

Love Slave 103

103 Unexpected Guest

It was early in the evening and past working hours already when I lifted my head up from my computer to look around. There were still some people in the office. Richard was still busy working at his desk and so was Julianna. One glance over at my phone and I sighed loudly. Ace had all but disappeared on me. He probably thought nothing of it, but I had developed a stupid stubbornness and had refused to text or call him unless he contacted me first. That decision was so stupid, and it left me feeling so regretful but too prideful to contact him.

I'm so stupid. What games am I even playing with myself? He's not even aware of my plight.

I wanted to work a bit more at the office, but I could no longer concentrate. Quickly, I packed up my stuff and shoved my laptop into my computer bag with the intention to pick up on the work when I got back to my apartment. It was quite dark by the time that I left the office.

The few days after that, I followed the same routine and ended up finishing up my storyboard design work back at my apartment. I worked hard late into the night as I drew and then redrew the storyboard on paper before transferring only the ideas that seemed to work to the presentation on my computer. It was hard work, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. It made me feel like I was making progress on my career towards my dream. Although it was hard to keep my eyes from straying to my phone as thoughts of Ace entered my mind, I managed to focus enough on work to get some things done.

By the end of the third day, Ace had not contacted me. The only silver lining in all of this was that I had a very proud second draft of the storyline and storyboard. It may need some adjustments and I'll do that after I get some feedback from Ace when he got back. Apart from that, I just needed to touch things up here and there especially on the transition between the scenes. Overall, I was extremely proud of the work that I had achieved up to that point.

Just like the days before this, it was dark by the time I arrived back at my apartment. When I arrived at the hallway leading to my apartment, I froze in my tracks. There was someone standing in front of my apartment door. It was a familiar sight that used to bring so much warmth to my chest especially after a long and tiring day at work. However, this sight had turned into somewhat of a source of horror for me now.

"You came back late," Kyle said as he turned to smile at me.

I did not return his smile. There's no way that I could avoid him and why do I have to avoid him?

He's the one standing in front of my door. This is my place, so I had no reason to run and hide. Honestly, I never thought that he would come back here. I better find a way for him to leave and never come back. I let out a loud and unsuppressed sigh to show my annoyance. If he keeps turning up to this place, I'm going to have to find a new apartment and moving was a hassle that I didn't need right now.

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"Why are you here? What do you want?" I asked when I came to stand right in front of my door.

"I'm here to pick up my stuff..." Kyle replied

“Oh, after all this time?” I asked with raised eyebrows.

“I left many things here, you know that, right?” Kyle asked as he gestured with his eyes for me to open the door.

I looked at him with unmasked distaste. However, he was right. He did leave a bunch of his stuff here and I was such an angel that I didn’t throw it all away. In fact, I packed up most of it for him into neat boxes while I waited for this day to come.

“I packed up most of your stuff already. They’re in the brown boxes next to the door,” I told him emotionlessly.

“Did you pack up everything?” Kyle asked.

I wanted to roll my eyes at him and that was exactly what I did. Since this place was like a second home to him up until recently, I thought that it would be better for him to get the packed boxes and whatever it was that he left here himself. I rather let him into my room alone rather than going in with him. It would probably make my skin crawl or worst for me to be in that same room as him considering the memories that we used to share.

“I don’t know. I didn’t bother to double check. You can go in to grab the boxes and look around for whatever it is that you’re looking for,” I told him with a resigned sigh.

The sooner that we get this done, the better. I wished that he would just leave along with all of his stuff. There were things that we bought together as well and if he wanted those too, I was more than happy for him to take them all away. I turned and unlocked the door to my apartment for him.

“Welcome...” I said sarcastically as I gestured with my hand for him to head right inside.

I kept my eyes down as Kyle walked past me into my apartment. He didn’t ask me any questions about where anything was, and I was thankful for the fact that he also wanted to end this silently. I stood in the hallway with my eyes focused on an invisible spot on the ground as I waited for Kyle to come back out. Shortly after, he came back out with the brown boxes that I had packed up for him. Then he went back in again, probably to search for anything that I may have missed when packing up his stuff. There was a high probability that I missed out on a couple of things.