

Love Slave 302

302 Separate Discovery

"I see..." I murmured.

There's just got to be something that I can do. Something more than just sitting around and waiting...

"Where are you going?" Jeremy asked.

Without knowing where I was going, I had already stood up from my seat. I felt so useless just sitting there in the war room without knowing how to help the team. Maybe Ace felt the same way and that was why he got up and left.

"I'm not sure..." I mumbled an honest reply.

I had no idea where Ace went but if I went after him now, I might be able to catch up to him. With that thought in mind, I headed for the door. Even if I couldn't find Ace, taking a walk outside or going out to observe the audiences might help. Luck wasn't on my side, and I couldn't find Ace on the floor that we were on anymore. After heaving a sigh, I was forced to admit that I had probably lost him, and he had probably headed to another floor in the building. Either that, or he headed out of the office completely.

My hand clutched at my phone tightly as I hesitated about giving Ace a call. I knew that he was working and thinking hard now on how to crack the problem at hand and that made me hesitate to disturb him. Without knowing it, I had started pacing up and down the hallway as my mind raced to think of what I should do. My hand still held my phone tightly and I continued to hesitate about getting in touch with Ace.

I didn't want to disturb him...but...

With a resigned sigh, I gave myself the excuse that it probably wouldn't disturb him too much if I just sent him a text instead of calling him. If he didn't want to see me then he can just ignore my text. Before I lost my nerve, I started typing a short text on my phone before sending it to him.

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'Where are you?'

After spending a while staring at my phone screen and waiting for Ace's reply, I realized that an immediate reply was probably unrealistic. Ace was probably busy and I should find something productive to do while I waited for the arrival of his reply, whenever that may be. I stared out of the window and looked down below at the busy road where cars were driving by and many people were walking along the footpath.

Suddenly, it felt like the right move to be outside. Clearly, the answers that we were looking for wasn't hidden within the walls of this office building. It might be a bold move, but I guessed that there was nothing wrong with taking a blunt and direct approach to at least understanding the problem. Before I could change my mind, I quickly took the elevator down to exit the building.

If I wasn't wrong, the closest location that our advertisement was being played in public would be a short walk from here in the middle of the business district. The sidewalk was filled with people walking

along busily when I arrived outside. The sun also felt brighter than usual but the wind felt quite nice. I began walking in the direction where our commercial was being displayed.

The walk there took slightly longer than I had initially anticipated, and I had to pause to catch my breath a little when I finally arrived there. Unlike that first day in the shopping district, there wasn't a crowd of audience in front of the large screen where our commercial was playing on repeat. Unlike the buzz of the young and free crowd that were hanging out in the shopping district, the crowd here were probably too busy with work and just getting through the day to even pay any close attention to our commercial.

I took in a breath and let out a sigh when I realized that it would be harder to interview anyone like this. Different audience groups always have different characteristics and also served different purposes in the success of a campaign. I knew that although young audiences are easier to reach than older ones, the younger audiences are the least likely to make any donations simply because of the low disposable income that they had on hand. Most had not started working for real yet and didn't have money to spare to donate to any cause.

On the other hand, older and more affluent audiences have the money to donate. The challenge is reaching them and capturing their attention long enough for them to want to support the cause. With their busy schedule at work or with life in general, it was hard to get even a fraction of their time. I stood around for a while in front of the large screen as I observed the reactions of the people passing by to our commercial.

To say that most people were not interested in our commercial might not be exactly accurate. It was more like they didn't have the time to stop by to watch it. I had thought that I might be able to talk to a few audiences and get some insights on their views of making donations, but things didn't quite work out the way that I had planned.

Suddenly, my phone started vibrating in my hand and I looked down to see that I had received a text message from Ace. I wondered if he had already returned to the war room after taking his walk to think. It seemed likely enough that that would be the case. Surprisingly, the message that I got from Ace exactly mirrored my own.

'Where are you?'

I quickly typed up a reply and sent it to him. After that, I clutched at my phone while I stared at the screen as I waited eagerly for his reply. Even though I knew that there was a high chance that Ace would reply immediately, I was still surprised when my phone vibrated and the text that he sent to me was displayed on the screen.