

Love Slave 179

179 Surprising Discovery

That year, I remembered that the company launched a few commercials which were considered to be very innovative based on Ace's instructions and directions. That was the first year that Ace stepped in as the new CEO of the company. I opened the folder and began flipping through some pages of the document. Not surprisingly, the commercial that attracted a huge buzz to the company at that time was drafted by Ace.

The proof was his very rough drawing of the storyboard and some scribbling in his handwriting of the storyline. It was frankly amazing how these rough drawing and a few simple sentences could transform into such an impactful commercial that was viewed by millions of people. While flipping through the document, a loose document of a few pages that were stapled together attracted my attention. Unlike the other documents that were bound to the folder, this one was just slipped in between the pages of the other documents.

At first glance, it was just a simple table of names of people, their age, and their educational background. There were no photos, just plain text printed in black on the page. The same table filled in the couple of pages of paper. It was something I didn't expect to find stuck in the middle of pages of storyboards. The title of the table read 'Interviewee List' followed by the year. Short and simple.

I was about to place the loose papers down when something caught my eye. The text was just so familiar that I couldn't fail to notice it and my eyes were naturally and automatically drawn to it. I brought the paper closer to my face to make sure that I wasn't just misreading this.

Why is my name on this paper?

It was right there. Karina Miller, along with my age at that time, the university that I graduated from, and a photo that I had handed in with my job application. This line in the table really referred to me.

"Rina..." Ace murmured my name as he started to stir.

"Y-Yes?" I replied while shoving the papers away into the folder and closing it.

"Are you not done yet? My old works haven't bore you to death yet?" Ace asked sarcastically and sleepily.

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"For your information, this will never ever bore me," I replied confidently.

"Hmm...is that so?" Ace said as his eyes stared up into my face.

"Did you have a good sleep?" I asked as I swept a lock of his hair away from his forehead with my fingers.

"Yeah...thanks to your comfy lap. I could sleep here forever..." Ace murmured before he smiled.

"That won't do. I'll get cramps..." I complained mockingly.

"I guess you're right..." Ace said.

In the next moment, Ace lifted his head off my lap and sat up on the sofa with a slightly disorientated look on his face. I stood up and fumbled nervously to stack the folders on top of each other on top of the coffee table that was in front of the sofa. My heart beat so fast in my chest and I was slightly confused as to why I felt so panicked all of a sudden.

Was it because I discovered that piece of paper with my name on it?

When Ace woke up, I instinctively hid that paper away although I really didn't have a need to. What is wrong with me?

"Want to go out for dinner?" Ace suggested casually.

"Yeah...that would be nice..." I replied without thinking.

My mind was too preoccupied with my thoughts of that paper that I had just seen...

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"What do you want to have for dinner?" Ace asked.

"I can eat anything. You can choose," I replied before I smiled at him.

The truth was, I wasn't even sure where we could or couldn't go together because our relationship was still supposed to be a secret from the world. Although, Ace probably thought quite differently. He did tell the press and everyone else that it was normal for us to be seen together because I am his personal secretary and all that. However, being seen together under a candlelit dinner would probably be too much and beyond the boundaries that we could justify with our 'CEO and personal secretary' relationship.

As a result, I decided to let Ace decide and I was truly fine with going along with whatever he thought was best. Without wanting things to be this way, I had become the queen of secret relationships. From my regretful days with Kyle to my days with Ace.

"I think I know just the place. Are you good with some Asian food?" Ace asked after a moment of thought.

"Oh, sure. I can do Asian..." I replied.

If I was the queen of secret relationships, then Ace was the king of private restaurants because he didn't seem to have any difficulties in finding a private restaurant that we could go to for our meals. The Asian restaurant that he ended up taking me to had only a single table in the whole restaurant similar to the steakhouse that he took me to before.

"I guess private dinners like these aren't bad. It's...peaceful...and private..." I mumbled as I sat opposite Ace at our table for two.

Although it wasn't supposed to be a special dinner to celebrate any special occasion, the restaurant did not fail to put a candle on the table between us to add to the romantic atmosphere. I thought the Asian food that we had just ordered didn't quite match up with the romantic vibe of the candlelight but it didn't matter.

“Are you worried that we can’t do many things out in public?” Ace asked, picking up on my concern.

“Well, not really...but I guess it would be nice if we could act more like...a normal couple...” I confessed softly.

There was no point in hiding how I felt or what I thought from him. Ace could read me very well and we both knew that.

“Should we go out in public more often, then?” Ace suggested as his eyes captured mine.