

Love Slave 178

178 Hidden Treasures

Ace was the trendsetter in the industry and the company had improved and grown so much since he took over as the CEO. Just like other celebrities, it wasn't surprising that his earlier works are probably not as polished as it was today. However, that only made me want to see his earlier works more than ever.

Nowadays, Ace rarely produces any of his own independent work anymore. The role of CEO kept him busy and all the work that he led were major projects that involved many team members including myself such as Project Alpha. Although we worked with his guidelines and he made most of the key decisions, the work produced was a collective team effort with all of our thoughts blended in. For once, I wanted to see a work that purely came from Ace's passion and genius.

I stared at his broad back in front of me as I followed him to the storage room as I pondered if he would understand something as vague as my own feelings if I tried to explain it to him.

Probably not.

"We're here," Ace announced without interest.

He stopped in front of a door before he opened it. The room was dark inside but after Ace switched on the lights, I could see that it was a storage room filled with cardboard boxes each with its own labelling. To the side was a metal cabinet.

"Do you keep your portfolios in here?" I asked as I began to feel excitement grip me.

"Yeah, in that cabinet over there. Honestly, there's nothing interesting in there but if you want you can have a look. You can take whatever you want to look at out and I'll help carry it back to the living room for you. It's dusty here...so...let's head back when you're done grabbing what you're interested in," Ace suggested.

I couldn't believe my own ears. In that cabinet in front of me were some of the portfolios that I have just dreamt of getting my hands on.

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"Wow..." I exclaimed in excitement when I opened the double doors to the cabinet.

The document folders inside were organized neatly and I beamed with happiness as I stared at them. I turned to smile at Ace before I thanked him repeatedly for this.

"Stop overreacting and pick out whatever it is that you want to see..." Ace muttered as he stood by the door.

"OK...this one...and this one...this too...this one too..." I mumbled to myself as I pulled out folders after folders that I wanted to take a look at.

In truth, I wanted to take out every single folder and go through every single page in all those documents and sketches. My hands shook with excitement.

“Give me those. That should be enough for today, Rina...” Ace said.

I turned around to see him standing right behind me and then the load from my arms disappeared as Ace took the folders from me. If I had known that he had so much treasure stored at his place like this, I would have asked to come here sooner regardless of what he had to say.

“Thank you so much, Ace...” I thanked him sweetly.

Ace just sighed and shook his head a little as he walked out with the folders that I had selected. I smiled happily as I followed him back to the living room.

“Wow. Isn’t this the major campaign launched for Christmas last year?” I asked as I flipped through some initial sketches of a very rough storyboard.

This commercial was very popular and was shown through many media channels including major billboards all over the city for the Christmas festival last year. I knew that our company produced it, but I had never seen the rough storyboard before. On top of that, I never knew that the one who blanked out the initial storyboard was Ace himself.

“Oh that, yeah...” Ace murmured emotionlessly.

“I really liked this commercial. It has a very happy feeling like the commercial is wishing everyone a fun and loving Christmas holiday,” I told him my honest opinion.

“You think so?” he asked before he smiled at me.

“Yeah. I had no idea that you drafted this out...” I replied.

“I didn’t do much. I sketched out some ideas and then the team did the rest,” Ace replied like it was nothing.

To him it may as well be nothing; however, I doubt that the commercial would have had the vibe that it did if he hadn’t sketched out the rough guidelines to the very first storyboard. I had no idea if Ace knew how influential his works really are.

“I’m so sleepy...” he mumbled before scooting over away from me on the long sofa.

“Ace...” I said his name softly.

The next moment, I felt the weight of his head settle on top of my lap. Looking down, Ace already had his eyes closed as he snuggled to find a comfortable position on my lap. Clearly, he wasn’t interested in going through more of his past works with me and I didn’t mind.

“Have a good nap while I enjoy going through these treasures,” I whispered to him softly.

“Treasure...more like junk...” he muttered as he wrapped his arms around my waist.

Ace moved his face closer against my belly. Since he already had his eyes closed, I decided not to talk to him anymore so that he could catch up on some sleep. Maybe he was more tired than I made him out to be. Ace taking a nap gave me the perfect opportunity to go through all the folders of his work. In addition, I could gawk at it all I liked without him watching me and thinking that I was acting ridiculously or overreacting.

After going through a couple of folders, I paused to stare down at Ace's sleeping face. He seemed to be sleeping peacefully. While reaching for the folders, I tried my best not to move too much so that I wouldn't disturb his well-deserved rest. I reached for another folder, the date on the label on the folder told me that it was from a few years ago. This must be from the year when I first joined Jessen's and Hill's.