

## Love Slave 177

### 177 His Missing Past

"Money sure can buy many things, huh..." I murmured as I stood next to the swimming pool with my eyes on the cityscape that stretched as far as the sky could see.

"Sure, it can, but then again, there are many things that money can't buy either. Not saying having money is a bad thing..." Ace replied casually.

Ace wrapped his arms loosely around my body from behind and I leaned back into his warmth. I wonder if we'll still be together when the season changes and when this season repeats itself. Year after year after year, will we still be together just like this?

"What are you thinking about?" Ace asked when the silence between us stretched on.

"Hmm...how I want to head inside and look at more of your books," I replied as I turned around in his arms to offer him my smile.

I must have been too shy to tell him my honest thoughts. Also, I didn't want him to think that I still felt quite insecure about our relationship.

"Sure..." Ace murmured with slight confusion.

This time, I was the one who took his hand and dragged him behind me back inside the penthouse suite. The pool was great so maybe we'll get to swim there together under the moonlight one of these days. I wasn't lying but I wasn't being completely honest either when I told him that I wanted to see more of his books.

Ever since he handed me that book which he thought matched well with where I was in my career and skill range, I couldn't stop thinking about what Ace was like when he first started working. What was his work like?

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I glanced over at Ace who was sitting next to me with his legs crossed on the sofa that he had proudly advertised as being very comfortable. He wasn't lying at all when he told me that. I had to agree that the sofa was very comfortable. I had flipped through a couple of pages of the book that he had given to me earlier; however, I found it difficult for me to focus on its content. My mind couldn't stop thinking about all the questions that I wanted to ask Ace about his career and his approach to his work.

Learning from him would be a great opportunity for sure but I had so many questions that I wanted to ask him that I was scared that it would turn into an interview of sorts.

"How's the book?" Ace asked with keen interest as he scooted over even closer to me on the sofa.

"I haven't read that much of it yet but so far it looks like something that I should delve into. I think it'll help me improve for sure," I replied.

"That's good..." Ace said lightly.

"Umm...Ace..." I mumbled hesitantly.

“What is it?” he asked.

“I’ve been wondering for a while now...if...you know...you could tell me a bit about how you started your career?” I finally managed to ask him.

Ace stared at me blankly as if he didn’t quite understand what I was asking him or why I was asking him this.

“What do you want to know?” Ace asked.

His lack of enthusiasm made me doubt whether I should continue pushing this conversation forward. For some reason, it seemed like Ace didn’t really want to talk about his past. However, I’ve come this far so I didn’t want to backdown without giving it a try.

“Maybe why you chose this line of work? What inspired you? What were the first few years of working like?” I asked a few questions that came to mind.

These were just the tip of the iceberg compared to the seemingly endless list of questions that I had prepared for him in my mind. Already, I could feel that this was starting to sound like an interview. Maybe I should get a job working at a magazine if my current career happened to fail me.

“Apart from the fact that my father was already in this business, I like the creative side of this work. Nothing really inspired me, to be honest. My father definitely isn’t my inspiration and never was. My first years of working were just normal. I tried to figure out what works and what doesn’t. Honestly, there’s not much to tell...” Ace replied to all my questions in one breath without offering any more details.

Great. I guess he doesn’t want to talk about it.

“I see...” I mumbled.

What should I do now?

“Umm...do you have some of your earlier works still stored here somewhere? Can I perhaps take a look?” I asked while feeling hopeful.

Ace normally lives here and when he moved from his father’s place, maybe he brought along some of his past works or his portfolios.

“I threw them all away,” Ace muttered coldly.

“You did what?!” I exclaimed so loudly that I was shocked at myself on top of being shocked at his words.

In our line of work, our portfolio was pretty much everything. Just like other artists, we would never throw away our portfolio of work no matter how old it was. Apart from the professional implications of it, there were personal reasons why most people were attached to their work too.

“Well, I guess I still have some from recent years, but I threw out all of my old working files. The very old ones are gone,” Ace said while sounding tired.

I watched as he lazily got up from the sofa and waved for me to follow him. While Ace led me to what looked like a storage room, I couldn't stop thinking of what a waste it was that he threw out all his old works. Sure, I bet his work back then wasn't as splendid or highly regarded as it was today but that didn't mean that he had to throw it all away.

Needless to say, Ace had already achieved celebrity status many years ago in the industry and everything that he touched or got involved with simply turned to gold.