

## Real Man 461

Chapter 461:

He had an MBA from an American university, so he couldn't possibly not know his name.

“Pa, Paul Graham? The former president of BCG (Boston Consulting Group)?”

“Yes. That's right. You'll meet him soon.”

“Wow.”

Chief Choi Kyu-tae was so surprised that he opened his mouth and froze.

Yoo-hyun left him behind and walked ahead.

He had everything he had researched about Paul Graham in his head.

Paul Graham was the current president of Y Combinator and the former president of BCG.

He had met him through the opportunity of introducing Airbnb at the Apple presentation a while ago.

That was the start of this plan.

Of course, it was not an easy task.

It was harder than convincing Steve Jobs in terms of difficulty.

That's why Yoo-hyun didn't lose his concentration until the end.

When he lay down on the first-class bed seat, he recalled his past interviews and traced his whereabouts.

When he arrived at San Francisco airport and took a limousine, he reviewed the companies he invested in and derived a persuasion strategy.

That work continued until he arrived at Mountain View, California.

Click.

The black limousine stopped in front of a building.

The middle-aged white driver ran up to Yoo-hyun, who got out of the car, and greeted him politely.

“I hope you have a good time.”

“Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun naturally accepted his greeting and sent him away.

Chief Choi Kyu-tae stared blankly at Yoo-hyun.

All his actions, from using first-class to riding a limousine, looked too familiar.

He had never enjoyed such luxury in his life.

He noticed that his attitude towards him was the same.

No matter how much Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director, pushed him, he looked down on his chief position so naturally.

‘What the hell?’

Chief Choi Kyu-tae, who had no idea that Yoo-hyun was once a president, was bewildered.

Yoo-hyun turned around and called him, who didn’t seem to move.

“Aren’t you coming?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. Let’s go.”

He stuttered and followed Yoo-hyun.

The building Yoo-hyun entered was not a hotel, but an office building.

Yoo-hyun unpacked his luggage in an empty office of about 40 square meters on the fifth floor window seat.

Swoosh.

When he pulled the curtain, the building across the street came into view.

It was the Y Combinator building where Paul Graham was.

Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director, said he would get it right, and it seemed like he chose a pretty good place.

Yoo-hyun, who sat on a large table chair, gestured to Chief Choi Kyu-tae, who couldn't find his footing.

“Please sit down. We have a lot to do from now on.”

“Huh? Oh. What do we have to do?”

“One more person will come. Let's talk then.”

“Okay.”

Chief Choi Kyu-tae didn't ask any more questions at Yoo-hyun's words.

He felt like he really had to do that.

Soon after, the door opened and Manager Park Seung-woo came in.

He saw Yoo-hyun and shouted with his arms open.

“Oh, my mentee. Long time no see.”

“What are you talking about? I saw you a while ago.”

Yoo-hyun hugged him with a smile.

Chief Choi Kyu-tae blinked his eyes at the changed appearance of Yoo-hyun.

He was so cold to him, but he was so friendly to a mere manager.

Was Manager Park Seung-woo that great?

He looked ridiculous because of his poor consulting materials, but it seemed that was not the case.

Chief Choi Kyu-tae kept his mouth shut and watched.

The greeting between the two was brief.

Yoo-hyun explained the current situation.

Chief Choi Kyu-tae knew some of it, and Manager Park Seung-woo heard it for the first time.

“Based on the consulting materials you wrote...”

In the process, Paul Graham's name was naturally mentioned.

Manager Park Seung-woo was surprised as well as Chief Choi Kyu-tae.

“You’re going to show him my materials?”

“Yes. That’s right. That’s the best way to get BCG to use your materials.”

“BCG is going to use my materials?”

Manager Park Seung-woo looked dumbfounded, and Chief Choi Kyu-tae felt a sense of camaraderie.

Anyone who had an MBA would know how absurd this was.

But the answer that came back from Manager Park Seung-woo was absurd.

“Yoo-hyun, you don’t have to do this for my graduation project.”

“Wh, what? Graduation project? What are you talking about?”

Chief Choi Kyu-tae stuttered at the absurd answer.

Manager Park Seung-woo calmly explained the situation.

“Oh, McKinsey came up with the exact opposite opinion on the same topic as me. My mentee is trying to cover that up for me.”

“Do you think it makes sense to convince Paul Graham for such a reason? Do you know how great he is?”

Chief Choi Kyu-tae finally burst out his doubts, and Manager Park Seung-woo shrugged his shoulders.

A positive answer that was too naive came out of his mouth.

“What can’t we do? He’s the one who convinced Steve Jobs.”

“Huh.”

Chief Choi Kyu-tae lost his words and stuck out his tongue.

Yoo-hyun held back his laughter at the sight of his unique mentee.

He was a person who could laugh enough in this serious situation.

“Boss, graduation is not the main issue. There is another reason why we need to get the consulting report from BCG as soon as possible.”

“What is it?”

“The temporary shareholders’ meeting will be held in a few days. The McKinsey report will be presented then.”

“Wow. You don’t mean...?”

As soon as Yoo-hyun answered, Choi Kyu-tae’s eyes widened.

He was in the innovation strategy department and he knew the situation to some extent.

He realized that they needed the BCG report to counter the opposing opinion in the McKinsey report, and he understood the whole situation.

The agent in front of him was trying to pull off a tremendous feat.

Yoo-hyun confirmed his thoughts with a decisive answer.

“Yes. That’s right. We have to do this to save the innovation strategy department.”

“...”

Choi Kyu-tae was speechless in front of such a serious matter.

Park Seung-woo, who had been listening quietly, looked at Yoo-hyun with a strange expression.

He seemed to have something to say, but Yoo-hyun spoke to him first.

“Boss, how about going to a bar after this? Like we did at the European exhibition.”

“Pffft. Are you talking about the last day of the European exhibition?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

Three years ago, at the European exhibition, Yoo-hyun had secretly plotted to get rid of Lee Kyung-hoon, the director, and Park Seung-woo had accidentally found out.

He was upset that his mentee had taken the risk alone, and Yoo-hyun had promised him to share any difficulties with him in the future.

The place where they had drunk together was a bar.

Park Seung-woo smiled faintly as he recalled that memory.

“So, it’s my turn to play the mentor role?”

“Yes. Please.”

Yoo-hyun nodded calmly with a smile, and Park Seung-woo clapped his hands and got up.

“Okay. Let’s do this. It looks like we just need to organize the data quickly.”

“No, what we’re doing right now is...”

Ignoring the flustered Choi Kyu-tae, Yoo-hyun answered.

“That’s right. You can stay with me until late today, and then go to Boston on a red-eye flight.”

“Boston?”

“You have to go to BCG. You’ll get your flight tickets by email.”

“What about you?”

“I have to meet Paul Graham and persuade him.”

“Oh, a pincer attack. You mean to contact BCG as soon as you get his approval?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

Yoo-hyun smiled brightly at Park Seung-woo, who understood quickly.

He seemed to be positive, but he had his own calculations.

On the other hand, Choi Kyu-tae’s face turned pale.

“So, we have to go without knowing the outcome?”

“You have to act as if you’re sure to succeed. You know we don’t have time.”

Even if Paul Graham gave his full support, they would need time to exchange data and explain it to BCG.

Considering the schedule of the temporary shareholders’ meeting, they were short of time even if they started right now.

Choi Kyu-tae stuttered in front of the reasonable argument.

“But, but...”

“Yes. Then let’s start now.”

Yoo-hyun took it as a sign of agreement and laid out the documents he had prepared on the table.

Every minute and second was precious now.

At the same time, Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director, had a different meeting.

He was facing his uncle, Shin Myung-ho, the vice chairman, in his office.

Shin Myung-ho looked as experienced as ever.

He was calm even in the situation where his lifeline was at stake.

He quietly spoke first.

“Brother, you believe that the survivor is the strongest. That’s why I’ve been watching you silently.”

“I know. I never thought of reaching out.”

“Good. You should. But it’s unfortunate that they’re doing this while you’re away from the front line due to health problems.”

Shin Myung-ho frowned.

As he said, foreign capital wouldn’t have acted rashly without a reason.

There must be someone who was colluding with them, and this move was sharp enough to anticipate the end.

He smirked bitterly at Shin Kyung-wook, who declared his determination.

“I’m going to move Elliott.”

“You know you have to give up some of our management rights to move them at this point, right?”

“I know.”

“Huh. That sounds like you’re telling me to sell the company for my own sake.”

Shin Myung-ho glared at him with anger, but Shin Kyung-wook didn't flinch.

He answered firmly without bending.

“There is a way to move them without giving up anything.”

Shin Myung-ho's eyes softened at that single sentence.

The nephew in front of him was much more mature than before, when he showed his bold spirit.

“Do you have confidence?”

“Yes. I have reliable colleagues who are working with me right now.”

Shin Kyung-wook said with a sparkle in his eyes.

It was also a look full of trust.

At that moment, the clock in the Mountain View office in the U.S. pointed to 11 p.m.

The three people, including Yoo-hyun, had been sitting here for more than half a day.

There were empty food containers and coffee cups in the box next to the table.

Tap.

Park Seung-woo typed on his laptop keyboard and said.

“Yoo-hyun, I sent you the revised data. Take a look.”

“Okay. Got it. Just a moment.”

Yoo-hyun checked the data that Park Seung-woo had polished.

On the monitor, there was a conclusion in the BCG format based on the data he had seen countless times.

He quickly scanned the content and pointed out.

“Boss, the content is fine, but I wish you raised the target numbers a bit more.”

“You can't just raise them. What's the basis?”

“Assuming that the smartphone penetration rate in China and India will be as high as the current U.S. market in the next two years...”



As Yoo-hyun explained step by step, Park Seung-woo clapped his hands.

“Oh, I see. If we link Han Sung’s strategy for the third market with that part, it will be possible. I’ll do it right away.”

“Thanks. I appreciate it.”

“Don’t mention it. We’re doing this together.”

“That’s a good attitude.”

Park Seung-woo winked at him, and Yoo-hyun gave him a thumbs up.

Chapter 462:

He was taken aback by the sudden turn of events, but he focused on the essence.

Even if it was his junior’s words, he listened with an open mind and accepted them if they were right.

Thanks to his positive and passionate attitude, Yoo-hyun was able to sort things out more easily.

Choi Kyu Tae, the assistant manager who helped him, was also the same.

“Change this part?”

“Yes. You need to rearrange the list in the BCG format. Remove any unnecessary references that BCG does not recognize.”

Choi Kyu Tae raised his hand to his forehead, as if he was troubled by Yoo-hyun’s meticulous comments.

“Ugh. Do we have to do that much?”

“We have to save time. Just like when you researched the Swedish company for the MBA project.”

“Ah. Okay. I’ll apply it right away.”

When Yoo-hyun recited his resume and made a valid point, Choi Kyu Tae, who had been complaining, reluctantly put his hands on the laptop keyboard.

Tadadadadak.

He grumbled with his mouth, but his fingers were very fast.

He had a lot of experience, so he was the type who could produce results quickly once he had the direction.

Especially, he had a knack for editing data, so he was perfect for the role of polishing the draft of Park Seung Woo, the section chief.

Yoo-hyun, who had thrown the work to the two of them, raised his concentration again.

He had to trim the entire data into three pages of content to show to Paul Graham.

He poured his blood and sweat into the summary, as if the result could be decided in a moment.

Choi Kyu Tae, who glanced at him, admired him inwardly.

‘He’s really amazing.’

He didn’t know who was coordinating the direction of the consulting data in the middle, but it was that young deputy.

He not only knew the whole content, but also knew his resume perfectly.

He pointed out the best part he could do and gave instructions, which made the work progress faster.

What was more surprising was the reason why he had to work together in this office.

The young deputy treated him as if he had become a BCG employee.

He clearly intended to anticipate the situation in Boston and give him a compressed experience.

How could he reach that level?

Choi Kyu Tae stuck out his tongue in disbelief.

Yoo-hyun spoke without even looking back.

“Assistant manager, we don’t have time.”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. I’m doing it.”

Choi Kyu Tae, who came to his senses, resumed his work.

Yoo-hyun smiled at him.

The work lasted until 2 a.m. and ended.

The hot sun had completely faded and the air in the early morning was very cold.

Yoo-hyun, who came out of the building, drank the cold air and looked up at the building across the street.

Like other buildings, the Y Combinator building was also completely dark.

Park Seung Woo, the section chief, came up to Yoo-hyun and said.

“They all left. Why are you looking at that? You’ve been peeking at it every now and then.”

“You have to look at the extinguished light again.”

“You’re such a weirdo.”

“It’s because of whose mentee I am.”

“Puhuhuhu. Cute kid.”

Park Seung Woo, the section chief, laughed and put his arm around Yoo-hyun’s shoulder.

They had been stuck in the office for 16 hours and came out, but they still looked energetic.

Choi Kyu Tae, who was watching them quietly, couldn’t help but say a word.

“Park section chief, it’s good to take care of your junior, but how about going in? There’s not much time left for the flight.”

“Hey, I can sleep on the plane. It takes five more hours.”

“Ha. Okay. Do as you please.”

Choi Kyu Tae, who was about to turn away, was called by Yoo-hyun.

“Assistant manager.”

“Hmm? What?”

He pretended to be calm, but Choi Kyu Tae was secretly nervous.

He didn't know who was in charge of the consulting data in the middle, but it was that young deputy.

Yoo-hyun suddenly reached out his hand.

“It won't be easy. There could be more problems than what we prepared today.”

“I know. I'm preparing myself.”

“Yes. That's good. I feel relieved that you're here.”

“...”

Choi Kyu Tae was speechless for a moment at Yoo-hyun's warm smile.

He glanced at Yoo-hyun and coughed before shaking his hand.

“Hmm. Don't make me waste my time.”

“Of course. You'll get good results soon.”

“Okay. You did a good job, too.”

Choi Kyu Tae awkwardly patted Yoo-hyun's shoulder and turned around.

He tried to act like a senior, but he went the wrong way.

Park Seung Woo, the section chief, smiled and said.

“Assistant manager, the hotel is on the other side.”

“I know, I know. I'm taking a detour.”

“Puhuhuhuhu.”

Park Seung Woo, the section chief, let out a laugh that he had been holding back at the absurd sight of someone who didn't seem to do that.

Yoo-hyun also shrugged his shoulders.

Choi Kyu Tae, whose face was flushed red, passed by them quickly and said.

He looked like a robot.

“Hey, hey. Let’s go.”

“Yes. Let’s go.”

Yoo-hyun and Park Seung Woo, the section chief, smiled and followed him.

As Choi Kyu Tae said, the two of them had a very short time to sleep at the hotel.

They had to leave without breakfast to meet Yoo-hyun’s schedule.

Yoo-hyun stayed at the hotel even after they left.

Before he knew it, the dark dawn had passed and the sun had risen.

“Hoo.”

Yoo-hyun took a breath in front of the mirror and adjusted his clothes.

The British-style two-button suit jacket with sharp shoulders and a small pocket above the right pocket tightly wrapped his upper body.

This jacket was special.

It was very different from what Yoo-hyun had worn before.

The tie with a blue stripe on a red background was also different from what Yoo-hyun used to wear.

This was exactly the same style as Paul Graham, who enjoyed wearing it when he was a consultant 20 years ago.

-The basics of business are clothing. No matter how the times change, you can never succeed in an important contract if you are not faithful to the basics.

Yoo-hyun intended to follow exactly what he said to his subordinates 10 years ago, when he was the chairman of BCG.

He had to get more than just a friendship from today’s meeting, he had to get an important result.

Yoo-hyun checked the time and left the room with his bag.

He still had an hour left until the appointed time, but he had something to prepare in advance.

Yoo-hyun moved to a flower shop on the first floor of the building across from Y Combinator.

He came to pick up the reserved item and saw a white luxury car that came in at the exact time.

It was Paul Graham's car that he had checked yesterday.

He got out of the car in a red polo shirt with sunglasses on his head.

His casual outfit told him his relaxed mood today.

He had a good feeling from the start.

"Here's the potted plant you ordered."

"Thank you."

Yoo-hyun, who took the potted plant from the flower shop owner, slowly turned his body. And he followed Paul Graham into the Y Combinator building.

The Y Combinator building was five stories high and not very big.

Since it was an investment company that Paul Graham made as a hobby, there weren't many employees here.

Paul Graham's office was on the top floor, and to get there, he had to go through the secretary's office on the fourth floor.

It was a fact that he had already confirmed through his Airbnb colleague Brian Chesky.

Ding.

Yoo-hyun, who got off the elevator, quickly took in the surrounding scenery.

The fourth floor interior, made of wood, was unusual.

It felt more like a house than an office.

This was not Paul Graham's taste, but his secretary Serena Lian's personal preference.

Yoo-hyun recognized her at once, with her short orange hair and big earrings.

She must have heard the news from the security guard on the first floor, as she came up first.

"Mr. Han, right? You came early."

"I heard there's a great place to sit here."

"Hoho. The outdoor terrace is nice. I'll show you the way."

"It's an honor."

Serena Lian's eyebrows twitched at Yoo-hyun's relaxed appearance.

She glanced at him as she walked.

"Is that suit Brioni?"

"Yes. It's my favorite brand."

"You have a good sense. It suits you very well."

Serena Lian seemed to recall the time when she picked out Paul Graham's clothes at BCG, with a nostalgic look in her eyes.

The smile on her lips implied a positive memory.

The outdoor terrace connected to the fourth floor secretary's office was decorated like an open-air cafe.

The interior of this place, which was full of Serena Lian's taste, was all done by her.

Especially, the orange trees arranged in the corner of the outdoor terrace according to their height were impressive.

Yoo-hyun thanked her for the guidance.

"It's a really nice place. Thank you, Serena."

"Oh? You know my name?"

“I saw an interview three years ago. You said you were sick of being with Paul Graham for 20 years. It was very impressive.”

“Hohoho. Why did you watch that?”

Serena Lian laughed heartily as Yoo-hyun took out a potted plant from his side bag and handed it to her.

There was a small tree with just sprouting leaves in the potted plant that could be held with one hand.

“This is an orange tree.”

“Wow. Awesome. I was going to buy a small one because the one I had before grew too big.”

“Good timing.”

He said it was good timing, but this was no different from what Yoo-hyun had prepared in advance.

He knew that she bought an orange tree every two years, and he checked the size of the smallest orange tree in the building across the street.

The gift given at the right time made Serena Lian’s mouth curl up.

“Thank you.”

She took the potted plant happily and sang a humming song as she entered the office.

One might ask why he cared so much about the secretary.

But Serena Lian was not just a secretary.

She was the person Paul Graham trusted the most and his eyes.

Thanks to winning her favor, Yoo-hyun was able to meet Paul Graham 10 minutes earlier than the scheduled time.

The benefit did not stop there.

Unlike other guests who faced Paul Graham on the long side of the table, Yoo-hyun faced him on the short side.



Paul Graham, who had a large physique and striking features, raised his eyebrows quickly.

His eye contact and gestures indicated that he was positive.

He didn't have to look closely to know that.

"Serena seemed happy. You gave her a very nice gift, didn't you?"

"It was a great gift."

"What was it? A necklace? Oh, did you buy her a handbag that she likes?"

What would Paul Graham think if he knew that a \$50 potted plant did the job?

Yoo-hyun shrugged his shoulders at him, who asked impatiently.

"Well, I think it's better to hear from the person who received the gift."

"That's not wrong. But, Serena is quite tight-lipped."

"I see."

Yoo-hyun drank the tea that Serena Lian had given him with a relaxed expression.

He cut off the conversation without giving him a chance, and Paul Graham was dumbfounded.

No matter how tough the opponent was, it was easy to dig in when there was a gap like this.

Chapter 463:

Yoo-hyun naturally made the flow his own.

"What should I do? Can I offer you something else?"

"Like what?"

"A story that might interest you."

-A gift that I want? Well, I like gifts that stimulate my curiosity, regardless of their value. Of course, I haven't received many of those.

Yoo-hyun planned to arouse his curiosity, just like Paul Graham had said on a TV program ten years ago.

This was in line with the reason why Paul Graham had called Yoo-hyun first.

It was like a gourmet who only went to expensive restaurants being intrigued by a street food he had never seen before.

Yoo-hyun's lips curled up as if his intention had hit the mark.

“I've lived long enough to know that most stories don't tickle my ears.”

“You'll be intrigued. It's a story about Steve Jobs.”

“Oh, that sounds promising.”

Yoo-hyun's words made Paul Graham lean forward.

He had made a good first impression and set the stage beforehand, so he moved easily.

Now that the real start was about to begin, Yoo-hyun heightened his concentration.

He hid his nervousness and smiled leisurely.

“What I checked to meet Steve Jobs before the Apple presentation was...”

Yoo-hyun's story started from when he came to San Francisco before the Apple presentation.

Paul Graham listened attentively to Yoo-hyun's story, flicking his ears.

When he told him about the preparations and the process of meeting Steve Jobs, Paul Graham's eyebrows twitched.

When he explained how he analyzed the problems with Steve Jobs' surroundings, Paul Graham nodded his head.

When he described how he countered Steve Jobs' fiery anger, Paul Graham's mouth corners rose.

And then, the next words followed.

Paul Graham, who had been listening quietly, couldn't contain his curiosity and opened his mouth.

"You said you would give Steve Jobs what he wanted, but why did you refuse?"

"It's a rule that you can't get what you want if you're too eager."

Yoo-hyun's mouth uttered the words that Paul Graham had engraved as his life motto.

At that moment, Paul Graham laughed loudly.

"Hahaha. That's right. Steve is not the kind of guy who would give you anything just because you asked."

"I thought so too."

"So how did you make him use Airbnb? He's not the kind of guy who would put someone else's thing on his presentation."

Before he knew it, Paul Graham's face was right in front of Yoo-hyun.

That showed how curious he was about this question.

In the state where the water had risen as much as possible, Yoo-hyun stimulated his curiosity once more.

"I said I wanted to give him more instead of getting what I wanted."

"Give him more?"

"There was something that bothered Steve Jobs in this presentation. Something that he couldn't show. Airbnb app scratched that itch for him."

Paul Graham, who knew what preparations he had made through Brian Chesky, burst into laughter.

"Puhaha. No wonder. So Steve only got something. You achieved what you wanted."

"Yes. Thanks to that, Steve Jobs owed me a favor. He promised to do anything I asked."

Of course, it was a boastful remark, but Yoo-hyun's expression, tone, and the weight of the story he had piled up made it seem true.

Even Paul Graham, who had met countless people, seemed to believe it completely.

“That’s amazing. Steve Jobs is not that kind of person.”

He nodded his head with an interested expression, and Yoo-hyun threw the bait as if he had been waiting for it.

“I was surprised by that too. I just wanted to promote Airbnb, but I got a great opportunity.”

“You did make Airbnb soar. I also made a huge profit thanks to you.”

Paul Graham bit the bait that Yoo-hyun had thrown, and he casually mentioned his profit.

He could lose the fish he had caught if he rushed, so Yoo-hyun stepped back and played it cool.

“No, it was thanks to my colleagues.”

“Haha. No, it was your merit. That’s why I want to give you what you want too.”

At that moment, Paul Graham uttered the words that Yoo-hyun had hoped for.

It was an inevitable offer, since he had set the stage well with the Steve Jobs story.

He could have turned back once more, but there was no reason to hesitate any longer when the fish was clearly hooked.

Yoo-hyun immediately lifted the fishing rod.

Swish.

That action was to take out three pieces of paper from his bag.

“I have something to ask you.”

As Yoo-hyun handed over the paper, Paul Graham was dumbfounded.

“What is this? Why don’t you make me a different offer?”

“I want to hear your opinion on these documents first.”

“Huh, you’re something.”

Paul Graham shook his head as if he was speechless and took the paper that Yoo-hyun had handed him.

He smiled bitterly as he saw the BCG format summary report.

“Hansung? Oh, you’re from Hansung, right?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

Yoo-hyun nodded his head.

Paul Graham scanned the report without a word, out of habit.

He was a person who had worked at BCG for 20 years, and he couldn’t miss the content in the familiar format.

Thud.

He checked the last page and asked Yoo-hyun.

“You don’t have any reason to give this to me for free, and you want me to invest in Hansung or something?”

“No. I want to publish this report under the name of BCG.”

Yoo-hyun said what he wanted right away, and Paul Graham’s eyes narrowed.

“Did I hear you wrong? BCG is going to use someone else’s report?”

“Yes. I want to turn this report into gold with your help.”

“...”

He meant that he wanted him to control his former company, BCG, with his connections.

He had to give him a big enough reward to appease him, who was turning red with anger as expected.

He couldn’t balance the weights with a one-time story like he had done before.

He needed a way to keep his curiosity for a long time.

Yoo-hyun had thought a lot about this, and the result was coming out of his mouth now.

“I know it’s a bad deal for you. That’s why I have a real gift that I want to give you.”

“Let me hear it. I might get upset if I don’t like it.”

“You’ll like it.”

Yoo-hyun confidently said and took out another piece of paper from his bag.

Swish.

Paul Graham tilted his head as he took the paper.

This time, too, it was a completely different result from what he had expected.

“What is this? JK Communications?”

“A communication company in Silicon Valley. It’s a company I invested in.”

“Why are you telling me that?”

Paul Graham looked at Yoo-hyun incredulously.

It was a matter of guts from here on.

Yoo-hyun boldly challenged him, meeting his gaze head-on.

“I’ll give you the opportunity to invest in this company.”

“Pffft. What did you just say?”

“I said I want to share the stone that will soon become a diamond with you, Chairman.”

“That’s the most original thing I’ve ever heard.”

“Thank you.”

It was obviously a sarcastic remark, but Yoo-hyun took it lightly.

Paul Graham, who had been watching him with admiration, stepped back.

“Well, well. Let’s hear it. Why do you think that way?”

“The expected sales of smartphones this year are 40 million units. In two years, when 4G communication is fully introduced, the sales will exceed 100 million units. The key then will be the communication chip...”

Paul Graham thought he would hear another absurd statement, but his prediction was wrong again.

Yoo-hyun recited the smartphone sales and the market potential of the communication chip very orthodoxly, based on the report that BCG had released a few months ago.

Paul Graham, who habitually checked the BCG report every morning, was slightly surprised.

He immediately noticed that the specific figures that Yoo-hyun had uttered were all correct.

He hid his astonishment and calmly raised an opposing opinion.

“That sounds grand. Every start-up dreams of a rosy outlook.”

“It’s not just talk.”

“It’s not a very convincing story for a company that doesn’t even have sales yet.”

It was a question that anyone who had understood the three-page summary perfectly could ask.

Yoo-hyun wanted to leap over this part that he had been worried about, using the board that he had prepared in advance.

“Have you forgotten? I can put this company’s chip in the Apple phone with one phone call.”

“You’re going to persuade Steve Jobs?”

“It’s possible anytime. But then, I’ll have to sell it to Apple.”

Yoo-hyun held up an Apple phone 4 in his hand, and Paul Graham’s expression changed subtly.

It was proof that Yoo-hyun’s strategy had worked.

Paul Graham couldn't resist his curiosity and blurted out.

"You could make a lot of money with that. Why don't you sell it?"

"I didn't invest in this company to be satisfied with just that amount of money."

The moment Yoo-hyun said that, Paul Graham's eyebrows twitched like lightning.

Whoosh.

He reflexively picked up the document and scanned it again.

He had read it several times already, but he smiled as he read the content again.

"Just that amount of money..."

Of course, Paul Graham didn't show a positive reaction because of the money.

It was the unpredictable and intense stimulus that moved him.

He felt like he had met a very interesting friend after a long time.

He had brought him to the front of the restaurant, and now it was time to make him taste it.

I'm not doing this investment business at this late age for money. I want to see the next generation of players change the world from the scene.

Yoo-hyun recalled Paul Graham's interview and delivered the final blow that would clear his doubts.

"I invested in JK Communications because I wanted to be part of the scene where they change the world. That's a valuable experience that money can't buy."

At Yoo-hyun's words, one side of Paul Graham's mouth and one eyebrow rose up.

This expression, which seemed negative at a glance, meant that he was facing an important decision.

He knew this for sure because he had watched the documentary that covered his life.



Yoo-hyun felt nervous for a moment, and then the other side of Paul Graham's mouth rose up as well.

"Interesting."

"I'm glad you like my gift."

"You're shameless to the end. That's even more interesting."

"You flatter me."

Paul Graham chuckled as he looked at the still shameless Yoo-hyun.

He felt like he had met a very interesting friend after a long time.

Finally, Yoo-hyun's request was officially put on the negotiation table.

There was no reason to hesitate when the goal was right in front of him.

Yoo-hyun explained the current situation succinctly.

"Based on the summary, our staff will deliver the data directly to BCG..."

Paul Graham snorted as he listened.

"What? Your staff are waiting on the first floor of BCG?"

"Yes. That's right."

"You didn't think you were going to fail from the start, did you?"

"I was confident in my gift."

Paul Graham looked at Yoo-hyun and immediately picked up his phone.

As soon as he made up his mind, he acted right away, showing his style. There was no hesitation in his words as he spoke.

"Sam, yeah, calm down. Don't be too surprised, it makes me uncomfortable. It's nothing, well, what is it..."

Yoo-hyun snickered at the conversation he heard from his side.

He could tell that the other person was Sam Altman, the current president of BCG, and he was talking very casually.

Even Sam Altman, who was at the top of the consulting industry, was nothing but a tame sheep in front of Paul Graham.

The short conversation ended, and Paul Graham nodded at Yoo-hyun.

“Well, is that it?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Even if I say so, they won’t accept it if the details are not good. The schedule is too tight, you know.”

“Yes. Of course.”

Yoo-hyun answered humbly, but he was sure that it wouldn’t be the case.

There was no way that the staff would ignore the request that the former president had personally asked for.

Of course, he was also confident in the data.

“Well, then, let’s go back to the gift.”

“Yes. Sure.”

Yoo-hyun smiled and straightened his posture.

Chapter 464:

The conversation that started with Paul Graham lasted for a long time.

Since it was not over yet, Yoo-hyun kept mentioning the future that JK Communications would change and stimulated his curiosity.

The conversation ended only after they arranged the date of Paul Graham’s visit.

Beep.

Yoo-hyun got up from his seat and greeted him politely.

“It’s an honor to work with you.”

“You talk as if it’s already done. Well, I don’t mind. You remind me of myself when I was young.”

“That’s the best compliment I’ve ever heard.”

“What? Hahaha. You’re funny.”

Paul Graham extended his hand with a pleasant smile.

Yoo-hyun shook his hand without hesitation and concluded the successful negotiation.

He made his imagination a reality.

He finally achieved what he had been working hard for a long time.

That fact made his heart beat fast.

Thump thump.

Yoo-hyun walked out of the building and picked up his phone with a happy heart.

The person he called was the one who would be most eager to hear this news.

It was Executive Director Shin Kyung-wook.

"Director, I just finished talking with Paul Graham.

-I can tell by your voice how it went.

“Yes. I passed the first gate.”

He tried to answer calmly, but his voice was mixed with laughter.

He felt like he was calling his father to tell him his good test scores when he was young.

Executive Director Shin Kyung-wook, who calmed down his excitement, answered with a composed voice.

-You did a great job. I have to work harder too.

“We’ll do our best to finish it well.”

-I want to finish it soon and have some kongguksu with you. I’m craving for it today.

Yoo-hyun recalled the leisure at the comic cafe and said earnestly.

“This time, I’m going to ask the part-timer to put a whole boiled egg on top of mine.”

-Okay. I’ll make sure to take care of that part.

“Thank you. It’s as good as passing the first gate.”

-Haha. Yeah. I feel rewarded for once.

Executive Director Shin Kyung-wook finally burst into laughter at Yoo-hyun’s witty remark.

While Yoo-hyun was having a pleasant conversation with Executive Director Shin Kyung-wook,

Section Chief Park Seung-woo and Assistant Manager Choi Kyu-tae were waiting at the entrance of the BCG building on the first floor.

They couldn’t even enter the customer reception room without a reservation, so they had to stand in the corner of the entrance.

They were about to be pushed out of that space by a man who was the customer management director.

“You can’t get in unless you tell me in advance.”

“We’ll only be here for a little while. We’re contacting our side.”

The customer management director asked coldly to Assistant Manager Choi Kyu-tae, who was asking for understanding.

“Who are you meeting?”

He couldn’t answer that question right now.

When Assistant Manager Choi Kyu-tae was at a loss,

Section Chief Park Seung-woo shouted out without hesitation.

He simply thought that Paul Graham would have contacted the chairman or the president, and that gave him confidence in his words.

“The president.”

“Huh?”

“What? Huh, these people are funny. Is our president your friend? Huh?”

Assistant Manager Choi Kyu-tae blinked his eyes in disbelief, and the customer management director growled.

A man with neatly combed white hair came up with the security guard who had asked for his identity a while ago and said.

“Peter, he’s right. He’s my friend.”

“Huh. Pr, president.”

“Please come in. We’ve prepared a seat for you inside.”

Park Seung-woo and Choi Kyu-tae looked stunned at his very polite attitude.

Things went smoothly.

It was because of Paul Graham’s request that the BCG chairman and president moved.

The BCG staff ran around and worked hard, and Park Seung-woo and Choi Kyu-tae also did their best to achieve their goals.

They couldn’t even get into the hotel room they had reserved.

Yoo-hyun, who was preparing for the next step in Hyun Jin-gun’s office, heard the progress from Park Seung-woo’s message.

-Park Seung-woo mentor: It’s easy and nice to have high-level people help.  
(Pleased)

-It must not be easy, right?

-Park Seung-woo mentor: I’m your mentor. This is a piece of cake for me. Don’t worry about here and do your job well. (Smug)

-You’re amazing as always. I’ll contact you when it’s over.

He could see that he was having a hard time without seeing him, but Park Seung-woo showed his composure.

Yoo-hyun chuckled at the lively senior’s appearance, and Hyun Jin-gun, who was sitting across the outdoor terrace table, asked.

“You look happy.”

“I’m happy. Today will be a historic day for JK Communications.”

“A historic day.”

Hyun Jin-gun, who was lost in thought for a moment, looked at the new logo of JK Communications that Yoo-hyun showed him on the table.

It was a logo that Han Jae-hee made a while ago, and the letters JK written clearly under the antenna signal caught his eye.

“Wouldn’t it be nice to stick this logo on the wall of a big building?”

Hyun Jin-gun stuck out his tongue at Yoo-hyun, who said that.

“Really, I can’t keep up with the speed of your work.”

“It’s because you’re doing well.”

“Doing well? I haven’t even seen the results yet.”

“Why not? Aren’t you going to make them?”

“Very burdensome and nice.”

Hyun Jin-gun answered with a hollow laugh.

Squeak.

A white luxury car stopped in front of the building, and at the same time, Yoo-hyun got up.

“Get up. The guest of honor is here.”

“Can I do this?”

“Of course. You’ve already been there for a preliminary survey. You just have to say what you think.”

Yoo-hyun patted his friend’s shoulder, who looked nervous for once.

Yoo-hyun’s words were not baseless confidence.

The communication chip development idea that Hyun Jin-gun patented in the past was powerful enough to make a small company the center of the 5G communication market.

Although the timing was much earlier than then, the idea was the same.

He didn't need to mention this part.

It was enough to see his genius by looking at the chip he made by himself and the progress of the 4G chip he was making.

There was no way Paul Graham wouldn't know his value, which Yoo-hyun found out in a big way.

Yoo-hyun's conviction became a reality in the office on the second floor of the building at 1601 Palo Alto.

“All devices will be connected by communication in the future, and this will cause a great revolution. The key point is...”

Hyun Jin-gun freely listed his thoughts in front of Paul Graham.

His words were so specific that they seemed to unfold the future before his eyes, and they stimulated Paul Graham's curiosity.

“About the part you just mentioned...”

“The communication chip will be integrated with the AP, and...”

“Not a bad idea.”

Paul Graham, who had been exchanging questions and answers endlessly, finally nodded.

He was known for coldly evaluating the value of companies, and if he said that much, it was almost the same as the game was over.

Yoo-hyun, who was watching him from a distance, lifted a tray with a satisfied smile.

It was time to stamp the final seal.

Thud.

He put the tray on the table and handed a coffee cup to Paul Graham.

“Let’s have a cup of coffee and talk.”

“You look good as a coffee delivery.”

“Of course. This is what I do in this company.”

Yoo-hyun handed him a small plate as well, and Paul Graham’s eyebrows twitched.

The white coffee cup with his name on it, the espresso with a strong aroma inside, and the salt on the small plate perfectly reflected his taste.

He sprinkled some salt and tasted the coffee, and his lips curled up.

“Pretty good. You could open a coffee shop later.”

“Yes. I’m planning to push out the Qualcomm building and make the whole first floor a JK coffee shop.”

“What? Hahaha. You have a good ambition.”

“Shouldn’t I do that much to walk around Silicon Valley with confidence?”

It was a light-hearted remark with some bluff, but it contained a bold vision of surpassing Qualcomm’s position.

This also reflected Paul Graham’s taste, who liked to draw clear goals.

“That’s right. You have to do that much.”

He shrugged his shoulders and raised one corner of his mouth and eyebrow, looking at Yoo-hyun and Hyun Jin-gun alternately.

He felt confident that they could make the somewhat unrealistic future a reality.

He made up his mind and recited the support plan that he had already figured out through the survey team.

“You’ll need some talent to make your coffee shop dream come true, right?”

“Yes. That’s right. I want to borrow the name of Y Combinator for that.”

Yoo-hyun immediately caught his words and changed his expression to serious, and Paul Graham asked Hyun Jin-gun.



“What do you think as the founder?”

“I’ll gladly accept it if you help me.”

“You’re interesting as a founder. Usually, people beg me to help them.”

“I’m confident that I can make it with my friend.”

Hyun Jin-gun calmly conveyed his intention without showing any signs of nervousness, and Paul Graham chuckled.

“Huh, this is something. It’ll be fun from now on.”

At the same time, both corners of his mouth rose up.

Thirty minutes later, Y Combinator’s final investment decision was approved.

Paul Graham accepted the gift that Yoo-hyun gave him.

This meant the same as the BCG support, which was a precondition that Yoo-hyun had set.

Thanks to the preparation, the conversion work within BCG was almost finished.

He could avoid the temporary shareholders’ meeting, but Yoo-hyun had no intention of doing that.

The timing to turn the tables had to be on the day of the temporary shareholders’ meeting.

That way, he could deal a decisive blow to Shin Kyung-soo, who was cautious.

Yoo-hyun left his thoughts on the group chat.

-Please wait a little longer while maintaining security. I’ll decide when to announce it.

-Park Seung-woo mentor: Okay. We’re not going out and having fun here, so don’t worry. I’ve also told the staff. (Laugh)

-Choi Kyu-tae assistant manager: I got it...

Assistant Manager Choi Kyu-tae’s short message and three dots felt meaningful, but it was not Yoo-hyun’s concern.

He put his phone in his pocket and thought of his old boss who had been with him for a long time.

What would Shin Kyung-soo's face look like when he saw the cards that Yoo-hyun had pulled out?

He had no choice but to be flustered, no matter how strong he was.

Yoo-hyun imagined his distorted face and lifted the corners of his mouth.

While Yoo-hyun was preparing for a counterattack,

The news that he had been waiting for came up one after another as the temporary shareholders' meeting approached.

Elliott, who had been quiet for a while, moved, and one of the agenda items was to replace the representative director.

The media was noisy about this unusual event, and the news was widely shared within the company.

The atmosphere in the smoking room on the first floor of Hansung Tower was similar.

A man who bit a cigarette asked the man next to him.

"Is the president really going to change like this?"

"He might."

"Wow, they're going to fire the chairman's brother. Then who's going to be the president?"

"Whether it's by skill or bloodline, isn't it the home appliance business director?"

"The direct line is stepping down and the collateral line is taking over. Awesome."

The man who was surprised by the answer pretended to know and said.

"What does it matter who goes up? We get paid the same and do the same work."

“True. It has nothing to do with me. Oh, by the way. The karaoke place I went to yesterday...”

“What? Hahaha.”

The man who shook off his thoughts brought up the story of the dinner, and the man who listened laughed.

Maybe they didn't know that the result of this temporary shareholders' meeting could change the fate of the company.

Not only them, but most of the employees thought the news of the temporary shareholders' meeting was just gossip.

Chapter 465:

On the other hand, there was someone who was eagerly waiting for the temporary shareholders' meeting.

It was Vice President Shin Cheon-sik, who was expected to take over the president's seat after that day.

“Finally, it's tomorrow.”

As Vice President Shin Cheon-sik said in an excited voice while sitting on the sofa in his office, Executive Director Woo Chang-beom chimed in.

“It seems that the wrong thing is finally corrected. Director Shin Kyung-soo's contribution was definitely huge.”

“Yes. He even moved Elliot. Well, it's not a big deal to put a few of their members as executives.”

“That's right. We have nothing to lose. Rather...”

As Executive Director Woo Chang-beom was speaking, Executive Director Yoon Ju-tak interrupted him and asked for permission.

“Vice President, I got a call from Elliot. Can I take it for a moment?”

“Hehe. Sure, sure. You have to take it, of course.”

Vice President Shin Cheon-sik agreed cheerfully, and it was when Executive Director Yoon Ju-tak picked up his cell phone.

He didn't exchange a few words, but Executive Director Yoon Ju-tak's face turned pale.

Executive Director Woo Chang-beom asked the stunned Executive Director Yoon Ju-tak.

"What? What's wrong with you?"

"Eh, Elliot canceled the temporary shareholders' meeting."

"Haha. Yeah. Let's talk to Elliot once... What did you say?"

Vice President Shin Cheon-sik, who was shrugging his shoulders, doubted his ears.

Seeing the stiff expression of Executive Director Yoon Ju-tak, he belatedly understood the situation and shouted.

"Cancel? What the hell does that mean?"

His flushed face was full of anger.

Yoo-hyun, who heard the same news, was also surprised.

"What did you say?"

Yoo-hyun asked urgently to Park Doo-sik, the manager who was on the phone.

"Elliot canceled the temporary shareholders' meeting. What does that mean?"

-Well, how it happened is...

As Manager Park Doo-sik continued to explain, Yoo-hyun's expression became serious, and Hyun Jin-geon, who was facing him, gestured with his eyes what was going on.

Yoo-hyun stretched out his palm to ask for understanding and got up from his seat and went out to the outdoor terrace outside the living room.

As he felt the cool night breeze, Manager Park Doo-sik's words ended.

Yoo-hyun, who was chewing on his words, leaned his body on the terrace railing and asked.

“Is it confirmed?”

-Yes. I checked it several times.

“I see.”

As Yoo-hyun’s voice softened, Manager Park Doo-sik finally sighed.

-Ha. I don’t know if I should be glad about this.

“It’s a relief.”

-Right? I prepared hard, but honestly, I thought there was a high possibility of losing. The executive director said it was okay, but I was anxious.

As if he was spitting out his complaints now, Manager Park Doo-sik, who shared almost everything with Yoo-hyun, didn’t even know the details of the BCG case.

He thought Yoo-hyun went to the U.S. to find another way.

That’s how much Yoo-hyun managed the BCG report secretly.

He prepared for the possibility of leakage by not distributing the official data even at the BCG headquarters.

But even if the report was leaked, would Elliot, the party concerned, be able to withdraw at the cost of bleeding?

He thought there was no way that would happen.

Would he be able to make the same decision if he were in his shoes?

Even Yoo-hyun, who had 20 years of experience, couldn’t cut off such a complex issue of interest so boldly.

For the first time in a while, cold sweat ran down Yoo-hyun’s spine.

At the same time, he remembered the cold words that Shin Kyung-soo had uttered.

-Han Sang-moo, be bold when you throw it away. Don’t feel sorry. Just find the cause and step on it, and take it back.

He wouldn’t just back off once he got involved in this game.

He would definitely try to find the cause and retaliate, since he had been hit in the back of the head once.

“Hoo.”

Yoo-hyun’s breath mixed with the cold wind that blew.

Drrr.

Hyun Jin-geon, who opened the terrace door and approached, handed him a can of beer.

“Did I catch you at a bad time?”

“No. It’s a perfect timing. Thank you.”

As he received the can of beer, Hyun Jin-geon asked him.

“What’s the matter that makes you so serious? Is there anything I can help you with?”

“No. I just think there’s someone looking for me.”

“By the look on your face, it’s not a good opponent.”

“Why are you so good at reading the situation?”

Yoo-hyun asked jokingly, and Hyun Jin-geon answered seriously as always.

“I’m stimulated by seeing a capable friend. I’m thinking of learning how to deal with people this time.”

Another step forward for the genius, Yoo-hyun asked him playfully.

“That’s not something I can teach anyone, what should I do?”

“Then do it yourself, whatever.”

“Kuku. You know how to tease me, so you’re ready enough.”

“I really want to make your dream of opening a coffee shop on the first floor of Qualcomm building come true.”

Did he really take the words he said to Paul Graham seriously?

He thought it was like Hyun Jin-geon, and Yoo-hyun held out his can of beer.

Ting.

“You have to work hard.”

“Of course. That’s obvious.”

“It’s going to be hard.”

“What can’t I do?”

The question that Hyun Jin-geon spat out bluntly scratched Yoo-hyun’s frustration.

That’s right. He wasn’t alone anymore.

He had such a reliable colleague, so why should he be afraid?

He shook off his worries and Yoo-hyun smiled brightly.

“That’s a very annoying but nice thing to say. Thank you.”

“Tell me anytime you need this kind of comment. I’m good at it.”

Huh?

The guy who was always serious even joked?

Yoo-hyun chuckled and drank his beer with a good mood.

The beer went down smoothly, thanks to the night breeze of California.

It was when Yoo-hyun was sharing his dreams with Hyun Jin-geon at his small house.

Shin Kyung-soo was sitting on the sofa in the living room of his mansion in New York.

His expression was very cold as he was on the phone.

“Emerson, we followed your advice and the Elliotts suffered a huge loss.”

“Robert, you have to be precise. I only conveyed McKenzie’s opinion, and this time, I only conveyed BCG’s opinion.”

“What do you mean? You were the one who orchestrated everything behind the scenes.”

“Don’t get excited. Be rational. The Elliotts didn’t lose anything, did they? If they get the promised compensation, they’ll actually gain something.”

Shin Kyung-soo’s words made the other person suppress his voice.

“Hmph. Fine. I’ll trust you, as you’re a long-time partner.”

“That’s a good decision.”

Shin Kyung-soo finished the call with a formal greeting and drank a glass of whiskey with ice.

He felt the bitterness of the whiskey strongly in his mouth for the first time in a while.

He had lost quite a lot in this decision, but he never regretted it.

He would have been completely screwed if he hadn’t let go.

It was obvious from the fact that the other party deliberately didn’t distribute BCG’s official data.

Who could it be?

He had never experienced such boldness and meticulousness in Wall Street.

There was a talented person who was manipulating the naive Shin Kyung-wook behind the scenes.

“I’ll find out soon.”

Shin Kyung-soo spat out a cold voice and smirked.

The next day, the temporary shareholders’ meeting was canceled.

It was clearly a strange event, but there was no media that covered it in depth.

This news that appeared on the Uri Daily also disappeared from the article list in an instant.

No one knew why, but there was no uproar among the major shareholders who had agreed to attend the temporary shareholders’ meeting.

With the situation turning out like this, the employees who were not interested in this matter suddenly didn’t care.



Yoo-hyun heard this news from Park Doo-sik, the deputy manager.

Then he told Park Seung-woo, the manager who had flown back to California, about this atmosphere.

Park Seung-woo, who was listening to Yoo-hyun's words at the hotel bar, put down his drink and said.

"It's like everything disappeared like a lie."

"You worked hard for nothing."

"If you share the burden, it's better, right?"

"It's a blank paper."

"Anyway. It's good that the mentor and the mentee worked together for a while."

Park Seung-woo said shamelessly and held out his glass.

Clang.

Yoo-hyun smiled and clinked his glass.

Park Seung-woo was the senior who gave him a drink and a note of encouragement when he was not confident.

He was also the senior who bought him tteokbokki when he was worried about his junior working overtime.

He was the senior who was betrayed by his trusted junior but still hugged him until the end.

Yoo-hyun learned life from him.

And now he wanted to share more with his mentor in life.

"Manager, I'll explain the part you were curious about."

"No, you don't have to if you're burdened. I just came because I wanted to see you."

"But I think it would be better for you to know. It's a pretty complicated story."

"Then I'm happy. I want to know more too."

Yoo-hyun nodded and took a breath.

“First of all, I met Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director, for the first time...”

To mention the BCG case, he had to talk about his relationship with Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director.

The story that started with his meeting with Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director, continued to the content of why Yoo-hyun was helping Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director.

Of course, he left out the personal parts and cut out some unbelievable parts.

Park Seung-woo, who was listening quietly, agreed without any doubt.

“So you met the executive director at the San Francisco Design Expo. Kim, the manager, knew roughly.”

“Yes. That’s right.”

“I thought it happened when I was away, but it was before that.”

“Are you disappointed?”

Yoo-hyun’s question made him shake his head after drinking.

“No way. I’m just envious that the executive director went to Yeontae-ri. I wanted to go too.”

“Let’s go together next time. I have my own house there.”

“I know. Haha. I even looked up your blog myself.”

“It’s cool, right? I’ll let you sleep on a mat there if you come, manager.”

“I don’t want to be bitten by mosquitoes. If I lose more weight here, my charm will drop.”

Yoo-hyun chuckled at his serious expression.

“What did you learn in MBA that made you come up with such logic?”

“Tell me again? Your splendid school life, mentor?”

“Oh, the campus life that only men drool over?”

“What? Hahaha.”

Park Seung-woo laughed and drank his glass.

They talked about this and that, and the bottle of liquor was emptied.

How many more drinks did they have?

When his face turned red, Park Seung-woo revealed his true feelings.

“Actually, I got an offer from the executive director through the professor.”

“What kind of offer?”

“He said he wanted me to join the Innovation Strategy Office after finishing MBA.”

“I see.”

Yoo-hyun nodded, as he already knew this story.

Then, a surprising word came out of Park Seung-woo’s mouth.

“But I said I’d think about it later.”

“Why? The Innovation Strategy Office is good.”

“I just wanted to work with you then.”

“That’s a very plausible reason.”

Yoo-hyun nodded at him and he drank his liquor and said.

“Right. But now that I hear it, you’ll end up going to the Innovation Strategy Office too. Right?”

“That’s possible.”

“Probably. You’re not fit for LCD. That’s why I’m worried.”

“Wouldn’t it be better if we worked together there?”

“Right. Right, but, I feel good but also a bit nervous.”

He looked weak, unlike himself, and Yoo-hyun felt like he knew the reason without hearing it.

Chapter 466:

Glug glug.

Yoo-hyun poured more liquor into Park Seung-woo's empty glass and asked casually.

"You're not doing this because you're afraid of being a pathetic senior who can't take care of his junior, are you?"

"Huh? Did I say that?"

-Yoo-hyun, I wish you would become a pathetic senior who can't take care of a single junior.

Yoo-hyun recalled his words from the past and chuckled as he nodded.

"Yes. You said that at the bar during the European exhibition."

"I was talking nonsense back then."

"It's the same now."

Park Seung-woo always thought of his junior first and himself second.

Yoo-hyun appreciated his heart, but it was time for him to let go and move forward for himself.

"You're still a lacking senior?"

"Yes. You're very lacking. You were so passionate about the PDA project that you broke so many things. And when it came to the color phone..."

Yoo-hyun answered bluntly to the question that wanted to hear a different answer.

As he pointed out his shameful actions sharply, Park Seung-woo's face turned red.

But he pretended to be calm in front of his junior.

"Right. You're not wrong at all. I'm still a pathetic senior even if I look at it again."

“It’s not over yet. You also pushed for the new project in China that was doomed to fail and got a big nosebleed.”

“That was...sigh. You’re right, but it hurts a bit, doesn’t it?”

“Of course it hurts. You said you didn’t want to be a pathetic senior.”

“Well, yeah.”

Yoo-hyun threw a more realistic word at Park Seung-woo, who was mumbling with a flushed face.

“To be honest, you don’t suit LCD.”

“What?”

Yoo-hyun poked at his sore spot one after another, ignoring Park Seung-woo’s surprise.

“You’ve tried a lot of things with your overflowing passion, but not many of them worked out, did they?”

“Yeah.”

“You’ll probably end up doing the same thing even if you go back and use the knowledge you learned from MBA.”

“...”

Park Seung-woo emptied his full glass in one shot, unable to refute his junior’s cold but true words.

Some time passed.

Park Seung-woo, who couldn’t stand it, was about to say something, when Yoo-hyun said what he really wanted to say.

“So, you should go to the Innovation Strategy Office.”

“What?”

“That’s where your endless passion and challenge spirit will be applauded.”

“Why?”

Yoo-hyun didn’t budge at Park Seung-woo’s resistance.

“You’re better suited for a position that looks at things from a higher and farther perspective than making products.”

“...”

Yoo-hyun was sincere, but Park Seung-woo looked bewildered.

He rolled his eyes around as he sat still and asked.

“Why does it sound nice but mean?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know why either.”

“It feels like I lost all my money in gambling and got scolded.”

“You shouldn’t gamble.”

“Right. I shouldn’t...sigh. You’re weirdly nagging me.”

Yoo-hyun smiled and offered his glass to Park Seung-woo, who was shaking his head.

“Shall we have a drink?”

“Yeah. Anyway, it was a good thing, right? Right?”

“Of course. It was a compliment for my respected mentor.”

“Kekeke. Okay. That’s good enough. Come on, let’s have a drink.”

Park Seung-woo’s laughter seemed much lighter than before.

Yoo-hyun and Park Seung-woo’s pleasant drinking session lasted until dawn.

Park Seung-woo, who had a busy schedule at BCG and a flight, eventually collapsed.

And a few hours later.

He woke up from his dead-like sleep and was shocked.

He hastily packed his bags and got on the plane to New York again.

He flew boldly to take care of his junior, but he had a lot of things to do for his graduation.

Yoo-hyun stayed in the US for a while and took care of the things he couldn't do. First, he met with Paul Graham and Hyun Jin-gun again and settled the contract issues.

He also interviewed the high-level engineers from Intel and AMD, who were recommended by Paul Graham, with Hyun Jin-gun.

Next, Yoo-hyun stopped by the Airbnb office and vented his frustration with his colleagues.

The drinking session with his like-minded colleagues was very enjoyable.

He also contacted Han Jae-hee, but he got a rejection message.

-Younger brother: I'm busy. And what's the point of seeing you? Are you going to ask me for a favor again?

Yoo-hyun didn't even reply and went to the Sprint Company website to check on Jeong Da-hye's whereabouts.

He thought about visiting her in Texas, but she was working on a very important project, so he didn't contact her.

Yoo-hyun promised to see her next time and returned to Korea.

After a long flight time, he took a short break and went back to work.

He had left secretly and there was a lot of things to explain for the gap.

But even Shin Won-woo, the executive director, was surprised by his story, let alone his team members.

The Innovation Strategy Office made up a plausible excuse for him.

Choi Min-hee, the team leader, greeted Yoo-hyun with a warm welcome and asked first.

“They said you helped with the negotiation with the communication chip company?”

“Something like that.”

“No, that's too much. Why did they send someone who works on LCD to such a place?”

“The president of that company had some connection with me. He said it was a secret matter and asked me not to tell anyone.”

Yoo-hyun calmly explained as he had agreed.

He had a connection with Hyun Jin-gun, and the fact that JK Communication's chip was installed on Google's reference phone was still confidential, so he didn't feel that guilty.

Choi Min-hee nodded as if she understood.

“I heard that Shin Won-woo, the executive director, asked for the director's permission. It must have been a very important matter.”

“I didn't do much. I just listened to them in the middle.”

“That's more than enough. You worked hard.”

Choi Min-hee patted Yoo-hyun's shoulder when Kim Hyun-min, the director, appeared and scolded him.

“Bullshit. You did something else, didn't you? Tell me the truth.”

“Director, stop it. Why are you doing this to someone who worked hard and came back?”

Yoo-hyun pushed Choi Min-hee, who was trying to stop him, behind him and opened his bag.

Kim Hyun-min's eyes widened.

“No, this guy has too many secrets...huh. You really bought liquor.”

“Yes. It's a special 30-year-old.”

As soon as Yoo-hyun's words fell, it happened.

“Good job, kid. I'm on your side no matter what you do. You know that, right?”

Wham.

Kim Hyun-min, the director, who had been sulking, opened his arms and hugged Yoo-hyun, while Choi Min-hee, the team leader, clicked her tongue in disdain.



“What are you doing, acting like a child?”

Regardless, Kim Hyun-min was overjoyed.

There was a gap of more than a month, but the TF was well managed without Yoo-hyun’s intervention.

They were so busy that they didn’t have time or leisure to fight with each other.

Rather, they helped each other and tried to finish one more thing faster.

The result of their joint efforts was announced today as the third quarter performance.

A small gift was delivered to the excited 13th floor office.

Rattle.

Jung Saet-byul brought a cart full of rice cakes.

“Here, the rice cakes you’ve been waiting for. Have some rice cakes, rice cakes.”

“Saet-byul, thank you.”

Yoo-hyun raised his hand to greet her, and Jung Saet-byul winked and showed him a rice cake.

“Director, this is a special rice cake with pink letters. Isn’t it pretty?”

“Hey, that’s not enough for Director Han.”

Then, Yang Yoon-soo, who was next to her, took the rice cake from Jung Saet-byul.

He cleared his throat and placed a large rice cake on both palms.

“Ahem. You have made a great contribution to the achievement of 6 trillion won in sales in the third quarter of the LCD business division, so I would like to express my respect for you with this rice cake and...”

“Yoon-soo, that’s enough.”

Yoo-hyun couldn’t stand it and cut him off, wondering how far he would go.

As if he expected that, Yang Yoon-soo bowed politely and handed him the rice cake.

“Yes. I understand. Director, please eat this and be healthy.”

“Oh, my. Thank you for caring about my health.”

Yoo-hyun bowed his head and received the rice cake with ‘6 trillion won in sales’ engraved on it.

Kwon Se-jung, the deputy director, was next in line, waiting for Yang Yoon-soo’s flattery with an expectant expression.

“Do you have a line for me too?”

“Of course. Aren’t you the father of retina premium marketing?”

Yang Yoon-soo shrugged his shoulders and sent him a confident look.

It was then.

Kim Hyun-min, the director, who was stretching his neck from behind, looked at him incredulously.

“You guys are playing around.”

“Huh. Director.”

Yang Yoon-soo stepped aside and Kim Hyun-min grabbed the rice cakes himself.

“What’s the big deal about rice cakes? Why are you talking so much? Here, Kwon Deputy Director, take the rice cake for 500 billion won in operating profit.”

“Thank you.”

“Jun-sik, take the rice cake for the world’s number one achievement. You worked hard.”

“Thank you, Director.”

Jang Jun-sik, who got up from his seat, looked grateful, and Kim Hyun-min gestured for him to sit down.

“Sit down. It’s not my rice cake, so you don’t have to get up.”

“Still, it’s the result of our hard work. I’m satisfied.”

“You worked hard and did well, so you should get something better, not rice cakes. Rice cakes, what are rice cakes. This damn company.”

Kim Hyun-min grumbled and Yoo-hyun said out of the blue.

“Then, you can give us something better, Director.”

“Huh? Me?”

“Yes. That’s what a leader should do. Right?”

Yoo-hyun winked and Jung Saet-byul, who was quick to say what she thought, followed suit.

“Yes. Let’s go eat lobster that we couldn’t eat last time.”

“Lobster?”

“As expected, the leader of the innovative product TF that feeds the company. Thank you for your decisive decision to save the country.”

Yang Yoon-soo spat out a pearl-like flattery and Kim Hyun-min was dumbfounded.

“That’s a nice thing to say, but the decisive decision to save the country is a bit...”

“Then, I’ll make a reservation.”

Jang Jun-sik, who took his words as a positive sign, made a quick decision.

The three-hit combo that came in was so powerful that even Kim Hyun-min, who had a lot of experience, couldn’t withstand it.

“Fine. Let’s go, let’s go. Just the exhibition members for now.”

“Yay. Lobster dinner today.”

Jung Saet-byul, who didn’t even hear Kim Hyun-min’s words, clenched her fist and shouted.

At the same time, the people behind the partitions also turned pale.

“Oh? Another dinner?”

“From beef to lobster. The director is really generous.”

“Even if the team budget is low, the director’s balance is overflowing. You’re the best.”

“...”

Kim Hyun-min, who lost his words, looked at Yoo-hyun, the culprit of this whole situation, with a resentful look.

Yoo-hyun approached him with a smile and whispered.

“If you’re short of money, you can use it in advance. You’ll get a bonus soon.”

“Thanks for deciding how to use my bonus, you bastard.”

Kim Hyun-min reached out his arm and Yoo-hyun dodged it smoothly and incited him.

“Come on, let’s applaud the director’s decisive decision to save the country.”

Clap clap clap clap clap.

A sudden applause broke out in the office.

The atmosphere of the 13th floor of Hansung Tower was very lively.

The atmosphere of the 35th floor executive-only conference room was extremely tense.

Shin Hyun-ho, the chairman, who had returned from treatment in the US, scanned the people with an angry expression.

“How dare you do such a shameful thing while I was away?”

“It wasn’t us, it was Elliot...”

Yoon Joo-tak, the executive director, answered cautiously.

Shin Hyun-ho’s old friend and the chief operating officer of Hansung Group, Son Tae-bum, the vice president, who had never raised his voice, yelled.

“Is this the time for Yoon Executive Director to blame others? Is that all you can say as the head of the Group Strategy Office? If you did something, take responsibility. Responsibility.”

“But, it wasn’t me...”

Son Tae-bum pushed Yoon Joo-tak aside and spoke to Shin Hyun-ho bluntly.

“Chairman, I’m sorry to cause you trouble. I’ll take care of it myself.”

“You?”

“Yes. I think this happened because I trusted and left them too much. I’ll use my last to fix Hansung.”

Shin Hyun-ho looked at his longtime friend for a long time and opened his mouth.

“This should never happen again.”

“Yes. I understand.”

Son Tae-bum’s voice, full of determination, signaled a drastic change in the political landscape within the group.

Chapter 467:

Yoo-hyun heard the news of the secret high-level executive meeting first from Shin Nyeong-wook, the executive director.

He heard it second from Park Doo-sik, the assistant manager, and now he received a call from Choi Gyu-tae, the assistant manager, for the third time.

Yoo-hyun, who was on the phone at the outdoor terrace on the 20th floor, asked for permission from Kwon Se-jung, the deputy, and moved his seat.

Choi Gyu-tae’s voice rang through the receiver.

-The chairman personally attended the meeting and said...

He heard everything from the chairman being angry at Elliot’s appearance to Son Tae-beom, the vice president, stepping up.

It was exactly the same as what Yoo-hyun already knew.

Instead of cutting off Choi Gyu-tae's words, who had bothered to call him, Yoo-hyun sorted out his thoughts again.

As seen from this content, the consulting reports of McKinsey and BCG were buried, and Shin Nyeong-soo disappeared from all conversations.

He had completely hidden his presence in front of the chairman.

Behind him was Son Tae-beom, the vice president.

This was the reason why Shin Nyeong-soo could move recklessly, contrary to Yoo-hyun's prediction.

How did he manage to pull in Son Tae-beom, the vice president, who had been away from the front line?

Regardless of the reason, it was clear that Shin Nyeong-soo was drawing a big picture.

This meant that a huge storm would come sooner than Yoo-hyun expected.

As Yoo-hyun was pondering over the future that would change rapidly, Choi Gyu-tae's explanation stopped.

-Han, are you listening?

“Yes. Of course. I'm listening well. But why are you telling me this?”

Yoo-hyun had a hunch, but he asked without showing it.

Choi Gyu-tae first gave a conventional reason.

-It's the result of the BCG project we did together. I thought I should report it to you... No, I thought I should tell you.

“Thank you.”

-You don't have to thank me. But...

“Yes. Go ahead.”

Finally, Choi Gyu-tae hesitated and revealed the real reason.

-The group strategy office contacted me a while ago.

“Did they investigate the background of the BCG project?”

-Huh? How did you know?

“I just thought there might be someone curious about it.”

Yoo-hyun calmly answered to Choi Gyu-tae, who was flustered.

He had already anticipated that Shin Nyeong-soo would move to track down the background.

Rather, it was strange that he contacted him only now.

-Aren't you curious what I answered?

“That's up to you, sir.”

-I'm disappointed. I answered that I didn't know anything, as we agreed last time. I said I only followed the orders from Shin Nyeong-wook, the executive director.

Yoo-hyun thought that Choi Gyu-tae would have given such an answer even without hearing it.

It was absolutely not because of loyalty or anything like that.

In reality, with the balance of power shifted to Shin Nyeong-wook, the executive director, there was no reason for Choi Gyu-tae to spill everything to the group strategy office.

“You did well.”

Yoo-hyun answered in a routine manner, and Choi Gyu-tae suddenly blurted out his sincerity.

-I'm just telling you this in case you get hurt.

“Are you worried about me?”

-Not exactly. Anyway, we might end up working together.

Yoo-hyun laughed at Choi Gyu-tae's wavering voice.

He looked grumpy at first, but he had a charm of taking care of others.

Thanks to him, Yoo-hyun's voice also became more lively.

"Then I'll definitely go under you, sir."

-Huh? That's absolutely not possible.

"Haha. I want to go more because you don't like it."

Yoo-hyun laughed, and Choi Gyu-tae changed the subject as if he was embarrassed.

"No, that's not..."

Is this what it feels like to get attached to someone you see often?

Somehow, he felt that his connection with him would deepen.

Yoo-hyun wrapped up the call with Choi Gyu-tae and approached Kwon Se-jung, the deputy.

He asked his colleague, who was sticking his neck out beyond the railing.

"What are you looking at?"

"Look over there, at the crosswalk."

Yoo-hyun turned his head in the direction that Kwon Se-jung pointed, and saw Jang Jun-sik.

Jeong Saet-byul and Yang Yoon-soo followed behind him.

"What's Jun-sik doing? He's out in the middle of work."

"He said he's having a hard time preparing for the exhibition, so he bought lunch and coffee for his juniors."

"Really?"

Yoo-hyun looked at Jang Jun-sik again with surprise.

He looked like a big chick carrying two little chicks.

Kwon Se-jung muttered as if he had the same thought.

"Jun-sik is doing your role well. He said he's in charge of everything for the G20 exhibition, right?"



“Yeah. He doesn’t ask me much anymore. He does well on his own.”

“He used to follow you around, but he grew up a lot after becoming a senior.”

“I know. He changed in an instant even though he didn’t change no matter how hard I taught him.”

Yoo-hyun looked at Jang Jun-sik with a pleased smile.

It was then that Kwon Se-jung blurted out his worries.

“What should I do?”

“Are you feeling the autumn?”

“No, just. I think I have to decide before I get separated.”

He was a thoughtful guy, so he was already worried about something far away.

Yoo-hyun wanted to know how deep his thoughts were, so he casually asked.

“Do you think you’ll be separated?”

“The sales of the home appliance division have fallen, so the gap has narrowed a lot. As you said, if we see the effect of the G20 exhibition, we might be able to reverse the sales in the next quarter, right?”

“It would have to be a bigger hit than this time, right?”

“I feel like it’s possible. Oh, of course, it’s just a feeling, a feeling.”

The atmosphere was good, but no one thought that they would reverse it in the next quarter.

But this guy with a good feeling was looking at the same scenery as Yoo-hyun.

Yoo-hyun smiled inwardly and asked him.

“It might be possible. But don’t you want to go to the innovation strategy office?”

“I feel like I’m betraying them if I say it now.”

“What betrayal? You’ve done enough.”

“Is that so?”

Kwon Se-jung didn't know what to worry about, but Yoo-hyun knew.

But if he really thought about it, it would be better for him to secure his position in advance.

“Right. Contact Park, the assistant manager, once. No, should I do it for you?”

“No. Don't do that. I have to do it with my own strength.”

“Okay. He'll probably like it.”

Yoo-hyun imagined how it would be like to work with Park Doo-sik, the deputy manager, and Kwon Se-jung, the assistant manager.

It seemed like a fun picture, especially if Park Seung-woo, the section chief, joined them.

As Yoo-hyun was picturing the future situation, Kwon Se-jung asked him.

“Are you coming too?”

“Well.”

“Why? Do you have any reason to stay in LCD? I'm sure the executive director would want you to come.”

“I guess I will.”

Yoo-hyun nodded his head, and Kwon Se-jung clenched his fist with determination.

“I want to work with you all the way. I'll do my best.”

“What do you mean by best? Just do it casually.”

“Hey, how can I catch up with you then? I have to keep trying.”

Yoo-hyun was about to say that he was already enough, but he stopped himself.

Instead, he shared his gaze with his colleague, who was looking at the same direction.

The Seoul skyline was unusually clear, maybe because of the good weather.

That day, Yoo-hyun sweated a lot at the gym until late.

When he returned home with a refreshed mood, it was past midnight.

Considering that it was morning in California, Yoo-hyun picked up his phone right away.

The call was to Serena Lian, Paul Graham's secretary.

Yoo-hyun greeted her warmly and lightly asked how she was doing, then he got to the point.

"Serena, can I check on the thing I asked you last time?"

-Oh, you were looking for someone? I haven't found him yet.

"I see. Thank you for looking into it."

-Thank you? Of course I have to do it. I'll let you know as soon as I get a clue.

It was a very generous response for just giving her an orange tree.

But that was how Serena Lian was. She took good care of the people she liked.

Yoo-hyun appreciated her kindness and continued to chat with her, then he checked the message that just came in.

-Park Seung-woo, mentor: Don't worry, I just got asked by a senior who came to study at the same school about BCG. I made an excuse about the innovation strategy department. (laugh)

By combining the information he had so far, Yoo-hyun could roughly estimate the range of Shin Kyung-soo's tracking.

He had confirmed Choi Kyu-tae, the deputy manager, and Park Seung-woo, the section chief, and Serena Lian had not been contacted yet.

That meant he had not guessed that Paul Graham was behind it.

Even if he found that connection, it would take some time to reach Yoo-hyun.

He judged that it would be hard for Shin Kyung-soo to guess, no matter how fast and smart he was.

It was not easy to infer the causal relationship between a Hansung Electronics employee and Paul Graham.

How much time did he have left?

As he thought that, he remembered something from a long time ago.

-Han Sang-moo, it's foolish to wait until the enemy attacks. If you're an elite, you should be able to jump into the enemy's camp and create a reversal.

After hearing Shin Kyung-soo's words, Yoo-hyun had flown to Russia and finally got what he wanted.

He felt pathetic for doing reckless things for Shin Kyung-soo, not for the company, but he also learned something for sure.

"It's not a wrong thing to say."

He chuckled and uttered a meaningful word, then he got up and looked out the window.

He saw the street lights stretched out in the dark night.

In the past, he remembered what he had to give up for success while looking at the same scenery, but it was different now.

He saw the faces of his precious colleagues who he wanted to be with in each light.

-Yoo-hyun, I want to work with you.

Yoo-hyun recalled the words of his mentor and colleague who hoped to move to the innovation strategy department.

Yoo-hyun felt the same way and he had been running with that picture in his mind.

But his thoughts changed slightly to fit the changing situation.

Maybe he wouldn't be with them for a while?

That day, Yoo-hyun spent quite a long time looking at the street lights and thinking.

Some more time passed, and it was the season when the leaves fell.

The group strategy department was very quiet, unlike before, because of the appearance of Shin Hyun-ho, the chairman, and the return of Son Tae-bum, the vice chairman.

Thanks to that, the innovation strategy department could focus on their work without wasting time on unnecessary things.

It was like the calm before the storm, but Yoo-hyun didn't care much.

He had more urgent things to deal with in front of him.

Late in the morning, Yoo-hyun got off the subway not at Gangnam Station, but at Samsung Station.

As he came out of the subway station, he saw a big banner.

-G20 5th Summit. November 11-12, Seoul COEX

As he walked, looking at the upcoming schedule, he received a phone call.

It was Kim Hyun-soo, his friend who ran a car center.

-Yoo-hyun, did you hear about Jun-ki?

“You mean the IPO of Semi Electronics?”

-Yeah. But why did it become a G20 theme stock?

“I don't know. Something about foreign electronic resident cards, but I think it's just a trick by the forces.”

It was a good thing that his friend's company's stock price went up, but this time it was too much.

They made a company that had nothing to do with the theme into a leading stock and inflated the price by more than three times in a short period of time.

-Well, it's good if it goes well. Jun-ki said he hit a huge jackpot.

“Yeah. Jun-ki talks about it so often that my ears hurt.”

-Haha. He said he would treat us a lot when he comes down after getting promoted.

Kim Hyun-soo's words reminded Yoo-hyun of Kang Jun-ki, who had been smashed on his back.

“There are a lot of people to treat. Jun-seok also said he would treat us for his successful career change.”

-That's right. There are a lot of good things.

"How about you?"

-I'm not bad either. I finished the expansion work of the car center.

"How's your mother's health?"

A lot of things had changed from the past, and the most changed part was Kim Hyun-soo's mother's health.

Chapter 468:

Kim Hyun-soo gave a confident answer to Han Yoo-hyun's question.

-They're doing well enough that you don't have to worry. Hyun-shik is about to graduate from college.

"I'm glad they're healthy."

-Didn't you say you were working on something related to G20?

"I came to COEX to exhibit."

Han Yoo-hyun replied as he walked toward the conference room on the second floor where the exhibition would be held.

The area in front of the conference room was already busy with preparations.

-That's amazing. You're exhibiting in front of some very important people, aren't you?

"I don't have to talk to them. I just show them the product."

-I see. When are you coming?

As Han Yoo-hyun was about to answer Kim Hyun-soo's question, he saw two men arguing in front of the conference room.

He recognized one of them, so he quickly ended the call.

"I'll be there soon. Hyun-soo, wait a minute. I'll call you back."

-Okay. Take care.

Han Yoo-hyun put his phone in his pocket and approached the two men.

Soon, he heard their voices one by one.

“What are you doing? We have to hurry up and change this. The schedule has been moved up.”

The man who was scolding had a G20 preparation committee badge around his neck.

His name was Song Chang-yeop, and he seemed to be a new recruit who joined after the G20 was secured.

“How many times do I have to tell you? We’re doing as planned.”

The man who stood up to him was Ahn Hyung-yoon, a senior engineer from TV Circuit 4 Team, who had helped with the G20 exhibition.

His face was flushed, indicating that the argument had been going on for a while.

It was clear that it was a reckless abuse of power by a novice in charge who had no experience in exhibitions.

Of course, Ahn Hyung-yoon was resisting.

The conversation was not going anywhere.

Han Yoo-hyun sent a message to someone who could solve the problem, and then called out to Ahn Hyung-yoon.

“Senior Ahn.”

Ahn Hyung-yoon turned his head and brightened up.

“Han, you’re here. I thought I was going to die of frustration.”

“What’s going on?”

“Well, this guy keeps changing the route, so we can’t organize it.”

As Ahn Hyung-yoon spoke, Song Chang-yeop protested.

“Here you go again. If you want to exhibit the way Han Sung wants, you have to stick to it.”

“Are you kidding me? If you asked us to help, you should let us help. Why are you tripping us up?”

“I’m the person in charge here. Don’t you know that I can overturn everything here with one word?”

Song Chang-yeop pushed his belly out and insisted.

It reminded Han Yoo-hyun of Shin Kwang-se, who used to pick on everything at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Is this a place where pushing your belly out is a tradition?

“No, right now...”

“Senior, hold on a second.”

Han Yoo-hyun, who had a ridiculous thought and chuckled, stopped Ahn Hyung-yoon with his hand.

Then he asked Song Chang-yeop politely.

“I understand what you’re saying, sir. Why don’t you talk to Shin Kwang-se when he comes?”

“Who are you to mention our manager?”

“I didn’t introduce myself. I’m Han Yoo-hyun, an assistant manager at Han Sung Electronics.”

Han Yoo-hyun showed his badge, and Song Chang-yeop sneered.

“Assistant manager? What do you have to say to the manager?”

“It’s not me who has something to say, it’s him who asked me to come.”

There was no one here who could handle both the exhibition planning and support like Jeong Da-hye did in the past.

Shin Kwang-se was supposed to do that, but he seemed unsure, so he asked Han Yoo-hyun for help.

That was why Han Yoo-hyun visited the exhibition hall on the first day.

Song Chang-yeop misunderstood Han Yoo-hyun’s intention and twisted his face.



“Huh. What? You have to make sense. Where do you think this is, that a mere assistant manager can bluff? Do you know how high the people who will visit this exhibition are?”

Ignorance is bliss, Song Chang-yeop used some amazing logic that he learned somewhere.

Han Yoo-hyun pointed to the other side.

“Wow. Oh, he’s coming.”

“What?”

Song Chang-yeop, who was talking back to Han Yoo-hyun, was startled to see the man who came next to him.

“Gasp. Manager.”

Shin Kwang-se ignored Song Chang-yeop and came up to Han Yoo-hyun and grabbed his hand.

“Oh, Han, long time no see.”

“How have you been?”

“How can I be? Jung Team Leader left, and we have no manpower, but they want us to speed up the schedule. I’m dying.”

“...”

Shin Kwang-se, who used to be scary, was complaining to the young assistant manager.

Song Chang-yeop was speechless at the situation he couldn’t understand.

“You have David instead of Jung Team Leader. He’s good at planning, right?”

“Don’t even mention it. That rude foreigner says exhibition support is not his business.”

“That’s right. It was Jung Team Leader who went out of his way to do that.”

“Anyway. Please help us out. You said you have a way, right?”

The exhibition schedule was moved up by two days because the president decided to visit.

Shin Kwang-se, who was in charge of customer reception, was in a panic.

Han Yoo-hyun had already considered this, but he pretended to be reluctant to make the preparation easier.

“To be honest, the schedule is too tight for us.”

“What are you talking about? You did it in three days last time. You said you could do it this time too.”

“That’s when you trusted us and supported us fully.”

“Of course I’ll support you fully. Why? Is there a problem?”

Shin Kwang-se asked as if he was desperate, and Han Yoo-hyun gestured to the side.

“I think Song Sir has a different opinion.”

“Huh? Oh, I just thought the exhibition support was too weak...”

Song Chang-yeop hesitated, and Shin Kwang-se pushed his belly out and snapped.

“Chang-yeop, do you think I made you in charge to do this? Without Han Sung, the exhibition won’t happen. Do you want to cancel it?”

“No, no.”

“From now on, follow whoever is helping with the exhibition. Got it?”

“Yes, yes.”

“Don’t just say yes, apologize. Apologize.”

At Shin Kwang-se’s scolding, Song Chang-yeop bowed immediately.

“I’m sorry. I made a mistake because I was too eager.”

“Senior.”

Han Yoo-hyun poked Ahn Hyung-yoon's side, and Ahn Hyung-yoon, who was scratching his head, accepted the apology instead.

"No, it's okay. Just help us from now on."

"Thank you."

Song Chang-yeop, the secretary, bowed his head once again.

He looked so pitiful compared to his previous attitude.

Yoo-hyun felt a bit sorry for him, but he had no reason to care too much.

"Is this enough? You can do this, right?"

Shin Kwang-se, the manager, asked impatiently, and Yoo-hyun pretended to be confident until the end.

"It's not something that I can do alone. All the staff who came here to support the exhibition have to work together. And they have to be comfortable too."

"Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on them. You heard that, right, Chang-yeop? Support them whenever they move or eat."

"Yes. I understand."

Song Chang-yeop, the secretary, answered firmly, and Yoo-hyun nodded his head.

"Yes. If you do that, I'll try my best to make the G20 a success, even though it's really hard."

"Good. I'm counting on you."

"Of course. It's a national matter. I'll do my best."

Yoo-hyun smiled brightly and replied.

Ahn Hyung-yoon, the senior, looked at Yoo-hyun with a dumbfounded expression.

The exhibition was prepared smoothly with the active support of the G20 preparation committee.

Yoo-hyun walked leisurely and looked at the preparation scene.

The exhibition space was about three times bigger than the previous one for the G20 bid.

As the scale was bigger, there were more panels and various productions were attempted.

The exhibition concept was different from what they had done before, so the experienced development team members also had a hard time.

Jang Jun-sik took care of that part well.

Jang Jun-sik, who was on a ladder, gestured to him.

“Senior, you can come this way. Yes. That’s right.”

“Okay. Jun-sik, how are you going to do the power line? Drill the wall?”

A development team member asked, and Jang Jun-sik came down from the ladder and ran to him.

“Just a moment. I’ll check with the company.”

He communicated with the exhibition support company staff who were working behind the wall and came back with the result.

He had the whole exhibition plan that Yoo-hyun gave him in his head.

It seemed like he only needed a little help from the middle.

Yoo-hyun smiled with satisfaction and Jeong Saet-byul approached him and whispered.

“If Mr. Jeong was here, your smile would have been brighter.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You miss him, don’t you? He was such a nice person.”

“Who would think that you worked with him for a long time?”

“Does the time matter? It’s the heart that matters.”

Jeong Saet-byul answered Yoo-hyun’s question.

He couldn’t argue with that, so Yoo-hyun agreed.

“Well, that’s true.”

“See? I’m not a love expert for nothing. I know people’s hearts well.”

“I don’t think that’s the case.”

Yoo-hyun backed off, but Jeong Saet-byul didn’t give up easily.

“Hey, I can tell. Mr. Jeong must miss you a lot right now.”

“How do you know that?”

“We’re both Jeongs. We have a subtle connection.”

“Really?”

Yoo-hyun laughed at the absurd remark, and Jeong Saet-byul went further.

She was a junior who wasn’t annoying even when she said useless things.

“So don’t leave him alone and contact him whenever you have time. Send him some hearts and stuff.”

“Do your work, do your work.”

Yoo-hyun waved his hand and Jeong Saet-byul stepped back.

“Mr. Yu, please? You got it, right? Remember that love is as much as you express it.”

She said everything she wanted to say until the end.

Yoo-hyun, who was shaking his head, took out his phone and opened the internet window.

On the bookmarked page, there was an interview with Jeong Da-hye.

-The United States will become an exporter, not an importer, in the global oil market. To achieve this, our Sprint Company proposed to ExxonMobil to focus on shale oil, and...

Jeong Da-hye, who became a manager, joined the main project of Sprint Company.

She surpassed the people who wanted her position and did an interview with CNN. It was easy to tell her status in the project.

She was busy and it was an important time, so Yoo-hyun didn't bother to contact her first.

He only replied with words of encouragement when she contacted him once in a while.

He finally sent her a message first.

-Fighting for today. (Heart)

What would she reply?

It was a meaningless message, so he was curious.

He got the answer in less than a minute.

-Da-hye: Thank you. I'll call you when I have time. (Heart)

In front of the first heart emoticon he received from her, Yoo-hyun had to admit it.

“Saet-byul is right. She is a love expert.”

A faint smile appeared on Yoo-hyun's lips.

There were many problems during the exhibition setting period, but Song Chang-yeop, the secretary, sorted them out well.

Maybe it was because of Shin Kwang-se, the manager's pressure, but he stayed late and worked with the exhibition staff, and solved their problems right away.

Thanks to that, they were able to finish the pre-exhibition successfully.

And finally, the day of the exhibition came.

Today, the G20 Seoul Summit was held, and there was a two-day car ban in Seoul.

The roads around COEX were completely blocked, and no one was allowed to enter the COEX conference hall.

Yoo-hyun was there, where only those who had their identity verified could enter.

Chapter 469:

Yoo-hyun stood in front of the exhibition hall, waiting for someone and looking at the large electronic billboard on the wall.

As the news headlines on the billboard indicated, today Korea was expecting the attendance of famous entrepreneurs.

This was something that did not happen in the last 4th meeting, and thanks to that, the importance of the exhibition soared.

That was why the key figures of Hansung Electronics, including Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho, decided to attend the exhibition hastily.

Hansung Electronics was not the only one to attend.

He could hear more details from reporter Oh Eun-bi, who appeared shortly after.

Sitting in a coffee shop across from the exhibition hall, reporter Oh Eun-bi said to Yoo-hyun in an excited voice.

“Ilsung is in trouble, so they are coming today. Vice President Choi Min-yong is also coming, right?”

“Really?”

“Of course. How can they not come, even if their stomachs hurt? Bill Gates is coming too.”

“That’s true.”

“Aren’t you surprised?”

“I’m surprised. I was so surprised that I couldn’t sleep last night.”

Yoo-hyun answered exaggeratedly, and reporter Oh Eun-bi gave him a mischievous look.

“Oh, you’re so relaxed because you’re the one who stole the exhibition from Ilsung?”

“Who says that?”

“It comes out when I investigate. I’m Oh Eun-bi.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi had a confident expression on her face.

It was then.

The executives of Ilsung Electronics and the personnel of the Ministry of Industry entered the exhibition hall, and the reporters followed them.

Yoo-hyun, who was drinking coffee without caring, winked at her.

“You know everything, reporter. But you don’t have to go in there, do you?”

“I have my juniors there.”

“You’re different since you became a chief.”

“Hey, I’m promoted, but not a chief. I prefer running around. What about you? Don’t you have to go in?”

“The exhibition hasn’t started yet. There are many people above me.”

Yoo-hyun gave a similar answer, and reporter Oh Eun-bi smiled with her eyes.

“You’re relaxed, as I said.”

“I learned from you, reporter.”

“You’re still witty.”

“I guess it’s because I’m with a good person.”

Yoo-hyun was exchanging jokes with a pleasant acquaintance.

Vice Chairman Shin Myung-ho, Vice President Lim Jun-pyo, and Executive Director Shin Kyung-wook passed by his side.

The reporters’ cameras showered on them, who were standing in front of the entrance.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi, who was looking at the same place as Yoo-hyun, said.

“It’s because of the LCD division spin-off issue that the reporters are flocking.”

“I didn’t expect the division spin-off to get so much attention.”

“It’s obvious that the crown prince fight will become more interesting with this one shot. It might be fun to watch them compete with Ilsung too.”

“That might be possible.”



Yoo-hyun answered perfunctorily and drank his coffee.

Reporter Oh Eun-bi activated her unique intuition.

“Do you know something? When will the spin-off happen?”

“Maybe when the sales reversal comes out?”

“Hey, why are you like that between players? You must have something prepared in advance.”

Yoo-hyun was stingy with his answer.

Instead, he looked at Executive Director Shin Kyung-wook, who was skillfully dealing with the reporters at the entrance, and recalled what he had said a while ago.

-The LCD division spin-off will be decided soon. Things are going well.

As reporter Oh Eun-bi predicted, the spin-off discussion was already in progress, and the time for the result was approaching.

Maybe the LCD division spin-off would happen regardless of the sales results.

Why did he feel uneasy when the situation was going well?

Yoo-hyun tried to do what he could do first, hiding his frustrated expression.

“It will be soon. I’ll let you know first, reporter.”

“Of course. You know I’m the type who returns what I get, right?”

“Sure. Shall we get up now? It’s time for the stars to come.”

“Yes. I understand. Will you explain it to me inside?”

“Of course. You’re more VIP to me than Bill Gates, reporter.”

That was true for Yoo-hyun at the moment.

No matter what situation unfolded in the future, he needed reporter Oh Eun-bi’s help.

“That’s a nice thing to hear in the middle of listening.”

Reporter Oh Eun-bi’s eyes became crescents at Yoo-hyun’s flattering words.

That day, as planned, many stars attended the exhibition hall.

From the CEOs of world-renowned companies to the leaders and related ministers of the G20 participating countries, they stopped by the exhibition hall.

The president and prime minister of Korea and the ministers were added to that.

It was as if more important people gathered in one place than at the European exhibition private room show.

Bang.

As soon as it started, the displays that surrounded the wide space emitted light and started dancing.

People exclaimed at the exhibition with a story, which was different from the previous exhibitions.

Among them was the US president.

“Wow. This is amazing. This is the first time I’ve seen such an exhibition.”

“Haha. I’ll show you often when you come to Korea.”

The exhibition staff were startled by the Korean president’s remark, but the exhibition atmosphere was successful.

The news about the exhibition was more abundant than the content of the G20 summit that followed.

As the situation was like this, good news came from here and there.

The German luxury TV brand Loewe and the Danish luxury appliance brand Bang & Olufsen wrote a makeshift contract on a napkin on the spot, which was one of the stories.

Thanks to that, the aftertaste did not go away even after the exhibition ended.

Jung Saet-byul, who was out of place, came up to Yoo-hyun and shouted.

“Kyak. Sir. I shook hands with the president. I’m not going to wash my hands.”

“You smell. Wash it.”

Yoo-hyun cut him off coldly, and this time Yang Yoon-soo came up and shouted excitedly.

“I explained to Bill Gates earlier. Did you see me speaking English?”

“He couldn’t understand what you were saying and went somewhere else.”

The two people who were happy and cheerful even with Yoo-hyun’s iron wall retreated to the appearance of a man.

Yoo-hyun tapped his shoulder, who was standing blankly.

“Good job.”

“Sir, it feels like I’m dreaming.”

“Your efforts made your dream come true.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Jang Jun-sik bowed his waist.

Yoo-hyun looked at his junior, who had grown up once again, with pride.

Shin Kyung-wook, the executive director, approached Yoo-hyun and said,

“You’ve done a great job.”

“I didn’t do much this time. It was all thanks to my juniors.”

It was not an empty word. Jang Jun-sik had filled Yoo-hyun’s gap perfectly.

He didn’t work alone like before, but he also knew how to use Yang Yoon-soo and Jung Saet-byul actively.

Shin Kyung-wook nodded as if he agreed.

“I know. I’ll make sure to reward everyone involved in this exhibition.”

“Thank you. I think it would be good to include the development team that supported us as well.”

“Of course. What about you? What do you want?”

“I’m fine with kimchi fried rice and two eggs.”

“Hahaha. That’s a typical answer from you.”

Shin Kyung-wook laughed heartily at Yoo-hyun’s answer.

He felt like he had thrown away the fake mask he had worn all day to greet the guests.

He felt lighter and said to Yoo-hyun,

“It seems like they will announce the spin-off soon, judging by the atmosphere today.”

“Are you confident that the sales will exceed?”

“They must have done the calculations in the group strategy room already. It feels like they are giving it to us.”

“I see. That’s good news.”

“But why do you look so worried?”

Yoo-hyun answered calmly to Shin Kyung-wook’s question.

“Maybe it’s because everything is going too well.”

“There’s no such thing as a free lunch in this world.”

“That’s right. There must be some other trick up their sleeve.”

Son Tae-bum, the vice chairman, had stepped forward, and Shin Kyung-soo was behind him. They wouldn’t just give it to them.

A big storm was bound to come soon.

There was a very important event next year that would determine the future of the company, so they needed to move faster.

Yoo-hyun had already made up his mind, but he hadn’t told Shin Kyung-wook yet.

It wasn’t that he did it on purpose, but there was something that made him hesitate.

As if he had read Yoo-hyun’s dilemma, Shin Kyung-wook put his hand on Yoo-hyun’s shoulder.

“You don’t need to think that far right now. You can trust me.”

“Of course I trust you. But...”

Tap tap.

Shin Kyung-wook tapped his shoulder and smiled.

“Why don’t you go home and clear your head for a while? You think too much.”

“Yes. I should do that. And maybe talk to my father about my worries.”

“Haha. Yes. You should listen to your elders. They know better.”

“That’s why I listen to you, director.”

Yoo-hyun joked and Shin Kyung-wook frowned.

“I’m still young.”

“Yes. You are very young.”

“I feel like you are mocking me, but I’ll take it.”

“That’s the spirit of youth. You are amazing.”

Yoo-hyun gave him a thumbs up and Shin Kyung-wook chuckled.

At that moment, the atmosphere in the director’s office of Hansung Art Museum was fierce.

Hong Jin-hee, the director of the museum and the wife of the chairman, sneered at Yoon Ju-tak, the executive director, who was facing her.

“Yoon, you are amazing. I told you to set up a place for Kyung-soo to come back, but you ended up making a silk road for Kyung-wook, that bastard.”

“I’m sorry.”

“You are still out of your mind, looking at your head down.”

Hong Jin-hee spat out cold words and hit his forehead.

Bang.

She approached him and said in a cold voice.

“I’m going to clean up the remnants of the old ones as Kyung-soo wants. That includes Shin Myung-ho and Shin Cheon-sik.”

“...”

“Son Tae-bum, that old man, will do that role himself and leave. Then who will take over the vacant position?”

Yoon Ju-tak’s head flashed as he heard Hong Jin-hee’s question.

He finally understood the whole situation and lifted his head.

“Then...”

“Yes. That’s why I’m giving you one more chance to trust you.”

“I won’t let you down.”

Yoon Ju-tak answered with determination and Hong Jin-hee’s eyes shone coldly.

“This is your last chance. I hope you don’t become useless to me.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Yoon Ju-tak, who had seen the fate of his abandoned seniors, swallowed his saliva.

The next morning, when Yoo-hyun was ready to go to his hometown, he received a call from Serena Lian of Y Combinator.

She told him the result of his request as soon as he answered the phone.

-Steve, there was an inquiry about who had a meeting with Paul Graham before and after the day you visited. With a hefty reward.

“Was the visitor a Asian by any chance?”

-No. He was a handsome American. He had a British accent, and he looked like he was in his late 30s.

As expected, Shin Kyung-soo wouldn’t move himself.

He must have approached carefully without arousing suspicion, even using a foreigner.

“I see. Did you get his business card?”

-Yes. I’ll send you the photo from the CCTV and the business card together.

“Thank you for your help.”

-Aren't you curious about the answer?

“I'm too embarrassed to ask when there's a reward.”

He knew the answer without hearing it, but he still stepped back.

Chapter 470:

As expected, Serena Lian waved her hand dismissively.

-Hey, that money is nothing compared to the orange tree. Don't worry about it, since you said you didn't know.

“Thank you. You've been a great help.”

-Why don't you visit sometime? Paul was looking for you.

Yoo-hyun had received a call from Paul Graham.

He had made an excuse about Airbnb and JK Communications, but he seemed to want a new stimulus.

Yoo-hyun told him bluntly.

“You're bored. Please take care of yourself.”

-I've taken care of you for 20 years, it's time to stop. You don't care at all.

“Haha. You're amazing.”

Yoo-hyun laughed at Serena Lian's cold words.

He hung up the phone after a pleasant conversation.

Then he closed his eyes quietly.

He didn't need to calculate to feel that Shin Kyung-soo was closely following him.

At the same time, he was manipulating Son Tae-bum, the group's chief operating officer and the chairman's right-hand man, like a puppet from behind.

What was his aim?

Yoo-hyun traced Shin Kyung-soo's past actions and easily found the answer.

He wanted a bloodless entry to the royal road.

He would achieve the reform without spilling a drop of blood on his hands, and then appear with his elite organization.

'It's obvious. To do that, first...'

Yoo-hyun was organizing his thoughts when a message came in.

Beep.

It was a picture and a phone number of a man sent by Serena Lian.

Yoo-hyun lifted one corner of his mouth as he checked the content.

That evening, when Yoo-hyun arrived at his hometown, there was no one at home.

Instead, there was a small table with snacks and a note left on the floor.

-Yoo-hyun, mom and dad went to a meeting, so don't worry and have fun with your friends.

She had already told him on the phone, but why did she leave this again?

Yoo-hyun chuckled and ate the pink rice cake that his mother had left.

It melted softly in his mouth and tasted very good.

Yoo-hyun left his bag at home and went to the neighborhood pub.

There were already his friends who were drunk.

As soon as Yoo-hyun entered, Kang Joon-ki, who had a flushed face, ran out to him.

"Oh, my benefactor. It must have been cold outside, right? How are you feeling?"

Kang Joon-ki touched his body and asked how he was doing, and Yoo-hyun nodded to Kim Hyun-soo, who was sitting and smiling.

"What's wrong with him?"

"He sold the stocks well after listening to you."



“What? You said you would never sell the stocks of your company, which would go up ten times more.”

“Hey, that was just a joke. You know I always listen to you well.”

“Really? Did you sell them all?”

“It’s our company’s stock, how can I sell them all? I left one share.”

Kang Joon-ki smiled triumphantly and filled Yoo-hyun’s empty glass.

He had a good reason to be happy, as the semi-electronics stocks that were linked to the theme plummeted after the G20 ended.

They continued to fall even after hitting the lower limit three times in a row.

Yoo-hyun chuckled and lifted his glass.

“You’re lucky.”

“There’s another person like me.”

“Who?”

“The investment master.”

Kang Joon-ki’s question was answered by Yoo-hyun, who nodded to Kim Hyun-soo.

Ha Jun-seok clapped his hands.

“Ah, right. You paid back the borrowed money and got your mother’s surgery done, right?”

Ha Jun-seok didn’t know that the borrowed money was Yoo-hyun’s, but he knew the rough process.

It was an amazing feat to multiply 20 million won by several times in a short period of time.

Kim Hyun-soo, who was listening, waved his hand.

“Hey, I’m out of it.”

“They say the most poisonous ones are those who quit after hitting the jackpot. Hyun-soo, you’re awesome.”

Yoo-hyun acknowledged Kim Hyun-soo for sure.

Kang Joon-ki added a word.

“There’s a more poisonous one.”

“Who?”

“The one who smokes one cigarette a day.”

At Kang Joon-ki’s words, Kim Hyun-soo replied with a bewildered expression.

“How did you know? That I smoke one cigarette a day.”

“Wow. A poisonous one.”

Everyone said in unison, looking at Kim Hyun-soo.

As the glasses piled up, the topic naturally shifted to Ha Jun-seok’s job change.

He had moved to a construction company in Busan with a high salary, but Ha Jun-seok didn’t look very satisfied.

“Why? Is there a problem?”

Yoo-hyun asked the reason, and Ha Jun-seok emptied his glass and answered.

“Just. I miss the people from my old company.”

“You must have been attached to them.”

“I wasn’t that close to them. But I strangely miss them. Maybe I’m not used to the new company yet?”

“It’s natural. You saw them for 12 hours a day for more than three years.”

As he answered, Yoo-hyun drew his colleagues in his head and felt like he knew why he couldn’t spit out his decision easily.

It was because of regret.

He was reluctant to leave the people he had shared happy times with, and face the unpleasant people.

No matter how strong his purpose was, that was not what Yoo-hyun wanted.

“I felt sorry when I left. I was worried if the juniors could do well.”

“Yeah. I’m worried too.”

Yoo-hyun also sympathized with Ha Jun-seok’s words.

Kang Joon-ki looked at them with a dumbfounded expression.

“You guys are kidding. The company runs well without you. Jun-seok, you should call them. They’ve already forgotten you.”

“No, dude. They still call me.”

“Then you should stop caring about useless people, and take care of Jae-hee, who you like... Oops.”

Kang Joon-ki, who was raising his voice, covered his mouth as if he had made a slip of the tongue.

Ha Jun-seok tilted his head in confusion.

“Jae-hee? You mean Yoo-hyun’s sister?”

“Uh, sorry. I said something stupid.”

Kang Joon-ki took a posture of apology, and Yoo-hyun and Kim Hyun-soo looked at the two’s conversation with curiosity.

Ha Jun-seok, who belatedly understood the meaning, shrugged his shoulders.

“Ha ha. Why do you like that kid?”

“Huh? You don’t like Jae-hee?”

“No way. Why would you think that?”

“Don’t you remember? When I said Jae-hee had a nice chest, you got really angry.”

Kang Jun-ki reminded Ha Jun-seok, who seemed to recall something and clapped his hands.

“Oh. That was because of something that happened.”

“What was it?”

“When I was drinking with my friends, Jae-hee came. I said she had a nice chest and got beaten up. What happened was...”

As Ha Jun-seok explained the situation where he was drunk and passed out, everyone laughed and held their stomachs.

“Pu ha ha. Really?”

“Don’t say anything. I was drinking with you and blacked out too.”

“Wow. She beat you? That kid? Yoo-hyun, is that possible?”

Kang Jun-ki looked incredulous and Yoo-hyun answered with certainty.

“Yeah. I think even if all four of us fought her, we wouldn’t win.”

“Really?”

“Jae-hee is coming to Korea next month, so I’ll let you fight her then.”

“Bring it on. I’ll show you the power of a senior in life.”

Kang Jun-ki flashed his eyes and gulped down the full glass of alcohol.

It was the most foolish thing in the world to brag about drinking a lot.

That day, Kang Jun-ki ran alone and passed out in less than an hour at the first round.

Thud.

Ha Jun-seok looked at the guy who passed out at the pub and snorted.

“Did he pass out on purpose to avoid paying?”

“Don’t worry. I took his wallet in advance, just in case.”

Yoo-hyun put the wallet on the table and Kim Hyun-soo and Ha Jun-seok gave him a thumbs up at the same time.

That day, as promised, Kang Jun-ki paid for the first, second, and third rounds and even the karaoke.

Of course, he didn’t wake up even while singing loudly.

The next day, Yoo-hyun woke up from his sleep and cured his hangover with his mother's signature bean sprout soup.

After washing lightly, he headed to his mother's side dish shop with a fresh mind.

He thought he would help his busy mother as much as he could.

As he walked in the chilly early winter wind, he arrived at the market before he knew it.

He pushed through the crowded people and wandered around the market, and suddenly remembered the past.

It was a memory of the tyranny of the merchant president and the landlord, which almost ruined his mother's dream of expanding and moving to a large mart.

Was the situation better now?

He thought so as he reached his mother's shop.

There were people gathered in front of the shop, and there seemed to be a commotion inside.

He quickly approached and heard a rough male voice.

"If you expanded your shop, you have to pay extra merchant fees. We paid for the fire alarm installation, plumbing, and disinfection."

"President, that's from the national support. And does 2 million won make sense?"

Yoo-hyun stretched his head to see who was speaking after the woman's voice.

The woman who was confronting the man was named Ahn So-ra, a regular employee of his mother's shop.

"Are you really going to do this? Your shop is doing well, why are you stingy about paying that? If you earn, you have to spit out as much as you earn."

Yoo-hyun sneered at the man who was spouting nonsense.

He did the same thing last time, and the new merchant president was also messing around with the national support money.

He decided to deal with it cleanly this time and was about to move.

Tap tap tap.

His mother ran from the opposite side with quick steps.

Before Yoo-hyun could step in, his mother hit the merchant president hard.

“What are you doing?”

“Boss, you’re here. When you expanded your shop, we paid for the construction support...”

“Enough, give me the support money.”

“Why should I give you the support money when you expanded? Are you crazy?”

“Are you talking nonsense? Do you have dementia?”

His mother blinked her eyes and pushed the man roughly.

When the word dementia came out, the man looked flustered and blinked his eyes.

“What?”

“Don’t you remember? When I was going to move to a large mart earlier this year, you promised to give me the support money if I stayed. Didn’t you?”

“No, that’s nonsense. Do you have any evidence?”

As soon as the man’s words fell, his mother sharply retorted.

Yoo-hyun didn’t even have a chance to intervene.

“So-ra, go inside and get the documents and recorder from my second drawer.”

“Yes, boss.”

“Uh. No, this is...”

“Here’s the stamp and the recording. Give me the money quickly. If you don’t, I’ll report you to the police.”

His mother shook the opponent with meticulousness and then pressured him strongly.

He was so fierce that Yoo-hyun clenched his fist while watching.

“Ah. Really. I’ll see you later.”

“You’ll see what? You won’t have any chance in the next merchant president election.”

The merchant president left with his tail between his legs, and the people who were gathered applauded.

Clap clap clap clap clap clap clap.

“Yeon-hee, you’re amazing.”

“I hated that guy, you did well.”

“How are you so thorough?”

His mother looked around her colleagues and said firmly.

“Let’s all work together from now on and not be fooled by such poor tricks.”

“Right.”

The people who heard it also clenched their fists and shouted in unison.

It was as if his mother had become the leader of this place.

‘I guess I don’t need to help her.’

Yoo-hyun chuckled and approached his mother.

His mother, who had completely shaken off her weak past, met Yoo-hyun’s eyes.

“Oh. Yoo-hyun.”

“Mom, you were amazing.”

Yoo-hyun gave her a thumbs up and his mother smiled and teased him.

“Do you have anyone who bothers you at work? Just tell me. I’ll teach them a lesson.”

“Ha ha. Aren’t you being bullied too, dad?”

“...”

His father, who was sitting at the table in front of the food cart, lifted his glass without denying it.