

## Real Man 41

### Chapter 41

*Thud.*

After a short practice, Yoo-hyun came down from the ring.

The gym manager patted his back and encouraged him.

“Yoo-hyun, you did well. You seem to be improving every time, don’t you?”

“Thank you.”

“Manager, what about me?”

The manager sneered at Park Young Hoon’s question.

“Young Hoon, you need to work harder. How many mistakes did you make on the ring?”

“That’s because Yoo-hyun...”

“Enough with the excuses. Yoo-hyun, here.”

The manager cut off Park Young Hoon’s words.

He then gave Yoo-hyun a warm smile and handed him a drink.

Naturally, Park Young Hoon protested.

“Manager, why do you only give it to Yoo-hyun?”

“I’ll give you one when you improve your skills.”

Yoo-hyun chuckled as he received the drink.

He could clearly see that the manager was hiding another drink behind his back.

“Really, you favor the original members too much...”

“What?”

As a drink popped out of the manager’s hand, Park Young Hoon quickly took back his words.

“No, I mean, you are such a great manager. Hehe.”

This was also a familiar scene.

Then, Oh Jung Wook, who had sparred with Yoo-hyun for the first time, shouted loudly.

“Come on, let’s stop arguing and eat.”

“Are you already here?”

“Yes. I also brought some free dumplings!”

“Oh, there’s also liquor!”

Eating delivery food on the gym floor after working out was also the same.

It felt natural to him now.

“Yoo-hyun, eat a lot. You’re too skinny.”

“I sweat every day, so it’s natural to lose weight.”

“Then what about Young Hoon?”

The manager’s fact bomb made Park Young Hoon pause as he was eating jajangmyeon. He rolled his eyes around.

“Should I stop eating?”

“Look at me. I might hit you if you do well.”

The manager flexed his upper body and taunted him. Park Young Hoon quickly straightened his face.

“Let’s just eat.”

“Hahaha.”

The people sitting around laughed and Yoo-hyun also joined them.

Would he have ever imagined this in the past?

Definitely not.

But now this place had become an indispensable part of Yoo-hyun’s life.

The people he was with were also the same.

They were all warm and kind people, no matter how they got together.

“Here, Yoo-hyun. Eat some sweet and sour pork too.”

“Thank you.”

He was especially grateful to the manager who took care of him one by one.

If he hadn’t held on to him, Yoo-hyun would have lived without knowing this good place.

So he naturally wanted to repay him.

‘Is there anything I can do to help?’

Yoo-hyun quickly looked around and asked.

“Manager, are you going to keep managing the roster by hand as the number of members increases?”

“Yeah. It’s too much trouble.”

“Why don’t you get a system for that?”

“Nah, there’s no need to waste money on that.”

Yoo-hyun thought differently.

It didn’t matter if they did it by hand in the company conference room, but it was different for the gym.

They had to manage the fees and also provide different programs according to each person’s level.

It might be okay for now, but it would only get harder as time went by.

Kim Tae Soo, who had just debuted as a pro fighter, chimed in.

“We tried it before, but that company wasn’t very good. Oh, manager. You also looked for other places, right?”

“Those guys were even more scammers.”

“They asked for twice as much? Anyway, they were too expensive. They also charged extra for maintenance fees. And most importantly, they weren’t trustworthy. Why? Do you know any place?”

Kim Tae Soo conveyed the manager’s specific thoughts for him.

It all came down to money and trust issues.

If that was the case?

Yoo-hyun glanced at Park Young Hoon.

“We have a financial expert here, don’t we?”

“Me?”

Park Young Hoon pointed at himself and smirked.

What did a fund manager have to do with a gym electronic system?

Yoo-hyun said.

“You have a lot of successful self-employed clients, right? Isn’t there anyone who owns a gym?”

“There is.”

“Then just ask them. It would be easy to compare if we had a list of verified companies.”

“That’s true. I could even lower the price by just poking around a few places.”

The manager frowned and asked him.

“Young Hoon, why didn’t you tell me this earlier?”

“Huh? I didn’t think of it.”

“Kid! You’re so useful!”

“Ah, thank you...”

Park Young Hoon’s mouth curled up at the manager’s unexpected compliment.

The manager then moved the plate of sweet and sour pork in front of him to Yoo-hyun’s side.

He then turned all the attention to Yoo-hyun.

“Yoo-hyun, eat more sweet and sour pork. It’s all thanks to you.”

“But Young Hoon is doing it, not me.”

“No. He would never do it if I left him alone.”

Park Young Hoon flared up at that.

“Manager! I’m doing the work, why do you only take care of Yoo-hyun?”

“Kid, aren’t you going to debut as a pro soon?”

“A pro?”

“Yeah. Are you going to stay fat like that?”

“Of course not. I’ll work hard!”

The manager was not just anyone.

He was a master at coaxing and soothing one member.

His last words were the final blow.

“It will take a very long time, though.”

“Hahaha!”

The people laughed as they heard the manager’s muttering.

Sweating, eating, laughing, and talking like this.

All of this was so precious to Yoo-hyun now.

The next morning.

A man called Park Seung Woo.

He was Hwang Dong Shik, a senior from the second part.

“Park, did you book the meeting room for the biweekly report?”

“Oh! Right!”

“Hey, you have to do that. You’re the deputy secretary when I’m on vacation.”

Every team had a secretary role.

They shared the tasks that were needed to keep the team running smoothly, besides their main duties.

Hwang Dong Shik’s secretary role was ‘meeting in charge’, which meant he was responsible for taking care of the team’s overall meetings.

When he was absent, the backup member was Park Seung Woo.

But Park Seung Woo was so busy with preparing for an urgent report that he couldn’t take care of it.

His face turned pale because of that.

“I’m sorry. I’ll do it right away.”

“It’s too late. The reservation must be full by now.”

The meeting room reservation cycle was renewed every month.

Individual meetings could be changed by negotiation, but the team regular meetings had to be booked in advance.

They had to reserve a large meeting room that could fit all the team members, but it filled up quickly.

Hwang Dong Shik rubbed his throbbing head.

He had a headache thinking that he would get scolded by the team leader for not booking the meeting room in advance.

Then, Yoo-hyun, who quickly intervened, said to Park Seung Woo.

“I reserved it.”

“What?”

“Thursday afternoon at 4 o’clock, right? I reserved the time according to the biweekly schedule.”

“When?”

Park Seung Woo asked incredulously.

“Yesterday. You said it was a biweekly report this Thursday.”

“...”

“Wow, Park. You used the newbie well. Good job.”

Hwang Dong Shik gave him a thumbs up and Park Seung Woo blinked his eyes in disbelief.

“No, no.”

“No, it’s fine. Thank you. Thank you, Yoo-hyun.”

*Thud thud.*

He even received a smile from Hwang Dong Shik, who was always grumpy.

Park Seung Woo felt flustered.

‘I think I did tell him that there was a biweekly report...’

Even if he understood his gibberish words perfectly, how could he think of reserving a meeting room?

Was this something possible with just sense?

He turned his head and saw Yoo-hyun shrugging his shoulders as if he didn’t know.

What a pretty guy.

He couldn’t stop smiling when he looked at him.

“Thank you. You smart guy.”

“Sir, are you trying to hug me?”

“What’s wrong with that? We’re both men.”

“I don’t like men.”

Yoo-hyun leaned back his chair lightly and avoided him.

The atmosphere in the office became even more harmonious after that.

Especially Park Seung Woo’s face was like a warm spring breeze.

“What are you doing? Are you still looking at the textbook? Ask me if you don’t understand anything. I’ll tell you everything.”

“Yes. I’ll do that.”

Park Seung Woo tapped Yoo-hyun's shoulder, who was sitting next to him, and looked proud.

He seemed to want to teach him something even though he was busy.

Yoo-hyun didn't want to break his mood, so he nodded along.

But it was a bit burdensome that he kept looking at him and giggling.

He muttered to himself as if talking to himself.

"I want to teach him something..."

The truth was, there wasn't much work given to new employees.

They couldn't give them work right away since they didn't know anything.

Instead, they had to teach them how to do it by sticking with them, but that also took time.

That's why there was a six-month OJT (on-the-job training) period for new employees.

Of course, it didn't matter if they were busy, OJT period or not.

Park Seung Woo kept getting annoyed by Yoo-hyun.

Carefully.

He even took out his notebook and business card holder.

His efforts were clearly visible on the densely filled notebook.

The business card holder had not only the cards of companies or other departments or teams, but also their characteristics and points to note.

It was definitely not a material made to show off to anyone.

Yoo-hyun had never seen it before either.

Park Seung Woo handed him the notebook and business card holder without any hesitation.

"Study this. It's a trade secret, so you have to listen to me well."

"Thank you."

Yoo-hyun's sincere answer made him happy and Park Seung Woo said generously.

"I'll give you everything since I'm giving it to you. Log in to my computer. I'll share it with you."

"Okay."

“You’re so smart. You get it right away.”

Park Seung Woo’s face was full of smiles.

He logged in to Park Seung Woo’s computer through the company internet, and there was a work folder.

It was huge.

It was a time when the concept of cloud computing hadn’t been introduced yet, so they collected all the data on their personal computers.

Especially Park Seung Woo was the type who collected everything and then looked at it.

The folder tree showed that he had organized it well.

He gave him all this?

They were data organized in his own style, not in a unified format.

Even the report for his assigned report that he was organizing until just now was in there.

‘Market research, company list, exhibition analysis data, technical report, business plan...’

The folder names had numbers in front of them to make them easy to see in order.

The subfolders were organized by year.

It would take a day just to open it.

He must have wanted to give him a lot.

Yoo-hyun was grateful.

Sincerity makes flattery natural.

“You’re such a cool senior.”

“Hahaha, it’ll take you a year to see all that. Just think of it as something that exists.”

“Okay. I’ll buy you coffee.”

“Hey, how can I mooch off my junior? I’ll treat you big time after the report is done.”

Park Seung Woo boasted.

Yoo-hyun smiled and looked at the monitor that was copying.



New folders were coming in one by one in the open space.

He opened one of the files.

It would take a year to see all this?

He chuckled to himself.

Other people wouldn't dare to do it, but Yoo-hyun was different.

He had experience in doing actual work, and his vision wasn't stuck in the part, but aimed at the whole group.

He could guess the whole content by just looking at the first page of the report.

He had gotten used to Han Sung Electronics' report style.

He felt like his memory was getting clearer now.

The chronology that Yoo-hyun reconstructed and recorded was mostly written down from Yoo-hyun's achievements.

He looked at the business plan for this year and the next year that he was writing, and checked the ongoing projects, and the overall outline began to emerge.

## Chapter 42

Yoo-hyun remembered the cause and effect of the condensed records clearly.

"That's right. That's how it was."

He nodded as he looked over the data.

He had figured out what he needed to fix from now on.

Did Park Seung Woo know?

How his data, which he simply gave out of curiosity, would come back to him.

Yoo-hyun quickly summarized the contents and moved to the rest area to meet his colleagues.

Actually, today was an important day.

When he arrived, his colleague Kwon Se Jung, who had come earlier, was sighing deeply.

Did something else happen that he didn't remember?

Yoo-hyun asked cautiously.

"What's wrong? Is something bothering you?"

“You’re here? No. It’s nothing.”

“Tell me. I’ll listen.”

“Well...”

Maybe because he had built a strong trust relationship with Yoo-hyun, Kwon Se Jung honestly spilled his troubles.

The friction with a certain boss, the work environment that was different from his expectations, the team atmosphere that forced him to work overtime were the problems.

It was a common complaint that any new employee would have experienced at least once.

It was not something he should be saying after only a week of working at the company.

If it were before, he would have cursed him inwardly for being spoiled.

He would have said that he should be grateful for working at a big company that paid him more than others and endure it.

But now he knew.

He knew that what seemed like nothing could be a big deal for someone, enough to make them give up on the company.

He had dismissed it as a personal choice, but looking back, it was almost like the company had turned its back on him.

And Yoo-hyun was one of the people who forced him to make that choice.

As Yoo-hyun was thinking of what to say to him, Kwon Se Jung said.

“Actually, I don’t think it’s that serious.”

“Then what?”

“It’s not like working at a company is a drama. But do you know what the real problem is? I don’t know what I’m supposed to do here.”

“How would you know what to do as a new employee? You’ll learn as you go.”

Yoo-hyun gave him sincere advice, but Kwon Se Jung answered with a troubled expression.

“I know. I know, but... It doesn’t seem like a problem with a clear answer.”

“...”

He could tell what kind of trouble it was by his expression.

Yoo-hyun decided to listen quietly for now.

“When I was in school, all I had to do was follow the instructions. The goal of the exam was clear too. I thought working at a company would be like that.”

“But it’s not?”

“Yeah. My senior told me to do it myself. He didn’t give me anything. And when I asked him what to do, he asked me if I knew what I was doing.”

“What did he say?”

“He told me to think about it before asking. But how can I think without anything? Really...”

The rest of the story was as expected.

He became more aware of his surroundings, tense all day, and made mistakes for no reason.

Since he had no work, sitting still felt like sitting on needles.

That vicious cycle made Kwon Se Jung’s chest feel suffocated.

It was not only Kwon Se Jung’s trouble.

It was only possible in dramas for new employees who had received spoon-fed education all their lives to do what the company wanted them to do on their own.

They all fell and bumped and broke and grew little by little.

Some were slower and some were faster.

Eventually, they would naturally do it as if nothing had happened.

Just like a baby learning to walk for the first time.

There was no realistic advice that Yoo-hyun could give him right now.

Whatever he said would sound like a cliché self-help book.

In this case?

Honesty was the answer.

“Me too.”

“You too? Why? You’re doing great.”

“What do you mean great? I’m just pretending. I’m very conscious too.”

“Really...?”

Kwon Se Jung looked at him doubtfully, but it was true.

If he could score how much he cared about his surroundings, Yoo-hyun would have been several times higher than Kwon Se Jung.

Of course, the difference was that he was doing it with ease.

Anyway, Yoo-hyun wanted to convey a sense of empathy to Kwon Se Jung.

He respected Yoo-hyun so much that he didn't believe him.

That's when Min Jeong Hyuk showed up.

"Sorry I'm late."

"No, it's okay. Sit down."

"Okay. Sigh..."

Why is he like this?

"What's wrong?"

"Well..."

When Yoo-hyun asked, Min Jeong Hyuk sighed deeply and poured out his woes.

It was exactly the same as what Kwon Se Jung had said, except for the vocabulary and order.

Even the part about being frustrated by not having any work.

He even added a spoonful of envy.

"I envy you guys."

"..."

"Marketing and product planning must not be like this."

It was not something he should say while belonging to the most powerful sales team.

He didn't know its value yet, so he could say that.

Yoo-hyun looked at Kwon Se Jung first, who had lost his words.

Then he slowly looked at Min Jeong Hyuk, who still had a frustrated expression.

The two had a strange chemistry.

Yoo-hyun chuckled and said.

"Hyung and Se Jung, you must have a deep connection."

"Why? But Se Jung, what's wrong with you? Why do you look so gloomy?"

“No, I was just worrying about something useless.”

Kwon Se Jung seemed to have realized something through the mirror of Min Jeong Hyuk.

It was a big help to know that everyone had the same troubles.

That’s why they say colleagues, colleagues.

It didn’t match his regretful expression, but it was true.

Min Jeong Hyuk patted Kwon Se Jung’s shoulder and said.

“That’s right, Se Jung. Don’t worry about me. I’m not even on the list of worries.”

“You’re exactly the same.”

Kwon Se Jung replied, but Min Jeong Hyuk dismissed it as a joke.

“It’s okay. I just said it to get some comfort. Don’t mind me. It’ll all work out in time, right?”

Then he quickly changed the subject.

“Oh, Yoo-hyun. You haven’t had your interview yet, right?”

“Yes. I’m going in soon.”

“Be careful. I almost got into trouble for saying something wrong.”

“Why?”

“He asked me what I was doing, so I just told him what I saw.”

“And then?”

“He kept asking me questions... How am I supposed to answer? But his eyes looked like he was testing me.”

Kwon Se Jung, who had an interview yesterday, also chimed in.

“I said I had no complaints, but he kept telling me to talk more. I foolishly brought up the overtime issue and got nothing out of it.”

“Really?”

“Yoo-hyun, you should stay quiet as much as possible. If you say something, he’ll catch you by the tail.”

He understood perfectly.

Jo Chan Young, the director of mobile sales marketing, was the type to dig deep into things.

The best answer would be to just listen to him, but he couldn't do that this time. He had something he had to do for Park Seung Woo's sake.

This interview was a preliminary step for that.

Finally, it was time for his interview with Jo Chan Young.

"Yoo-hyun, you're here?"

"Hello."

Lee Ae Rin, the secretary in charge, greeted Yoo-hyun more warmly than before.

She showed her overflowing affection with her eyes that stared at him intently.

It was a behavior that he had never seen before.

"I made you iced coffee. Is that okay?"

"Yes. Thank you."

Yoo-hyun gave a perfunctory answer, but Lee Ae Rin smiled brightly and led him in.

*Knock knock.*

"Sir, the new employee Han Yoo-hyun is here."

"Tell him to come in."

He heard Jo Chan Young's voice.

Yoo-hyun bowed slightly to Lee Ae Rin and sat down at the table.

He knew that a guest had just left, but Jo Chan Young was reading a newspaper.

It was a kind of show-off that represented his personality.

Yoo-hyun scanned the surrounding information for a short time, such as the contents of the newspaper he was reading, the watch he was wearing, the new shoes he bought, the painting on the wall, etc.

The more information he gathered, the more vividly he remembered his past.

Jo Chan Young.

The core of the mobile sales marketing department on the 12th floor, and the person who had all the choices.

He was also the person he had to make an ally of in order to fix things.

At first, he planned to get closer to him slowly over time, but he changed his mind.

He decided to help him right away for Park Seung Woo's report that was imminent.

Direct help was impossible in terms of time and rank.

Then he had to use a roundabout way.

Today's interview was a prelude for that.

Thud.

Jo Chan Young put down the newspaper and looked at Yoo-hyun with his big eyes that popped out.

It was the same look that Min Jeong Hyuk said he felt like he was being tested.

Kwon Se Jung also said it was hard and scary, but no.

Yoo-hyun felt more comfortable with senior executives like Jo Chan Young than with his colleagues.

Of course, his position changed from being treated to being adjusted, but his mind was relaxed.

Because it was simpler and easier to predict.

Jo Chan Young looked at the coffee on the table and opened his mouth.

"It's rare for this secretary to bring coffee herself. You're lucky."

"Yes. Thanks to her, I'm having a good coffee."

"Haha, what kind of coffee do you think it is?"

It was Jo Chan Young's typical way of speaking to catch him by the tail.

If he said he didn't know here, he would ask why he said it was good coffee.

That's when his words would start to get tangled up.

The best answer would be to just reduce his words.

But Yoo-hyun's goal was not simply to get through the interview smoothly.

He deliberately provoked a question for the same reason.

"It smells strong and a bit sour, so I think it's Kenyan beans."

"Kenyan? Is that good?"

As expected, he took the bait.

As someone who loved coffee enough to have a coffee machine in his office that wasn't used much at that time, he showed a curious reaction.

There was nothing more effective than arousing curiosity in getting closer to people.

Yoo-hyun took a short breath and spoke confidently.

“As far as I know, it seems like she used Kenya AA beans, which are quite good beans.”

“Oh, now that you mention it, I have a capsule that tastes similar to Kenya AA.”

“But don't you think this coffee has a deeper flavor?”

“Now that I taste it, it does.”

Yoo-hyun continued his words while watching Jo Chan Young's expression change subtly.

“I think it's because there are a lot of bubbles on top. It seems like the beans were roasted not long ago.”

“Does that make a difference?”

“I heard that it means that she roasted them herself, not buying them from a specialty store.”

“Oh... Now that you say that, the flavor does seem richer.”

“Yes, I think she put a lot of effort into taking care of you, sir.”

Jo Chan Young showed a satisfied expression at the words that she took care of him.

On the other hand, Yoo-hyun smiled inwardly.

‘I should thank Lee Ae Rin.’

He used the information he learned from her appropriately.

He might not know, but he had created an image of being professional.

It might seem ridiculous that his eyes would change with just one coffee, but people are that simple.

Thanks to that, his conversation with Jo Chan Young became much closer.

“Let's see your entrance score... You're first?”

“I was lucky.”

“Haha, it's not just luck.”



“You’re too kind.”

Yoo-hyun pretended to be humble.

He briefly rolled his eyes to the upper right and blinked.

He was implying that he was recalling something in his head.

He touched his watch and nodded his head, which was his habit when he was worried.

“So that’s why Park Doo Sik said that?”

“Can I ask what he said?”

“Haha, no. No. It’s just a mutter. Anyway, you’re a good talent.”

The fact that Park Doo Sik, the manager of the personnel team, came up meant that he had set up his background well.

What could a new employee have to offer?

Yoo-hyun had a bit of a lack of academic background, but being first in the training center was not something anyone could do.

Plus, with the words from the personnel team, he could have enough halo effect.

## Chapter 43

Yoo-hyun sensed the liking in the eyes of Jo Chan-young, the executive director, and proceeded to assess the situation.

He mirrored his habit of wrinkling his nose, his slightly tilted body to the left, and his folded hands on the table.

He slowly followed his breathing as if being drawn in, and even matched his blinking.

Doing this much would make anyone unconsciously empathize with the other person’s emotions, even if they had some guard up.

It was not a big deal to open the door of Jo Chan-young’s heart, who had liked him from the start.

Jo Chan-young’s face relaxed as he enjoyed the conversation with Yoo-hyun.

Before long, he began to talk about his past hardships.

“Haha, when I was young...”

“That must have been tough.”

“Oh boy...”

It was his life story that Yoo-hyun had heard so many times that he still remembered some parts of it.

Yoo-hyun gave positive reactions and picked up on his speech patterns.

He often ended his sentences with ~looked like this.

This showed that he was clearly a visual person.

People tend to be attracted to those who speak with the same senses. This was already proven academically.

“You are really amazing. I admire you.”

“Hehe, do you think so?”

Jo Chan-young chuckled at Yoo-hyun’s response.

Listening attentively was not a big deal.

He just had to empathize more and think from the other person’s perspective.

He naturally guided the conversation in a direction that allowed him to vent his inner desires.

And now was the time.

Yoo-hyun turned his gaze to the wall and opened his mouth.

“Did you really paint that on the wall?”

“Huh?”

Jo Chan-young was slightly surprised by Yoo-hyun’s use of professional terms.

“It looks very classical. I tried to learn it too, but using oil paints was really hard.”

“Oh, you paint too?”

“A little bit.”

“Hehehe, I knew you had a good sense. Actually, when I was in college, I was in an art club...”

As expected, he started to talk about his college days.

His legs that were out of the table moved towards Yoo-hyun, and his upper body leaned forward until his butt barely touched the chair.

The quick eyebrow movements that showed in his laughter proved that he had a strong liking for Yoo-hyun.

This was enough to set up for tomorrow.

Yoo-hyun went straight ahead without hesitation.

“Did you have someone you wanted to be like in the company?”

Jo Chan-young touched his watch and nodded his head.

He didn't seem to think much about it.

He probably thought he was the best in the world, but he wouldn't say that here.

“Well, yes. The group leader. We worked in the same part.”

“Someone like a mentor to you.”

“Well, something like that.”

“That's cool.”

He could have just said yes, but hesitating meant he didn't really mean it.

It didn't matter if he really thought of the group leader as a mentor or not.

What mattered was the question he would get back from this one.

Since he had been mirroring him thoroughly, he could predict what he would say without missing a word.

“Hehe, what about you?”

“I really want to be like my mentor.”

He answered quickly without hesitation, giving him confidence.

His serious eyes added sincerity to the words of a new employee who had just joined.

“Who is your mentor? If you are in part 3...”

“It's Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager.”

“Oh, Park Seung-woo.”

Jo Chan-young's eyebrows narrowed slightly.

His mouth curled up on one side as if saying 'that can't be'.

But Yoo-hyun was not someone who would falter at that point.

“He always wondered how to do better on the project he was working on.”

“Hmm.”

He heard an annoyed cough sound.

Yoo-hyun didn't care and continued.

“He didn’t eat lunch and kept communicating with the team leader and part leader. It was impressive.”

“Unexpected.”

“Sometimes he worked passionately for half a day without getting up from his seat. It was so impressive that I wanted to be like him.”

He spoke quickly without avoiding eye contact, giving him trustworthiness.

And with specific compliments added, his expression changed subtly.

“Really?”

“Yes. And he had a lot of pride in the PDA project he was working on. He said several times that he wanted to make it a success.”

“I thought he hated doing it...”

He let him say such things to himself.

He had to make him doubt that maybe he was wrong, maybe he didn’t see the whole picture.

That was Yoo-hyun’s job right now.

“He looked very confident in what he was doing. I haven’t met many people, but those who act like that always succeed.”

It might seem arrogant, but he had to appear confident.

There is a term called confirmation bias.

People only accept what matches their own thoughts.

If Park Seung-woo had an image of being unwilling and incompetent, no matter how well he did, only that part would stand out.

What Yoo-hyun wanted to do was to plant a contrary image in his mind.

If he went through a series of processes, he would realize that he had misunderstood him.

That he was trying hard.

If he had such thoughts, even a little bit, he would surely see Park Seung-woo’s strengths.

What was Jo Chan-young feeling right now?

Yoo-hyun watched his expression change every moment and moved the topic at the right time.

“About what you said earlier...”

“Hehe, yes. That was...”

The atmosphere became light again, and laughter came back.

He was talkative and hot-tempered, but as far as Yoo-hyun remembered, he was not a villain with a rotten heart.

He was just one of the typical bosses you could see in any company.

Even such a boss could say these words if you opened his heart.

As expected, Jo Chan-young’s face brightened up a lot.

“Hahaha, I finally met a new employee I like. You said your name was Han Yu-hyun, right? We should have a drink and talk more.”

“I look forward to having a good time with you, sir.”

“Kekkek, I like your cheerfulness. A man should be like that.”

“Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun maintained his manners until the end.

Jo Chan-young laughed heartily, but felt curious.

It was not a drinking party, but when did he have such a pleasant conversation?

Was it because he was a new employee?

He felt so familiar and friendly, like a son.

He wanted to teach him something more.

“Now don’t forget that spirit. A new employee should have guts. You have to ask and challenge if you don’t know. Even if it’s me. Got it?”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Ha ha, good, good. Well then,”

Yoo-hyun shook the hand of Jo Chan Young, the executive director, and met his gaze head-on.

In the past, he had only tried to please him to get a high evaluation, but now it was different.

He wanted to try to correct what was wrong.

Of course, it wasn't about him.

He had to change his team members.

To do that, he had to move the person in charge who was at the center of power.

The upper stream had to be clear for the lower stream to be clear.

Jo Chan Young, who had no idea of Yoo-hyun's true intentions, just smiled happily.

-Thank you for your hard work today.♪ ♪ ♪

The message and song that announced the end of the working hours came on.

It was a meaningless notification, but there was no need to stay longer when there was nothing to do.

As Yoo-hyun was getting ready to leave, he heard the voice of Kim Hyun Min, the part leader.

“Park, are you still not done?”

How could he be done already?

Park Seung Woo had been scolded twice by the team leader and was revising his report again.

“Yes. I'm working hard on it.”

“Hey, the team leader said he had something at home and left early. There's a new guy here too. Let's just go have a drink. Okay?”

Kim Hyun Min, the part leader, provoked Park Seung Woo who was doing well.

It didn't matter if he got scolded this way or that way.

He might as well just get scolded without working.

Yoo-hyun also wanted to have a drink with the part people he hadn't seen for a long time.

But not today.

Jo Chan Young would judge Park Seung Woo's passion by whether he stayed after work or not.

The seed he had planted could go to waste.

Yoo-hyun spoke before Park Seung Woo could make up his mind.

“Kim, I have something at home today and I have to go early. Can we postpone it?”

Kim Hyun Min was the kind of person who would accept this kind of excuse.

He didn't like staying at work himself.

“Really? Sure, sure. Then what should we do today?”

He hoped he would give up, but his eyes were still on Park Seung Woo, and Park Seung Woo hesitated again.

He looked like he really wanted to just leave work as it was.

That wouldn't do.

Yoo-hyun asked Park Seung Woo as if he suddenly remembered something.

“Oh, Park. How do you get English conversation coaching?”

“What are you talking about out of the blue? That's only for executives.”

“I heard him say he was getting coaching today when I had a meeting with him.”

It wasn't a lie.

He had heard it directly from him when they were talking about this and that earlier.

Due to the nature of his job that required a lot of foreign languages, he offered English, Japanese, and Chinese conversation classes in the morning, lunchtime, and evening for those who applied.

Among them, the executives received one-on-one coaching in their executive offices.

In other words, he wouldn't go home right away today but finish his conversation first.

He hoped he would get it by now.

Fortunately, Park Seung Woo seemed to give up his hesitation and sighed.

“Ah..... He's staying late today. Sigh..... Kim, I don't think I can do it. Yoo-hyun, you go ahead.”

“Well, can't help it. Let's drink tomorrow.”

“Yes. Have a good night.”

‘Phew.’

Yoo-hyun let out a sigh of relief.

It wasn't a big deal if he stayed late or not today, but he wished he would be considerate.

Maybe?

Jo Chan Young might see Park Seung Woo working alone in the part on his way out and smile with satisfaction.

Maybe the seed Yoo-hyun planted would sprout a little bit more.

"Park, you're really working hard. I'll go ahead."

Yoo-hyun said goodbye to Park Seung Woo who had resisted temptation once and left.

That evening.

Park Seung Woo was sitting in front of his monitor with a sullen face.

It wasn't a particularly busy day, so it was after the other team members had left early.

"I should have just left. I should have just had a drink."

He would get scolded again even if he fixed it like this.

He might as well get scolded without working.

His eyes kept wandering to the phone on his desk.

He wanted to call the part leader right now.

He was seriously contemplating when he felt someone behind him.

Park Seung Woo turned his head.

There was Jo Chan Young standing there.

He was startled and jumped up.

"D-director."

"Sit down, sit down."

"Huh? Oh....."

"What are you worrying about? Why don't you go home?"

"I have a lot to improve."

Park Seung Woo scratched his head and answered.

He probably said it because he was really insecure, but modesty was poison in the company.



It was better to act a little arrogant and bluff.

When the result is bad, people say 'as expected' to someone who has a bad image.

But when someone who has a good image produces a bad result, they feel more human.

It's like finding a faulty stitch on a luxury bag and feeling like it's handmade.

The reason why Park Seung Woo didn't catch Jo Chan Young's eye in the first place was because he couldn't dress himself up like Shin Chan Yong.

But not today.

Jo Chan Young's eyes were different from before.

His humble appearance seemed to show that he was working harder without being tainted by anything.

He was honest, diligent, and didn't play tricks.

Now Jo Chan Young saw the strengths of Park Seung Woo that he hadn't seen before.

The passionate image of Park Seung Woo that Yoo-hyun had planted in his heart was taking root.

Of course, Jo Chan Young said something gentle.

"Don't push yourself too hard. Okay?"

"Ah, no."

"Alright. Good work."

"Yes! Have a good night!"

Jo Chan Young smiled and patted Park Seung Woo's back.

Chapter 44

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, sprang up from his seat and bowed deeply.

*Clack clack.*

He did not raise his head until the sound of the shoes faded away.

It was such a breathtaking moment.

"Phew,"

He let out a sigh of relief after Jo Chan-young, the director, completely disappeared from his sight.

He wiped his sweaty hands on his pants.

What on earth had happened?

He thought he would get scolded for writing such a thing, but he just let it go.

And he even smiled warmly at him, something he had never seen before.

Park Seung-woo felt both nervous and happy.

It was just a pat on the back, but it felt like all his hard work had paid off.

Being a salaryman was nothing special.

He worked hard to get recognition and praise.

Park Seung-woo unconsciously smiled.

“You did well to stay.”

Meanwhile, Yoo-hyun returned home and sank into deep thoughts.

People can change with a word of praise or a warm word.

Yoo-hyun, who had a long career in the company, knew this very well.

But he was not a generous boss who gave compliments.

“Crazy.”

Even he thought he was too perfectionist.

So no matter how good the results his subordinates brought him, he was never satisfied.

Maybe his cold demeanor pushed people away?

“I didn’t have to do that.”

He muttered to himself and sat at the table.

He picked up the picture frame next to him.

There was a portrait of Yoo-hyun drawn on it.

It was a work by his younger sister Han Jae-hee, who insisted on giving him a gift when he joined the company.

“Right. You did well.”

He was not an art expert, but he liked it.

His sister regretted studying art in the past, but that was because she had no one around her to boost her confidence.

Yoo-hyun immediately picked up his phone and looked for his sister's number.

-Huh, oppa?

After several repeated rings, Han Jae-hee's voice came out with a twisted tongue.

She sounded like she had drunk a lot.

A conversation with his drunk sister?

It was the first time.

He was such an indifferent oppa.

"Just called. You're doing well, right?"

-What? Doing well, of course.

"I'm using the handkerchief you gave me. Thank you."

-Don't say that again. Oh, that's expensive. So you have to give me something expensive. You know? Puhaha.

Han Jae-hee's voice was brighter than he expected.

There was no awkwardness trying to match him.

If he tried harder to get closer, wouldn't he be able to see this cheerful side of her even when she wasn't drunk?

Like a normal sibling relationship that people often see.

"And you know the portrait you drew of me. Mom sent it to me by courier."

-Huh?

He put sincerity in his voice even though it was over the phone.

"I looked at it again and I think you drew it really well."

-What? What? Why did that go there?

"I framed it and hung it on the wall. I told you I raised an art school sister well, right? Thank you so much."

-Yikes! I told you to throw it away. It's ruined!

Then a short scream came from the other side of the phone.

Yoo-hyun calmly replied to Han Jae-hee's words.

“How can I throw away something with your sincerity in it?”

-It's not sincere, okay? I drew it wrong. So please throw it away.

“No. You really have talent. How can you draw a picture in such a short time? Especially I like your nose.”

-Oppa, are you trying to piss me off? Mom said my nose was squashed and laughed at me.

She even started to react violently.

“Your nose is not squashed?”

-Wow, Han Yoo-hyun. Are you trying to piss me off by calling me talented? Hang up!

She abruptly hung up the phone.

“Jae-hee...”

*Click.*

Yoo-hyun stared blankly at the call end sign on the screen.

“What is this?”

A compliment didn't work for everyone.

...

The next day, Park Seung-woo greeted Yoo-hyun with a particularly cheerful expression when he came to work.

“Good morning indeed.”

“Did something good happen?”

“What good thing? Nothing like that.”

He said that but he curled his lips up slightly.

Yoo-hyun chuckled and didn't play along with him.

He was the type who would tell him everything if he just stayed quiet.

Sure enough, Park Seung-woo couldn't stand it and spilled what happened last night.

“Actually...”

“That's amazing.”

“He's a bit hot-headed. But he's got some guts.”

“Is that so?”

Yoo-hyun let go of his half-mixed bragging and thought.

It was better than expected.

To be honest, he wasn't sure if Jo Chan-young, the director, would really look for Park Seung-woo.

He had induced his behavior, but it was a low probability.

The conclusion?

He was lucky, and Park Seung-woo made that luck his own.

Yoo-hyun looked at Park Seung-woo with satisfaction.

“Kid, you're funny. Yeah, it's all thanks to you. If I had just gone drinking with the deputy manager yesterday, it would have been terrible.”

“What are you talking about? I just told you what the interview was about.”

“Anyway, it worked out, right? Let's have a cup of coffee. Hehe.”

Park Seung-woo wanted to repay his gratitude to his junior, but now was not the time.

The report to the director was tomorrow.

Park Seung-woo needed time to prepare now.

“Ah, aren't you busy preparing for the report tomorrow? Let's do coffee next time.”

“Should we?”

“Yes. A more expensive coffee next time.”

“You brat.”

Thanks to Yoo-hyun's luck, he bought some time.

It was impossible to make a satisfactory report in this state.

His first goal was to avoid getting scolded too much.

Then he could take a break and prepare for the next step to correct his mistakes.

It didn't seem too hard to squeeze a little more.

He was organizing his thoughts when it happened.

Park Seung-woo, who had gotten up from his seat to go to the bathroom, greeted someone with a bright voice.

“Oh? Did you come, manager? Wow, it’s been so long.”

“ assistant manager Park, long time no see. How have you been?”

“Hahaha, of course. I missed you, boss. Oh, who is this? Yoo-hyun, nice to meet you.”

A woman with a neat short-cut hair and a stylish outfit stood in front of Yoo-hyun, who had just risen from his seat.

She was Choi Min-hee, the section chief.

Her well-maintained body and attire showed that she was meticulous about her self-care.

Her confident and haughty expression suited her very well.

Yoo-hyun bowed his head as he recalled an old memory.

“Hello. I’m Han Yoo-hyun.”

“Oh, you’re the new employee? Nice to meet you. I’m Choi Min-hee.”

Choi Min-hee gave Yoo-hyun a brief eye contact and then sat down on her seat.

She didn’t seem to give him any chance to get closer to her.

That was her style.

She didn’t care about others and only focused on her career.

She was very similar to Yoo-hyun in the past.

And she admitted it herself.

Tap tap tap.

Yoo-hyun turned his head at the sound of the keyboard that had been ringing since morning.

It was Kim Young-gil, the deputy chief.

Kim Young-gil had gone on a business trip to the Ulsan factory over the weekend and returned after a long time.

He had apparently suffered a lot there and he looked busy even after he came back.

Kim Young-gil had built his career as a mobile circuit engineer for about five years after joining the company.

He had a decent reputation, but he moved to the product planning team with the ambition to see a bigger world.

He wanted to negotiate with foreign companies and control the development team.

He must have imagined a cool team, but he was disappointed when he actually came here.

It wasn't easy for a newcomer to fit in.

He couldn't speak English well and he was not good at talking either.

No matter how rich his engineering experience was, he couldn't get recognition.

But he wanted to be recognized so he tried harder at everything.

To Yoo-hyun's eyes, his strength was his persistence.

He was the best person to decide on the specifications when planning the development.

He also went down to the field himself and solved the problems when there were issues in development, quality, or production.

But that could also be a weakness in other aspects.

Like right now.

Yoo-hyun leaned forward and looked at the report that he was making frantically.

-Product Planning Team September Team Dinner Venue Plan

He even made a fancy PowerPoint cover for it.

He probably did this to ask for the team leader's opinion on where to have dinner.

He always asked for evidence for everything.

Even if it was the team leader's preference, this was too much.

And the result would be futile anyway.

Because the place that the team leader wanted was not included in this list.

Yoo-hyun approached him casually and asked him softly.

"Do you need any help, sir?"

"Huh? No. I'm fine. You do your work."

He glared at the monitor and waved his hand dismissively.

He hated him as much as Park Seung-woo, the deputy chief.

As Yoo-hyun kept looking at him, he seemed annoyed and gestured him to come over.

*Squeak.*

Yoo-hyun brought his chair over and sat next to him.

On the screen, there was a list of places for dinner and a timetable for it.

Toast, birthday celebration for September-borns, introduction of new employees, etc...

There were many things that he had to endure at dinner parties.

But why did he have to put these things on the list?

He could just do them spontaneously at dinner time.

And it wasn't just one page of data.

There were items related to cultural activities such as musicals, plays, bowling, etc., as well as various restaurants in Seoul.

The pros and cons and the estimated prices were written as well.

Yoo-hyun exclaimed at this level of preparation.

“Wow.”

He clearly worked hard on this.

Kim Young-gil explained slowly as he watched him quietly.

“The team leader always wants us to have more innovative dinners.”

“Really? Did you do this last time too?”

“No. He was too busy then. I'll try again this time.”

“...”

He was too passionate about it.

And in a useless way.

This meant that he cared about dinner even when he was on a business trip or even on weekends.

It wasn't worth it at all.



He might have done this much preparation because he wanted to be recognized, but the result would surely be bad.

Because the place that the team leader wanted was not included in this list.

But Yoo-hyun still gave him a polite compliment.

“You must have worked really hard on this.”

“What are you talking about? This is my job.”

“You must have spent a lot of time on this.”

Kim Young-gil looked more relaxed as he heard Yoo-hyun’s words.

He probably didn’t know what Yoo-hyun was thinking.

“What do you think is good? Let me hear some creative ideas from the newbie.”

“Does it have to be creative?”

“Of course. Our company’s core slogan is ‘Let’s innovate’.”

It didn’t seem relevant at all.

Kim Young-gil was definitely wrong about this.

There was no point in talking more about this here.

He would only make more useless data.

Yoo-hyun suggested a moderate compromise.

“I like the pork belly place in front of us.”

“Pork belly for a team dinner? Come on, give me something more creative. The team leader will just ignore it if he sees that.”

Yoo-hyun felt awkward as Kim Young-gil clicked his tongue.

He didn’t have to argue with him here.

“I just can’t think of anything else. You don’t have to put it in.”

“No, it’s okay. I’ll put one normal thing in there.”

“Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me. Anyway, thanks. Don’t be disappointed if it doesn’t work out.”

Kim Young-gil thanked Yoo-hyun with a smile.

Yoo-hyun smiled inwardly and got up from his seat.

Chapter 45

People don't change overnight.

It was not the time to spend all the remaining money or have some leisure at work just because it was the end of the year.

It was almost impossible to have a cultural dinner this time.

Other team leaders might not know, but Team Leader Oh Jae-hwan, who acted like he was afraid of Director Jo Chan-young's eyes, was even more so.

He was a talkative and alcohol-loving team leader who didn't want to try anything new in this unfavorable situation.

Especially not a dinner that exceeded the budget.

He preferred places that were close, cheap, and good for drinking.

Places where he could go straight to karaoke after finishing.

It was exactly his taste.

He could tell by looking at the places where they had team dinners so far.

Of course, he couldn't say it openly.

He wanted to look like a trendy team leader to the young people.

That's why he gave Han Yoo-hyun, the new employee, a carte blanche to choose the place.

From Kim Young-gil's perspective, it might be absurd if it turned out to be a pork belly restaurant.

But it was better than going back to work on the documents and ending up going to a pork belly restaurant anyway.

The product planning team was busy regardless of the pork belly restaurant incident.

Deputy Park Seung-woo was in the final stage of preparing his last report, and the team was also working hard.

They had to communicate constantly with the sales and marketing teams, manage the development department, and keep track of the schedule.

They also had to prepare for the upcoming exhibition and have meetings with the vendors.

They didn't have much work to do on their own, but they were busy during work hours.

That was the reality of the product planning team.

*Ring ring ring.*

The landline phone on the desk rang again.

Someone had to answer the phone ringing from an empty seat.

Everyone was busy, so Yoo-hyun picked up the receiver and pressed the asterisk button twice to transfer it.

“This is Han Yoo-hyun from Mobile Product Planning Team.”

-Please connect me to Deputy Choi Min-hee.

“She’s not at her seat right now. Where should I tell her you’re calling from?”

He said he was from Hyunil Automobile Interior Product Planning Team.

He didn’t back down even after hearing the standard answer that the person in charge was away for a moment.

-No, we have to change the product design and the LCD panel size as well. I’m sorry for changing it suddenly, but we can’t use yours if you don’t respond to this.

“Yes. I’ll let her know.”

-It’s not just letting her know. You have to give us an answer quickly. We’re getting contacted by Ilseong Electronics all the time.

Was it his personality?

He kept talking unnecessarily just because Yoo-hyun was in the same part as him.

He seemed to want to emphasize how important it was.

Yoo-hyun easily understood what was going on since he already knew Deputy Choi Min-hee’s work.

Hyunil Automobile wanted to change the panel specifications of their own navigation system that they developed internally.

The problem was that it was a non-standard product.

Navigation systems were mostly made by small and medium-sized companies.

But it was hard to get touch panels from China, so they had no choice but to use panels from Hanseong or Ilseong Electronics.

There were so many companies competing for them.

Hanseong tried to secure as much margin as possible by selling products of the same specifications.

The customers had to fit their products to the parts themselves.

In other words, they were Eul who acted like Gap. (Eul: subordinate party in a contract; Gap: dominant party in a contract)

But things changed when Hyunil Automobile, a large company, became their customer group.

They had to accommodate them somehow.

But they couldn't match the price with a non-standard product that didn't sell well and had poor quality.

Besides, they had to persuade the development department for that process, let alone get permission from the sales team.

It was a strange structure where Deputy Choi Min-hee had to take responsibility for what the sales team had done in the first place.

And she also had to convince the person in charge, which was not easy either.

It was a project that she suddenly took over after two people quit.

She also had to deal with this kind of project while being mindful of the sales team. It couldn't be pleasant for her.

There was another big problem.

It was rare for a woman to be promoted early to deputy level in LCD business unit where female ratio was low.

It meant that she had worked hard and desired success.

But after getting married and taking a long maternity leave, things changed.

She was left out of the major projects and moved to the third part, where she had to do the leftovers of others.

That was the situation she was in now.

But she was still a skilled person.

She managed to produce results in this bad environment.

Just when she was about to get some recognition for her achievements, she ended up quitting because of problems at home.

-I'll pass on everything I've built up to you, Yoo-hyun. I hope you succeed as much as you want.

She wasn't that close to Yoo-hyun, but she was very considerate of him on her way out.

He didn't know why at the time, but Deputy Choi Min-hee seemed to see Yoo-hyun as her past self.

He didn't think it was a big deal, but he received a lot from her.

She had already opened up the foreign car companies, so Yoo-hyun could easily get results without much effort.

Would he have been able to do that if he were in the same position?

He didn't appreciate it at the time, but it was a question that remained in his mind afterwards.

That's why he wanted to see Deputy Choi Min-hee again.

As he thought, he heard the other person's voice.

-Can you hear me? Hello?

"Yes. Of course."

Yoo-hyun responded appropriately and organized his thoughts.

He wanted to help Deputy Choi Min-hee, who he knew better than anyone else what she was going through.

Was there no way to get rid of the unnecessary processes and let her work proactively?

Then he heard Director Jo Chan-young's voice in his ear.

He was walking around and monitoring the team again, and he was talking to the team leader in the hallway.

Yoo-hyun chuckled for a moment.

At the same time, a simple and stupid idea that he could do as a new employee came to his mind.

The voice of the customer continued to flow through the phone.

-...I'm sorry for complaining. I'm in a frustrating situation too."

"I understand."

-Anyway, please send us the revised plan as soon as possible. If not, we'll send an email to your person in charge ourselves.

He was a talkative person who was very helpful.

Yoo-hyun glanced at Director Jo Chan-young's eyes.

He had narrowed the distance with him through a meeting, so he expected him to react.

Yoo-hyun raised his voice and answered.

“What? Our person in charge?”

Director Jo Chan-young turned his head in surprise at the sudden noise.

The team leader who was with him was confused, but he was already interested in the call.

-What? What do you mean...

The bewildered voice of the customer came from the other side of the phone.

Deputy Choi Min-hee had a headache.

She had nothing to do properly, nothing to achieve, but she was extremely busy.

She was so sick of hearing the phone ring during her vacation that she turned her phone off completely.

And now.

She was sitting in the lounge on the 10th floor with several female employees in front of her.

Deputy Choi Min-hee drank coffee and chatted with her close juniors for a change.

There were Kim Eun-young, who was from the same part as her, and Lee Ae-rin, who was her secretary.

Lee Ae-rin spoke with saliva flying.

“Really, boss? You should have seen it. A cleaning lady tripped and fell right in front of us, and Yoo-hyun jumped out and caught her.”

“Come on, that's too far-fetched. How could he react so fast?”

“I saw it with my own eyes. And you know what?”

“What?”

“Yesterday, Yoo-hyun had a meeting with Jo, the manager. And guess what, after the meeting, Jo was laughing so hard. I've never seen that stingy guy like that before.”

Kim Eunyoung, an employee, said that.

“Yeah, now that you mention it, I remember something. Last time, Yoo-hyun was paired up with Go Jaeyoon, the deputy manager.”

“Ugh. That trash must have given Yoo-hyun a hard time again?”

As soon as Go Jaeyoon’s name came up, Lee Aerin showed a strong reaction.

He was known as a psycho in the whole department.

“Yeah. He tried to. I was watching from across the room, feeling nervous. But then, Yoo-hyun suddenly shouted at him and said he was wrong.”

“What? Why? What did Yoo-hyun do wrong?”

Kim Eunyoung shook her head at Lee Aerin’s surprised expression.

“Of course he didn’t do anything wrong. But do you know what’s funny?”

“What? What is it?”

“Just then, the director happened to pass by and caught them.”

“Oh my! The nosy director must have interfered again?”

“Right. Thanks to him, the team leader got scolded by the director, and Go Jaeyoon got a good earful from the team leader. Well, that was nice.”

“Hahaha, that serves them right.”

Kim Eunyoung and Lee Aerin clapped their hands like seals and enjoyed themselves.

Choi Minhee, a senior manager who was listening to their conversation, asked.

“Is he a bit clueless?”

“He might be because he’s new. Anyway, he’s a bit of a special person.”

“No, not a bit of a special person. A very special person.”

Lee Aerin corrected Kim Eunyoung’s words.

Choi Minhee was puzzled.

He didn’t look that special when she greeted him this morning.

He just had a charming smile.

“Please take good care of him since you’re in the same part.”

“You like him, don’t you?”

“There’s no one like him in our department. Hoho.”

What kind of man was Han Yoo-hyun who even changed Lee Aerin's mind who was harsh on men?

Choi Minhee became curious.

She finished her simple tea time and went up to the 12th floor.

But the atmosphere was not good.

In front of her seat were the team leader and the director with serious faces.

And between them was Han Yoo-hyun who had heard enough to make his ears bleed.

"Oh. You're here. Choi senior manager, come here."

"Yes, team leader."

Choi Minhee approached Oh Jaehwan, the team leader who called her with a serious expression.

The one who opened his mouth was Jo Chanyoung, the deputy director with a subtle expression.

"You have to redo the panel for Hyunil Automobiles?"

"Yes? Oh, yes. That's because the client suddenly contacted us..."

How did he know about something that hadn't even been reported yet?

She couldn't speak well because she was flustered.

She could guess what would happen next without seeing it.

The director would be furious and ask what the department had been doing until this point, and then he would tell her to make the materials.

She would do it if she could, but it wasn't that easy.

She had to persuade the sales team and the development team and work hard until they agreed.

She felt dizzy thinking about making meaningless materials.

Choi Minhee looked at Yoo-hyun who was standing politely between the team leader and the director.

Was it a rookie mistake?

The most likely possibility was that he found out after receiving a phone call.

Choi Minhee bit her lower lip and waited for the director's roar.

But what came back was an unexpected answer.



“It’s an important project. Go to the site and make it yourself by clashing with them. If it’s a project you have to do, you have to do it even if you have to change it.”

“Director.”

Jo Chanyoung cut off Choi Minhee’s words.

“Oh, I heard about it briefly. Just make a one-page report explaining the situation and send it to me. I’ll talk to the sales team and the development team.”

“...”

Choi Minhee was silent at Jo Chanyoung’s next order.

Of course, it was in a gentle tone.

“Choi senior manager, don’t worry about anything else and just focus on the new planning. You know what I mean?”

“Yes?”

“Show me your confident side. You’ve rested enough, it’s time to go back to your old self.”

What?

Choi Minhee blinked her eyes and looked at Jo Chanyoung who suddenly became a benevolent adult.

It felt like the director’s persuasion work that would take at least a week was done in a few minutes.

She thanked him first.

“Thank you.”

“Yeah. And Oh team leader, take good care of him too.”

“Yes, director.”

As Oh Jaehwan, the team leader, went to see Jo Chanyoung off, Choi Minhee turned her eyes.

Her eyes were on Yoo-hyun’s face.

What the hell happened?

At her questioning gaze, Yoo-hyun answered with a slight smile instead of words.

‘Please do your best.’

She didn't know how it went in the past, but she believed that Choi Minhee would do well.

She had contributed to the contract with the world's leading automobile industry.

She had the ability to do this much if there were no external obstacles.

She believed that.

## Chapter 46

What Yoo-hyun did was simple.

He told the decision-maker the truth without going through the chain of command.

It was possible because he was a clueless newbie.

Sometimes, unnecessary processes hold people back.

What could be done quickly by talking together becomes complicated when it goes through documents.

They end up nitpicking over small numbers.

In fact, they waste time trying to assign blame to each other.

Of course, it took a lot of skill to convey accurately and make a quick decision.

Choi Minhee, the senior manager who was watching quietly, finally opened her mouth.

"Yoo-hyun, what the hell happened?"

"Well..."

Yoo-hyun answered Choi Minhee's question like a naive newcomer.

After hearing everything, Choi Minhee let out a laugh and sent Yoo-hyun away.

It was true that he made a big deal, but it was also resolved well and it was a rookie's mistake, so there was nothing to say.

Then the phone rang.

"Yes. This is Choi Minhee. Oh, yes..."

-I'm sorry, senior manager. Actually...

Choi Minhee listened to the story for a while and then burst into laughter.

The assistant manager of the interior product planning team of Hyunil Automobiles, who had been pushing her around so recklessly, apologized to her.

He even said he was sorry for making a big fuss with his unnecessary words.

Choi Minhee muttered as she looked at Yoo-hyun's back.

“How can this be resolved so easily?”

Meanwhile, Kim Younggil, the assistant manager, carefully printed out the report he had made all morning and took it to the team leader's seat.

“You want me to read all this? Why don't you use the screen?”

“Yes. I understand.”

You should have told me earlier.

Last time, when he tried to present with his laptop, he scolded him for making a report out of a dinner party.

But this time, his attitude changed completely.

It happened so often that Kim Younggil hurried to the next step.

He turned on the TV screen on the team meeting table with his prepared laptop.

“The first place for this dinner party is...”

As he flipped through the materials one by one, Kim Younggil read them while looking at the screen.

He did it to avoid mistakes.

But in this case, it would be better to check the expressions of the people who were listening to the report.

If he saw him frowning when the musical story came up, or sticking out his tongue when the bowling story came up, he should have skipped it quickly.

Kim Younggil lacked that.

“Is that all?”

“No? No, there's one more.”

“Show me.”

As soon as a pork belly restaurant appeared on the screen, a small smile appeared on Oh Jaehwan's lips.

He pretended not to care and asked.

“Isn't pork belly too plain? The team members might not like it unless it's beef.”

“This place is better than beef.”

“Come on. It’s a dinner party that happens once a month. We should go somewhere nice.”

“Yes. I think so too.”

Of course you do.

Who would like a pork belly restaurant?

He said the musical might be too late, so bowling was most likely.

Then he had to make a course to eat at the Japanese restaurant next to it.

Kim Younggil thought he had already got an answer.

“Why did you bring this up if you think so?”

“Well... The new employee said he wanted to eat it.”

“Really? Hahaha. Then we have to go.”

“Yes?”

Kim Younggil was confused by Oh Jaehwan’s firm stance.

“Let’s go to the pork belly restaurant.”

“...”

He was so adamant that Kim Younggil had nothing to say.

Didn’t he say last time that grilling meat was annoying and pork belly smelled bad?

While he was confused, Oh Jaehwan said more words.

“You did well. Keep these materials for later. We might have to go one by one.”

“Yes. I understand.”

“Good job.”

“I’ll share them with the team members after organizing them.”

Oh Jaehwan waved his hand and Kim Younggil finally got up from his seat.

“...”

He tried harder this time to avoid making troublesome materials again.

It wasn’t his actual work, but it was something that the team leader cared about sensitively, so he put more effort than last time.

But what?

A pork belly restaurant right in front of him?

Kim Younggil was dumbfounded.

Yoo-hyun knew the result just by looking at Kim Younggil's eyes when he came back.

Kim Younggil grumbled that it went as he wanted.

"It's better to follow the new employee's preference."

"Thank you."

Yoo-hyun shrugged it off.

Kim Younggil looked frustrated, but he still saved time.

If he hadn't, he would have wasted the whole day making the materials again.

Did Kim Younggil know that?

"By the way, what should we do after eating pork belly?"

"I don't know."

"Should we go see a movie? We can't watch movies at work."

He was a bit clueless when it came to things other than work.

He had to take care of Park Seungwoo's case quickly and help Kim Younggil show his full potential.

Tap tap tap.

As he walked down the corridor, Yoo-hyun turned his head at the sound of typing.

On the monitor screen, the text was written and erased repeatedly.

The man looked very anxious.

"Haah..."

He let out a deep sigh of despair as he wrapped his head with both hands.

But soon he opened his eyes wide and started making the report again.

You might wonder what's so hard about making a report while looking at the monitor.

But it's different for the person involved.

To prove the numbers in the report, he also refers to various papers, patents, articles, and even runs on the site.

Sometimes it takes months to get a few pages of data.

That's the daily life of the office workers in Hansung Tower.

They are not the ones who make it, but the ones who predict and sell the products that will be made.

They have to start and end the story with documents without having anything in their hands.

With just a few pages of reports, they have to convince not only their bosses, but also the development, production, quality managers, and even the customers who will buy the product.

Last year, the LCD business division made 10 trillion won in sales.

Judging by the content of the report that the employee was writing, he was in charge of Nokia sales.

That means he was handling a project worth hundreds of billions of won.

The company could be shaken by a single mistake.

Just think about what would happen if the next-generation Nokia phone was delayed because of the LCD panel.

He would have to pay an astronomical amount of compensation, not to mention lose the most important trust of his customers.

The person responsible might not pay for it, but the damage would affect the whole company.

It was not just the owner or the president who had a problem, but the managers on the site who suffered.

But that employee was lucky.

He was in charge of an important project, a project that had sales guaranteed, so he was sure to get some leeway for minor mistakes and full recognition for his results.

What about others?

The weight of the project surpassed the work ability and diligence.

No matter how hard they worked, it was hard to get excellent results from a project that didn't sell.

There was something more important than that.

It was what role they played, or what team they belonged to.

In mobile sales marketing, the sales team was the top, as they directly clashed with customers and sold products.

Similarly, the marketing team was also good, as they increased sales by holding promotional events for customers.

The most neglected one was the product planning team.

They had to plan products according to the sales team's demands, and persuade the development team to meet the schedule when the sales team brought orders.

They only suffered by finishing the work between customers and sites, sales and marketing teams.

They tried hard, but others took their results.

It was a strange structure where other teams that were more directly related to sales took them away.

That was what Yoo-hyun, who had come with a fantasy about product planning, was most disappointed about.

To him, Min Jeonghyuk, his colleague from the sales team, was an object of envy.

He thought he joined a powerful team, got a good project, and got good results without much effort.

That's why his words, which he used to say as a greeting, sounded sarcastic to him.

-The panel you planned was good. The customers liked it.

He wanted to catch up with him.

Not because he was his colleague, but because he couldn't stand someone who was doing better than him.

He pushed down his team and monopolized the results.

He only looked ahead and didn't see his colleagues around him.

He made a choice that he shouldn't have made because of his momentary greed.

It was something he shouldn't have done.

When he arrived at the temporary table on the outskirts of the 12th floor, Min Jeonghyuk, who had been waiting, raised his hand.

When Yoo-hyun sat down, Min Jeonghyuk handed him a can of coffee and said,  
“Thanks for sending me the data last time.”

“It’s nothing. It’s not a big deal.”

“No. You know. My mentor doesn’t give me any data at all. I might have died of thirst if you hadn’t sent it to me.”

“It’s just a different style.”

Yoo-hyun brushed it off lightly, but Min Jeonghyuk was different.

“No. I’m so jealous of your mentor.”

“...”

He wasn’t trying to tease him.

He let out a sincere sigh mixed with his expression.

Why didn’t he know then?

What others envied was what he had.

The people in part 3, including his mentor Park Seungwoo.

They were all too good for Yoo-hyun.

Min Jeonghyuk, who had been complaining about this and that, cautiously opened his mouth.

“Can I ask you a favor? Is it okay?”

“Anything.”

“Well...”

“Just tell me.”

What did he want to ask that made him hesitate so much?

His tone was much more careful than when he was training as a new employee.

It seemed like he had a hard time in his team.

Then Min Jeonghyuk asked an unexpected question.

“Do you know about the PDA project you’re doing in product planning?”

“Yes. Why?”

“Can I know the exact schedule? Actually, my mentor seems very sensitive about it.”



In other words, he wanted to know what his mentor was frustrated about because he didn't know anything himself and it bothered him so much.

He must have known that Yoo-hyun's part was in charge of the PDA project if he saw the data.

He understood his intention, but it wasn't easy enough to explain it long and make him understand.

Yoo-hyun scratched only the itchy part for him at his eye level.

"Well..."

"Aha... I get it now. If the schedule is delayed, it will have a huge impact on the company."

Min Jeonghyuk's face brightened as Yoo-hyun added more words.

"Yes. That's why my manager seems to be quite sensitive."

"I see. No wonder our team leader is going to the report tomorrow."

"Yes? Is it Lee Kyunghoon, the director?"

"Yeah."

*Hmm.*

Yoo-hyun's brow furrowed slightly.

He was the real power of mobile sales marketing and the official second in command.

He had connections with the group leader, so even Jo Chan-young, the senior manager, couldn't mess with him. He looked down on the product planning team.

He was also a person that Yoo-hyun could never forget.

He manipulated Shin Chanyong, the senior manager, and took away the juice from the product planning team and part 3.

He didn't care about anyone else but himself.

While he was thinking, Min Jeonghyuk's voice was heard.

"Thank you so much today."

"It's nothing."

Yoo-hyun ended the conversation with Min Jeonghyuk with a light greeting.

He didn't just help him.

He got important information through him.

He knew why Lee Kyunghoon wanted to join the meeting.

If Yoo-hyun guessed right, Park Seungwoo would have more trouble at this report.

He couldn't stand to see him being played by Lee Kyunghoon, who was not anyone else.

Then what?

Yoo-hyun's eyes sparkled.

Chapter 47

After work, Yoo-hyun went to a gopchang restaurant near his company.

He was there to meet his college junior, Jo Eun Ah.

He couldn't ignore her, since she had become a tutor for his sister.

As expected, Jo Eun Ah fired her rapid-fire questions at him.

"How can you be so mean? You never contact me unless you need something from me?"

"Thank you."

"That's not enough. I'm a busy person too, you know."

"Oh, really? Is that so?"

Yoo-hyun smiled faintly as he looked at Jo Eun Ah, who was pouting with her arms crossed.

She was still young and didn't know how to hide her emotions.

"Well... well, I'll do it for you since it's a good thing."

"How's the tutoring? Is it okay?"

"Yes. Ye Seul is doing well too. Her mother is very nice to me."

Actually, he had never seen her in person.

He had only heard a lot of stories from the gopchang restaurant owner.

At that moment, the owner came with a large plate.

It had various kinds of sundae, suyuk, and bossam.

It was a lavish menu that wasn't even on the signboard.

"Oh my, Yoo-hyun, eat a lot. Tutor, please help yourself too."

At this moment, the owner's attention was focused on Jo Eun Ah, who had just finished her first lesson.

She was the teacher of her beloved daughter, after all.

Jo Eun Ah was flustered by the attention.

"Oh my, how can I eat all this?"

"Of course. Don't worry and eat up. There's more."

"Wow, thank you so much. I'll do my best to teach Ye Seul!"

"Ho ho ho, I trust you, teacher."

The owner seemed to like Jo Eun Ah's cheerful personality.

There was a bit of hassle in the process, but he felt proud to see them getting along well.

Yoo-hyun shrugged his shoulders and chatted with Jo Eun Ah.

Rather than chatting, it was more like listening to her one-sidedly.

"So I was like..."

In the past, Yoo-hyun only cared about his own world, but now he stepped back and listened to others' stories.

The awkwardness soon disappeared and he found it fun to chime in with trivial conversations.

"Really? Good job. But why do you want to raise your TOEIC score?"

"So I can get into Hansung Electronics."

"Your score is enough. They won't look at it even if it's higher."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Really."

"You're so decisive when it comes to this. Okay. Then I'll do something else."

As they talked, he also gave some advice and shared some personal stories.

He wouldn't have brought them up unless his boss asked him in the past.

Then Jo Eun Ah brought up something else.

"Your younger sister must spend a lot of money going to art school."

"I guess so. She doesn't ask for much though."

“She has a strong sense of independence. But you should take care of her a little. It’s hard to speak up when you’re used to not asking for anything.”

“I’ll take care of her. It’s payday soon anyway.”

It was just a casual remark, but Jo Eun Ah’s eyes sparkled for a moment.

Yoo-hyun quickly picked up his glass.

“Come on, let’s drink.”

“Huh? I also get paid...”

“Auntie!”

It wasn’t hard to take care of his junior on payday.

He just wanted to tease her a bit because her expression was so vivid.

The owner also happened to be standing next to them and peeking at them.

“What?”

“Have a drink with us.”

“Oh my, ho ho. Well then, thank you.”

The owner said and Jo Eun Ah’s eyes widened.

“Huh? Me too?”

“No way. You said you have academy in the evening.”

“Pout.”

Jo Eun Ah looked pitiful.

Regardless, Yoo-hyun enjoyed the drinking session with a good mood.

His college junior and the gopchang restaurant owner.

It was a strange combination that belonged to the same circle of fate.

The owner joined them and the atmosphere became lively in no time.

“That Park Manager bastard came here last night.”

“Really?”

“He talked a lot about Yoo-hyun. And guess what he said? There’s no bad student under a good teacher. What a joke.”

“Hahaha, that’s true.”

“Is it? How is it?”

The owner shook her head as if to deny it.

She seemed to care about him a lot, but she pretended to hide it.

It was endearing to see that.

Then Jo Eun Ah chimed in.

“Who is he?”

“A guy who looks like a bandit.”

“Puhaha, a bandit. A bandit.”

Why was she so excited when she didn't even drink?

That's how the story of their company life began with people who didn't know much about their company.

They even gave some advice.

“A man should be able to shout at his boss confidently. Why is that Park Manager bastard so scared and hesitant when he reports?”

“That's right. In social life, the person who shouts louder wins.”

Yoo-hyun was speechless at Jo Eun Ah's words and intervened.

“Where did you hear that?”

“From a drama.”

Yoo-hyun snorted at Jo Eun Ah's confident answer.

The owner went a step further.

“Park Manager is already wrong, so you should help him from behind, Yoo-hyun.”

“Of course. I was thinking of doing that anyway.”

“If you think it won't work, just quit and work here. I'll pay you double the daily wage.”

“Haha, yes. I understand.”

They laughed and talked and joked around.

It might seem ordinary and natural to someone else, but it was special to Yoo-hyun.

He had never had such a long conversation about nothing before.

But.

He liked it.

The next day, when he went to work, Park Seung Woo was busy moving around.

He printed out the PPT report with two pages on one sheet so that the manager could see it.

He held the paper and repeated the presentation words.

Yoo-hyun watched him and checked the time before asking.

“Do you need help with setting up your laptop?”

“Huh? Really? Thank you.”

Who would refuse his offer to prepare in advance?

Yoo-hyun took Park Seung Woo’s laptop and headed to the manager’s office.

He nodded to Lee Ae Rin and entered the empty office next to hers.

There was a long table inside.

The proper way to sit at a long table for a report was to face the person who was receiving the report.

But when he had to connect his laptop to the TV on the wall and present, it was better to sit closer to the TV.

That way, the person who was receiving the report could see both his face and the screen at the same time.

It was definitely helpful to take care of these small details to improve the quality of the report.

*Clank.*

When Yoo-hyun finished setting up his laptop, Park Seung Woo came in.

“Is it done?”

“Just a little more.”

He had checked everything on the screen, but Yoo-hyun deliberately delayed it.

He didn’t come in just to help him prepare and leave.

He wanted to read what Executive Director Jo Chan Young wanted exactly and how he would change the direction accordingly.

The important thing was what Executive Director Jo Chan Young would say after the report.

Would it be the same thing over and over again, or would he make a different path?

The direction would be decided by Executive Director Jo Chan Young's words.

Five minutes before the meeting.

Executive Director Jo Chan Young, who had attended the group work report, came back.

Team Leader Oh Jae Hwan and Director Lee Kyung Hoon followed him.

Yoo-hyun bowed his head and greeted them.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon.

A man with a thin body and sharp eyes.

He didn't have any wrinkles around his eyes, but his mouth always had a strange smile on his face.

Yoo-hyun knew.

He was not far from pushing Executive Director (Supervisor) Jo Chan Young out and taking over as the next mobile sales marketing manager, as he was directly under the group leader.

He had to stop him no matter what.

Then he heard Director Lee Kyung Hoon's voice.

"Can I join too?"

"Huh? Oh, sure. Please have a seat."

Park Seung Woo, who was more afraid of Director Lee Kyung Hoon than anyone else, answered with a trembling voice.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon sat down and scanned Yoo-hyun.

He looked like he was wondering what this was about.

Executive Director Jo Chan Young sat next to him.

Executive Director Jo Chan Young was in a bad mood because he had heard some unpleasant words from the group leader in the previous report.

Then he saw Yoo-hyun's face, who was preparing to set up his laptop.

He remembered him as an unusual new employee who showed strong passion for the PDA project that he was pushing for in yesterday's interview.

He calmed down his annoyed mind and looked at Yoo-hyun across from him.

Unlike Park Seung Woo, who was trembling, he looked very relaxed.

Executive Director Jo Chan Young became curious.

*Grind.*

When Yoo-hyun was about to get up, Executive Director Jo Chan Young opened his mouth.

“Why are you leaving? Since you’re here, listen with us. Right, Team Leader Oh?”

“Yes. That’s right. Yoo-hyun, sit down.”

There was no team leader who would say no when the manager spoke first.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon also nodded as if he agreed with Executive Director Jo Chan Young’s words.

Thanks to that, Yoo-hyun naturally participated in the report session.

He passed the first hurdle.

The next problem was that Executive Director Jo Chan Young’s expression wasn’t very bright.

He was already known for being angry during reports, but if he started like this, the result was obvious without looking at it.

Before the meeting started, Yoo-hyun tried to please Executive Director Jo Chan Young with some flattery.

“Ah, Manager, I was really impressed by you.”

“What did you see?”

A question without explanation makes him ask again.

It makes him focus more on listening.

“I saw your interview in Sabo (a monthly internal publication).”

“Oh, you saw that?”

“Yes. Your words about constantly striving to open new markets were engraved in my heart. I will work hard with that in mind.”

Flattery is more effective when there are people listening and it is exaggerated a bit.

Executive Director Jo Chan Young definitely liked this kind of simple flattery.



“Hehe, you have a good attitude. Right, Team Leader Oh?”

“Yes. That’s right. Hahaha.”

It must have been the first time for Team Leader Oh Jae Hwan to see this kind of atmosphere too.

He could feel some resentment at his excessive flattery, but he was a new employee after all.

He could just dismiss it as passion and move on.

Thanks to that, the tense atmosphere became much brighter.

Yoo-hyun wouldn’t have done this much if it was his own work.

He was confident that he could satisfy his boss without loosening the mood.

But Park Seung Woo was different.

He had to touch these external factors as well to make up for his poor report.

Click.

When Park Seung Woo clicked the wireless mouse button, the screen changed.

Yoo-hyun recalled the memory as he looked at the page on the TV.

The PDA project.

To be precise, it was a project to mass-produce LCD panels with 3.5-inch WVGA resolution (480 X 800, the total number of pixels on the screen) and high-resolution pressure-sensitive touch supplied by HP in the first quarter of 2008.

It was hard to make the panels because they had many differentiating points from the existing ones.

On top of that, they required a high-resolution touch that could draw detailed pictures with a sharp pen.

The biggest issue was that the touch film and touch IC couldn’t meet their deadlines.

It was a problem that he had anticipated, but he had to somehow meet the schedule that the client demanded.

The reason why he pushed so hard?

He could monopolize the supply.

The current contract condition was to monopolize the initial supply and the estimated supply for a year.

The estimated supply was huge, so it would be a jackpot if it matched the experts' expectations.

It could change the ranking of the industry.

Executive Director Jo Chan Young staked his life on it.

*Click.*

The report went as expected.

“So, the production of the PDA panel...”

When Executive Director Jo Chan Young listened with his arms crossed, Director Lee Kyung Hoon kept asking piercing questions in between.

“Wait. Let’s make sure about the touch part.”

“Yes. For the touch IC, the manufacturer...”

“Wait. Can you tell me the schedule first?”

“That is...”

He was trying to fix what he had messed up, but the atmosphere was as if all the blame was on Park Seung Woo.

Director Lee Kyung Hoon frowned and hit the nail on the head.

“Can you take responsibility for this?”

That question was the climax.

There was no chance for Team Leader Oh Jae Hwan, who was weak, to make any excuses, and Park Seung Woo’s voice lost more and more confidence.

Chapter 48

“They said they would try their best to meet the schedule as much as possible.”

He knew there was no answer to this situation.

And he lacked confidence, so he stuttered.

No matter how bad the situation was, stuttering during a report was fatal.

It would make him look like he didn’t work hard enough.

Jo Chan-young, the executive director, who had been listening quietly, asked.

“What if they fail?”

“We are trying to expedite the schedule of the second supplier in the circuit team.”

“Are you confident?”

“I’ll check on that.”

It was also a problem to hesitate when answering a question.

It would give the impression that he was not prepared enough.

It seemed that Park Seung-woo’s mind was blank.

He couldn’t even say what he had prepared.

Jo Chan-young frowned and asked again.

“So what do you think?”

“I...”

Park Seung-woo had nothing to say.

It was not something he could do alone.

But he couldn’t blame the development team either.

It was this side that proposed the unrealistic schedule in the first place.

‘You can be more selfish.’

Yoo Hyun looked at Park Seung-woo.

But his inner voice didn’t reach Park Seung-woo, who had lost his judgment.

To Yoo Hyun, Park Seung-woo needed to put down the burden on his shoulders.

He was having trouble with the panel company because of a component problem, not a panel problem.

Even if the schedule was messed up, the development department said they would do it.

Strictly speaking, it was the development department’s fault that the schedule was delayed, not the product planning department’s fault.

He had every right to show confidence as someone who managed the schedule.

Jo Chan-young also wanted that.

‘I expected a lot from him because he worked hard...’

Jo Chan-young’s thoughts were similar to Yoo Hyun’s predictions.

He endured a lot today.

No, he gave him a chance because he worked hard.

But the finish was lacking.

How could he do his job without confidence?

Jo Chan-young didn't care about the pressure that Park Seung-woo felt.

All that mattered to him was whether it worked or not.

And he believed that the will of the project leader was important for that.

Jo Chan-young asked impatiently.

"Is it done or not?"

"It's done."

"Then? Why is it so hard to say you can do it?"

"It's not that..."

Park Seung-woo's hesitant answer made Oh Jae-hwan, the team leader, grimace.

Lee Kyung-hoon, the director, also skillfully backed off when Jo Chan-young spoke.

They both sensed that Jo Chan-young's shouting would soon erupt from his distorted expression.

But then,

"Cough cough."

Yoo Hyun suddenly coughed as if he had something stuck in his throat.

It wasn't just a passing cough, but a severe one that broke the atmosphere of the meeting and drew everyone's attention to him.

Even Jo Chan-young's voice was full of concern.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm sorry. I think something got stuck in my throat."

"How about now?"

"I'm fine now. I'm really sorry for ruining the important mood."

"No, no. It's over anyway."

As he spoke, Jo Chan-young's expression softened.

He was heated up, but suddenly cooled down.

Jo Chan-young sighed briefly and looked at Park Seung-woo.

“Anything else?”

“No, no.”

“Okay. Good job.”

“Thank you.”

Park Seung-woo sighed with relief at the smooth end of the report, but Yoo Hyun knew it was just the beginning.

He didn't go through all this just to end the report well.

The important thing was directionality.

If he couldn't prevent the failure of PDA, he had to plant another possibility in him.

It was at that moment when a brief silence fell after the report ended.

“Ahem.”

Yoo Hyun gathered attention with a small cough.

His upper body leaned toward Jo Chan-young, and his eyes were fixed on his forehead.

With the same posture as yesterday's interview, Jo Chan-young naturally asked him a question.

“How is it? Did you understand some of it?”

“I didn't understand everything, but I thought it was a really difficult project.”

“It's not an easy project. Yeah.”

“And...”

“Do you have something to say?”

Yoo Hyun quickly threw out a hook as soon as Jo Chan-young finished speaking.

He had to catch his interest more here.

“It reminded me of a case I heard during new employee training. It was interesting.”

“Yeah? What was similar?”

“It was a case of lithium-ion battery delivery. They developed a difficult technology to meet the deadline for electric cars. The development was successful, but...”

“But, what?”

Jo Chan-young showed curiosity as Yoo Hyun dragged on.

It was an opportunity.

Yoo Hyun boldly continued.

“Other components were not supplied properly, so the electric car development failed.”

“Hmm.”

“They failed to develop electric cars, so the battery project also failed.”

It was actually a case in the casebook.

It was a story of success in developing a difficult technology.

“Electric car development failed...”

Jo Chan-young, who had a lot of interest in new technologies, seemed to think about it several times.

“Yoo Hyun.”

Oh Jae-hwan, the team leader, who misunderstood his intention, called him in a low voice and frowned.

He had no sense.

There was a reason why people didn't get recognized.

“I'm sorry. I think I said something irrelevant.”

“No, you can see it that way. But you have to know that if you don't challenge yourself because it's hard and scary, you won't get anything either.”

Jo Chan-young suddenly interrupted and Oh Jae-hwan quickly backed off.

“That's a good point.”

“Hmm.”

Lee Kyung-hoon, the director, crossed his arms and nodded reluctantly.

He couldn't deny it.

Sometimes things don't work out even if you try hard.

It wouldn't matter if it only failed, but the problem was that it affected other people.

Yoo Hyun glanced at Park Seung-woo, who was rolling his eyes, and bowed his head to Jo Chan-young, the executive director.

“I’ll keep that in mind, sir. I was too curious and didn’t think deeply. I’ll be more careful in the future.”

“What can I say? It’s not a rigid place here. Don’t hold back if you have any questions. This is the time for new employees to ask, isn’t it?”

“Yes, I do. But I might be wrong...”

“Hey, don’t be afraid and ask. Haha. So, what is it?”

Yoo Hyun straightened his posture and put aside his awkwardness as a new employee.

He had to go for it.

He couldn’t miss this opportunity that Jo Chan-young had given him.

“The pre-order volume is quite large, but I wonder if other components can be made on time besides the LCD panel. The specs of HPDA3 are so innovative.”

“Yoo Hyun, that’s not our concern. We already secured the initial supply.”

Yoo Hyun quickly responded to Oh Jae-hwan, the team leader’s advice.

“I’m sorry, team leader. I have a lot of interest in IT and I’ve heard some things, but I don’t have enough work experience to think that far.”

“Oh team leader, let’s just listen.”

Jo Chan-young stopped Oh Jae-hwan and looked at Yoo Hyun.

It was a project that he pushed for himself, but now he was in charge of it.

No one had ever talked about other components in his project.

He was more curious than angry at the unexpected story of the new employee.

The meeting time was already over, but Jo Chan-young wanted to hear more from Yoo Hyun.

“Go ahead and continue.”

“I saw a related article on the internet a while ago. It’s also the first time to commercialize a 1.5-inch ODD (optical disc drive). And they said they would exclusively supply Intel’s CPU, which has no mobile experience.”

“...”

It was a general story that had already been reported in the news.

But it wasn't something that an LCD panel company would be interested in.

Unless it was just about other components.

Yoo Hyun paused for a moment and then resumed.

“And Microsoft is also making a new mobile OS for the first time to supply the OS. It was amazing that all these things were combined and the schedule was met.”

“Amazing...”

He had probably read enough between the lines by now, but Yoo Hyun decided to make sure.

“The LCD panel is hard enough to make on time because of the new touch component we're getting for the first time, but HPDA3 has all new components.”

A perspective that aimed not only at the panel he supplied, but also at the final product.

It was a perspective that an executive who led a project should have.

And he even checked the status of other companies' components?

It was plausible enough that Jo Chan-young thought he needed to check with the sales team once.

But he couldn't show it.

“It's a good opinion, but you won't be able to focus on our work if you think too much about this and that.”

“Yeah. We just have to do our job.”

Jo Chan-young glanced at Oh Jae-hwan who intervened.

He quickly turned his head back to Yoo Hyun, but Yoo Hyun didn't miss his change of gaze.

It was a look that seemed to scold Oh Jae-hwan for not understanding this much.

Lee Kyung-hoon, the director, hid his expression and nodded.

It was a project that he had initiated, but now Jo Chan-young was in charge of it.

He wasn't so stubborn as to stake his pride on an unconfirmed question from a newbie.

He probably thought 'How dare this newbie say such an opinion?'



Lee Kyung-hoon was much more conservative than Jo Chan-young, as Yoo Hyun knew him.

Yoo Hyun didn't care.

The important thing was Jo Chan-young's reaction.

And he seemed to understand enough.

That was enough.

Now it was time to pass the ball.

"Yes. You must have thought of everything already, sir. I'm sorry for being out of line."

"No, it was fresh. Park, you need to be prepared for any possible problems. Backup is always important, isn't it? Haha."

"Yes? Yes. I understand."

What would Park Seung-woo think when he heard the word backup?

Would he be discouraged by the fact that there was more trouble?

Or would he be determined to prepare for any contingency?

Yoo Hyun read the traces of his dilemma on his face, which was still bowed.

He didn't know what he was thinking, but he hoped he knew this for sure.

It's not enough to make a good LCD panel for the project to succeed.

Even if he raised the panel yield to 90% within the period as planned, it doesn't mean that the success rate of PDA is 90%.

He had to check the other components that make up the product, and the success rate of the product as a whole.

If you look at it that way, even if you set it high, the success rate of the product is less than 50%.

Is it right to go all-in on a strategy with such a low probability?

In fact, HPDA3, which everyone believes will succeed, will fail completely.

Park Seung-woo's career started to go downhill from this point.

He couldn't leave it alone.

He wanted to blame the person in charge who made such a ridiculous decision, and the team leaders who made him do it, but he couldn't do that forever.

Right now, the experts in this industry who predict failure because the iPhone, which was released two months ago, didn't sell well.

No one can foresee that Nokia, which accounts for 50% of the mobile phone market, will fall into hell from next year due to Apple, which has just stepped into the mobile phone industry.

What would they say if he said this here?

Would they praise him for being great?

Or would they call him crazy?

Knowing the future doesn't mean he can change everything.

And above all, he didn't want to be the one to do that.

The meeting ended like that.

## Chapter 49

Yoo-hyun sat on a bench at the outdoor terrace on the first floor, drinking free vending machine coffee.

For office workers, smoking time was also known as the second meeting.

It was more comfortable to talk outside in a relaxed posture than in a stuffy office.

It was similar to becoming talkative after drinking alcohol.

“Phew...”

Park Seung-woo, the assistant manager, had a different expression than usual as he exhaled smoke.

He didn't smile awkwardly, but looked serious.

“I agree with what you said, but I think the PDA project will fail. Maybe it would be faster to succeed with the Apple phone?”

“...”

Park Seung-woo's intuition was not bad.

No, it was exactly right.

Although it was still treated as an MP3 player, the Apple phone would pioneer the smartphone market in a few years and absorb all the PDAs.

“But why are you doing it? Kid. When you work in a company, you know. Sometimes you have to do things you don't want to do.”

“...”

Yoo-hyun nodded his head as an answer.

Company employees had no choice but to follow what their bosses wanted.

To change the instructions, they had to provide enough evidence.

Of course, even if they did that, it would be hard to hear good words.

The best thing was to achieve results by following the right decisions made by the boss.

The next best thing was when the boss made a wrong decision, but changed it in the middle.

They could still make some results if they tried hard enough.

The worst thing?

When they followed the wrong decision made by the boss and failed to make any results in the end.

In the worst case scenario, the person in charge would have to take all the responsibility for the failure.

It was exactly the same situation that Park Seung-woo was in.

“By the way, how should I prepare a backup plan...”

“Huh?”

Park Seung-woo stopped talking as if he realized something.

He seemed to forget that Yoo-hyun was a newbie because he was too proficient.

“Oh, backup means. In case the product quantity doesn’t come out as planned, it’s the follow-up plan.”

“So can you switch to another product?”

“It’s not easy. You can’t find a product that uses such high specs right away.”

Why not?

There was already a touch phone that used a pen before HPDA3 at Hanseong Electronics.

And it was a product that collaborated with Channel, a luxury brand.

Yoo-hyun asked.

“Can’t you use Channel Phone 2?”

“Hmm... It's possible. Well, they're also rushing their schedule, so it might be possible.”

“...”

“But it's too much of a difference in quantity to use it as a backup plan.”

Park Seung-woo looked troubled by his words and Yoo-hyun just agreed with him.

“Is that so?”

“Yeah. Even if we get a lot, we can't get more than 10% of the production line quantity we set for HPDA3. Well, that's not a small number either.”

10% was not a small number and Park Seung-woo knew that well.

He looked like he thought it could be one of the backup plans.

But it was true that they needed a proper backup plan in case HPDA3 completely failed.

They couldn't sell their panel inventory to customers who didn't have any plans.

They needed some other perspective to deal with it.

Yoo-hyun hoped that Park Seung-woo could find an answer.

“But does it have to be the same resolution product?”

“No. That's not it. But it's better to have the same inch size to match the post-processing.”

“So lower resolution is possible.”

“If there are customers who want low resolution on 3 inches. But what kind of high-end model would want low resolution panels?”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah. Why would you buy a good touch panel and use it with such low resolution?”

That was because Park Seung-woo only thought of high-end models like PDA or Channel Phone.

He had a fixed idea that touch phone users were a minority who used high-end models.

They had to break that first.

“Can't you lower the resolution of the touch panel? I don't think people will write or draw with a pen on a small screen anyway.”

“Why? It’s quite useful. Customers liked it on HPDA2 and Channel Phone 1.”

Customers are afraid of denying something new.

They couldn’t tell the customer’s purchase intention with a simple survey.

Yoo-hyun asked casually.

“Have you tried it?”

“Me? I tried it.”

“Really?”

“Hey, it’s expensive.”

Park Seung-woo said it as a joke, but it was true.

Touch panels were expanding their market share, but it was still a time when people thought that phones had to have keyboards.

They didn’t even feel the change even though they were on the scene.

“It would be cool to get rid of the buttons and just use touch.”

“Why?”

“The design would be cool. And the screen would be bigger and easier to see.”

“No buttons...”

Park Seung-woo paused at Yoo-hyun’s words.

He hoped he would catch on at this point.

Could he break his frame of mind?

“People would buy it if it was cheap. If we lower the touch resolution, the price would go down too...”

“That’s true.”

“Yeah. Who cares if the touch is bad. As you said, they would only press big buttons or icons. But the design would still look good.”

“At least better than this.”

Yoo-hyun took out a folder phone from his pocket and Park Seung-woo chuckled.

But he kept rolling his eyes as if he was still thinking about something.

He looked serious, but he kept bouncing his butt.

It seemed to be his habit when he thought deeply.

What was he thinking?

He was probably struggling between ideals and reality.

No matter how good an idea they had, they couldn't make a product as a component company.

They had to change their perspective.

"Isn't it our product planning team's job to make customers able to make such products?"

"..."

Park Seung-woo lost his words at Yoo-hyun's words.

It was not to squeeze the development department with the specs that the sales team brought in, but to plan panels that could lead the market to make products that could come out into the world.

That was the real role of the product planning team.

It was also the real work that they had never done before.

*Clap.*

Park Seung-woo clapped as if he had an idea, but then he fell into thought again and rolled his eyes around.

He didn't have a company that could make it.

That was not a wrong statement.

The product planning team had been doing their job by adjusting the detailed numbers to the production level according to the guide given by the customer, that is, the phone making company.

But now they had to change their perspective.

To make it possible, he needed another plan.

Yoo-hyun recalled his past memories as he looked at him.

Next year, Ilseong Electronics would launch a budget-friendly touch phone and cause a sensation in the market.

It was the time when the touch phone boom began.

But Hansung only followed suit with a similar product after a year had passed.

They were late in terms of timing, but they were still able to supply the products on time.

It was thanks to the PDA panel line that Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager, was in charge of.

They just changed the resolution and used it as it was.

And the achievement went to Shin Chan Yong, the section chief, who joined in late.

The only thing left for Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager, was a red mark due to the failure of the PDA.

PDA backup plan.

What Yoo-hyun brought up in people's minds was a device to prevent Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager's, performance from being taken away in vain.

The report he wrote under the name of backup would surely do that job.

Would it just prevent it from being taken away?

Or would he do more than that?

How much more could he do?

It was entirely up to Park Seung Woo, the assistant manager.

Yoo-hyun decided to watch for now.

He had to teach him how to catch fish rather than give him fish.

That afternoon, in the conference room on the 12th floor.

The team members gathered for the weekly report.

A beam was projected on the white screen on the wall.

Each part's work and plan for the last week and the next week were written on one page.

Part 1 was busy with Nokia's response, and Part 2 was not in a good mood because of Hansung Electronics' low phone sales.

Despite that, Shin Chan Yong, the section chief who presented, looked quite confident.

"...As I reported, the market response to Channel Phone is quite good. We are planning to include the success story of Channel Phone LCD panel in our company's training materials."

“Is this what HRD (Human Resource Development) asked for? You must be busy with your work. Are you okay?”

“Yes, team leader. It’s something that helps the company.”

Oh Jae Hwan, the team leader, nodded his head as he heard that.

Channel Phone was a product made by Hansung Electronics and Channel, a famous luxury fashion brand.

Shin Chan Yong, the section chief, was in charge of the LCD panel that went into it.

In fact, he used the same LCD panel as other models, so there was no product planning to speak of.

Development, sales, marketing were also aligned with the phone division without any special crisis.

Yet he made it into an achievement and even planned to make it a success story.

He could make a drama-like story with a few adaptations.

He had no better material to package his work.

Yoo-hyun sneered.

He must have asked HRD to make it himself.

The education team at HRD must have been grateful for his offer.

They were struggling to find success stories every year.

The whole process might not have been visible to the team members, including Oh Jae Hwan, the team leader, but it was clear to Yoo-hyun.

He had worked under him for more than two years already.

He knew that his true self was nothing but an empty shell who looked impressive.

Then it was Part 3’s turn.

Part 3 was always scolded by the team leader at every weekly report, but today was different.

“Choi Section Chief, you heard what your boss said, right? I’ve told the sales team already. Try to take initiative this time.”

“I’ll do my best.”



When Choi Min Hee Section Chief reported on Hyunil Automobile's spec change part, Oh Jae Hwan Team Leader smiled for the first time at today's meeting.

"Park Assistant Manager, good job on your report today."

He even praised Park Seung Woo Assistant Manager who always got nagged at.

Shin Chan Yong Section Chief who was sensitive to changes around him felt a sense of incongruity at Part 3's changed atmosphere.

From Shin Chan Yong Section Chief's point of view, Part 3 was nothing but a sucker part.

They did all the hard work but had no chance of success.

It meant they had no chance of getting good scores on their performance evaluation either.

Moreover, most of their failed projects were ahead of their time by about two years.

If he proposed them as new items to the phone division using them, that would also be an achievement.

How generous they were to give them away.

But today, for the first time, he thought 'maybe'.

What had changed?

At that moment, he saw Park Seung Woo Assistant Manager smiling in his sight.

His eyes were directed at the new employee sitting next to him.

He really hated that guy.

He tried to recruit him because he looked sensible, but he was a fool who couldn't even catch the given opportunity.

On the other hand, he wondered.

'Wasn't it him who answered the phone from Hyunil Automobile?'

Come to think of it, he was also there at Park Seung Woo Assistant Manager's report that he thought would fail.

Did the new employee do some magic?

Shin Chan Yong Section Chief laughed at the thought that came to his mind.

"Really, me. Does that make sense?"

How well could a new employee do?

It must have been a coincidence.

As he thought so, his eyes met with Yoo-hyun's.

Then Yoo-hyun smiled at him.

Smiled?

It was not a mocking smile for sure.

But somehow, his gaze seemed to look down on him from above and it was very unpleasant.

Shin Chan Yong Section Chief wanted to teach that greenhorn a lesson that he had to lower his eyes in front of him.

*Thud.*

*Thud.*

Section Chief Shin Chan Yong who was making a rhythm by tapping his desk with his index and middle fingers looked at Assistant Manager Go Jae Yoon next to him as if he had a good idea.

“Assistant Manager Go, would you like to have a cup of tea after the meeting?”

He said with a friendly smile.

‘Shin Chan Yong and Go Jae Yoon’s combination.’

Yoo-hyun watched the two people leave together after the meeting.

Chapter 50

The meeting of a selfish trash and a psycho with a personality disorder.

Why did these two people, who didn't get along well, meet?

Yoo-hyun already had a guess.

Shin Chan-yong was the type who had to break anything that wasn't his to feel satisfied.

He must have been displeased with Part 3's report, and he was also bothered by Yoo-hyun's existence.

Others might think why he cared about such things, but he was that narrow-minded.

And he was also someone who didn't want to get blood on his hands.

There was one scenario that came to his mind along with his characteristics.

It was using Go Jae-yoon, the Assistant Manager who had a grudge against Yoo-hyun.

-It seems like the newbie is ignoring you, Assistant Manager.

He would do such childish tricks that only middle schoolers would do.

It was funny, but Go Jae-yoon was someone who fell for it.

“That’s interesting.”

Whatever it was, it was amusing from Yoo-hyun’s point of view.

Someone approached Yoo-hyun’s seat as he returned.

“Yoo-hyun, do you have something good going on?”

“No. Just.”

“I see. Um... Do you know who I am?”

“Of course. You’re Kim Eun-young senior.”

She was Kim Eun-young, an employee of Part 1 and Yoo-hyun’s senior by two years.

She was fluent in English as an overseas student and had a lot of knowledge.

In the past, Yoo-hyun asked her questions that were burdensome to ask his fellow seniors.

He received a lot of help from her, but it took a long time to get close to her.

As far as Yoo-hyun remembered, she was the type who kept a distance from people.

Kim Eun-young opened her mouth with a bright expression.

“I’m glad you remember me. I thought you forgot me.”

“How can I forget you, senior?”

“Hahaha, thank you for saying that. Do you know where the office supplies are?”

“No.”

“That’s the first thing you should know when you join the company. Come here. I’ll show you.”

“Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun tilted his head as he looked at Kim Eun-young, who smiled warmly.

She had never been so kind to him before.

Come to think of it, Lee Ae-rin was like that too.

He didn't directly help either of them.

He had no time to think more as Kim Eun-young's kindness continued.

"Here, just tell me if you need the key. You can use whatever you need anytime."

*Click.*

Kim Eun-young opened the cabinet in the corner of the team's seat.

Various office supplies such as pens, rulers, knives, staplers, etc. were revealed inside.

Seeing that, Yoo-hyun replied casually.

"It's a treasure trove."

"Hahaha, it's not mine. Let me know if you need anything else. I can order it."

"Thank you."

She was in charge of office supplies as a secretary.

Even so, it was very rare for her to guide a new employee personally.

That's why Park Seung-woo peeked out his head from behind and was surprised.

"Eun-young, why are you so nice?"

"I'm always nice."

"Hey, you're not like that to me. Give me some pens too."

"Do it yourself."

She said coldly but smiled at the corners of her eyes.

To Yoo-hyun's eyes, Kim Eun-young was one of the people who looked okay.

He had asked her annoying questions in the past and had friction with her because of work.

She always gave in at those times.

She was good at her job, diligent and considerate.

But she couldn't last long and quit.

It was because of Go Jae-yoon Assistant Manager.

'That bastard.'

Yoo-hyun clenched his teeth inwardly.

Two hours later.

A man and a woman wearing hats sat on a bench where they could see Hansung Tower's main entrance from afar.

They were the subway flower snakes who were interrupted by Yoo-hyun.

The man spat out cigarette smoke with a grim face and said,

“Why doesn't this bastard come out? Is he really working at this company?”

“Yeah. I saw him this morning. But oppa.”

“What?”

The man answered irritably and the woman hesitated for a moment.

She didn't feel like doing it at all.

“...I'll just check his face and leave.”

“You're too scared. That bastard is totally crazy. I was flustered then, but not anymore.”

“...”

Just crazy?

She didn't think so.

She had deceived many people by playing the role of a flower snake and she knew.

His voice tone and posture were very stable.

And his cold judgment was impressive.

She couldn't tell what was inside him, but if she looked at the result, he completely fooled them without lifting a finger.

He made a fool of them, who were considered veteran scammers, with a few words.

She was thinking about it when she heard her brother's voice.

“Don't worry. I'm going to bring Hyuk and Woo-chan too.”

“...”

She looked at the back of the man who followed the suit crowd.

At the same time.

The mobile product planning team came out for a team dinner.

Kim Eun-young and Choi Min-hee manager were next to Yoo-hyun, who came out first.

“Manager, it would be nice if you could join us. I’m sorry.”

“Let’s eat together next time, Eun-young. I’ll go ahead. Have a good time, Yoo-hyun.”

“Go ahead.”

As Choi Min-hee manager left first, Yoo-hyun naturally walked with Kim Eun-young.

There was quite a gap between them and the team members behind them.

Yoo-hyun asked.

“Senior, how about the team dinner?”

“It’s just eating something delicious, getting drunk and chatting.”

“Do you drink well?”

“No. I can’t drink. Ugh, no. No.”

Yoo-hyun remembered that Kim Eun-young couldn’t drink.

But she had to drink because of some things and she suffered a lot.

“Do you have to force yourself?”

“I usually don’t, but... sometimes there are people like that.”

Kim Eun-young sighed as she dragged her words.

There were people like that, not just one, but right next to her.

Of course, it was Go Jae-yoon Assistant Manager.

He was not satisfied with making a fuss in the office, giving unreasonable tasks and holding on to trivial things, he also forced them to drink.

Especially the employees with lower seniority suffered a lot from him.

Yoo-hyun had briefly wondered why he acted like that.

There might be many reasons, but the biggest one was to emphasize his authority.

He was inferior to his juniors in work, and all he had left was his pride.

So he tried to suppress his juniors and confirm his strong position through such actions.

The funnier thing was what happened after he got angry.

He always called them separately and said it was nothing as if he was trying to calm them down.

He played the drum and the gong by himself.

The subordinates didn't know what rhythm to follow and they were going crazy.

He added some more details, but the conclusion was that he was a psycho.

It was not just Yoo-hyun's opinion, but a common one supported by the majority.

Yoo-hyun finished his thoughts and said,

“Then I'll be your black knight.”

“Hey, it's okay. Thank you for saying that. Hahaha.”

Kim Eun-young might have thought it was a joke, but he meant it.

That was also why he walked with her.

The team dinner took place at a pork belly restaurant in the food alley near Hansung Tower.

Kim Young-gil Assistant Manager arrived first and moved busily.

He didn't have to do that much, but he felt a strong sense of responsibility.

He even set up the meat before people came with thorough preparation.

He had checked everything beforehand and proceeded with it.

He didn't look so bad.

He might seem a bit inflexible, but his meticulousness shone when he worked.

People filled their seats one by one and the long table in the room was full.

As they waited for the sizzling meat, Oh Jae-hwan team leader said,

“Let's just have a light drink for the first round. Drink as much as you can. You know that, right?”

“Yes.”

They only gave formal answers.

They all knew how Oh Jae-hwan team leader changed when he drank.

“And no talking about work during the dinner.”

“Yes.”

He might want to get along with the young people, but he shouldn't make promises he couldn't keep.

As if proving that, Oh Jae-hwan team leader started nagging soon after.

“Kim Assistant Manager should get promoted too. Take care of Part 3 well.”

“Team leader, you're doing it again. You said no talking about work.”

“Oh, come on. I'm disappointed by your light attitude.”

“Just leave me out of this. I'm going to have some fun.”

Kim Hyun-min Assistant Manager didn't care much and drank with Park Seung-woo Assistant Manager next to him.

Oh Jae-hwan team leader caught another person and started nagging again.

The noisy atmosphere continued naturally here and there.

The dinner wasn't just about drinking.

It was conducted under the supervision of Kim Young-gil Assistant Manager, who was in charge of general affairs.

The talkative team leader gave a long speech and the toast speeches of the part leaders followed.

Yoo-hyun's introduction as a new employee was inevitable too.

“I...”

Yoo-hyun introduced himself briefly and offered a toast modestly.

He had no reason to stand out here.

He had prepared an exotic introduction and a strong toast speech with ambition in the past, hoping to get more recognition.

But it was completely different now.

Kim Eun-young offered him a drink as soon as he finished his introduction.

“Congratulations on joining the company again.”

“Thank you.”

She didn't enjoy the dinner much, but she looked happy.



It was thanks to Lee Chan-ho, her colleague, and Hwang Dong-sik Assistant Manager who had good manners sitting at the same table.

She became more enthusiastic and snatched the tongs from Yoo-hyun's hand and grilled the meat herself.

“Here, it's done.”

“Wow. Eun-young is a master of grilling pork belly.”

“My family runs a butcher shop.”

“What? Hahaha. Really?”

“Really.”

She looked so cheerful that it was hard to believe that she was depressed in the office and thought of the dinner as a hardship.

Yoo-hyun knew the reason well.

Go Jae-yoon Assistant Manager.

Many problems in the team stemmed from him.

He not only made a fuss in the office, gave unreasonable tasks and held on to trivial things, but also forced them to drink.

Especially the employees with lower seniority suffered a lot from him.

Many team members complained to the part leader and the team leader because they were too hard.

But he was still fine because Oh Jae-hwan team leader avoided responsibility.

He was afraid that he would get hurt if there was a problem in the team.

This problem needed to be dealt with at the company level fundamentally.

Unfortunately, there was no proper channel yet.

If they waited any longer, Kim Eun-young and Lee Chan-ho would quit the company.

Yoo-hyun couldn't just watch this problem that could explode anytime.

That's when it happened.

“Dong-sik, move a bit.”

“Yes, Assistant Manager.”

Go Jae-yoon Assistant Manager pushed Hwang Dong-sik Assistant Manager and sat down.

Then Lee Chan-ho also moved to another table quietly.

But Kim Eun-young couldn't do that.