

## Love Slave 229

### 229 Small Miracle

That brought me back to the problem that had been haunting me ever since I realized that his birthday was coming up. What present should I get for Ace?

The party didn't seem to need any advance preparation and the commercial was progressing well. It was hard to believe but it seemed like I had some free time on my hands. Before I could stop myself, I had already started searching online for ideas on what would make a good birthday present for Ace. I never knew that figuring out the perfect birthday present for someone would be so difficult. Then again, I have never had to figure out what a well-accomplished CEO who seemed to have everything already would want for his birthday present.

This is so hard...

After flipping through various results from my online search, I realized that I wasn't sure what I was looking for. Once again, I realized that I didn't quite know what Ace really liked.

What would Ace want for his birthday?

I kept asking myself this question as I continued gathering ideas from my online search results. There was still around five days until Ace's birthday, so it wasn't like I didn't have any time to figure something out.

...

**\*\*A few days later\*\***

I woke up feeling very refreshed without knowing that that day would be the day that a small miracle would happen. Ever since Ace's meeting with Elizabeth a few days ago, I had not heard anything from Kyle at all. I took that as a good sign. Whenever Kyle contacted me, he never had any good news, so I figured that it was better that I didn't hear from him. I wondered if Kyle ever ended up asking Elizabeth about that truth of that day.

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A loud sigh escaped from me when I was forced to face the fact that I had not been able to bring myself to talk to Ace directly about his meeting with Elizabeth on that day. Although many opportunities presented themselves when Ace and I were alone, I couldn't bring myself to ask him about it directly and that made me feel like such a failure. I never knew that having these hard conversations with Ace would be so difficult.

Ace seemed to be in a good mood lately ever since we met up with Elizabeth. Although it made me curious if the shift in his overall mood had something to do with their meeting, I had to admit that it was a pleasant change. I prayed that his generous mood would last up until the end of the meeting that our team would have with him today.

The director and his team did an amazing job in working on the edits that we had compiled from the last test screening of the commercial. Now that the team felt like the commercial was ready for its final review, we were set to present the commercial to Ace today.

“How confident are you?” Ace asked a little playfully as he seated himself down in the seat at the center of the room.

The room was immediately silent, and no one even tried to reply to his question. Ace looked around the room at the various blank or uncomfortable faces. Facing Ace in his devil CEO mode even though he was supposed to be in a good mood was barbarically challenging.

“You know...if none of you are confident in your work then...” Ace said coldly.

“We’re confident. We’re very confident!” I blurted out loudly.

I felt all eyes on me as well as Ace’s attention. I felt so embarrassed and scared that I wished that I could just disappear right at that moment; however, someone had to reply to his question and speak up. I wasn’t sure if everyone knew this or not, but I could tell where this was leading. If no one told Ace that we were confident with what we had, then he would think that there would be no reason why he had to have confidence in the commercial that we made. Then, if Ace didn’t have confidence in it, he would never let this commercial see the light of day outside of the walls of this room.

“We are extremely confident in our work. Please, give it a chance...” I said before I lost my nerve.

“Hmm...is that so?” Ace replied as he rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

“Yes. We all worked very hard on this, and we’ve made many edits to make this commercial as perfect as it can be,” Jeremy spoke up to support me.

Ace’s lips curved into a smirk before his intense gaze shifted to meet mine and then the various pairs of eyes in the room challengingly.

“Well, if you say so, then let’s see it...” Ace said before leaning back into his chair.

Just getting him to see the commercial was already challenging. I prayed so hard that the commercial would pass with flying colors. Otherwise, we would have to fix it and we didn’t exactly have all the time in the world left for that.

My hands were sweaty as I pressed them together under the table to hide my anxiety. My eyes wouldn’t leave Ace’s face as he stared at the large screen where the commercial was now playing. I’d seen the commercial before, so I knew that there was no point for me to watch it. If there was something that I had to watch and pay attention to closely, it would be Ace’s face and his reactions to what he was watching.

The short commercial finally came to an end and the lights in the room were switched on again. I squinted my eyes a little before taking in a deep breath to prepare myself to face Ace’s harsh comments. Everyone was silent and they probably shared the same thoughts that I had at that moment. Ace was also silent as he seemed to be thinking of what to say.

“It’s good,” Ace said with a slight nod of his head.

Did he just say that it’s...good?