Real Man 8 Chapter 8 He walked along the old streets that he had not seen for a long time, and soon he arrived at the market. The long market alley was covered with a translucent ceiling. The shop signs were also neatly changed. He could not see the old-fashioned market that he remembered from his childhood. "It has changed a lot." He had been worried when he heard that his mother ran a side dish shop in the market, but it was unfounded. The environment was not bad as he thought. He had never bothered to find out where his mother worked before. No, maybe because he was always cold to her, his mother never mentioned it. He did not even know where his mother's shop was. He only had memories of coming down once or twice a year, staying for a short while and going back up. Yoo-hyun looked at the clothes of the people who were doing business as he walked along the alley.

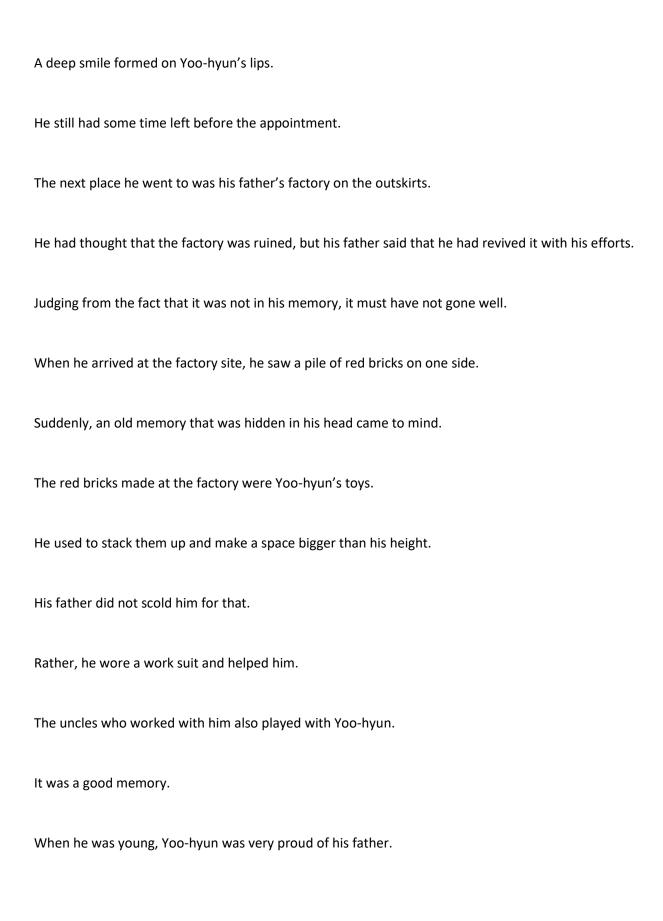
When he reached about halfway, he saw a side dish shop on his left.

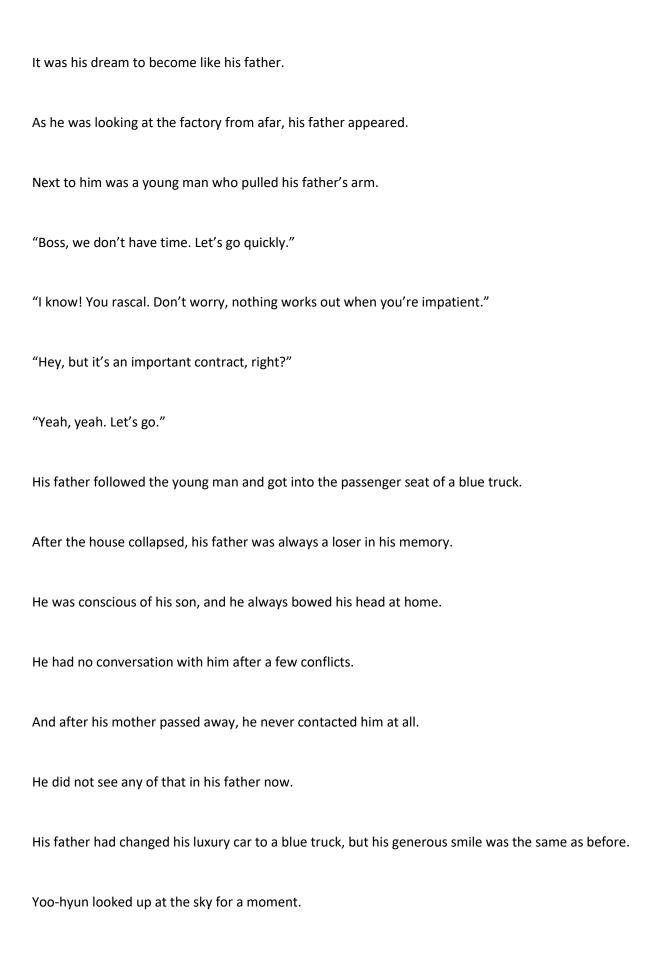
There was his mother, who wore a red hood on her head.
His mother had a very bright expression on her face as she talked to the lady next door.
Then a customer came.
"Oh, it's delicious, trust me. There are people who have never eaten it, but there are no people who have eaten it once and never came back. Hey, I'm serious. Hoho."
His mother spoke with a good humor, and the customer eventually picked up the side dish pack that his mother recommended.
"I bought it because you have a good impression. I'll give it a try."
"Hey, of course. I can't lie even if I try. Yes. Thank you. Enjoy your meal."
Yoo-hyun watched from a distance and smiled.
It was a different side of his mother.
He only remembered his mother as someone who always drank tea with dignity.
His mother really enjoyed her work.
How could she do that?
Yoo-hyun suddenly felt proud of his mother.





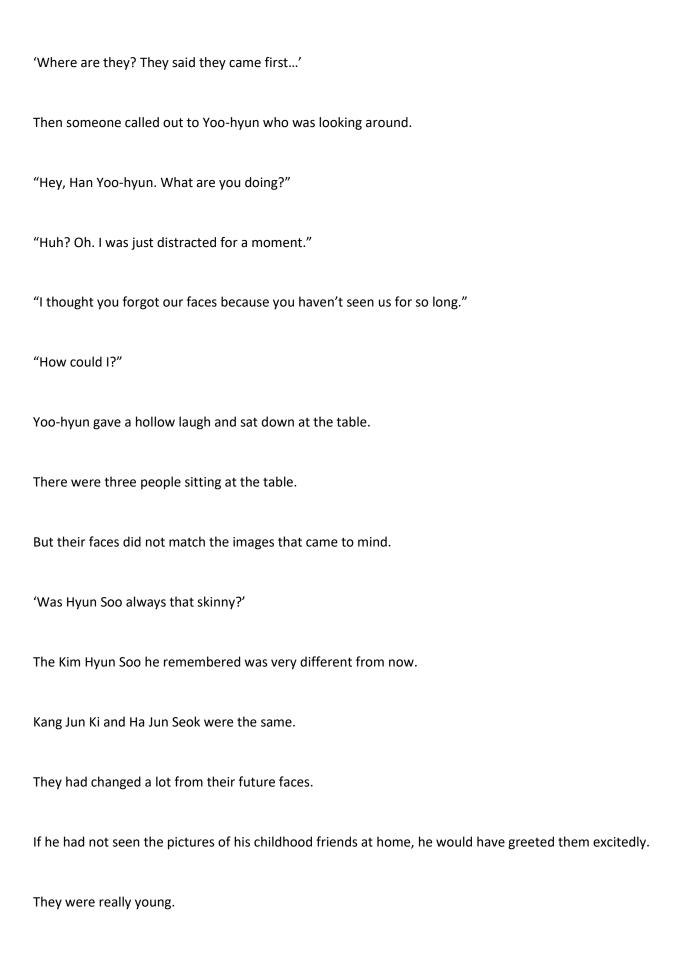






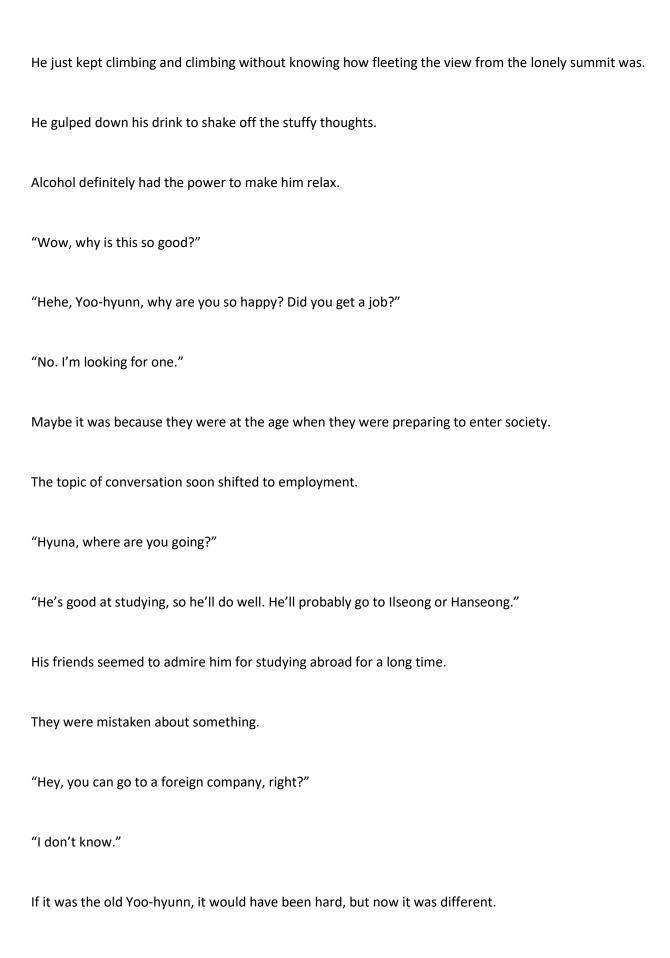
Maybe he was the one who made his father so weak.
If he had listened to and trusted his father more, would things have been different?
He bit his lip at the sudden thought.
Vroom.
The car moved away from where Yoo-hyun was, in the opposite direction.
He wanted to say hello to his father, but he had to postpone the opportunity to next time.
Even so, there was no sign of disappointment on his face.
"There will be another chance."
Yoo-hyun turned around with a relaxed mind.
On his way to the pub where he had made an appointment, he saw his elementary school.
A four-story building made of red bricks from his father's factory and a round playground in front of it.
It was exactly as he remembered it.
He had been in the same class as his friends until high school since sixth grade.
Kim Hyun Soo, Kang Jun Ki, Ha Jun Seok.

Especially these three people, he thought they would be together until they died.
'But I was the one who cut off contact first.'
He did not do it on purpose.
He was busy studying for a job, and after he got into a company, he was busy with work.
He missed many gatherings with various excuses, and as it repeated, he naturally drifted apart from them.
It was not easy to meet again as they lived different lives.
Especially when he could not go to Kim Hyun Soo's mother's funeral and Kang Jun Ki's wedding, he remembered them well.
He made excuses about business trips and overtime work, but now that he thought about it, he could have gone there.
In the end, the reason why he did not go was not because of work, but because of his own greed.
While he was thinking about this and that, he arrived at the pub.
Thanks to the fact that he had visited quite often after graduating from high school, he remembered the signboard well.
Creak.
As he opened the door and entered, he saw the crowded interior of the pub.





Yoo-hyunn clapped his hands and laughed at his friends' stories.
"Really, amazing. I remember that too. When Junsuk spat out tteokbokki from his nose, how many years ago was that? Ha."
"It was only two years ago."
"Huh? Really? It feels like it's been 20 years. Come on, let's drink to our glorious reunion."
He felt a twinge in his chest.
Ugh.
He gasped at the carbonated drink that cleared his nose.
He had only drunk expensive liquor, but this beer tasted so good.
He must have been waiting for a long time to drink like this without any worries.
Suddenly, he remembered his lonely past, or rather, his future, when he drank alone.
He actually had many opportunities to drink like this at work.
But Yoo-hyunn, who was running for success, thought that unnecessary drinking was a meaningless thing.
He chose work over spending time with people and making small talk.



It wasn't just foreign companies.
With his current skills, he could get into any company even if he had a penalty for his academic background.
His English was solid too, so he could even apply to global companies like Google or Microsoft.
No, he could even start his own company.
He had experience and he knew what industries would be promising in the future.
He also knew some policy changes, so he could start a venture company and grow it well.
If he didn't want to work, he didn't have to.
It would take some time because he didn't have any seed money, but he could also make money through investing.
But still.
Yoo-hyunn had already made up his mind in his heart.
Hanseong.
The biggest reason was to correct his mistakes.
But it wasn't just because of that.

'It was fun.'
Looking back, it was really fun.
He liked seeing himself grow every day.
He also liked seeing his work being recognized by the world through Hanseong, a big company.
The pleasure of beating his competitors and being one step ahead was like a drug that made him move without rest.
But he knew better than anyone that the end was not good.