

## Love Slave 127

### 127 His Dance Partner

"Ok..." I replied softly.

Everything about the class was great and the instructor was very patient with me; however, I found it very hard to concentrate even though it was a private class. The main reason behind that was the fact that Ace was also in the dance studio, and he had his eyes on me the entire time. My body stiffened and it was impossible for me to relax under his gaze. I was extremely conscious of his eyes on my body the entire time and that made me feel very distracted.

"Should we take a break?" the instructor suggested.

I smiled at her apologetically before nodding my head. She didn't say it outright, but I could tell that the class wasn't progressing well. My instructor could probably sense that I wasn't focused and had suggested the break. I should use this opportunity to tell Ace that it was fine for him to leave. The truth was, I believed that I could concentrate on the class better if he was not around.

Now how do I tell him this without causing a war to break out?

"How are you doing? Is it hard?" Ace asked with an amused chuckle.

"Well, the thing is...I think that you should go back to work. It must be boring for you to just wait here, right?" I suggested before smiling sweetly at him.

Please get the clue and just...leave...

"Not at all. It's fun to watch you do your best," Ace replied without hesitation.

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"Well...umm...don't you have work to do? You know Project Alpha and all those management meetings?" I asked.

"Jeremy is doing great with Richard and the rest at managing the next steps for Project Alpha and I've got other managers covering the meetings. There's nothing for you to be worried about. Just focus on your lessons," Ace replied reassuringly.

That was exactly what I intended to do but he was making that impossible for me.

"Ace..." I called his name as I strengthened my resolve.

"What is it?" he asked lazily.

"The truth is, I can't concentrate with you here. You're staring at me...and that makes me feel...distracted and uncomfortable..." I managed to get the words out.

Ace looked at me with surprise before he seemed thoughtful about my words. After a moment of silence, he heaved a loud sigh of resignation.

"Fine. I'll leave but I'll be back to pick you up, ok?" Ace finally relented.

“Yes, ok. Thank you...” I replied with full relief.

The rest of the lesson progressed quiet smoothly considering my lack of skill and natural gift on this particular subject. At least, with Ace gone, I could concentrate better and slowly but surely my dancing skills started to improve.

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**\*\*Around a week later\*\***

With my daily dance classes keeping me busy, I hardly got a chance to go into the office. Looking back, I was thankful for Ace’s effort in keeping me busy so that I wouldn’t go crazy from my own insecurities and giving me an excuse to stay away from the company. I had no idea how the Project Alpha was progressing but with Ace in the lead, I was sure that things were progressing smoothly onto the second phase. It was such a shame that the storyboard that we co-developed couldn’t be used anymore but I had started to move on from that.

Only my intensive dance classes kept me busy. The course truly lived up to its name and I had sore muscles for the first few days until my body started to adjust. My teacher was patient with me and truly encouraging and supportive. As a result, I would say that I could dance decently well enough at the end of the course.

“Today is the final day of the course so there’s a little assessment test for you. Don’t worry, it’s not difficult at all. With all the practice that you’ve done, this should be a breeze,” the instructor announced with a smile.

“Alright...” I said.

“Great. The test is simple. You will dance to a song with a partner while I will assess your dance moves. That’s it,” the instructor explained.

Seemed simple enough. It didn’t differ much from what I’ve been doing during my practice sessions.

“Ok...” I replied with a nod of my head.

“Great then. We already have your partner here and ready to go,” the instructor said as she gestured towards the door of the studio.

I started having a bad feeling when the door began opening and it didn’t take long for my worst suspicion to take shape in reality.

“Good afternoon, Rina,” Ace said as he walked proudly into the dance studio.

I should have known. Really, I should have known that something like this was bound to happen sooner or later.

“Ace...” I murmured his name.

Ace flashed me a sweet smile and I knew that he had planned this thing all right from the start. He probably found much pleasure in teasing me like this. If we were going to the party together then it

probably made sense that we would be dancing together. However, was that really necessary. Can't I just...stand to the side?

It seemed like it was already too late for that now. Ace approached me and his eyes swept down my body from my face down to my feet and then back again.

"Let's get you changed," he said.

"Oh, right. It's always better to practice in the actual dress that you'll be wearing especially if you're new at this. Sometimes the length of the skirt and the weight of the dress can cause difficulties and unexpected situations on the day itself," the instructor quickly agreed.

"But I don't have a dress..." I murmured.

"That's not a problem because I have it," Ace stated before he beamed a smile at me.

He has...what?

"I got a dress tailored especially for you for this party. I'm sure that it would fit and look great on you," Ace announced proudly.

As if on cue, there was a knock on the studio's door and a slightly plump woman popped her head in. With a nod from Ace, she entered the studio and quickly delivered the dress that Ace had mentioned.