

## **Real Man 5**

### Chapter 5

Yoo-hyun had no academic background or connections, but he was able to become the president of Hanseong Electronics thanks to his almost 80% sense of tact.

He knew when to speak and when to keep quiet, and that was half the battle in corporate life.

He could find out what his superiors wanted and scratch their itches for them, and that earned him some favors.

It was natural for Yoo-hyun, but not for others.

He realized that after he entered the company and clashed with countless people.

That's why Yoo-hyun could shine alone.

He didn't know when it started, but he finally understood.

Not much time had passed, and the tables in the third floor library were packed with students.

There were hardly any students who came to borrow books.

Most of them came up to study because they couldn't get a seat in the basement reading room.

The tables were full of students, and it felt like he had gone back to the old days.

'Maybe I should take a look.'

Yoo-hyun got up from his seat and took the books that the students had returned to a bookshelf on one side of the wall.

As he did so, he glanced at a female student sitting there.

Her fingernails were bitten off.

It looked like she had just gotten her nails done, but judging by how she bit them off, it didn't seem like a simple habit.

Her tightly closed lips were curled inward and invisible, and her ankles were hooked on the legs of the chair.

Her blinking rate was also faster than other people's.

It was a sign of anxiety.

But it didn't seem like it was because of exam preparation.

She had been here for quite a while, but she still hadn't opened her book.

Instead, she had her phone clenched in her hand.

'It must be a guy problem.'

Her hair curled up to her shoulders was lively.

It wasn't permed.

It was a work of art that she had gotten at a hair salon in the morning.

The well-dressed purple dress was impressive.

Looking at the ring on her ring finger that she had been fiddling with, he guessed what had happened.

She must have had some trouble with her boyfriend.

It looked like he had observed her for a long time as if he was a stalker, but Yoo-hyun had just taken a peek.

Hmm.

Yoo-hyun was slightly surprised.

Was it because of his rejuvenated body?

His eyesight was definitely better than before.

With his long experience added to that, he could obtain the necessary information in an instant.

If other people had been watching Yoo-hyun, they wouldn't have even noticed that he had briefly paid attention to the female student.

He felt like he had received an unexpected gift.

Yoo-hyun was about to turn his head back when it happened.

The hand that had been holding the phone tightly opened up and showed a new message that came in.

-Sorry I can't keep our promise today. I thought about it a lot and I think we should break up.

Well, well.

He didn't mean to see it...

He felt like he had peeked into her private life for no reason.

He wished his eyes weren't so good at times like this.

No, he shouldn't have paid attention to it reflexively.

It was because of his habit of observing people that he had ingrained in his body.

Yoo-hyun finished sorting out the books and glanced at a male student as he passed by the table and moved back to his seat.

The male student was furrowing his brow and puffing up his cheeks with air.

He was tapping his finger on the desk and shaking his leg as if he had an important exam coming up soon.

If that's the case, you should read at least one more word.

He'll probably go out for a smoke soon.

Grrr.

The male student couldn't turn a single page and got up from his seat, taking out a cigarette from his pocket.

'As expected.'

It was exactly as he had thought.

It was his experience from the company that paid off.

Whether it was then or now, young or old, people's behavior patterns had similar aspects.

"What's the point of this? I can't even take care of one person."

Yoo-hyun smiled at the satisfying result of his prediction, but then he sighed.

He was good at using his tact to achieve results in the company, but he couldn't take care of the people around him.

It made him feel even more bitter.

After that, Yoo-hyun paid more attention to the people passing by.

And he realized one thing.

"My head doesn't hurt that much."

He used to get a headache when he processed so much information at once, but not now.

It could be because he was younger, or because he had less stress.

The sure thing was that the more he cared about his surroundings, the more sensitive he made himself.

Yoo-hyun told himself to go slower and more relaxed in his changed life.

According to the library work log, today was Yoo-hyun's last day of work.

He didn't feel anything right now, but if it had been 20 years ago, he would have felt a mix of relief and regret.

It was time to say goodbye to the place where he had worked for a year and a half.

Or maybe he was too busy preparing for a job back then?

He didn't remember, so it could have been true.

While he was thinking about this and that, someone called him.

"Senior, I'm here."

She had straight bangs and a round face.

Her dimples when she smiled were impressive.

She came straight to the librarian's seat, so she must be Jo Eun-ah, who worked part-time as a librarian with him.

His memory was vague, but according to the text messages they exchanged, she was his junior in the department.

The certain thing was that they weren't very close.

Yoo-hyun naturally raised his hand and lifted his eyebrows as a sign of welcome.

“You’re here?”

“Yes. Th-thank you for your hard work.”

She showed her surprise from the stiff title of senior to the short answer.

He could tell that the previous Yoo-hyun hadn’t treated her very kindly.

What did he look like in other people’s eyes?

He suddenly wondered.

“Do you want to have a drink if you have time?”

“Huh?”

Jo Eun-ah’s eyes widened.

She looked like she had heard something unbelievable.

“It’s our last day.”

“Oh... Yes.”

When Yoo-hyun nodded, Jo Eun-ah quickly put down her bag and followed him out.

The two stood in front of the vending machine in the library corridor.

“Lemonade?”

“Huh? How did you know?”

‘Well, you were staring at the lemonade.’

Yoo-hyun smirked and took out a drink from the vending machine and sat on a bench next to it.

“Thank you. I’ll enjoy it.”

“Well, sure.”

Jo Eun-ah smiled brightly and opened her mouth in the relaxed atmosphere.

“Maybe we won’t see each other much after this. Can I call you oppa?”

Yoo-hyun was startled for a moment.

‘What is this nonsense?’

He was dumbfounded by her sudden change of attitude, but well, he didn’t care much about titles.

“Sure, go ahead.”

“Yay. Hehe. I thought you had some problem because you were so quiet and only studied.”

“What problem?”

When Yoo-hyun asked seriously, Jo Eun-ah gave a slightly awkward smile.

“You know, some people have trouble getting along with others. So they find it hard to talk first.”

“Did I?”

“I actually found that very frustrating. I feel dizzy when I don’t talk.”

He felt like he understood why Jo Eun-ah had kept his distance from her back then.

He could sense her talkativeness.

Did he say something wrong?

It was enough for Yoo-hyun to worry seriously.

Jo Eun-ah didn’t notice Yoo-hyun shaking his head and continued talking excitedly.

“Do you know that you’re a mystery figure in our department?”

“Why?”

“You suddenly transferred in without anyone knowing your name and topped the department.”

“...”

“But no one knows who you are, oppa. That mysterious name, Han Yoo-hyun. We also call you Han Yoo-ryeong. Hehe.”

She laughs as if she can't believe what she's saying.

Yoo-ryeong.

Ghost.

That's how he might have appeared to others.

He always remembered himself being alone.

He had a reason for that.

He preferred to be by himself, because he didn't have to care about anyone else and he could use his time more efficiently.

While he was thinking, Jo Eun-ah's words reached his ears.

"Oppa, you ignore everyone, but actually people are very conscious of you."

"Why?"

"Look over there. That Hyun-woo inside is also studying in the third floor library on purpose because of you."

"Hmm."

He saw a man sitting at a table inside the glass door.

He had seen him studying hard when he walked around earlier.

He looked so desperate that he reminded Yoo-hyun of his old self.

“Anyway, oppa, you’re a difficult person. You’re also very prickly.”

“It’s not that I don’t like you. I just didn’t have time.”

Yoo-hyun said lightly, but Jo Eun-ah was not satisfied.

“I know. But they say even a brief encounter is fate. Don’t you feel sad that we might never see each other again without having a proper conversation?”

“True.”

“We should drink together and talk about life. You never know, it might help us later.”

“...”

If it were the old Yoo-hyun, he would have nodded his head vigorously.

He didn’t believe that he had to maintain relationships with people for social life.

He thought that superficial connections would only hold him back.

Yoo-hyun who joined the company was the same.

He ignored other people and only tried to impress his boss or seniors who could help him directly.

He thought that emotional labor should be done in productive places.

But now it was different.

His mouth wouldn't open, just like his confused mind.

Jo Eun-ah, who had been talking non-stop, lowered her voice and looked at the atmosphere before opening her mouth.

"...Oppa, what are you doing after this?"

She swallowed her dry saliva and her eyelids were trembling.

Her hands were tightly holding the hem of her skirt.