

Love Slave 180

180 When We First Met

It felt so unfair how he could suggest something like that so easily. The last time we made the headlines we just attended a business event together. Imagine how big the explosion would be if we really went out in our private time on our date.

“I don’t think we should do anything like that. It’ll cause trouble...not just for us but for other people as well...” I replied.

Unfortunately, our relationship wasn’t just about us. Our actions impacted many people, especially those that worked in the company and the various investors that held the company’s shares. Even I knew that any negative news impacted the share price negatively as well.

“Maybe it’s time that we worry less about that. We could always do business dinners together, a business movie, a business trip to the beach or up a mountain...” Ace suggested with a laugh.

“Yeah, right...” I muttered before rolling my eyes at him.

The food that was served matched my tastes very well. I didn’t think that Ace was a big fan of Asian food, but I guess I was wrong about that. Learning something new about Ace made my heart skip a beat as I watched him enjoy the curry. During the silent time that we ate and when we chatted casually, my mind would wander to the list of interviewees that I found earlier on in the day.

I couldn’t help but wonder if Ace remembered anything about it. It was a few years ago so I wouldn’t be surprised if he had already forgotten about it. If that document was there in his pile of work, then that table of candidates was something meant for him, right?

To Ace, I was probably nothing more than one of the candidates on that long list that he had to interview. I doubted that he remembered the interview that we had either. As for me, I remembered it so well as if it had only just taken place yesterday. The scene was so crystal clear in my mind that I could replay it in my head. I remembered very well what he asked me and what he said in response to my answer.

Thinking of that made me recall how we first met that day in the park as well. Coincidences can sometimes be scary. That was what I learnt.

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It probably didn’t make sense for me to ask him about the interviewee list, but I wondered how he would react if I asked him about that time we met in the park. Does he even remember?

“Ace...” I called his name softly.

“Hmm?” Ace made a questioning sound as his eyes stared at my face from the opposite side of the table.

“Umm...I was wondering...” I began saying hesitantly before I had to trail off to find the right words.

Now that I was about to ask him about it, I was starting to realize how strange the question would sound.

“What is it?” Ace asked.

I cursed myself because now I had his whole and undivided attention. No point in trying to evade it now that I’ve come this far.

“Umm...I was just wondering if you remember the first time that we met...” I said before biting down on my lower lip.

Ace looked at me and was silent for a while. I guess it was too much for me to expect him to remember our fateful encounter at the park right away. He even kissed me on that day, and I remembered everything that happened including how I felt when he kissed me so well. Apparently, the same thing did not hold for Ace.

“What about it?” Ace asked after a moment of silence.

His hand moved to attack the food on his table while I was at a loss of how I should continue on the conversation. An uncomfortable knot formed in the pit of my stomach and my chest felt heavy. I didn’t want to admit even to myself that I was feeling disappointed that he didn’t quite remember. I guess to him it wasn’t a special or memorable event.

“You know, the money that you gave me that day in the park, I still have it...” I confessed softly.

“Why do you still have it? I told you to use it,” he said dismissively.

“I guess I always thought of returning it to you, but I never got the chance,” I replied honestly.

From that day, the money he gave me had been sitting in the bank. I wasn’t surprised that he didn’t want it back because he had told me as much when he gave it to me.

“You don’t need to give it back. Just keep it...” Ace repeated his decision.

“I know it’s not a lot of money for you, but I would feel better if you would let me return it,” I said hopefully.

“Just use it to buy something cute or pretty for yourself. That would be the best way to return it to me,” Ace replied as he stared pointedly at me.

“Ok...” I mumbled.

The look in his eyes told me that he didn’t want to discuss this pointless topic any further. I should have known that he didn’t care much about it. Afterall, that amount of money was probably just loose change to him. I decided to change the topic of our conversation to something a little lighter before I would end up annoying Ace or ruining his mood.

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The weight of Ace’s arm around my shoulders as he leaned a part of his weight on me made me regret my decision to let him have a little too much to drink. I should have known that those Asian spirits were stronger than their sweet taste let on. Ace had such a good time that he ended up drinking quite a lot.

Being the nice and supportive girlfriend that I was, I let him enjoy himself so that he could blow off some steam. Thankfully, I didn't drink any alcohol so I could drive us back to his place.