was smooth."

"But the real thing is different."

"The circuit team 4 and 3 checked it for you. It will be fine."

"That's not what I mean. You don't know the engineers' minds."

Senior Maeng Gi Yong shook his head and walked away.

His face was full of worries.

In the meantime, there was someone who looked relaxed.

It was Manager Jung In Wook.

He used to goof off all the time, then he burned up for a while, and now he's quiet again.

He quietly approached Yoo-hyun and spoke to him.

"Why are they all so worried? Tsk tsk. Don't you think so?"

"Well, the team leader should be busy, but the team members are busy."

"Hey, is that sarcasm?"

"Of course not."

"Fine. Your mouth is a bomb."

Yoo-hyun chuckled as he saw Manager Jung In Wook sticking out his tongue.

He felt very friendly now, even though he used to put up a wall.

Manager Jung In Wook had a very laid-back personality for an engineer.

Thanks to him, the stiff team 1 became quite soft.

Yoo-hyun complimented him.

"Manager Jung, you're doing well."

"Hey, why are you like that? Did you take some medicine?"

He seemed surprised by Yoo-hyun's words and blinked his eyes.

“I know you’re always watching over the whole schedule behind us.”

“What, all of a sudden? You’re tickling me.”

“I’m in a good mood.”

Yoo-hyun smiled playfully and Manager Jung In Wook blurted out something absurd.

“Is it because the product planning team won the innovation planning contest this time?”

“Why are you bringing that up here?”

“Well. You must be sorry. If you were there, you would have gotten a prize.”

“Why would I be sorry?”

“Why? The prize money was pretty big, wasn’t it?”

Yoo-hyun laughed as he looked at Manager Jung In Wook who asked back.

Then he recalled what Choi Min Hee, the deputy manager, had said on the phone a while ago.

-It’s all our work. I’ll split the prize money as soon as it comes out and send it to you right away. Good job.

Choi Min Hee included Yoo-hyun as a formal member.

Thanks to that, Yoo-hyun was also able to share the glory of the innovation planning contest winning team.

He also received more than 2 million won in money.

It was the result of splitting it like a knife after calculating the tax.

He was grateful for her consideration more than the money.

He had enough money anyway.

The value of Airbnb stock he held in his hand was 1.5 trillion won in 10 years.

There was no reason to live on edge at work in this situation.

Yoo-hyun boldly said.

“Manager Jung, how about we have a team dinner? I’ll pay for it.”

“No thanks. I don’t need your dirty money.”

“Then why don’t you pay for it?”

“I was going to pay for it after we get over one hurdle. Just wait.”

Maybe he liked what Yoo-hyun said earlier.

Manager Jung In Wook's shoulders were quite high.

Yoo-hyun gave him a thumbs up and cheered him on.

"Yes, sir. I trust you."

"Ahem."

After Manager Jung In Wook coughed and left,

The timing was good and Yoo-hyun's phone on his desk rang.

It was a call from Park Young Hoon, his senior in the army and gym buddy.

Yoo-hyun moved to the hallway and answered the phone.

"Hyung, what's up?"

-What's up? You put some money in again?

"Yeah. I got some rewards."

-What kind of rewards do your company have so much?

Park Young Hoon, who was managing some of Yoo-hyun's money, whined like a child.

Yoo-hyun asked incredulously.

"Isn't that good for you if I put more money in?"

-That's not it. I'm just jealous.

"You're jealous."

-I want to get a lot of bonuses like you too.

"Did you break again?"

Yoo-hyun asked bluntly and heard Park Young Hoon sighing over the phone.

-Ha. This is the life of a loser, what can I do?

"Make a lot of money and be independent."

-It's not easy. I have to endure somehow. Don't live like me.

"Don't worry about me and take care of yourself."

-Yeah. You're not working for money anyway, right?

Park Young Hoon was right.

If Yoo-hyun was thinking about making money, he wouldn't have come back to Han Sung.

And he wasn't short of money either.

The value of Airbnb stock he held in his hand was 1.5 trillion won in 10 years.

There was no reason to live on edge at work in this situation.

Yoo-hyun honestly said what he felt.

"Yeah. If I was, I wouldn't be working."

-Then why are you doing it?

"To teach the bad guys a lesson."

-What? So you're going to catch the bad guys now?

Yoo-hyun answered without hesitation to Park Young Hoon's words.

"Of course."

-Puhahaha. You make me laugh.

Yoo-hyun answered cheerfully and Park Young Hoon's laughter rang out loud from the other side of the phone.

It was a relief that he could laugh like this.

Of course, it wasn't a joke to make him feel better.

It wasn't.

Yoo-hyun was serious.

He smiled brightly after hanging up the phone.

"Shall I start moving then?"

Soon after, Yoo-hyun looked for Ju Yoon Ha, the secretary of team 4.

He had received a lot of help from her whenever he needed it.

Of course, he was grateful.

He expressed his gratitude by giving her a drink that she liked.

"Hello, Yoon Ha. You're working hard today."

"Oh, Yoo-hyun, I don't know what to do with your kindness."

"No, I'm sorry that this is all I can give you."

Ju Yoon Ha, who was laughing at Yoo-hyun's manner, suddenly clapped her hands as if she remembered something.

“Oh, I just received this month’s schedule for team 3. Do you want to see it?”

“Did it come out?”

“Yes. I saved it for you when you came.”

“You even printed it for me. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. I’ll also send it to you by email.”

Yoo-hyun took the paper that Ju Yoon Ha handed him.

It had the team’s schedule divided by day.

While he was looking at the content, Ju Yoon Ha leaned her head and asked.

“Does this help you?”

“Which part?”

“Just. It doesn’t look like much to me.”

“Haha. I’m just checking. I have to cooperate with team 3 all the time.”

Yoo-hyun said casually.

Of course, his true intention was not that.

“Yoo-hyun is really meticulous.”

“Thank you. I’ll take a look.”

“Yes. Please let me know if you need anything.”

Yoo-hyun greeted Ju Yoon Ha kindly and turned his steps.

He looked at the schedule again as he walked.

It might look like an ordinary schedule to other people’s eyes.

But if he compared it with last month and the month before, he could see the difference.

Now Yoo-hyun’s eyes caught the items that were raised as a bluff.

They were schedules that did not match Lee Tae Ryong’s style at all.

Yoo-hyun, who had worked under him, knew that very well.

He returned to his seat and called his colleague on his phone.

It was Lim Tae Kyung, who was in the circuit team 3.

He greeted him warmly as he was glad to hear from him.

“Tae Kyung, how are you doing?”

-Ah, I'm dying. Why?

"I have something to ask you."

-No way. You're the enemy of our team.

Lim Tae Kyung gave a sharp answer to Yoo-hyun's words.

He had been like this since the soccer game last time.

Yoo-hyun tried to soothe him with his words.

"Hey, soccer is over."

-That's not the only thing.

"Fine. I'll buy you a coffee next time. Okay?"

-Yeah. Okay. Puhaha. What is it?

"I was wondering if your team had a meeting with the team leader this time."

-What meeting?

"It was on the team schedule."

-We didn't. The team leader suddenly left for a business trip that day.

"I see. Got it."

As expected, Lee Tae Ryong was moving as predicted.

He didn't see it, but Yoo-hyun could clearly picture what kind of business trip it was.

Then, Lim Tae Kyung's voice came over the phone.

-Did you really call me to ask that?

"Of course not."

-Then?

"Congratulations on your first year at work."

-Puhahaha. Has it been that long already?

Lim Tae Kyung laughed at Yoo-hyun's congratulations.

He complained every day that he couldn't work there anymore, but it had been a year already.

The company life felt really fast like a bullet after it passed.

“Yeah. It’s been that long.”

-We should get together sometime. Weekdays seem too busy, how about Friday or weekend?

“I can’t do this week.”

He wanted to relieve his stress with his colleagues in Ulsan, but he had another appointment this week.

Lim Tae Kyung nodded at Yoo-hyun’s words and quickly prepared an alternative.

-Okay. I’ll contact the others and set a date.

“Okay. Thanks for taking care of it.”

-Thank you for letting me know.

“Don’t thank me. Take it easy.”

-I can’t because of soccer.

“What are you talking about?”

Yoo-hyun snorted at Lim Tae Kyung’s answer and hung up the phone.

Now he had another place to go.

There are dozens of buses moving without rest on the way to and from Ulsan factory.

There are buses that circulate around Ulsan factory during work hours.

There are also cars that transport panels and cars for executives.

They all have one thing in common: they have drivers attached to them.

Between Ulsan factory 3 and 4,

There was a place where there was a bus garage and a driver’s rest area.

Yoo-hyun stopped by there.

Ding.

Yoo-hyun opened the door of the large temporary building and entered.

A man sitting at the central table looked at him with an indifferent expression.

“What can I do for you?”

“Hello. I came to look for something.”

“Over there.”

“Thank you.”

There were countless people who came to look for their belongings that they left on the shuttle bus every day.

It was annoying for the man who was in charge of managing the drivers.

He had already been there several times, so he knew the inside very well.

As he followed the road, there was a shelf on the left where lost items were placed.

His real purpose today was not to find something.

Yoo-hyun turned his head to the right.

There was a large ondol room with the door wide open.

He saw drivers playing baduk and watching them inside.

There was no TV in the drivers' rest area according to the company policy.

Maybe that's why they all looked bored.

Yoo-hyun spotted a driver he recognized and a driver he was looking for among the five drivers.

He had checked the executives' schedules and came, so they were both there as expected.

He entered the room naturally and greeted them warmly.

"Hello."

"Who are you?"

The one who turned his head was the driver who knew Yoo-hyun's face.

He answered kindly to his question.

"I'm an employee of Han Sung Electronics. I came to say hello to you because I'm grateful for always getting on your bus."

"Oh, I remember. You're the employee who always greets me in the morning, right?"

"Yes. That's right. Driver, please have this while you do it."

Yoo-hyun opened the plastic bag he brought and the driver was surprised.

"What did you bring all this for?"

"I bought it on my way here."

It was a lot of snacks, bread, drinks, etc.

The driver who was flustered raised his hand and called his colleagues.

“Shin, Park, stop playing that useless baduk and come over here. Wow, there are such cases in the world.”

“Thank you all for your hard work.”

Yoo-hyun thanked them politely and the drivers who gathered waved their hands.

“Oh my, what are you talking about? There are such kind employees among the employees.”

“Come on, don’t say that and eat together.”

The driver who knew Yoo-hyun gestured him.

He was not one to refuse such kindness.

“Yes. Then I’ll sit down without shame.”

“What are you talking about? It’s really nothing, but thank you for thinking of us.”

“I’m always grateful. Then I’ll open it quickly.”

Yoo-hyun spoke with a good-natured tone and laid out the food on the floor.