

Real Man 501

Chapter 501:

It seemed like a good situation, but not for Jang Seok-joon, the union leader.

He was sitting in his office, calling Nam Min-sik, a reporter he had a close relationship with. He expressed his anxious feelings.

“Nam, why aren’t you answering me? I asked you to investigate that bastard’s weakness.”

-You should talk to Director Chu. I’m too busy.

“How do you think I feel? I’m the only one who’s under pressure here.”

-That’s not my problem. If I don’t do what they want, I might be buried in this industry. Will you take responsibility for me?

“No, that’s not what I meant...”

Jang Seok-joon tried to calm down the agitated Nam Min-sik.

Knock knock.

Two cheerful union staff members appeared at the door.

“Leader, we’re going to take pictures of the employees now.”

“We’ll take yours later too. So people can see how amazing you are.”

“...”

Jang Seok-joon lost his words and blinked his eyes at the staff members’ remarks.

One of them smiled brightly and turned around.

“Thank you so much, leader. Fighting.”

Clang.

The door closed, and Jang Seok-joon remained motionless for a while.

With many staff members involved, the visible results of the follow-up measures came out quickly.

He should have been satisfied by now, but Yoo-hyun had no intention of stopping there.

He wanted to expand the scope of his work, so he mobilized the union team through Yun Jun-woo, a video expert.

The result was shown in the C factory conference room on the fourth day of the follow-up measures.

Ahhhhhh.

The conference room, decorated like a resting place, was filled with middle-aged female employees who were chatting.

They all looked tense, as if they were rubbing their cheeks with their palms.

“When we film this time...”

The union staff member who received Yun Jun-woo’s instructions fiddled with the camcorder and raised his hand.

At the signal, the female employees who were sitting started to talk casually, as if they had never been nervous.

“Did you see the expanded lounge in the F factory? There were 10 massage chairs in there.”

“The other factories are amazing too. The sleeping room is basic. Oh, and the cafeteria changed, right? It’s awesome.”

“The food is free, and they added more snacks. If you don’t eat, they’ll give you the snack money back.”

“That’s not all. You can adjust your work hours the next day depending on how much overtime you do. And...”

The other union staff member next to the camcorder flipped the sketchbook and showed the keywords.

Next to him, Yun Jun-woo explained the filming techniques to the union staff member who was handling the camcorder.

Maybe because the other person was a young female employee, his whispering voice sounded very affectionate.

Did he have such a gentle side?

Yoo-hyun chuckled and looked at him, and Yun Jun-woo whispered with a sheepish expression.

“Is there something wrong?”

“No. You’re so nice to the other female employees, but you’re so stiff in front of Hyo-ju.”

“That’s not...”

Yun Jun-woo stuttered with a flushed face.

The filming was over, and there was a clap and a surprised sound.

“Wow. They’re giving us gift cards too?”

“Wow. This much?”

The union team members were doing well on their own, so Yoo-hyun said a word and left first.

“Let’s go do something else.”

“Huh? Yes. I’ll finish the instructions for the other factories and go right away.”

Yun Jun-woo said to the union female employee with a red face.

He was determined to take responsibility until the end, which showed his personality.

The faces of the half-circle workers from six factories were captured on video, and they were played on TVs that were hung all over the factory every day.

Thanks to that, people could see the changes in the factory at a glance.

But the people themselves didn’t change.

To maximize the effect, he needed to overhaul the work that had been done habitually, so Yoo-hyun invited experts.

Kang Jong-ho, a technician from Hansung Electronics Gangwon factory, was one of those experts.

He came to the D factory warehouse with the half-circle workers and was surprised to see Yoo-hyun.

“Huh? Why are you here, Han?”

“Hello, Kang Jong-ho technician.”

“Haha. I thought I wouldn’t see you again after Yeontae-ri, but here you are. What’s up?”

“You said you’d buy me a meal, but you never contacted me, so I came to find you.”

“No, that’s...”

Kang Jong-ho was flustered by Yoo-hyun’s friendly words.

He was a person who had a naive side, unlike his sharp appearance.

Yoo-hyun smiled and approached him, and Lee Seong-ryeol, a team leader who looked high-ranking, greeted him curtly.

“Director Han, I’ve done everything you ordered.”

“Good job. I’ll just talk for a moment and go, so you go to the factory manager’s office.”

“Okay. I’ll prepare a report on the progress of replacing the old facilities with the factory manager.”

Lee Seong-ryeol bowed and passed by, and Kang Jong-ho blinked his eyes.

“What? Factory manager?”

“It’s nothing. Oh, did you look around the warehouse?”

“...”

Yoo-hyun casually pulled Kang Jong-ho’s arm.

He was confused for a while, but when he stood in front of the employees, he showed a different side.

He shook off his clumsy past and revealed his prowess as a warehouse organization expert.

“The problem with the D factory warehouse is...”

He didn't just point out the problem, but also suggested a solution.

He also demonstrated it himself by mobilizing the accompanying employees.

His skill, which had been praised by the audit team members in Yeontae-ri, was still there.

Yoo-hyun watched him with satisfaction, and the demonstration was over.

The existing warehouse staff members who heard the additional explanation couldn't close their mouths in surprise.

“This would be much easier, wouldn't it?”

“I didn't know you could link the computer work so easily.”

“With this, we can cut the management staff in half.”

Yun Jun-woo filmed their reactions with the camcorder.

This was intended to be used as a teaching material for the other warehouse people.

He didn't just bring experts for warehouse organization.

Expert teams from Hansung Chemical, Hansung Energy, Hansung Electronics, etc. came to each production department and achieved production innovation.

The equipment improved, and the production efficiency increased.

On top of that, the welfare improved, and the employees unanimously said.

The Wonju factory has improved a lot.

Most of the existing employees had roots in Wonju.

The news of the Wonju mayor spread quickly, and posts were posted on the internet community without fail.

-My mother has been working at the Wonju factory for 20 years, and she says it's the best now. What changed is...

The posts were uploaded because of the gift card event, but no one thought it was part of marketing.

Most of the writers were related to long-term employees, so they felt sincere.

The reactions were hot, and soon a news that would ignite the hot atmosphere came.

Yoo-hyun faced Chu Jeong-hwan, the director who brought him good news.

“The Ministry of Employment and Labor selected our factory as the best case of labor-management compromise. It will be announced soon through their newsletter.”

“That’s great. Good job.”

“You don’t seem very happy.”

“Why wouldn’t I be happy? This will make my performance more solid. It’s just a shame that it’s harder to deal with you now.”

“What do you mean?”

“If there’s any bad talk after being the best case, it won’t be good for my reputation.”

“So?”

“Now I’m in a position where I have to ask you not to expose me more.”

Yoo-hyun’s sharp words contained something that Chu Jeong-hwan wanted to hear.

Chu Jeong-hwan knocked on the door of the Ministry of Employment and Labor not for Yoo-hyun, but for himself to survive.

He was relieved to confirm that they had the same intention, and he asked Yoo-hyun earnestly.

“Keep your promise.”

“Of course. I’ve already sorted it out. You’re also good at erasing traces. And digging into my back.”

It was something he could tell without even trying.

Chu Jeong-hwan, who was on Yoo-hyun’s palm, hid his embarrassment and said.

“Don’t misunderstand. I hope there’s nothing to blush about.”

“Me too.”

Yoo-hyun smiled at him.

Of course, he had no intention of letting him go.

The result of Chu Jeong-hwan's efforts was soon revealed through the Ministry of Employment and Labor's newsletter.

This spread as an article, and it also improved the image of Hansung Group.

Now other companies were knocking on the door of the Wonju factory to benchmark it.

The person who would mark the peak of this positive situation called him.

It was Kim Yeon-guk, a reporter from Uri Ilbo.

He was in a hurry and asked bluntly.

-Is it true that you're at the Wonju factory right now?

"Yes. That's right. How are you?"

-Huh. Did you also coordinate this strike?

"I was lucky. The employees also helped me a lot."

Yoo-hyun was humble, but Kim Yeon-guk, who had heard the information from Oh Eun-bi, didn't think so.

He knew well that Yoo-hyun belonged to the group strategy room, and what it meant for the group strategy room to intervene in the subsidiary strike.

This was something that Yoo-hyun deliberately leaked, but Kim Yeon-guk didn't have time to question it.

He was in charge of the social section, so he had to write a special article on this strike.

His desperation was evident in his voice.

-Do you remember the car center article I wrote last time? Thanks to that, Hyun-soo's car center is doing really well. I visit there sometimes.

"Haha. Just get to the point."

-I, I want to write a special article on this, can you help me?

“Sure. It’s a good connection. But I have to go back soon, so you have to come quickly.”

-Gasp. Don’t worry. I’ll jump right up.

Kim Yeon-guk hung up the phone with a spirited voice.

And he really came up to Wonju that evening.

Yoo-hyun, who booked a hotel room for him, had a drink with him at the hotel bar.

“I remember the flying kick picture was so good...”

“Haha. Back then, you...”

They drank a glass of alcohol and reminisced.

Yoo-hyun subtly guided the direction of the article.

“I really liked the car center article you wrote last time. It was very human and nice.”

“I’m thinking of writing a more human article this time.”

“That’s good. Especially, the Wonju factory is where Chairman Shin Hyun-ho’s roots are, so there will be a lot of stories. There are also production workers who worked with him.”

“Oh, that’s nice. It would be plausible to link the history of Hansung Precision and the process of this strike.”

Kim Yeon-guk’s storytelling ability was exceptional.

It was the best decision to bring him into this game.

He showed his unique refreshing laugh and clinked glasses with Yoo-hyun.

“This is a heavy responsibility, isn’t it? I have to work hard for once.”

Clang.

The two people who had the same intention crossed their smiles with the swaying glasses between them.

The next day, Yoo-hyun kept his promise to support Kim Yeon-guk.

First, he assigned Yun Jun-woo and Gong Jin-han, who were in charge of the video, to support him.

He also provided the videos, photos, and records of the changes that had been organized through the union team.

Thanks to that, he got high-quality data that he would have to run around for.

Of course, he had time to spare, and he could focus on the stories of the employees.

He interviewed the old factory workers, and at the end, he also interviewed the heroes of this strike negotiation.

They were Jang Seok-joon, the union leader, Chu Jeong-hwan, the director, Ahn Jun-hong, the factory manager, and Lee Seong-ryeol, the team leader.

They didn't want to be interviewed at all, but they had no choice because it was Yoo-hyun's request.

As a result, they had to stick to the interview without even leaving work.

Chapter 502:

Late at night, Jang Seok-joon, the union leader, sat in the conference room and put on a mask in front of the camera.

"I am very glad that our employees can work in a better environment through this successful union negotiation. I will continue to sacrifice myself for the sake of our employees..."

The people behind him were the same.

They couldn't say anything absurd, knowing that this would be a special feature article for the whole nation to see in Our Daily News.

Yoo-hyun, who was watching them with satisfaction, received a phone call.

He left the conference room where the interview was taking place and answered the call from Shin Nak-kyun, an assistant manager.

A frantic voice came from the other end of the line.

-Sir, we have a big problem.

“Why? Did the Spanish royal family visit?”

Yoo-hyun guessed what he had suspected.

Judging from the proactive attitude that Maria Carlos had shown, it was a possibility.

For a moment, Shin Nak-kyun was shocked as if he had seen a ghost.

-Gasp. How did you know?

“How do I know? You sent the exhibition plan to Maria Carlos. She’s coming to see it.”

-Why...

Shin Nak-kyun had no idea, but Yoo-hyun had already made a decision.

The exhibition of Hansung’s cutting-edge IT products as a hospitality gesture was something that appealed to Maria Carlos’s taste.

Especially, one of the items must have caught her eye.

Yoo-hyun imagined the situation in Spain across the ocean and went straight to the point.

The words that Shin Nak-kyun wanted to hear came out of Yoo-hyun’s mouth.

“Okay, summarize it and report it to the person in charge first. They will be very pleased.”

-Can I do it?

“You did it. Do it yourself.”

-Th, thank you.

What was he so grateful for? He did all the work himself.

Yoo-hyun chuckled and expressed his honest feelings.

“Good job.”

...

Shin Nak-kyun didn't answer for a while.

He seemed to be very touched.

Of course, Yoo-hyun also gained a lot.

No matter how well he knew what Maria Carlos wanted, he had to meet the demanding requirements of the Narutal Power staff first to reach her.

It was a lot of work, and he had to deal with the pressure from Song Hyun-seung, the director.

Yoo-hyun hung up the phone and smiled at his achievements.

“I don't have to lift a finger thanks to this kid.”

That's when it happened.

Kim Yeon-guk, the reporter, said in a clear voice from inside the conference room.

“Thank you for your time.”

His bright smile even in the dark night told the result of today's interview.

A few days later, Kim Yeon-guk's special feature article was published on both newspapers and the internet.

The first protagonist of the serial article was neither the management nor the union leaders.

It was the oldest production worker at Hansung Precision.

It wasn't as provocative as a 50 percent wage cut, but it had a resonance as if seeing our own father.

It would have been a buried news in normal times, but the situation was different now.

It became a big issue, backed by the news of the best case of labor-management negotiation and the support from online and offline.

Thanks to this, the interview scene was inserted into the process of change in the Wonju factory, and it also aired on the TV news channel of Our Daily News's parent company.

Yoo-hyun, who saw the news footage, recalled the words that Shin Hyun-ho, the chairman, had said before he left the world in an internal interview.

-When I was the factory manager in Wonju, I promised the employees. I won't let them starve even if the company goes bankrupt. I don't know if I kept that promise.

He didn't remember exactly, but he had said something with a regretful tone.

He might have been a bit rough, but Shin Hyun-ho was sincere in caring for his employees.

What would he feel if he saw this video?

"I hope you like it."

Yoo-hyun's murmur spread towards the huge mountain named Shin Hyun-ho.

At that moment, Shin Hyun-ho, who was watching TV in his office, was lost in thought.

The senior members, including Son Tae-bum, the vice chairman, had retired, triggering this strike.

It was a painful finger, so he wanted to avoid the strike as much as possible.

But what?

He not only perfectly resolved the strike, but also changed the entire factory.

The employees were very grateful.

How could this happen?

He was curious about the result that stimulated his curiosity, and Shin Hyun-ho nodded to Choi Sang-hyun, the executive director in charge of management support.

"Is that the work of the strategy team?"

“Yes. It was handled by Han Yoo-hyun, a manager from the internal strategy team.”

Shin Hyun-ho tilted his head as he answered in a crisp posture.

“Who is that?”

“He was transferred to the group strategy office earlier this year.”

“He’s good. Impressive.”

It was unusual for Shin Hyun-ho to praise someone.

Choi Sang-hyun, who was watching him, secretly brought up his plan.

“I was thinking of bringing him to our team and nurturing him.”

“Hmm, can you handle him, Choi?”

“Excuse me?”

“Never mind. Just let him do what he wants for now. I’m curious how he will grow.”

“Yes. I understand.”

At Shin Hyun-ho’s words, Choi Sang-hyun bowed his head and stepped back.

He couldn’t say anything even if his pride was hurt.

Meanwhile, Shin Hyun-ho’s reaction was immediately passed on to Shin Kyung-soo through Lee Joon-il, the team leader.

It happened before Choi Sang-hyun opened his mouth.

Shin Kyung-soo was amazed to hear the content.

“Interesting. He even moved the father’s heart.”

-He has a great skill in making plans. He also has excellent leadership in moving the employees.

“But he’s too naive.”

-Yes. He seems to be still immature in that aspect.

It was a fatal weakness to treat the opponent who held the leash lightly.

But his other abilities that he showed in all directions outweighed this.

Shin Kyung-soo, who upgraded Yoo-hyun from a mere fish to a necessary member, said one word.

“Make sure there’s no noise. This team leader will take care of the aftermath.”

-Yes. I’ll report the rest of the Spanish royal family’s visit after I finish.

“Yeah. It seems like my schedule to go to Seoul will be moved up.”

-Thanks to him, I’ll be able to see you in a long time.

“See you soon.”

Shin Kyung-soo smiled at Lee Joon-il’s cheerful reply.

It was the end of Yoo-hyun’s four-week business trip, which consisted of one week of strike preparation, one week of labor-management negotiation, and two weeks of follow-up measures.

Since the follow-up measures were also in the final stage, Yoo-hyun kept his promise and held a dinner for the hard-working production management team.

They didn’t feel awkward, even though they had spent a short time together.

They enjoyed the delicious food and drinks, and the atmosphere continued to the karaoke.

The next day, after a fun time, Yoo-hyun stood in the lobby of the A factory on the first floor to say goodbye.

He exchanged light greetings with the production management team members and faced Bae Hyo-ju, the secretary in charge of production management.

She sincerely greeted Yoo-hyun.

“Manager, thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me. You did well, Hyo-ju. And Yun Joon-woo, the manager, helped you.”

Yoo-hyun wasn’t just saying that.

It was Yun Joon-woo who raised the issue of improving the irregular workers' treatment in the labor-management agreement.

He also took care of the follow-up measures and fixed the problems, so that they wouldn't be bullied by the contract issues.

But Yun Joon-woo shook his head as if he was shy.

"I didn't do anything. It was all your instructions, manager."

He was clueless.

Bae Hyo-ju didn't seem to mind his attitude.

Yoo-hyun gestured to Yun Joon-woo and whispered to him.

"Love is expressed, you know."

"That's..."

"Don't forget what the love doctor said. Try it once."

Yoo-hyun, who passed on Jeong Saet-byul's advice, patted Yun Joon-woo's shoulder.

Yun Joon-woo, who was stubborn but naive, blushed, and Bae Hyo-ju looked puzzled.

Yoo-hyun turned around and Gong Jin-han, the deputy, came up to him.

"Manager, how can you leave like this?"

"What do you mean? It's good for you that I'm leaving. You'll have less work, right?"

"It's not about work. The core member of the karaoke is gone."

Gong Jin-han's tantrum made the people around him laugh out loud.

"Hahaha."

"Let's go again when I come back."

"Yes. I'll practice dancing so I won't lose."

Yoo-hyun exaggerated and took Gong Jin-han's hand.

Swoosh.

He smiled behind him and everyone smiled.

They were happy to receive an extra bonus for their successful follow-up measures.

Yoo-hyun felt that the best value for a worker was recognition and reward.

He left his last words with a small lesson.

“Then I’ll go.”

“Yes. Please come back.”

The employees, led by Gong Jin-han, greeted him loudly.

Come back.

It was a strange thing to say to a group strategy office member who was like a grim reaper.

Yoo-hyun waved his hand behind him and Lee Seong-ryeol, the team leader, escorted him.

Yoo-hyun didn’t touch him at all, so Lee Seong-ryeol was especially respectful to him.

He reached the car without saying much, and he met Ahn Hong-gu, the factory manager, and Choo Jeong-hwan, the director, who were already there.

He had already finished the deal with the secret, but Ahn Hong-gu still seemed suspicious and tried to get a confirmation from Yoo-hyun.

“Please keep your promise.”

“You don’t have to worry. I’m not a man who breaks his word. I gave you all the evidence, didn’t I?”

He still couldn’t relax, and Yoo-hyun left him behind and faced Choo Jeong-hwan.

“Director, can I ask you a favor for the factory?”

“Go ahead.”

“To run the factory well after the follow-up measures, we need a dedicated organization. Please promote the production management team to the manager level.”

Yoo-hyun’s suggestion made Choo Jeong-hwan raise his eyebrows.

He had thought of that while making the production management team the follow-up team, but there was something that bothered him.

Choo Jeong-hwan looked at Yoo-hyun to confirm.

“Then who will take the charge?”

“Isn’t Lee Seong-ryeol the team leader? He’ll do well.”

As soon as Yoo-hyun said that, Lee Seong-ryeol bent his waist.

“Gasp. Th, thank you.”

“Why at this time...”

Even Ahn Hong-gu, who had no sense, felt that something was wrong.

Choo Jeong-hwan, who was suspicious, didn’t need to see.

He looked at Lee Seong-ryeol with his thin eyes.

‘Could it be that this team leader was the mole?’

It was a reasonable guess, considering that Yoo-hyun only protected and cared for Lee Seong-ryeol.

Yoo-hyun let Choo Jeong-hwan misunderstand and patted Lee Seong-ryeol’s shoulder.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“No? No. Thank you.”

Yoo-hyun got in the car and asked Choo Jeong-hwan one more time.

“Director, please listen to me. I’ll check it.”

“...”

He left a word and drove the car slowly.

He saw Choo Jeong-hwan's suspicious face, Ahn Hong-gu's confused face, and Lee Seong-ryeol's still bent waist in the side mirror.

What kind of result would the seed of doubt in his chest create?

Yoo-hyun seemed to see the end in his head.

"I always keep my promises."

He murmured his sincerity with a smile and stepped on the accelerator.

Yoo-hyun's car left the Wonju factory, where he had stayed for a long time.

Swoosh.

A black car passed by Yoo-hyun's car.

The man in the passenger seat looked at Yoo-hyun's face and smiled.

Chapter 503:

That evening, Yoo-hyun told a very welcome person the story of what had happened to him.

"When I was at the Wonju factory..."

Yoo-hyun's studio apartment, with the island bar between them, the man who faced him perked up his ears.

The identity of the man who was quite tall even when sitting was Park Seung-woo, the manager who had returned to Korea not long ago.

He had been upset that he couldn't come and see him, so he deliberately came to his house on the day of Yoo-hyun's return.

Park Seung-woo, who had listened to Yoo-hyun's story until the end, tilted his head.

"Do you think they will draw their swords at each other like that?"

"Don't you think so?"

"Of course not. If they touch the wrong thing, their own faults will be exposed, why would they do that? They will just live quietly."

“If they were the kind of people who would live quietly, they wouldn’t have had such greed in the first place.”

At Yoo-hyun’s words, Park Seung-woo stuck out his tongue.

“So you think the three of them will self-destruct?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know either. Maybe there will be sparks from somewhere else.”

“Somewhere else?”

At Park Seung-woo’s question, Yoo-hyun recalled what Jang Seokjun, the union leader, had said.

-I think I did something terrible to the employees. I will accept any punishment you give me.

He might have said that knowing that Yoo-hyun wouldn’t do it.

But Yoo-hyun read sincerity in his eyes.

Maybe he would confess first?

Or maybe Nam Minsik, the reporter who was holding on, would collapse and reveal the incident.

Whatever happened, it wouldn’t be resolved in a short time.

They were likely to crumble slowly as they caught each other’s flaws.

Yoo-hyun planned to use that moment to blow up the group strategy room.

Yoo-hyun, who had imagined the future for a moment, instead of talking about the result that had no substance yet, lifted his glass.

“Well, what does that matter? What matters is that I’m facing my mentor.”

“Right. It’s important that I finally entered my mentee’s house and drink like this.”

Clang.

He didn’t know why that was important, but Yoo-hyun just laughed.

As they did in San Francisco, USA, the two of them had a lot to talk about.

The place changed, the position changed, and so did the stories.

Among them, there was a story that caught Yoo-hyun's ear.

“You're investigating Shinwa Semiconductor?”

“Yeah. The vice president told me to look into it from the perspective of mergers and acquisitions. But I don't know if this is feasible.”

“Why?”

“It's too big. It's no joke to acquire a company of this size, right?”

Park Seung-woo seemed to have no idea that he was in charge of such a serious matter.

‘He really wants to use him properly.’

Yoo-hyun, who knew Vice President Shin Kyung-wook's style well, chuckled, and Park Seung-woo looked at him with a suspicious look.

“What, do you know something?”

“No. Please finish your story.”

Chirp chirp chirp.

Park Seung-woo, who received Yoo-hyun's glass, continued his story of adapting to the new team.

“Right. I met the vice president first and then went to the innovation strategy room...”

“Junsik?”

“Yeah. He really sighs every time he sees me. He really doubts if you're my mentor.”

“Haha. That's funny.”

He seemed to have a lot of trouble in the changed team after returning for a long time.

Yoo-hyun laughed and listened to his story.

Beep beep beep beep.

Clang.

The front door opened and Han Jaehui appeared out of nowhere.

Yoo-hyun said to his sister, who was carrying a box and groaning.

“What, why are you showing up now? It’s been a month since I returned, and that’s what you say to your brother? Here, take this.”

Han Jaehui said indifferently and handed him the box she had brought.

Inside were bottles of liquor and snacks.

Park Seung-woo, who ran out quickly, took the box and smiled.

“As expected. Jaehui, you’re generous.”

“Do you know me? Oh, come to think of it, you look familiar.”

“I’m Park Seung-woo, Park Seung-woo. You know, we met at the German exhibition.”

“Oh, the one who passed out first while drinking?”

Han Jaehui clapped her hands and pretended to know, and Park Seung-woo flared up.

“I was too tired then.”

“You look tired today too?”

“No way. I’ll show you this time.”

Park Seung-woo burned his will, and Han Jaehui raised her lips provocatively.

“Then let’s drink happily.”

“Sure. I’ll set it up first.”

Park Seung-woo, who nodded cheerfully, quickly unpacked the box.

He took out all the bottles of liquor on the island bar, and his determination to drink was conveyed.

“Oh my.”

Yoo-hyun rubbed his forehead, as if he could already see what was going to happen.

Yoo-hyun, who got up from his seat and walked toward the room, was called by Park Seung-woo, who was arranging the bottles.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to lay out the blanket.”

“Why the blanket?”

“Because you’re going to pass out soon.”

“Who’s going to pass out? I’m Park Seung-woo.”

Park Seung-woo boasted, but it was as Yoo-hyun expected.

He, who didn’t know the subject and fought with Han Jaehui, collapsed in no time.

Han Jaehui, who emptied Park Seung-woo’s glass, was incredulous.

“What, you said you were good at drinking.”

“You’re the ignorant one.”

“Who’s ignorant? Come on, brother, let’s celebrate your return. Cheers.”

“What kind of return celebration is this, emptying two bottles of liquor?”

“So what? It’s the mood.”

Yoo-hyun shook his head at Han Jaehui, who smiled brightly.

That was the last memory of Yoo-hyun that day.

Zing. Zing.

When Yoo-hyun opened his eyes to the sound of his cell phone vibrating, it was already bright outside.

The blanket next to him was neatly folded, so Park Seung-woo must have already left.

Why did he drink so much when he had to go to work?

Yoo-hyun smiled and picked up the cell phone on the bedside table.

On the screen was the name of Yoon Junwoo, the manager.

Since he was not someone to call just to say hello, Yoo-hyun sat down and answered the phone.

“Yes, sir. What can I do for you?”

-Sorry to bother you on your day off. I have something to tell you, so I contacted you.

“No problem. Go ahead.”

-Actually, yesterday...

Yoo-hyun’s expression became more and more serious as he listened.

He couldn’t understand the situation, so he repeated what he had heard.

“Director Chu’s position is vacant?”

-Yes. The factory manager and the team leader are the same. The management team leader and the planning team leader also resigned.

The management team leader and the planning team leader were also involved in corruption.

However, they were somewhat peripheral to the core, so Yoo-hyun didn’t bother to deal with them.

“What about the union side?”

-They cleaned up all the leaders there. I looked into it because it was strange, but there was no trace. The people are also keeping quiet.

“Do you know who came?”

-No. I didn’t see. There was nothing left in the car visit records.

“...”

Was this possible in one morning?

This was impossible unless someone very high up intervened.

And it was clear that someone who knew the opponent as well as Yoo-hyun was involved.

But there was no one like that in the company right now.

Yoo-hyun asked with a faint hope.

“Have you heard from Nam reporter?”

-Actually, Deputy Gong contacted me, but he’s not answering.

“Please check again.”

-Yes. I understand.

He didn’t need to check to know the result.

The person who had done such a clean job wouldn’t have left the Hanseil Daily alone.

Why did he remember what he had said to Ahn Hong-gu, the factory manager, right now?

Yoo-hyun put down his phone and smirked.

“He made me a jerk who doesn’t keep his promises.”

He had cleaned up the mess as if he was helping Yoo-hyun, but he didn’t like it.

Yoo-hyun didn’t leave them to collapse on their own because he was weak.

The hidden bomb had to explode when the group strategy room collapsed.

Apart from his malicious mind, the first thing to do was to find out who the opponent was.

Yoo-hyun got up from his seat, thinking of a plan.

He quickly checked his clothes and left the officetel building.

Then he picked up his phone and contacted Shin Nak-kyun, his deputy.

-Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

“Are you expecting a visit from the personnel support manager today?”

-Yes. Why is that?

“I have something to do. Have you finished the scenario for the Spanish royal family reception?”

-I'm working on it. I'll have it ready by the time you return from your vacation.

Shin Nak-kyun, who knew Yoo-hyun's style, gave a standard answer.

He would have liked to praise him if it had been yesterday, but not now.

Yoo-hyun walked quickly and said curtly.

"No, do it now. I'm going to the office."

-To the office?

"Yes. Get ready so I can see it right away."

He hung up the phone after leaving a message and immediately dialed another number.

The name of Song Hyun-seung, the senior manager, appeared on Yoo-hyun's phone screen.

Yoo-hyun was getting closer to the Hansung Tower in Gangnam.

As planned, a guest visited the strategy office.

It was Ju Jae-oh, the personnel support manager, who was famous for his stiff head.

Song Hyun-seung, the senior manager who had brought the two team leaders together, exchanged a few words and frowned.

"Manager Ju, don't be like that. You can tell me your honest feelings."

"Honest feelings?"

"Yes. You came here because of the Spanish royal family visit, right?"

The strategy office was far below the personnel support office in terms of size and location.

But now that the strategy office was the dominant one, Ju Jae-oh had to lower his posture.

"Yes. It's such an important matter that I think we need to send our staff."

"That's good to hear. We needed someone to take care of the aftermath while we were hosting them. You can support us in that part."

“Don’t be greedy. This is something that doesn’t allow a single mistake.”

Ju Jae-oh snapped, but Song Hyun-seung didn’t back down.

He even stepped up, as if to pay back his resentment.

“It’s our office that made this important matter that doesn’t allow a single mistake.”

“Making an opportunity and making a result are different.”

“Can you make a result if you can’t make an opportunity?”

“...”

That’s how the fierce pride fight between the two offices continued.

The door opened with a clank, and a man with a laptop in his hand appeared.

Shim Byeong-jik, the team leader who was swallowing his saliva nervously, was surprised to see Yoo-hyun.

“Why are you here?”

Behind him, Song Hyun-seung smiled and gestured.

“I called him. Han, come and sit here.”

“Yes, sir.”

Yoo-hyun entered and sat down on an empty chair, and Song Hyun-seung introduced him.

“Manager Ju, this is Han Yoo-hyun, the manager who led the Spanish royal family visit.”

“Hello, I’m Han Yoo-hyun, the manager.”

Yoo-hyun bowed his head lightly and looked at Ju Jae-oh.

He had short curly hair, thick eyebrows, and a hard face because of his thin face. His impression was the same as his past memory.

He was the one who pushed out Yoon Ju-tak, the vice president, and became the head of the group strategy room.

He gave a conventional greeting.

“I see. You’re a young guy, but you’ve done a great job.”

Did he really not know?

Yoo-hyun used Song Hyun-seung to probe him.

“It’s thanks to our senior manager who supported us actively. He helped us with the strike at the Wonju factory. He even gave us Team Leader Bae, so we solved it easily.”

“...”

Bae Jae-chan, the team leader, twisted his mouth.

He didn’t know that he was burning with anger, and Song Hyun-seung praised Yoo-hyun.

“You did well. Do you know how well this guy handled the job? Even Vice President Choi is eyeing him.”

“Is that so?”

“Haha. It was the first time in Hansung Group that labor-management negotiations became a best practice. And...”

Yoo-hyun listened to Song Hyun-seung’s long speech and quickly sorted out the situation.