

## **Real Man 51**

### Chapter 51

He hated that person, and he knew that he would offer him the alcohol he hated.

But he was afraid of rejecting him, thinking that he was from the same department.

He thought that the damage could affect his work at the company.

She wanted to do better at her job.

“Kim Eun-young, you don’t look so good. Should we go back?”

“No, no, Assistant Manager. Please have a drink.”

“No, you should drink first.”

“I can’t drink well...”

“Hey, don’t refuse when I’m offering you.”

She couldn’t refuse properly for that reason.

*Clatter.*

Kim Eun-young took the glass of alcohol while looking at Yoo-hyun next to her.

He seemed to want to show a confident senior’s image in front of the new employee.

Then, Yoo-hyun’s hand moved right in front of her seat.

At the moment when she felt curious, Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon said.

“Okay, one shot, no questions asked.”

*Clang.*

The glasses clashed, and Kim Eun-young drank the alcohol with a stiff expression.

‘Huh?’

But it was strange.

It was water, not soju.

When did it change?

“Wow, you drink well. Another one shot!”

*Clang.*

The same thing happened again.

Then she realized that Yoo-hyun had switched the glasses.

‘Thank you.’

‘You’re welcome.’

Eun-young, who realized that Yoo-hyun was playing the black knight, sent him a grateful look and drank again.

It was water again this time.

Then Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon asked in surprise.

“Eun-young, you drink well today?”

“Yes.”

“Then why do you keep avoiding it? It would be nice if you listened well.”

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon snapped at Kim Eun-young as if he was talking to Yoo-hyun.

Then he turned his head and looked at Yoo-hyun.

He seemed to have a lot to say, but he held back because of the team leader at the next table.

Yoo-hyun picked up a bottle of alcohol with a good-natured smile.

“Manager, nice to meet you. Let me offer you a drink.”

“Shall we?”

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon accepted the drink and poured alcohol into Yoo-hyun’s beer glass.

The soju that filled half of the transparent beer glass swirled around.

“I’m pouring this much because I’m glad to see you.”

“Oh, I made a mistake. I’ll pour it again for you.”

Yoo-hyun handed him a beer glass of the same size with a surprised expression.

*Clatter.*

Then he poured soju into Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon glass just like before.

“...”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t pour enough for you.”

He also apologized sincerely.

Assistant Manager Kim Hyun-min, who was chatting at the next table and saw that scene, laughed out loud.

“Hahaha, Go Assistant Manager got hit hard.”

Then suddenly everyone’s attention was drawn to them.

It seemed like his pride would be hurt if he didn’t drink it in this situation where everyone could hear him.

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon had no choice but to drink it.

He had already drunk quite a bit before, but he drank it all in one shot!

Yoo-hyun only slightly swallowed his drink and put down his glass while coughing.

He didn’t even intend to drink it all in the first place.

Why would he drink that stupidly?

“Ugh, it’s too bitter.”

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon, who drank it alone, turned red and blue and glared at Yoo-hyun.

“Are you kidding me?”

“I’m sorry. I can’t drink well.”

Yoo-hyun made a serious expression and bowed his head deeply.

He was apologizing politely, but it seemed like he was provoking him on purpose.

-I think that new guy apologized on purpose. He even calculated when the person in charge would come and shouted loudly.

He was already annoyed after hearing the story from Assistant Manager Shin Chan-yong.

That’s why every action of the new employee seemed like he was targeting him.

That’s when it happened.

*Squeak.*

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon saw a small smile on the corner of the new employee’s mouth.

It was at an exquisite angle that only he could see.

‘This bastard!’

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon clenched his lower lip so that the team leader wouldn't hear him and cursed in his mind.

"Shall we go out and talk for a bit?"

"Huh? Oh, okay."

He pretended to be weak, but Yoo-hyun also wanted that.

As soon as Yoo-hyun whispered softly, he smiled at Kim Eun-young, who was worried.

It was time to deal with him properly.

Yoo-hyun was trying to please Executive Director Jo Chan-young and the seniors for the sake of the people who owed him.

It was never for the people who were not helpful but only hindering.

He didn't know when Kim Eun-young would quit because she couldn't stand it, so he needed to take care of it as soon as possible.

*Squeak.*

Yoo-hyun opened the narrow entrance door and checked the location of the CCTV.

The round CCTV covered about 10 meters in front of the entrance.

Maybe because it was a corner store, there weren't many people passing by on the street in front of the entrance.

Outside, Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon, who came out first, was smoking a cigarette and frowning as if he was trying to intimidate him.

He already had a bad face, but it looked worse when he wrinkled it.

Why was he so scared of that guy before?

He was just a psycho who could only bully his subordinates.

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon snapped at him.

"Do you think the company is easy?"

"No."

Yoo-hyun moved his steps forward with a calm expression instead of answering.

Of course, his inner thoughts were different from his words.

'No. Not the company, but you.'

He must have been surprised by his unexpected behavior.

His mind must have been complicated too.

Assistant Manager Go Jae-yoon scowled even more.

“Why are you so arrogant, you young punk?”

“Arrogant? I’m sorry, but you have to be more specific for me to understand.”

Yoo-hyun’s eyes changed slightly as he answered.

Yoo-hyun, who was answering bluntly, annoyed Go Jaeyoon, the Assistant Manager, who started to push him with his bulk.

“Who do you think you are, talking back to me?”

“Did you think that?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t you have to know the reason before you fix it?”

His answer was polite, but he had already sharpened his knife.

It was a challenge.

Of course, Go Jaeyoon shouted coldly.

“Do you want to die?”

“Why would I?”

Yoo-hyun took another step forward and faced Go Jaeyoon head-on.

*Flinch.*

He instinctively stepped back.

He was completely overpowered.

That’s when it happened.

Suddenly, a man appeared from the side and called out to Yoo-hyun in a hoarse voice.

“Oh, you finally came out. I almost missed you.”

Did he bring a thug because he couldn’t handle it himself?

Yoo-hyun looked at Go Jaeyoon with a contemptuous expression.

But his expression was strange.

He looked very flustered.

“Hey, don’t you remember me?”

Yoo-hyun quickly scanned the thug who pointed his finger at him.

He looked like he was in his late twenties.

He had a flashy tattoo under his black short-sleeved shirt, which made him look like a thug.

But there was something familiar about the wrinkles on his furrowed brow and forehead.

A con artist?

He remembered the man he met on the subway a while ago.

He wasn't sure because he didn't finish him off properly, but he didn't expect him to show up like this.

But still, there was a CCTV right in front of the store. Didn't he check that?

He either had a strong background or no brains at all.

Yoo-hyun was sure it was the latter as he looked at the guy who was frowning awkwardly and the two who were trying to act tough behind him.

Then Go Jaeyoon, who was trembling, raised his arms above his shoulders and said.

"I-I don't know them."

"Not you, old man. You, I'm talking to you!"

The thug waved his hand dismissively at Go Jaeyoon, who grabbed his shaky legs and backed away.

He had lost all his confidence and looked like a mouse in front of a cat.

He wasn't even involved in this, but he was too scared to run away.

Yoo-hyun didn't even bother to connect Go Jaeyoon and the thugs.

He chuckled and shrugged at the thugs.

"Well, who are you?"

"Well? Geez. Come on, follow me. We have a lot to talk about."

"..."

Yoo-hyun said sarcastically to Go Jaeyoon, who was still shaking.

"Assistant Manager, you might get hurt if you stay here. I'll take care of these thugs."

"Wh-what? Wh..."

“Pfft, what a bastard. Don’t act tough and follow me. Before I get angry.”

The thug reached out his hand when it happened.

“Stop! Don’t come any closer... or you’ll get hurt.”

Yoo-hyun stretched out his palm and shouted in a strong tone.

It was such a childish move that even the thug flinched.

Go Jaeyoon was frozen and only blinked his eyes.

The thug was not a gangster at all.

He had little experience in intimidating anyone by the way he flinched at such a childish gesture.

He had a ridiculous motive for coming here.

Did he want to extort money by scaring him?

He approached a new employee who looked poor. It was nothing more than a simple ego boost.

He didn’t need to use any force to deal with such a guy.

But he thought he had to make it clear if he wanted to end this for good.

If he let it go too easily, they would come back for sure.

“What are you waiting for? Are you scared?”

“What did you say?”

The thug stopped at Yoo-hyun’s provocation.

In a narrow alleyway, in front of a garbage dump, three burly men in suits surrounded Yoo-hyun.

The thug who was a con artist was puzzled by Yoo-hyun’s relaxed attitude.

Usually when they extort money in this kind of alleyway, students and adults act the same way.

They beg for their lives and give up all the money in their pockets.

He thought this guy would be no different.

But his expectation was completely wrong.

Chapter 52

He couldn’t back down now, not after coming this far.

The thug pushed his companions back and clenched his teeth.

“You don’t think I’ll let you go if you just endure, do you? I have to pay you back for that day.”

“Ah, shut up. You talk too much.”

Yoo-hyun taunted him and watched his expression.

It was hilarious to see him flustered by such a simple remark.

“What, what did you say?”

“Hey, are you going to fight with your mouth? Just hit me already.”

“Y-you!”

The thugs didn’t intend to hit him hard, they just wanted to scare him a bit.

But when they were provoked, they couldn’t hold back their fists.

Thud.

His thick fist landed squarely on Yoo-hyun’s face.

But something was wrong.

He clearly hit his face, but he felt nothing in his fist.

At that moment, Yoo-hyun, who had been touching his cheek with both hands, spoke.

“See, you hit me first, right? There’s a CCTV over there in the garbage dump. It’s watching us. I have enough evidence. You know what I mean?”

It was not something that a person who had been hit would say.

His appearance was creepy and the thug stuttered.

“W-what are you talking about?”

“No, just... You’re done for. You messed with the wrong person.”

“...”

“H-hey, what do we do? Shouldn’t we call Hyun Chul hyung?”

“What do you mean, what do we do? J-just beat him up!”

Yoo-hyun smirked and looked at the men who were rushing at him.

He had been taking punches from a pro every day in the gym.

He could see the movements of those punches, but these slow fists looked like slow motion to him.

It wasn’t that they had any sense, they just swung their hands in the air.



He didn't even need to use his fists.

He dodged the flying fists and tripped them with his feet.

*Crash.*

“Ugh.”

One of them fell to the ground.

He avoided the others who tried to grab him and pulled their collars with his outstretched hand.

*Bang.*

“Kugh.”

He smashed their heads together.

It wasn't just that he saw the movements in front of him.

He could also predict their next actions.

It was the result of training with the pros in the gym.

“Ouch.”

*Thump thump.*

They didn't even touch Yoo-hyun, but they kept rolling and falling and bumping into each other.

But Yoo-hyun looked rather relaxed.

He felt an overwhelming power that he had never experienced before, making this situation seem like a scene from a game.

“Huff, huff.”

The thug who had been leading the others was completely fed up with Yoo-hyun's ghost-like movements.

*You bastard!*

He gasped for breath and tried to reach out again.

But he lost his direction and his eyes were shaking.

He felt a strong fear.

He sensed the difference in power that he couldn't overcome.

He had thought he was good at fighting, but he was totally humiliated.

And that was when three of them attacked him together.

On top of that, his relaxed attitude and condescending gaze showed an insurmountable level difference.

He remembered what Han Min Ji had said to him.

-Oppa, that guy looks dangerous. I think it's better not to mess with him.

He had snorted at her words, but he felt a chill as he looked at his smiling lips.

He looked like an ordinary office worker on the outside.

But there was no way such a force could come from a mere office worker.

'Could it be...'

The thug suddenly remembered a scene from a movie.

It was a gangster movie about inheriting an organization by working at a company.

Whatever the reason was, he realized that he had touched someone he shouldn't have touched.

His instinct screamed at him loud and clear.

The thug tried to get out of the situation somehow and said politely.

"N-no."

"No sir."

When one of them bowed his head, the rest followed suit automatically.

Yoo-hyun didn't miss the changing expressions of the thugs.

Their faces showed anxiety, nervousness, worry, and fear.

There were some people who were very expressive on their faces, and these thugs were like that.

They were so psychologically broken that they were even more obvious.

They reacted to every little movement of Yoo-hyun, and their posture became very courteous.

At this point, anything he said would work on them.

Yoo-hyun was about to go harder on them.

*Woo woo woo.*

The sound of a police car was heard.

"Over here!"

He saw Kim Eun Young at the end of the alley, and the other team members as well.

They were so worried that they had called the police.

But the scene they saw was very different from what they expected.

Yoo-hyun was fine, but the thugs were covered in dirt and sweat.

They weren't even in a fighting stance.

Yoo-hyun hurried to clean up the situation, but their eyes were already wide open.

*Oh no.*

He seemed to have caused a deep misunderstanding.

The next day.

Hansung Tower, 10th floor, women's restroom.

There, many female employees were listening to Lee Ae Rin, the secretary in charge of mobile sales marketing.

“Did you hear? The new guy who joined the product planning team, Yoo-hyun, is something else...”

The topic was what happened at the mobile product planning team's dinner yesterday.

It involved the infamous Assistant Manager Go Jae Yoon, who had a bad reputation among the female employees, so Lee Ae Rin's voice was low, but people perked up their ears.

“Really? But how did he fight against five people and win?”

“It's true. Right, Eun Young?”

“Yes, it's true. Everyone saw it. There was this huge guy with a tattoo on his arm, and when Yoo-hyun kicked his leg, he spun twice in the air.”

Three people became five, and a simple fall became a double aerial spin.

But what did that matter?

The important thing was that they had witnessed an amazing scene.

Of course, they only saw the last part.

As Kim Eun Young, the witness, added more details with big gestures, the atmosphere heated up more, and the story became accepted as fact after passing through some mouths.

“Wow, he doesn’t look that strong though?”

“I know, right? He just looked pretty and neat.”

“But he’s really fast, you know. He ran all the way from far away to catch a cleaning lady who was falling.”

“Really? That’s awesome. But what about Assistant Manager Go? Did he just run away?”

“Yes. He suddenly took a vacation this week. He must have felt ashamed.”

“Wow, Eun Young, you’re lucky. Hahaha.”

The story of a new employee’s mysterious deeds in a clear-cut situation of good and evil was enough to arouse curiosity.

And they hated Assistant Manager Go Jae Yoon’s misdeeds, so the conversation got even hotter.

There was someone who was looking for a chance to join the conversation.

It was Jin Sun Mi from the PR team, who had joined the company with Yoo-hyun.

Then, Lee Ae Rin looked at Jin Sun Mi as if she remembered something.

“Oh, Sun Mi knows well. Didn’t you go to the training center with Yoo-hyun? And you said he was first there too.”

“Ah...”

“Come on, tell us.”

In front of the seniors who were all paying attention, Jin Sun Mi felt like she had to say something.

She remembered a scene that she had glimpsed and brought it out of her memory.

“I heard a rumor that Yoo-hyun saved someone who fell from a mountain.”

“A mountain? Someone fell from a mountain?”

“Yes. They were doing an innovation march and he caught someone who fell from a cliff and saved them.”

“Wow.”

“And also...”

“There’s more?”

Jin Sun Mi nodded her head vigorously and said.

“Yes. And I heard someone say that they heard from the training center staff that he’s really good at golf too.”

“Golf? A newbie?”

The unexpected word made the atmosphere more focused again.

That’s how the rumors about Yoo-hyun grew like snowballs.

It’s natural for seniors to want to reduce their burden by giving orders to newbies who don’t have much to do.

They usually pass on things that are not really work-related, but rather annoying things that they can do and are doing themselves.

Things like this:

-Yoo-hyun, can you book the meeting room for me?

-Yoo-hyun, can you take this card and buy some paper cups and coffee?

-Yoo-hyun, can you research some supporting data and email me?

-Yoo-hyun, Yoo-hyun, Yoo-hyun.

Like this.

At first, Yoo-hyun was also one of those targets.

But strangely enough, there weren’t many people who bossed him around anymore.

He did his best to fit in with them, but they seemed to think of him as difficult.

It wasn’t because he had done anything special or impressive at work.

He didn’t act arrogant either.

Yoo-hyun was very respectful to his seniors.

Then why?

It was because of what happened at the dinner yesterday.

No one had seen it directly, but the rumor that he had subdued some thugs spread quickly.

The rumor grew out of control and became a heroic tale that even reached Yoo-hyun’s ears.

People look at others with an imprinted image.

Someone who does well at work will continue to look like that, and someone who is rude will always look rude.

It's not easy to change an established perception.

That's how important reputation is.

But what about this time?

He had an image of being brave and strong, and also caring and warm.

He had gained a positive reputation that he had worked hard for years to build in an instant.

Of course, Assistant Manager Shin Chan Yong's face was full of displeasure whenever he saw Yoo-hyun.

But he had no choice.

Even Assistant Manager Go Jae Yoon, who had a bad temper, lowered his tail in front of Yoo-hyun.

Yoo-hyun was lost in thought for a moment.

Park Young Hoon, who was sitting across from him, lifted his beer glass and asked.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Just some nonsense."

"Cheers."

*Gulp.*

His throat felt cool as he drank.

The beer tasted different after sweating.

His whole body felt refreshed.

"Ah, this is killing me. Don't you think so, Yoo-hyun?"

"It's even better because you're paying for it."

Yoo-hyun smiled and Park Young Hoon sighed and shook his head.

"Ah, I'm an idiot for betting with you."

"You can do it again."

Yoo-hyun's words made Park Young Hoon frown.

“Forget it. And are you possessed by an exercise demon or something?”

“No, why?”

“Then why are you improving so fast?”

Yoo-hyun gave a clichéd answer to Park Young Hoon’s question.

“I’m just working hard.”

“Why are you working so hard? Are you going to compete or something?”

“No? Are you crazy? Why would I go to such a thing and hurt myself? I just do it because it’s fun.”

He was absolutely sincere.

He had lived a life without any personal hobbies.

Lately, he had been leaving work early on purpose and going to the gym.

It was an exercise to train himself, not to show off to anyone.

He could forget his worries and focus when he sweated and worked out.

His skills also improved at a fast pace.

## Chapter 53

He felt a pang of jealousy towards Yoo-hyun, but Park Young Hoon was not a petty person.

He was just envious of him.

Rather, he was proud of himself for discovering Yoo-hyun’s talent.

“But are you really working at Hansung Electronics?”

“Probably.”

“How do you get off work so early? That place is supposed to be super strict.”

There was no need to explain his curiosity.

“People are the same everywhere.”

“Come on, the LCD division has a bad reputation. They say it’s like a coal mine. Heh heh.”

“What do new employees have to do so much?”

“Well, these days, newbies don’t care as much as they used to. I guess Hansung is like that too.”

“Similar.”

Yoo-hyun gave a vague answer.

There was no such thing as a newbie who didn't care.

He had to stay late and learn something to keep up and be recognized.

But he couldn't devote himself to work alone.

He could never be happy if he gave up his personal life.

In the end, balance was important.

If the company didn't provide that, Yoo-hyun planned to create it himself.

It was also a choice he could make because he had no great attachment to meaningless success.

As he thought, Park Young Hoon's voice came in.

"Hey, are you thinking about work again?"

"Yeah."

"You seem to enjoy your company. You smile whenever you talk about work."

"What's not to enjoy?"

Park Young Hoon raised his eyebrows at Yoo-hyun's indifferent answer.

"Geez, you're weird. I hate going to work. I'm still the youngest in our department. They make me do everything. Damn it."

"What's wrong with being the youngest? Come on, have a drink."

Yoo-hyun pushed a glass and smiled faintly.

Starting over at a new company.

He was the lowest-ranked and powerless newbie, but he learned the value of a mentor and the warmth of his colleagues.

In the process, he found joy in finding what he had missed in the past.

They talked a lot until the beer glasses were emptied several times.

Most of it was his work story, and Yoo-hyun reflected on himself in it.

"My boss is a jerk. He doesn't do any work, or he brings in some weird projects and makes people angry. It's killing me."

"That's tough."

Listening to Park Young Hoon's story about his boss, he pictured Kim Hyun Min, his manager.



“There are so many psychos in our company. They really treat people like dirt.”

“Spray some medicine.”

“Do you have any medicine now?”

Park Young Hoon glared at him, but Yoo-hyun didn't nod.

Actually, when he mentioned psychos, he thought of Go Jae Yoon, his Assistant Manager.

He had talked with him for quite a long time today.

He thought he had enough drinks, but Park Young Hoon seemed not.

“Burp. Hey, trust me with your investment. I may look like this, but I'm an expert in Jongno...”

“I know. I know. I'll put some money in your fund.”

“Pfft. I'm not forcing you. My performance and reputation have nothing to do with it. Gold? Dollar? They're not very popular, but if you really want it, I'll do it for you. I just mean don't waste your money. Burp.”

“I get it.”

Yoo-hyun shook his head.

Geez, drink within your limit.

He kept repeating the same thing over and over again after drinking a bit.

Park Young Hoon worked at a comprehensive financial company that traded everything from stock funds to foreign exchange, futures, and bonds.

He was a fund manager there.

It was natural for him to recommend investing to Yoo-hyun.

His fund returns were good lately.

The China fund jumped 50% in three months.

But the higher the mountain, the deeper the valley.

That period didn't last long.

As they talked, Park Young Hoon slammed his head on the table.

“Hmm.”

“...”

It was time to end this meeting.

Yoo-hyun tapped on Park Young Hoon's back and woke him up.

“Get a grip. Let's go.”

“Huh? Bro... You're not even up yet... Why are you trying to get up?”

“What kind of situation is this?”

He rolled his eyes at the zombie-like revival of him.

Suddenly, Park Young Hoon saw something and jumped up.

“Oh! Boss!”

‘Damn.’

When he turned around, he saw the gym owner and his colleagues coming in droves.

Yoo-hyun swallowed his tongue for a moment.

‘Don't wear gym clothes...’

Not just gym clothes.

The sleeveless T-shirt that showed off their bulging muscles had the words ‘Number One Mixed Martial Arts’ on the back.

It was an outfit that anyone would notice.

The gym owner's face was red as if he had a drink too.

“Ooh! Our Young Hoon! Oh? Our star Yoo-hyun!”

The other seniors were the same.

They shouted at the bar to leave and crawled into the next seat.

“Nice to see you! Our brother!”

“Oh, nice to meet you!”

“Yoo-hyun, are you happy to see us?”

“Yes, of course. Haha.”

He was happy.

He was happy, but.

When will this end?

He had just put out the fire, but it flared up again.

It seemed like this heat would last until dawn.

“Sigh.”

Yoo-hyun put his hand on his forehead and sighed secretly.

At the same time.

Go Jae Yoon, the Assistant Manager, was on his way back from having a drink with his college friends who had gathered unexpectedly.

One of his close friends accompanied him.

“Did something bad happen? You’ve looked unhappy since earlier?”

Of course he was unhappy.

The guy who got promoted to manager, the guy who moved to a foreign company, the guy who started a business and became a boss.

They all said they would pay for the drinks because they were doing well.

Huh, right.

Like they don’t have money.

He felt sick seeing the guys who didn’t do well in school doing better than him.

“It’s not work. It’s just like that. Come here. I’ll buy you a second round.”

“Here? It’s just a pub.”

“The beer here is good. If you want to go somewhere else, go ahead.”

“Well, if you’re okay with it, let’s go.”

Go Jae Yoon, the Assistant Manager, glanced at his friend and silently climbed the stairs.

He felt like his friend’s words were mocking him.

He was already annoyed enough, but there were only people around him who irritated his nerves.

It was all because of that newbie.

If only those guys hadn’t shown up then, he would have taught him a lesson.

‘Wait, did that kid do it on purpose?’

The more he thought about it, the more things seemed strange.

Why were those thugs waiting there?

The conversation reminded him of the feeling that the newbie knew them.

-He seemed to apologize on purpose. He shouted loudly on purpose.

A hypothesis popped into his mind as he recalled Shin Chan Yong, the senior manager's words.

A staged fight?

Yes, that's right.

How could an ordinary office worker beat up three thugs?

Go Jae Yoon, the manager, ignored the fact that he was the one who went out first and came to a conclusion.

He was completely fooled by the newbie!

Gritting his teeth, Go Jae Yoon muttered.

"How should I deal with that kid..."

"What?"

"No, let's go in."

Go Jae Yoon opened the door of the pub.

"Ha ha ha ha."

A loud laughter filled the pub.

"What is this?"

He said habitually and a big man in front of him turned around.

He instinctively bowed his head at the threatening look in his eyes.

Go Jae Yoon turned his body and said.

"Hey, it's a bit noisy here. Should we go somewhere else?"

"No. Why? It's lively and nice."

This clueless kid.

The only empty seat was next to a table full of burly men.

That meant he had to keep an eye on them.

They were not just ordinary guys, but they looked like troublemakers for sure.

He could tell by the words on their backs.

Then his friend said with a surprised expression.

“Oh? They’re Number One fighters. There’s Kim Tae Soo too.”

“What?”

“Mixed martial arts fighters. Wow. This place is really cool. Wow!”

Go Jae Yoon swallowed his saliva.

He felt the gaze of the big man he had made eye contact with earlier.

His fist alone could cause at least four weeks of dental treatment.

They were different from the thugs he had seen before in quality.

That’s when it happened.

Between the loud voices, he saw a familiar face.

“Heh heh heh, you got beaten by Yoo-hyun.”

“What about you? You lost a bet to him.”

“This kid is not our star for nothing. Right, boss?”

“Of course. If Yoo-hyun does well, you all have to kneel down to him. Got it?”

“Ha ha ha ha.”

*Flinch.*

Frozen Go Jae Yoon hid behind the sofa as Yoo-hyun turned his body.

His friend looked puzzled.

“What are you doing? Sit down.”

“No, I can’t.”

“What?”

“I’m going first.”

“Hey? Go Jae Yoon!”

Go Jae Yoon left the pub in a crouching position.

Yoo-hyun turned his head after the door opened.

“Yoo-hyun, what?”

“No, I think I heard it wrong.”

“You’re so cold. Come on, let’s drink!”

Yoo-hyun shrugged and picked up his beer glass again.

Park Young Hoon was already out of it, and some of the gym seniors seemed to have reached their limit too.

The boss would take care of it.

Yoo-hyun decided to relax.

The next day.

“Good morning.”

Yoo-hyun started his day with a cheerful greeting as he arrived at work.

Then Go Jae Yoon, the Assistant Manager who returned after a long vacation, walked by.

He could at least say hello to him.

It was a different matter to keep the basics at work.

“Huh!”

As soon as he saw Yoo-hyun, Go Jae Yoon turned around with a startled expression and started walking in the opposite direction of the bathroom.

Without even putting his bag down on his seat.

“What?”

He felt like he was avoiding him on purpose.

Was it because of what happened at the dinner?

Yoo-hyun didn't think too much about it.

“It's better this way.”

He was someone he didn't want to see anyway.

It was a relief that he sorted it out himself.

As Yoo-hyun was about to sit down, Kim Hyun Min, the leader of his part, greeted him as he passed by.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning to you too.”

Kim Hyun Min, the manager.

He looked more relaxed than anyone else.

Yoo-hyun momentarily recalled his conversation with Park Young Hoon yesterday.

The boss who was a jerk according to him matched exactly with Kim Hyun Min's image.

Kim Hyun Min always acted like that.

He seemed like he came to work for fun.

-Hey, you don't have to be so bad. You won't get fired for that.

He was disappointed by his lack of responsibility in the past.

He was sure that he wouldn't be able to achieve good results in the third part if he stayed there.

Then one day.

When he was working all night, Kim Hyun Min called him to the break room.

He couldn't understand why he wanted to go to the break room when the project deadline was right in front of him.

He ran blindly ahead and went to the break room with anger.

There were his colleagues gathered there.

And a cake was on the table.

-Hey, happy birthday. Don't tell me you forgot it's your birthday because you're busy.

What did he say in front of Kim Hyun Min who was laughing and talking?

Yoo-hyun shook his head as he remembered the embarrassing memory.

Chapter 54

For a moment, Yoo-hyun coldly pointed out the reality.

Kim Hyunmin, the manager, still kept his distance from work, and it was hard to achieve results no matter how hard he worked under him.

There were too many complaints, but he couldn't express them openly because of his human side.

No matter how good a person is, he will show his true nature when cornered.

He would squeeze and scold his subordinates and even vent his anger.

But Kim Hyunmin was different.

He never lost his composure in any situation.

Even when Yoo-hyun said he wanted to move to another part, he didn't stop him and let him go.

-Don't live too hard. You're good at everything, but I feel sorry for you.

He always said that, so he took it for granted.

He found out later.

In the end, his words were not wrong.

How far did he see?

It was a curiosity that came to him after he had accumulated a lot of experience.

He felt a warm memory in his heart and a curiosity about his actions.

What was the reason?

His curiosity grew more and more.

Then he heard the nervous voice of Oh Jaehwan, the team leader.

“Manager Kim! Why is the progress report of the 3rd part project like this?”

“Hey, I told you verbally. It's only for you to see, do I need to make detailed data?”

Kim Hyunmin's relaxed answer made Oh Jaehwan's face even redder.

“I need to know for sure to report to the person in charge.”

“Then I'll tell you again. Why are you so depressed?”

“Ha, just come here.”

Oh Jaehwan's sigh was heard from afar.

For a moment, Park Seungwoo, the Assistant manager who met Yoo-hyun's eyes, shrugged his shoulders.

“That's our part leader.”

“Are you okay?”

“Who are you worried about? He's the one with the strongest mental in our department.”

The best.

Yoo-hyun also admitted it cleanly.

He even said everything he wanted to say in front of the group leader.

While thinking, Park Seungwoo spoke again.

“Did you book the meeting room?”

“Yes.”



“Just in case, send an email to all the part members.”

“I already did.”

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t check. You’re so quick.”

Yoo-hyun smiled awkwardly at Park Seungwoo’s smiling face.

That afternoon.

In a small meeting room with two tables attached, the 3rd part members gathered.

It was a place where they shared the progress of their projects every week.

The peculiar thing was that there was no data.

It was Kim Hyunmin’s idea.

It was a precaution not to make unnecessary data.

Frankly speaking, it wasn’t a good choice.

There was no preparation, so they just casually talked about it.

There was no substance and it was hard to understand what others were saying.

They didn’t care much about each other’s projects either.

It was a situation where everyone just listened.

Park Seungwoo spoke first.

“I thought of two backup plans for this PDA. The first one is to supply the same panel to Channel Phone 2.”

“Channel Phone 2? That’s Shin Chanyong’s project that he’s going into this time?”

“Yes. I know he’s proposing it this time, but I think it would be better if we could make it as common as possible with the same inch and resolution.”

It was literally a panel similar to the one used for PDA, that is, a panel that could use the same production line as Channel Phone 2.

This way, even if the order quantity of PDA was insufficient, they could operate the production line.

They could switch to Channel Phone 2 right away.

Since stopping the production line would cause huge damage, it was an idea to find another backup plan that could handle the amount of water they poured out.

Of course, Channel Phone 2's expected volume wasn't much, so it was only a partial backup level, but what about it?

Kim Hyunmin tilted his head slightly as he listened quietly.

"Really? You might end up giving Shin Chanyong what you've built up so far. Are you okay with that?"

This was what Kim Hyunmin wondered about.

It was Park Seungwoo's merit that he brought this project that he thought was impossible to this point.

There was still a lot left, but it seemed like he had crossed over seven parts of the ridge on the surface.

If Park Seungwoo's opinion was followed, he had to hand over the panel he had developed so far to Shin Chanyong, the manager.

Moreover, if he made a mistake, he might have to take on additional work while meeting Shin Chanyong's demands.

It was like picking his nose without touching it from Shin Chanyong's point of view, who had to decide on the product specs of Channel Phone 2.

Park Seungwoo wasn't a fool either.

He just didn't have any other solutions.

"It was hard to find a more realistic backup plan than this."

"Well, let's try. I'll talk to the team leader."

Kim Hyunmin decided as usual.

There was no specific feedback on what the risk factors were, what needed to be prepared, and whether the direction was right.

To put it nicely, it meant that he trusted his part members' opinions completely.

On the other hand, to put it badly, it meant that he could avoid responsibility.

Choi Minhee, the manager who was quietly listening, opened her mouth and closed it again.

He knew very well that it was a busy situation, and he didn't want to make trouble by saying anything.

That's why he gradually stopped getting involved in other projects.

This kind of useless consideration created a wall between the part members.

Park Seungwoo, who was worried, came up with another opinion.

“And the second one is to make a low-cost full-touch phone with the same inch.”

“Low-cost full-touch? Was there a customer who ordered that?”

“No. Not yet.”

“Then? Who’s going to buy it?”

This time Kim Hyunmin cut him off.

The eyes of the other part members gathered.

They were curious about what he was talking about.

Park Seungwoo took a breath and continued.

“Isn’t there a customer need for full-touch phones in the last future technology report?”

“So?”

Kim Hyunmin’s face hardened and Park Seungwoo’s voice sped up.

“I thought it would be good to make it a low-cost version with the same inch as PDA so that it could be shared with PDA line. It’s about popularizing full-touch phones.”

“It sounds good, but so what? You mean it’s just an idea?”

“Yes...”

Kim Hyunmin frowned as if he had a headache at Park Seungwoo’s answer.

The team leader told him to come up with a proper backup plan right away.

But what he thought of was just an idea product that didn’t even have a customer yet.

It was impossible to make it by next year’s first half in common sense.

Usually, a leader would have been furious and asked why he couldn’t think of anything else.

But Kim Hyunmin was different.

“If you want to do something, that’s good, but how are you going to make it into a product? Isn’t that nonsense?”

“I’m going to submit it to the mobile phone division contest.”

Yoo-hyun glanced at Park Seungwoo, the Assistant manager, and smirked.

He remembered what Yoo-hyun had said a while ago.

-Assistant manager, I'm talking about the mobile phone division contest. If we win the prize here, it will be productized right away, right?

It was amazing how he always gave him the right information at the right time.

According to Kim Hyunmin, the assistant manager, there was no official channel for a 'Eul' component company to propose a product concept to a 'Gap' product company.

But if they used the internal contest, there was a slight possibility.

This was Park Seungwoo's idea.

Kim Hyunmin chuckled.

"Are you sure? It seems like you have a lot to prepare."

"I'll try."

"Just do it."

He said he would try, so Kim Hyunmin told him to just do it.

Choi Minhee, the manager, and Kim Younggil, the Assistant manager who were listening next to him, shook their heads.

It was ridiculous to talk about catching clouds at this point when the project was ending.

The idea of entering the contest itself was laughable, let alone making it into a backup for the PDA panel that would be mass-produced in the first half of next year.

And it was a mobile phone division contest?

It was a contest that LCD division had never won even once.

Then Choi Minhee shared the progress of Hyunil Automobile's built-in navigation panel.

"The progress of Hyunil Automobile is..."

Kim Younggil, who was next in line, talked about the second product he was negotiating with Apple.

"The next Apple Phone 2 panel is..."

They were all big projects.

In fact, they took a lot of work, but there was only one person in charge.

They didn't have time to care about each other's projects.

"Okay. Let's do that."

Kim Hyunmin nodded his head as usual.

It was nice that he didn't tackle them.

But he only passed them by too easily, so there was no tension in the meeting.

Yoo-hyun confirmed once again as he went through the part meeting.

It would be hard to collaborate like this.

The personnel evaluation was right in front of them, and they couldn't afford to take care of other projects that weren't their own achievements.

The problem was that this vicious cycle would repeat next year, and eventually the part would fall apart.

This wasn't a human problem.

It was a structural problem.

Yoo-hyun couldn't see it in the past, but now it was different.

The current work of the 3rd part was based on project units.

It might seem like the same structure as other parts, but it was completely different.

The 1st part and the 2nd part were both in charge of a single product called mobile phone.

There were many types derived from it, but the customers were limited.

In addition, the development department was unified and the production line was shared.

That was a big advantage.

They had individual projects, but they also had a lot of room to handle them together.

But the 3rd part was in charge of completely different products.

Choi Minhee, who was in charge of navigation, Kim Younggil, who was in charge of MP3 and Apple Phone, Park Seungwoo, who was in charge of PDA.

They all had to play separately.

To be honest, Kim Hyunmin's poor management was also a problem.

But it was an organization that was out of control from birth.

‘We have to change.’

The best thing would be to have more people here, but it seemed hard to expect that right now.

The best thing to do was to make the most of the existing human resources.

To do that, they had to change their work within the part by function units.

Choi Minhee would be in charge of customer side, Kim Younggil would be in charge of development side, Park Seungwoo would be in charge of sales and marketing side.

It seemed best to divide their roles like this.

The first thing to do for this was to use their expertise and the second thing to do was to integrate development, quality and production line through this process.

That way they could avoid losing their center and seize the opportunity in the face of the huge wave of smartphones that would soon come.

He had failed miserably in the past because they were scattered all over the place.

But he wasn't going to let that happen again.

Yoo-hyun thought of the contest as his focal point.

One success experience could change an organization's DNA!

There was a prerequisite for this.

Who would take the lead and pull them along?

Yoo-hyun looked at Kim Hyunmin.

The key to everything was in Kim Hyunmin's hands.

After the meeting, Kim Hyunmin said.

“Anyone want to have a drink today?”

It wasn't a coercion, but a customary thing to say.

He went when he felt like it, but now it was too hectic.

Everyone was busy.

Choi Minhee answered first.

“I have something to do at home.”

“I have to go too. I’m sorry.”

“I think I have to stay here today. I have to write a backup plan report.”

Chanhoo, the staff member, and Park Seungwoo also shook their heads.

Kim Hyunmin just laughed as if he had expected it.

It was a good opportunity.

Just the two of them?

Yoo-hyun made up his mind and raised his hand.

“Can you buy me something delicious?”

Was it an unexpected thing to say?

Kim Hyunmin burst into a big laugh at his eyes blinking twice.

“Something delicious? Hahaha. Okay. Let’s go. I have to consult with our youngest anyway.”

A while later, in a tavern near the company.

Kim Hyunmin asked Yoo-hyun, who was sitting across from him.

“Do you drink well?”

“A little.”

“You just like alcohol.”

Yoo-hyun smiled as he listened quietly.

## Chapter 55

Did he like alcohol?

It was unlikely that Yoo-hyun, who was meticulous about himself, would enjoy drinking.

He didn’t smoke for the same reason.

But he couldn’t refuse to attend drinking parties as a Korean office worker.

At least for Yoo-hyun, who was striving for success, it was a necessary course.

Many deals were made at drinking parties, and new connections were formed.

Yoo-hyun paid attention to the slightest changes in his counterparts’ expressions, and tried to remember their words.

Now, in front of him, Kim Hyun Min, the manager, was sitting.

The situation was similar, but the purpose was completely different.

It was not to please his boss, nor to extract information, nor to show off his abilities.

He just wanted to know his honest thoughts.

Did he really want to work properly with his team members?

If not, he had to change his plan.

Kim Hyun Min, who was unaware of his intentions, picked up a bottle of alcohol.

“Have a drink.”

“Thank you. I’ll offer you one too.”

“Haha, sure. How did you find this place?”

“I heard from a colleague. They said the skewers here are really good.”

The place Yoo-hyun chose was a pub in the back alley behind Hanseong Tower, about two blocks away.

He didn’t come here for the taste.

If that was the case, he would have gone to a rice soup restaurant instead.

The real reason he chose this place?

It had partitions and a quiet atmosphere.

The red-toned lights and the wooden tables and chairs reduced the pressure.

The warm sake on top of them made the distance between the people sitting across from each other closer without much effort.

The most important thing was that the price was cheap, so it didn’t hurt his wallet either.

Kim Hyun Min, who was munching on skewers, said.

“It’s delicious.”

“Please buy us more often.”

“Hahaha, sure. Sure. This is enough.”

“I’ll always look at the time.”

Yoo-hyun inserted appropriate responses while observing Kim Hyun Min’s expression.

He had to let Kim Hyun Min lead the conversation.

Everyone had a desire to have someone listen to their stories.



As expected, the stories slowly came out.

“The company? Does the company take responsibility for my life? Everyone gets fired when they get old. I don’t know why they’re so attached to it.”

“That might be true.”

This was where Kim Hyun Min’s opinion became clear.

He emphasized his personal life more than the company.

He was the one who would let them take a vacation whenever they wanted without asking why, even when they were busy.

“Don’t be mistaken. You won’t die without the company. The company will die without hard-working people like you.”

“Do I work hard?”

“No? Park Daeri praised you a lot.”

“He’s just being nice.”

“Haha, whatever. It’s good to work hard.”

“I’ll try my best.”

As Yoo-hyun answered, Kim Hyun Min gulped down a drink.

Then he shook his empty glass and said in a rather serious voice.

“It’s good, but it’s better not to be blindly loyal to the company.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. You never know when you’ll be thrown away. No matter how well the company does, what’s the use? If you get fired for being incompetent, it’s all useless. Right?”

“Yes. I’ll keep that in mind.”

It wasn’t entirely wrong.

Not all of those who were sacrificed by the company were incompetent.

They were just unlucky victims who had to be sacrificed due to external circumstances.

It was the company’s fault that they gave them such a choice.

The sense of deprivation of those who had invested everything in the company in that situation was indescribable.

What if they had prepared something else?

Wouldn't it have reduced the chances of them going bankrupt because of the company?

Maybe what Kim Hyun Min said was more realistic for most office workers.

They drank and talked about this and that.

"I'm telling you..."

"I see..."

It wasn't just mindless drinking.

He put quite some effort into it, so the distance between them was noticeably closer than before.

Usually at this point, they would spill their personal stories as well.

But Kim Hyun Min didn't do that.

He avoided talking about his personal life as much as possible.

It was a stark contrast to Jo Chan Young, the director who would recite his college life even after just one cup of coffee.

'It's not easy.'

He seemed to hide his inner thoughts quite well despite his casual appearance.

Yoo-hyun couldn't tell how high the wall Kim Hyun Min had built was.

Yoo-hyun wondered.

How could he make him reveal the stories he had hidden deep inside?

The end of the conversation that flowed superficially was already starting to show.

The side dishes were almost gone, and so was the alcohol.

It meant that there wasn't much time left.

Yoo-hyun recalled the meetings he had with high-ranking foreign buyers in the past.

He had to quickly get close to them without even knowing their faces in order to achieve results.

He had to use a method that would arouse their curiosity and draw out their inner thoughts.

What method did he use back then?

Yoo-hyun handed Kim Hyun Min a napkin as he saw him reach out to the table.

“Here you go.”

“Thanks.”

Kim Hyun Min looked surprised and then nodded his head.

It wasn't the first time Yoo-hyun showed his sense.

He never missed a glass of alcohol, and he never ran out of food.

It meant that he was attentive to his surroundings.

From Kim Hyun Min's perspective, he was an amazing subordinate.

‘Who would think he's a new employee?’

He didn't look nervous or shaky.

He felt like he was facing an old friend he hadn't seen in a long time.

Kim Hyun Min looked at Yoo-hyun, who was listening to his story with ease, with a new appreciation.

Yoo-hyun raised both hands over the table and caught his eye.

“Manager, do you know?”

“Huh? Know what?”

“If you hold up both hands and look at your face, you can read your mind.”

“Hey, that's nonsense. How can you read your mind?”

Kim Hyun Min chuckled, but Yoo-hyun didn't back down.

“Do you want to try?”

“...Okay.”

Kim Hyun Min, who had a suspicious expression, eventually nodded his head.

Yoo-hyun drew Kim Hyun Min's curious gaze to his hands and drew a square in the air.

“There's a screen between you and me right now.”

“Hmm.”

“Please think of a basic shape on that screen.”

“Which one?”

“Like a square. But don't think of a square.”

“I thought of one.”

“Good. Remember the shape you thought of.”

“Okay.”

Kim Hyun Min was already in curiosity heaven.

Yoo-hyun continued to draw a round shape with his hand and said.

“Now think of another shape and surround the shape you thought of with it.”

“I did it.”

“Good. Then I’ll try to guess it now.”

Yoo-hyun looked straight into Kim Hyun Min’s eyes.

It was a bit overwhelming, but it became a natural process due to a series of events.

The increasing pulse, the frequent blinking, the deepening wrinkles around the eyes were clearly visible.

After a brief silence, Yoo-hyun spoke as if making a careful decision.

“A triangle inside a circle. Right?”

“No? It’s a star inside a circle.”

He pretended not to know.

He couldn’t hide his pupils dilating for a moment.

“Really? I think it’s right. Your subconscious is telling me that.”

“...Yeah. How did you do that?”

Kim Hyunmin, the manager, looked quite surprised.

But he didn’t know.

Yoo-hyun forced his choice with his hand and eye, and blocked any other thoughts with his rapid breathing.

This was the end of the preliminary work to attract his curiosity.

The important thing was from now on.

“It’s not important how I did it, but what it means.”

“What it means...”

“The shape of the surrounding figure tells you about your personality. You chose a neat round circle, right?”

“Yeah.”

Yoo-hyun calmly explained to Kim Hyunmin, who looked startled.

“It means your personality is round. You get along well with others and have a lot of tolerance.”

“I’m a bit round. Hehe.”

It was a possible answer because he created a plausible situation with any words he could attach.

Yoo-hyun’s intention was to avoid suspicion and read his inner thoughts.

He had to go one step further.

“Especially, the circle that surrounds the three vertices shows your hidden desire. It’s a pattern that people who dream of a bigger future often say.”

“Really?”

“Do you have anything you want to do at the company?”

“Anything I want to do? I told you. I don’t have any attachment to the company. But how can there be so much meaning in one circle? Is this really true?”

At Kim Hyunmin’s words, Yoo-hyun shrugged lightly.

It doesn’t matter if it’s true or not.

It just has to look plausible to Kim Hyunmin.

Fortunately, he was still on the board that Yoo-hyun had set up.

‘He wavered for a moment.’

His breathing was disrupted when he talked about his hidden desire.

He clearly showed that he had something he wanted to do rather than being satisfied with his current life.

What was stopping him?

Yoo-hyun looked into Kim Hyunmin’s eyes and moved on.

“And the triangle inside means that your work, personal life, and family are in harmony.”

“Hehe, that’s good.”

He smiled bitterly, but couldn’t hide it.

This was the point.

Yoo-hyun leaned forward and got closer to him.

“The three vertices touching the circle represent marital relationship, parenting, and retirement preparation. The center of them is marital relationship. You two seem to have met well.”

“...”

Kim Hyunmin was more shaken than when he talked about the company.

Did it mean that he was not satisfied with his marriage?

There was a rumor that Kim Hyunmin was having an affair at the company?

“Your wife must be satisfied with your marriage too.”

At that moment, Kim Hyunmin’s pupils shook violently.

It was a more intense reaction than when he threw some bait.

Yoo-hyun was surprised by it.

“...Stop it.”

“Hey. Hey, give me another bottle of alcohol here.”

Yoo-hyun quickly moved his body and called out to the passing waiter.

It was because of Kim Hyunmin’s gesture of lifting an empty bottle.

He seemed thirsty for alcohol.

Yoo-hyun knew he had touched something wrong.

He didn’t ask personal questions for this reason.

If there was something painful, it would be a big mistake.

“I’m sorry, manager.”

“No. Sorry for what? It was fun.”

The alcohol came out, and Yoo-hyun poured it into an empty glass.

Kim Hyunmin drank quietly without saying anything.

He had a cold and heavy atmosphere around him unlike usual.

After some time passed, Kim Hyunmin opened his mouth quietly.

“Haha, sorry. I guess I’m drunk.”

“...”

He smiled with his mouth but had sad eyes.

What happened?

Yoo-hyun silently offered him more alcohol.

Chapter 56

The awkward silence was broken when the newly opened bottle of alcohol was almost empty.

His face was flushed red.

“I know this is not something I should tell you, since you just joined us.”

“Please, go ahead.”

“Ha.”

Kim Hyun-min, the manager, sighed deeply and hesitated.

He looked confused.

It seemed like he was trying to say something he had never said before.

He was just a new employee who he had met for the first time.

But still, he was in a situation where he was pouring out his heart to him.

It was because of Yoo-hyun.

He had actually tried to get closer to him on purpose.

He swallowed his saliva several times and moved his throat loudly.

Kim Hyun-min, the Manager, opened his mouth as if he had made up his mind.

“My wife was very beautiful.”

“...”

Beautiful, not is beautiful.

At the word in past tense, Yoo-hyun felt a chill run through his body.

Yoo-hyun could not say anything.

Kim Hyun-min, the Manager, started to reveal his secrets one by one.

“My wife passed away seven years ago.”

He did not tell him the reason.

He just spoke with a voice that suppressed his sorrow.

Yoo-hyun listened carefully.

His words without tears made Yoo-hyun's heart ache.

'I'm sorry.'

He had always smiled brightly and acted like a fool.

He did not know that he had such pain behind his image.

It must have been a past that he wanted to hide.

That's why he felt more sorry.

He had touched his wound with the excuse of getting to know him better.

"...That's why I moved to this group. I had no choice. I couldn't stand seeing the faces of the people I worked with."

"..."

He must have remembered his wife's funeral every time he saw them.

How could he bear it?

Kim Hyun-min, the Manager, continued.

"I'm crazy. When my wife was on her last journey, I was working overtime. I didn't even go home because I was close to getting promoted."

"I see."

"Damn it."

Yoo-hyun guessed what word was hidden behind that.

Anger at himself, and anger at the company.

"I don't want to force you. That's not right. I can't make another person like me."

"Yes."

"You have to make your own decision. If you do what your boss tells you and something goes wrong, how can you handle the resentment?"

"I think I can understand a little bit."

Yoo-hyun emptied his glass.

He just wanted to drink now, regardless of his purpose or plan.

"Actually..."

Maybe because of the mood, Kim Hyun-min, the Manager, completely broke down his wall and spoke honestly.

The more he listened, the more his prejudice against him crumbled.



Kim Hyun-min, the Manager, wanted to change.

He wanted everyone to have a more comfortable life at work.

He knew that he had to bring out the synergy of his team members for that.

He was not just a bystander who acted like a fool.

He just couldn't muster up the courage because of the wall of reality.

That was enough.

'I'll help you.'

Yoo-hyun listened to Kim Hyun-min, the Manager's story until the end.

When they came out, they felt the cool air that had cooled down a bit.

"I feel relieved."

"I enjoyed it too. Oh, and..."

Yoo-hyun raised his index finger and put it on his lips.

Kim Hyun-min, the manager chuckled.

"Huh?"

"I'll help you."

He grabbed his arm that was swaying for a moment and put it on his shoulder.

Was it because he heard about his painful past?

Did he feel sympathy for him?

No, it was because Kim Hyun-min as a person had entered Yoo-hyun's heart.

"Thank you. I can go by myself now."

"Manager Kim, thank you."

"For what?"

"For being honest with me."

Kim Hyun-min, the Manager smiled at Yoo-hyun's sincere words.

"What. It's hard to get recognition under me."

"I feel like it will be different this time. I have a good sense of things."

"You're bland. But where do you catch the bus?"

"On the other side. You go ahead."

Yoo-hyun watched Kim Hyun-min's bus arrive and turned around.

His chest was hot right now.

There was someone he wanted to see.

It was past 9 pm.

There were lights on in various places in Hanseong Tower.

The 12th floor was no exception.

The elevator door opened, and as he entered the office, the lights that were off turned on one by one.

They were tile-shaped lights that detected the body with sensors and automatically turned on the light.

The distant lights were exactly on the spot where Yoo-hyun had expected.

“Huh? Why are you still here? What are you doing?”

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, who was sitting at his desk, widened his eyes.

Yoo-hyun just smiled.

He didn't even have to hand over the plastic bag he was holding.

The smell was enough.

“You must be hungry. Why don't you eat and work?”

“Hey, I'm going home.”

“At dawn?”

“Puhaha, I'm almost done.”

He said no, but Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, had already lifted his butt.

He was already waiting for 11 o'clock to come while he was finishing up.

The company paid for the taxi fare after 11 o'clock.

The overtime pay he got was extra.

Yoo-hyun came at the right time.

Yoo-hyun went to an empty conference room with Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager.

He spread out the newspaper he had brought and laid out the tteokbokki, sundae, and fried food that were in the plastic bag.

“This is from the food cart in front of us. How did you know it’s delicious?”

“I just saw it.”

“...Thank you, man.”

Yoo-hyun just smiled.

‘I’m more thankful.’

19 years ago.

If he had to choose one of the most memorable scenes, Yoo-hyun would choose this scene without hesitation.

Of course, the positions were reversed.

Back then, Yoo-hyun was working overtime and Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, showed up unexpectedly.

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, was not very meticulous, so he didn’t even bring a newspaper.

He didn’t even bring wooden chopsticks.

In the end, they had to eat with coffee spoons from the pantry.

He realized later that it was a very special thing.

Why did Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, take care of him so much?

-Why? You’re my junior. You should do the same for your junior later.

That was his answer to Yoo-hyun on the day he left.

He couldn’t keep his promise in the end.

He didn’t even have enough peace of mind to do that for his junior.

*Click.*

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, was smiling all the time.

“The more I see you, the more sense you have. How did you know I like sweet honey tea?”

“I don’t know. It just caught my eye.”

“Puhaha, okay. I’ll drink it well.”

Yoo-hyun quietly looked at Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager who was drinking his drink coolly.

His messy hair and loosened tie showed his traces of worry.

He was suffering because of something he didn't have to do if he hadn't touched it in the first place.

A thought crossed his mind.

'Am I pushing too hard for my way?'

Yoo-hyun had felt something when he saw Kim Hyun-min, the manager, today.

He asked him what he felt.

"Isn't it hard to prepare the backup plan?"

"It's hard. But this is better. At least this feels like my work."

"What about before?"

"I just did what I was told. I had no time to think for myself because they kept rushing me with tight deadlines."

Yoo-hyun quietly said a word at Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager's words.

"You might not even use it after all the trouble."

"So what? At least this is something I did from scratch."

As expected, he had a positive attitude.

But that was not enough.

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, had to give up the PDA project to survive.

It meant giving up a year's worth of work to someone else.

The more important thing was that the performance evaluation was right around the corner.

He couldn't easily handle such a risk.

Could he force him to choose at the crossroads that he would soon face?

"Manager Kim said they are both too difficult."

"What is?"

"If Channel Phone becomes the backup plan, the performance will go to them."

"So what?"

“What?”

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, casually opened his mouth at Yoo-hyun’s surprise.

“I have some sense. I know it’s hard to get a good evaluation this way.”

“Assistant Manager.”

“This project is already a mess. I know it sounds bad coming from the person in charge, but I don’t think PDA will do well either.”

“...”

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, pointed out the future accurately.

Yoo-hyun was silent while he finished his story.

“I’d rather have Channel Phone 2 as a backup sooner. Then I can go all in on the low-cost full-touch phone.”

“Do you think that’s possible?”

“Honestly, it’s hard. I don’t think Shin Chan-yong, the section chief, will accept it. But I still want to try.”

Yoo-hyun relaxed as he heard Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager’s words. He knew they had exactly the same thoughts.

Yeah, let’s not think too hard.

Everyone who joins a company wants to leave their mark.

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, had enough ability to do that, but he just missed his chance.

He just needed to help him with that.

Yoo-hyun put down his burden and ate the remaining food while chatting with Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager.

“Assistant Manager...”

“That’s because...”

It was just a conversation where they laughed and talked without any special purpose.

It felt like family.

If he had an older brother, wouldn’t it feel like this?

A really nice older brother.

Then Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, asked him a question as if he had sensed something.

“Oh, it’s payday soon. What are you going to do with your first paycheck?”

“I have to buy a gift for my parents.”

“What about me?”

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager pointed at himself with his index finger jokingly.

He was just saying that he should treat him with his first paycheck.

“I already gave you.”

“Where?”

“Here.”

Yoo-hyun pointed at the remaining tteokbokki and Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager chuckled.

“You’re trying to get away with this?”

“Should I have bought chicken?”

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager quickly matched Yoo-hyun’s tone.

“No. This is much better. Thank you.”

“Please buy something better when you get paid.”

“Chicken?”

“That sounds good.”

“Puhahaha.”

The laughter of the two lasted for a while.

There is an end if there is a beginning.

That’s how work is.

They were doing different projects, but they had to run for their own goals.

The method was the same, only the degree was different.

They listed what they had to do between the start and end and did them one by one.

Sounds easy?

This is really it.

They just had to set and follow their goals according to their schedule.

The intensity of work was not important as long as they could do that.

The problem was how to set up the schedule.

Most office workers struggled with scheduling.

They couldn't know unless they experienced it.

So they vaguely followed the way they had done before.

The reason for setting the schedule this way was not 'Can I do this work?' or 'What is the surrounding environment?' but 'This is how we did it before'.

The schedule set in this way was reduced by the boss.

They hesitated to answer when they asked 'Why can't you do it faster?' because they couldn't make an accurate judgment of their current situation.

In the end, they had no choice but to accept the unreasonable schedule without any evidence.

This problem was more pronounced in the rapidly changing IT field.

Especially for companies that did not produce products for customers, but supplied parts to customers.

It was harder to keep up with the changes.

## Chapter 57

The LCD business unit was a representative example.

Especially the mobile group, which diversified into mobile phones, navigation, MP3, PDA, game consoles and so on, had the most severe situation.

Chief Choi Min-hee, Assistant Manager Kim Young-gil, and Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo had the same problem.

Yoo-hyun quietly picked up a pen.

On a blank sheet of paper that had nothing decided yet, Yoo-hyun calculated and planned out one schedule after another.

It was not one schedule, but the entire schedule for the three-part project.

He added his imagination to what he had seen and experienced so far.

He boldly discarded what he couldn't do and focused on what he could do.

The short-term schedule of three months was divided into smaller parts, and the projects that had been playing separately began to connect.

The popularization of full-touch phones, the success story of Apple phones, the popularization of smartphones, and the huge trend of display development switching to OLED were things that Yoo-hyun could do because he had experienced them directly or indirectly.

If he could just hold on to the center and endure, the efforts of the three parts now had to shine.

Yoo-hyun didn't want much.

He had to make sure that the precious people who worked with him didn't lose what they had accumulated to the wrong people.

That was enough for him.

*Swoosh.*

Yoo-hyun circled the word 'contest' at the beginning.

One of the roles of the product planning team was to open a contest and collect ideas from the development team.

This time, he had to challenge the opposite way.

And it was a contest held by the mobile phone business unit, not the LCD business unit.

The mobile phone business unit.

It was one of Hansung Electronics' main business units along with the home appliance business unit.

They were producers who made mobile phones, sellers who sold them to consumers, and major customers of the LCD business unit.

In other words, from the perspective of the LCD business unit, the mobile phone business unit was 'the boss'.

He actually felt the difference in status when he met them at the conference table.

It was hard to think that they would easily accept an idea from the LCD business unit.

They said anyone from Hanseong Electronics could apply, but there had never been anyone from another business unit who won an award.

But he couldn't just suck his thumb.

Yoo-hyun thought of the people he knew in the mobile phone business unit.



He knew developers and planners who were growing into core lines, but they still didn't have much power.

He wanted to use the chaebol family, but it was almost impossible for Yoo-hyun, who had just become a new employee.

He had to pass by his own strength in the end.

His fighting spirit burned more than despair.

“That sounds impossible.”

To be honest, he had something to believe in.

The upcoming European exhibition was at the end of November.

If Yoo-hyun's memory was correct, 'that thing' happened around then.

If he could pass the first round of the contest, there would be enough possibility.

It was close to gambling, but it was absolutely necessary to set a focal point.

‘And another important thing is...’

That's when it happened.

Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo's voice scattered Yoo-hyun's thoughts.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm just organizing my thoughts.”

“Are you doing well with OJT?”

Yoo-hyun leaned his shoulder over the partition and looked at Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo who stuck his face out.

Then Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo looked sorry.

“I'm sorry I can't take care of you. You don't have much time left for the seminar.”

“You're busy. It's okay. The materials you sent me last time are very helpful.”

“That's good. And congratulations.”

“What for?”

When Yoo-hyun looked puzzled, Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo smiled broadly.

“Your first paycheck. Didn't you check it on the site?”

“No. Not yet.”

“Hey, what's more important than that? Check it out quickly.”

He seemed to be doing something much more important just now?

Yoo-hyun secretly chuckled.

He was working on a schedule that his life depended on.

There was no way Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo would know that.

He urged him to go in as if he wanted him to go in quickly.

He didn't need to check it out, but he thought he should respond to his expectations and checked his salary.

It seemed like two zeros were missing from what he had checked a while ago.

Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo saw Yoo-hyun chuckle and said.

“Feels good, right? What's there for a company employee? It's fun to live on the salary you get and spend.”

“That's right.”

“Did you prepare a gift for your parents?”

Yoo-hyun nodded at Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo's question.

“Yes. Of course.”

“What is it? Underwear? Money?”

“Well?”

Yoo-hyun smiled quietly at Assistant Manager Park Seung-woo who was curious and nagging.

....

After work, it was the weekend, so he got on the bus and contacted his mother.

“Yes, Mom. I'm leaving now.”

-Be careful. Wear your seat belt. Close your eyes a little. You must be tired.

“I will. See you soon.”

He finished the call with a bright voice.

He put the paper bag he was holding in the overhead storage bin.

It was quite bulky because he packed a lot of things.

It was a gift he bought with his first paycheck.

How would the people who received this react?

He finally gave back the heart he couldn't take care of in the past.

Yoo-hyun leaned back on his seat with high expectations.

The vibration of the bus felt good.

When he got off the bus, it was already time for the sun to set.

When he arrived in front of his house, he opened the front door.

*Creak.*

The door hadn't even opened yet, but he heard his mother's welcoming voice.

"Oh, Yoo-hyun."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Of course, I had a good time. How's work?"

His mother, who came out to greet him in a hurry, asked him how he was doing again, which she had asked several times on the phone.

He felt his mother's heart that worried about her son.

"It's fine. The seniors are taking good care of me."

"Ho ho, I'm glad. Let's go in. You haven't eaten yet, have you?"

"No. I ate."

"Then. Let's eat a little bit."

As soon as he stepped on the living room floor, his father came out of his room.

He already knew he was coming, but he pretended to come out at the right time.

Yoo-hyun smiled brightly and said.

"Dad, I'm here."

"Hmm. Yeah."

He still answered briefly.

It was still awkward, but it was a huge improvement compared to the past when he couldn't even face him at all.

"Here you go."

When Yoo-hyun handed over the paper bag, his mother asked.

"But what is this?"

"It's a gift for my first paycheck."

"Didn't you say you got paid then?"

“That was only part of it. I got the full amount this time. Open it and see.”

“Oh, why did you buy all this? You didn’t have to.”

She said that, but her expression was full of anticipation.

Her hand was already on the paper bag.

When Yoo-hyun chuckled, his father clicked his tongue.

“Geez, what a fuss...”

“Stay still.”

“...”

*Huh?*

Yoo-hyun tilted his head at the strange atmosphere between them.

His mother snapped at his father, who was domineering.

His father bowed his head meekly as if he had committed a crime.

His father was not the kind of person Yoo-hyun knew.

“Honey.”

“Hmm?”

He answered right away when she called him.

That was strange too.

“Open your gift yourself.”

“Ugh, give it to me.”

He obediently took the box that his mother handed him.

That was strange too.

It was definitely different from the past that Yoo-hyun remembered, or even a while ago.

His mother, who had given in to his father a lot, slowly tore off the wrapping.

*Squeak.*

As soon as she saw the brand logo drawn on the surface of the box, a smile appeared on her lips.

“Oh, it’s clothes. I wonder what kind of sense our Yoo-hyun showed this time?”

“Open it and see.”

“Oh? What is this?”

Her eyes widened as she opened the box.

There were two thin fluorescent-colored hiking jackets wrapped well in the box with ribbons diagonally attached.

Not one, but two.

“They’re the same color.”

“Yes. I matched them for you and dad as a couple.”

He chose them after hearing that they had taken up hiking as a hobby recently.

But his mother’s expression was not good.

“Don’t you like it?”

“Huh? I do. I like it.”

“It may look too bright, but this is the trend these days.”

“Yes. It’s very pretty. Thank you, Yoo-hyun. Ho ho ho.”

But her laughter didn’t sound good either.

His father turned his gaze away.

Was there a problem?

“Then. If you wear them together and go hiking, people will be jealous of you.”

“...”

Suddenly, his mother frowned and glared at his father.

His father seemed to have a lot to say too, but he remained silent.

Then, a whiskey came out of the gift box that his father opened.

It was for his father who liked alcohol.

“I wanted to have a drink with you.”

“Hmm, we should.”

His father’s answer was barely over when his mother’s answer fell.

“No way. Put it back.”

“Ugh.”

At that sound, his father couldn’t say anything back.

Was there something wrong with alcohol?

His mother's strong attitude and his father's cowering appearance were awkward.

Ah!

He had a hunch and quickly asked.

"Did you get your health check results?"

"..."

His father answered with silence to Yoo-hyun's question.

A moment later.

His mother started to complain after sitting down from then on.

"I can't live, really."

"Why?"

"Do you know what happened to him because of alcohol?"

His father tried to go out and smoke because he was frustrated, but he got scolded by his mother again.

"Don't smoke either! Your lungs are not good either."

"...I know."

In the end, his father quietly went into his room.

Apparently, his liver function test came out bad in the health checkup.

But could he suddenly shrink like that because of that?

"I told him to drink less so many times."

"Is it really bad?"

He was relieved to see that it wasn't serious when he looked at it with a worried heart.

He just had to reduce alcohol a little bit and exercise, and he would be fine enough.

The doctor's opinion said so too.

It was just that his father dug his own grave by making a bet with his mother.

"But he came home drunk again..."

"Dad did wrong."

As he listened to his mother's story, a smile appeared on his lips.

The clear thing was that his mother took over the house after this incident.

The problem was not his mother's hiking jacket, but the couple's hiking jacket.

His mother's complaint didn't stop there.

"That's not all. I understand that he drinks often because he's doing well at work. But it's not right to drink and black out and have me drag him home. Isn't it?"

"That happened too?"

He sighed at the fact that he didn't know.

"Yes. It happened more than once or twice. Ugh... When I went to say something, he yelled at me. He said he was healthy."

"Then what?"

"Then we made a bet. If it's bad, he'll quit drinking. But look at this. It shows clearly in the numbers."

His mother took out the health checkup result sheet from the corner.

Yoo-hyun looked at it with a worried heart, but fortunately it wasn't a serious level.

He just had to cut down on alcohol and exercise, and he would be fine enough.

The doctor's opinion also said so.

It was just that his father dug his own grave by making a bet with his mother.

Chapter 58

Mother was still complaining, dragging her younger sister into it.

"That Jae-hee kid is just like her father. She'll come home drunk again today."

"Isn't she coming tomorrow?"

"What do you mean? She left in the afternoon to meet her friends and hasn't contacted me yet. Sigh."

"She'll be fine."

Yoo-hyun said, and mother shook her head.

Yoo-hyun looked at his mother quietly.

He remembered a different face from his young mother's.

He saw a glimpse of his mother's face that had aged and lost its vitality.

His mother asked him when she saw his face.

“Why? Do you have something on your face?”

“I’m just happy.”

“Ho ho, you’re so sweet. Yeah, I live for my son.”

Mother brightened up.

She became more confident and expressive than before.

He couldn’t see the drooping shoulders that had lingered like an afterimage.

Was this also a butterfly effect brought by Yoo-hyun’s change?

Or did he just not care enough about his mother back then?

One thing was certain: his mother no longer looked like she was stuck in the past.

Yoo-hyun held his mother’s hand and said.

“Don’t just live, but live happily for a long time.”

“Of course. Don’t worry. I’ll see you get married and have grandchildren.”

“Of course. I’ll try harder.”

“Really? You’ll bring a girl when you have one?”

“Sure.”

Mother smiled brightly at Yoo-hyun’s answer.

That night.

Yoo-hyun gestured to his younger sister who came home after hanging out with her friends.

Her cheeks were flushed, but she seemed to walk fine.

“You came home early.”

“What do you care? Why? Did you miss me?”

“...”

Yoo-hyun handed her a gift box without a word.

“Wow, is this my gift?”

“Yeah. Open it.”

“What is it, what is it?”

Han Jae-hee tore the wrapping paper excitedly.



A rectangular box that wasn't very thick soon revealed itself.

Han Jae-hee's eyes widened when she saw the picture and brand on the box.

"This, this is a Hakom tablet. Wow. And it's a large inch?"

"The pen performance is also top-notch."

"This is really expensive... Is it second-hand? Or a knock-off?"

She must have been drunk.

She tore the wrapping paper herself and said that.

"Don't talk nonsense. If you don't like it, give it to me."

"Take it if you can."

"Really? Can I return it?"

*Swish.*

Han Jae-hee pulled the tablet close to her body as if she couldn't let go of it.

Then she turned on the tablet with sparkling eyes.

"But why are you giving me this?"

"It's a first paycheck gift."

"Are you crazy? You're really weird."

"What do you mean?"

She kept looking at the tablet screen with her eyes wide open and muttered with her mouth.

"You're really crazy. How can you buy this? You barely make any money."

"I make enough to buy you one. Don't worry. I'll buy you another one if you need it."

He was serious.

It was a bit hard to buy with his salary, but not impossible.

Money is money if you make more of it.

No, he was confident that he could make a lot of money if he wanted to.

But.

He didn't want to.

Money was not important to Yoo-hyun at all right now.

He wanted to make up for what he couldn't do for his sister more than that.

But his sister poured cold water on him.

“Did you drink?”

“What do you mean? You’re the one who drank.”

“Are you really saying this in your right mind?”

“...”

Yoo-hyun gave a hollow laugh.

Han Jae-hee didn’t stop there.

“How can someone change so much?”

“Just stop talking nonsense and try it out.”

He thought they had gotten closer after talking last time, but there was still a distance between them.

He could tell by the way she didn’t trust him even after giving her a gift.

“It’s nice though...”

Han Jae-hee picked up the pen and started drawing on the tablet.

She was silent for a while.

Yoo-hyun looked at his sister with a faint smile.

He felt proud and sorry at the same time.

He remembered the past when he had cut off contact with his family.

When he was immersed in success, cutting off ties with his family, Yoo-hyun tried to persuade a foreign buyer by looking at her SNS account.

The reason was simple.

He could get some information about the person by looking at their SNS account.

It wasn’t as good as observing them directly, but it definitely gave him an advantage in negotiations.

It was one of Yoo-hyun’s secrets to success.

That’s how he looked at other people’s lives and stumbled upon his sister’s SNS account.

He saw that his sister, who had given up on art, posted her sketches every day.

They were mostly cute icons and emoticons, and people's reactions were not bad.

But his sister, who had faced the harshness of the world and lost her emotions, was rather hesitant.

She felt resentment rather than gratitude for the kindness of others.

-It would have been nice if I could have met this a little sooner.

His sister posted a message of regret along with a picture of a tablet with a pen.

He was snapped out of his reverie by his sister's voice.

"Brother, what are you doing?"

"Huh? Why?"

"Let's have a drink."

Han Jae-hee put the tablet aside and walked out, then came back with a bottle of whiskey.

She also brought glasses, ice, and a plate of fruit.

But the liquor she brought was very familiar.

"Is that the one that was on the chair in the living room?"

"Yeah. That's right."

"Hey, that's dad's gift."

"It's okay. Dad can't drink anyway."

*Clack.*

Han Jae-hee opened the bottle without hesitation.

*Glug glug glug.*

The liquor was poured before he could say anything.

The situation was over.

Maybe it was for the best.

That's how Yoo-hyun sat on the floor in his room for the first time with his sister and drank whiskey.

Han Jae-hee gulped it down in one shot.

"Kuhuk, refreshing."

"How can you do a one-shot?"

“Drinking is all about one-shot. You don’t know the basics.”

“...”

He wondered why his mother said she had a drinking problem.

“Brother, have an apple. Ah.”

“What are you doing? Gross.”

“Aing.”

“Stop it.”

Look at her drunk speech?

“Kahaha. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.”

Why is she laughing like that?

He saw a lot of new sides of his sister in a short time.

Sides that he didn’t know, and didn’t know for 20 years.

That’s how much they had distanced themselves.

“Hey, Han Yoo-hyun. Why are you suddenly being nice to me?”

What the heck?

Now she even talks to him casually.

“What?”

“Why are you confusing me like this?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You told me not to live like this. You said what kind of art is this. Huh? Huh? But why are you doing this now?”

Han Jae-hee poured out her resentment with a flushed face.

At that moment, a very old memory flashed through Yoo-hyun’s mind.

-Art is talent. What are you going to do with that mediocre skill? Go to college and then what? Just waste the family money?

It was about three years ago by now?

He had snapped at his sister who suddenly changed her career path and wanted to do art.

To Yoo-hyun, his sister was doing a hopeless challenge.

She got into college with hard work, but it wasn’t a very good one.

Her college life was also not very satisfying.

There was no way she could see a job opportunity in that situation.

By Yoo-hyun's standards, his sister was already a failed life.

Why did he judge his sister so harshly?

Looking back, it was a ridiculous moment.

He shook his head and opened his mouth.

"I didn't know back then. But it's different now. You have talent."

"How do you know? How do you know I have talent?"

"I saw you draw. I also saw the portfolio you submitted for the assignment."

"That's... I don't have good grades. I have no talent."

"No. You did well. I have some eye for it."

It wasn't just a compliment.

He didn't major in art, but he had seen countless products with designs in the forefront of the electronics industry for 20 years.

His sister definitely had talent.

She just didn't know the right direction.

"No. I have low grades, and I never won any awards..."

No, she did well.

Why does she keep saying she didn't?

"You should be more confident. You can do it."

"No. I won't be able to graduate like this, and I won't be able to get a job..."

Why is she so depressed all of a sudden?

She was so fierce just a moment ago, but now she's gone.

This was also his sister's side.

He had to cheer her up now.

"You can do it. I believe in you."

"What do you know?"

"I know. Even if you don't know, I know. I'll teach you if you don't know."

Han Jae-hee's shoulders trembled slightly at Yoo-hyun's firm answer.

Was it hard for her all this time?

Did she want some comfort?

"How... can I do it?"

Maybe so.

She must have wanted to hear more, not because she was drunk.

She opened her ears first, even though she had a strong pride.

Yoo-hyun straightened his posture and looked at his sister face to face.

"You like drawing cute things, right? Try designing icons for phones."

"Icons?"

"Yeah. Not because of the trend, but according to Hansung Future Research Institute data, icon designers are popular in the US."

"...Keep going."

Han Jae-hee showed interest and Yoo-hyun spoke more passionately.

"And you know emoticons, right? They're also about making characters express emotions. You can make a lot of money with these characters later."

"..."

Han Jae-hee's eyes shook at the word big money.

She looked tempted.

He had to strike the final blow here.

"It's true. You're good at both of them. Try them out. Don't worry about graduating or anything."

"How can I not worry?"

"I'll take responsibility for it, so just do what you like."

She wouldn't believe him.

But it was true.

When smartphones became widely available in the world, and SNS became popular, designers who were good at these two things made a lot of money.

It was icing on the cake if he could secure the market first.

Han Jae-hee had all those talents.

Yoo-hyun hoped his sister would realize that fact.

And he thought there was enough room for it.

“What responsibility? Kahaha. Gulp. Gulp.”

She laughed while holding her stomach until then.

Yoo-hyun looked at his sister with an incredulous expression.

“Forget it. Do whatever you want.”

“Kahaha, are you mad? Huh?”

“No. Hey, don’t touch me. You smell.”

“I’m just too grateful. Kahaha. It’s the first time I’m glad you’re my brother.”

Could it be the first time?

But he felt proud to hear that.

He must have been playing the role of a brother for this taste.

‘I wish she would keep smiling like this.’

She looked good when she laughed freely, even if she was drunk.

He wished that smile would last forever.

Yoo-hyun said with a serious expression to Han Jae-hee.

“If you’re grateful, just promise me one thing.”

“What is it?”

“You have to remember this even when you’re sober.”

“Kahaha, okay. What is it?”

He looked at his sister’s face and put some strength in his voice.

“When you really have someone to date, you have to introduce him to me.”

“What? Why?”

“So I can play the role of a brother.”

“Kukuku, kahaha. Gulp. Gulp.”

“...”

He took back what he said about liking her smile.

This was too much, wasn’t it?

Yoo-hyun looked at Han Jae-hee rolling on the floor with thin eyes and closed his eyes.

He felt like his stomach was going to explode if he kept looking at her.

Chapter 60

Kim Hyun-min, the manager, arrived at work 20 minutes earlier than usual.

“Ah? Manager Kim, you’re here already?”

“Park, did you finish compiling the data?”

“Huh? Oh, that... “

“Just send me what you have so far. I’ll check it and organize it.”

“Yes, yes. I understand.”

He even said he would review the data in advance.

Park Seung-woo, the Assistant Manager, felt uneasy.

It was the first time this happened.

Then Kim Hyun-min winked at Yu-hyun.

Sometimes words are not needed to convey one’s meaning.

He still had a playful smile on his face, but his eyes were more serious than ever as they looked at Yu-hyun.

Yu-hyun met his gaze without flinching and smiled back.

Kim Hyun-min was a strong person.

He was an amazing person who always smiled while carrying the heavy weight of life.

A moment later.

Park Seung-woo, who had been staring at his monitor, exclaimed.

“Wow, he really edited it? He never did that before.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Well, the report for the manager. He really edited it. Look at this.”

Park Seung-woo pointed at the data on his monitor.

There was a table filled with team tasks.

“He deleted the PDA issue part, and added some more backup plans for the contest.”



“Really? Is that a good thing?”

“Hmm... Well, I guess so.”

“That’s good news.”

To Yu-hyun, Park Seung-woo still seemed clueless.

He just felt happy that Kim Hyun-min cared for him.

He looked very cute.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Do you doubt my words?”

“No. Of course not. I trust everything you say, mentor.”

“Puahaha, kid. You should.”

Park Seung-woo laughed loudly, as if he was very pleased.

That’s when a sharp voice came from behind.

“Assistant Manager Park , are you enjoying your work life?”

“Ah, Manager Shin. Hello.”

“Don’t overdo it and sit down. The newbie didn’t even get up, why are you making a senior look bad by standing up?”

Yu-hyun got up from his seat as well, feeling sorry for Park Seung-woo who had stood up first.

Shin Chan-yong, the Manager, smirked as he scanned Yu-hyun.

He had been bothering him ever since their last encounter.

It was not funny at all.

“What’s up...”

“Never mind. Do you have the data for the team’s technical roadmap?”

He cut off Park Seung-woo’s words and went straight to the point.

“Huh? Oh, yes.”

“I told you it was sloppy and you got scolded for it, right? Make sure you sort out all the evidence and make a new one.”

“Oh, by when?”

When Park Seung-woo asked, Shin Chan-yong frowned.

“Do you think you can do that by tomorrow?”

“I have a video conference with the development company in Ulsan all day today...”

“Then let the newbie do it.”

Shin Chan-yong pointed at Yu-hyun with his chin and Park Seung-woo blinked in surprise.

It was the data that Jo Chan-young, the executive director, had sent back.

Even if he did it himself, he would have to stay up all night.

And he wanted the newbie to do it?

That didn't make any sense.

“Huh? Yu-hyun hasn't even finished his OJT yet.”

“So what? Newbie, don't you know that either?”

“Do you mean the technical roadmap? I heard an explanation from Assistant Manager Park before.”

“Yeah. Then you know what to do?”

Yu-hyun responded quickly to Shin Chan-yong's words.

“I think I can sort it out based on the data that Assistant Manager Park gave me.”

“Yu-hyun, that's not it.”

“Whoa whoa. Assistant Manager Park, calm down. Did the newbie say anything wrong? The answer is all in the data.”

Shin Chan-yong grinned as he saw Yu-hyun standing calmly without any sign of nervousness.

That's when it happened.

Choi Kyung-hyun, the manager and leader of part 2, came over with Kim Hyun-min, who looked friendly with him.

He asked them what they were doing there.

“What are you guys doing here?”

“Well...”

“Manager Kim, I'm trying to get the newbie to do some evidence for the TRM.”

Shin Chan-yong casually answered before Park Seung-woo could say anything.

“Why are you asking our part to do that? Manager Choi, isn’t that part 2’s mission?”

“Yes, it is. I instructed Manager Shin to do it.”

“Then?”

“Well, we have a new employee in our team and I thought we should help him with his OJT. I’m trying to give him a chance to do it as part of his OJT.”

He calmly answered Kim Hyun-min’s question.

To him, part 3 was a part that he could do whatever he wanted.

Shin Chan-yong’s eyes met Choi Kyung-hyun’s and he egged him on.

“Let him try. It might be a good experience for him.”

“Manager, the deadline is today. I can’t even...”

“Yu-hyun, what do you think?”

Kim Hyun-min stopped Park Seung-woo from talking and asked Yu-hyun.

Yu-hyun didn’t intend to avoid it in the first place.

“I’ll try. Assistant Manager Park explained the TRM to me before.”

“Yeah, but that’s different from this.”

“Assistant Manager Park, no. He said he would try.”

“That’s because he doesn’t know...”

“That’s enough.”

Kim Hyun-min raised his palm and stopped Park Seung-woo.

It meant that he shouldn’t say anything more.

Park Seung-woo glared angrily.

He probably thought that Kim Hyun-min was being passive again, but to Yu-hyun, it wasn’t.

Maybe it was because they shared a secret, but his eyes had affection in them.

He just seemed to want to check something.

“What do you need?”

“I’ll try first.”

“Okay. Then try it. Oh, Manager Choi. Let him do as much as he can.”

“Of course. Don’t worry. It’s not an official report.”

“Yes. I don’t have high expectations either. It’s just a test, so don’t worry too much.”

Shin Chan-yong also joined in.

A test?

It was a test indeed.

For Yu-hyun, this was a test to make Shin Chan-yong bite his tongue.

Would he fall for his own trap?

To check that, Yu-hyun spoke to Choi Kyung-hyun instead of Shin Chan-yong.

“Manager Choi, I’ll share the data with you and report to you when I’m done.”

“To me?”

“Yes. And to this assistant manager too. And of course, to Manager Shin too.”

“You have a lot of confidence. Do as you please.”

Shin Chan-yong snorted and shrugged his shoulders at Yu-hyun’s answer.

Choi Kyung-hyun glanced at Kim Hyun-min.

He felt like he had put too much pressure on the other part members.

“Manager Kim, let’s see how he does and talk later.”

“Let’s do that.”

Kim Hyun-min didn’t look happy.

The two left and Kim Hyun-min also returned to his seat.

Park Seung-woo, who should have gone to the meeting earlier, was still restless.

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Don’t worry. I learned everything from you. You taught me a lot.”

“It’s different from the real thing.”

“I’ll try.”

“Okay. Then do the data like this...”

Park Seung-woo repeated what he had said before.

He wanted to help him more, but he didn’t have time.

Yu-hyun intervened at the moment when his breathing was cut off.

“Assistant Manager Park, please go ahead. I’m fine, really.”

“Okay. Anyway, try your best. I wish I could help you, but I’m too busy.”

“Don’t worry.”

He smiled reassuringly and calmed Park Seung-woo down.

Shin Chan-yong, the Manager, had timed it perfectly to feed him to the sharks.

There was no room for Park Seung-woo to interfere.

That was what Yu-hyun wanted as well.

After Park Seung-woo left, Yu-hyun sat down in front of his computer.

80% of the product planning team’s work was making reports.

A well-made report could earn recognition.

Then what kind of report was well-made?

A report with many pages and densely packed information?

A report with good design and neat layout?

No.

The most important thing was to write according to the purpose and the needs of the audience.

This report started with Jo Chan-young, the executive director’s order.

So, the most important thing was his intention.

And the second most important thing was Choi Kyung-hyun, the manager who was in charge of reporting directly to him.

Why did he delegate it to Shin Chan-yong?

It could be because he was lazy, but more likely because he didn’t know the answer.

Then why did Shin Chan-yong ask Yu-hyun to do it?

It was the same for him.

He didn’t have confidence to do it right, so he looked for an excuse.

That was Yu-hyun.

It was much easier to build on what someone else had done than to start from scratch.

Even if Yu-hyun failed, he didn’t care.

He probably planned to scold him anyway.

Shin Chan-yong had a winning hand in his hand.

Yu-hyun had no intention of playing along.

A few hours later.

Shin Chan-yong, who had returned from a short business trip, checked his email.

There was one email from Han Yu-hyun.

Judging by the time, he must have done it hastily and sent it.

“See? He didn’t even touch the data. And he said he did it? Ha, what a joke.”

He snorted as he saw the data on the team table’s TV screen.

He sent that data to both part leaders as a reference.

That meant he wanted him to drink water.

It was the same as saying that he couldn’t do it and asked the part leaders to deal with it.

What was even more ridiculous was that he said he would report it at the team table.

That was all there was.

There was no apology for being insufficient or anything like that.

“Wow, is this kid a psycho?”

He scoffed and lifted his head.

Then he saw Yu-hyun walking over from afar.

“Hey! Newbie!”

“Yes.”

He answered and walked leisurely.

Bang!

Shin Chan-yong’s forehead veins popped out.

“Show me the data right now!”

“Okay.”

“Hurry up!”

“Yes.”

Did he think he could get away with it?

He would smash him to pieces.

Shin Chan-yong clenched his fists.

He expected this reaction, so Yu-hyun responded calmly.

More importantly, the timing was good.

Both part leaders were there.

Yu-hyun went to Kim Hyun-min and said,

“Manager Kim, I’ll explain the TRM that I emailed you earlier.”

“Oh, that? Did you really do it?”

“I tried my best based on what Assistant Manager Park told me. Oh, Manager Choi, it would be nice if you could join us too.”

“...Let’s do that for now.”

Kim Hyun-min scanned Yu-hyun with a meaningful expression and got up from his seat.

Soon after, Choi Kyung-hyun also got up from his seat.

Shin Chan-yong was furious at Yu-hyun’s bold move.

How dare he call the assistant managers over?

He wanted to avoid getting scolded. It was obvious.

But this was still a company after all.

He could break him down if he couldn’t do it well.

And that was what he did best.

Shin Chan-yong smiled wickedly.

The part 2 and 3 leaders, Shin Chan-yong, and Yu-hyun sat at the team table.

Before showing the data, Shin Chan-yong said,

“Assistant Managers, this is part of his OJT today, so please excuse him if it’s rough.”

“What’s rough about it?”

“If he doesn’t do well, I’ll have to scold him a bit, Assistant Manager Kim.”

“...Do as you please.”

“Thank you.”

Kim Hyun-min shrugged his shoulders and Shin Chan-yong smirked.

He had only given him less than three hours.

That was enough time to skim through a few data and call it a day.

Evidence data or whatever, there was no way he did it properly.

He had dozens of scenarios in his head where he would chew him up.

“Then I’ll show you the data.”

“Predictable, what else.”

He sneered as the data appeared on the TV screen of the team table.