

Love Slave 307

307 Not Just Us

"We're here," Ace announced after he had parked the car.

I watched as he got out before opening the car door to get out myself. Ace was by my side when I stepped out of the car, and he readily offered me his hand for support. I wasn't wearing particularly high heels, so it wasn't much of an issue getting out of the car; however, I took his hand without hesitation. To my surprise, the place that Ace had chosen didn't seem like such a private or hidden place at all. Unlike the other restaurants that he took me to on our secret dates, I found myself standing in front of a very tall hotel building.

"Is the restaurant in there?" I asked to confirm my understanding of the situation.

"Yup. This way..." Ace replied as he tugged on my hand for me to follow after him.

I wasn't sure what to expect when I followed Ace into the lobby of the very luxurious-looking hotel but I got the feeling that something private wasn't something that Ace had in mind for our dinner tonight. We were greeted by a man dressed in a smart suit who seemed to be a manager of the hotel. It was clear that he was expecting us.

"This way please, I have everything set up for you," he readily informed Ace.

"Thank you," Ace thanked the man quite passively.

Suddenly, everything started to feel very planned and very formal. A slight feeling of worry started to form in the pit of my stomach when I sensed that this date wasn't quite like our usual one. I was still very concerned about people finding out that we were dating and Ace was aware of that as well. Plus, the deal with his father was still on and for that, we had to keep our relationship a secret. I cocked my head to the side in confusion as I wondered why Ace didn't seem to care much about that for our date today.

The sense of foreboding that had grown inside of me worsened when the manager led us to a table with a great view. The lack of privacy didn't bother me as much as the fact that the table that we were shown to was a table for four instead of a table for two. It could have just been a mistake, or he just wanted us to have a larger table; however, I still found it strange that there were more than two chairs at the table.

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Is someone going to join us for dinner?

That question was about to slip out between my lips when the manager turned toward me and offered me a pleasant smile. I hesitated about what to do as my mind conjured up countless possibilities of what could possibly go wrong.

"Please take a seat, Miss. Let me help you..." the manager offered as he pulled out a chair for me.

"Oh, thank you very much..." I murmured while my mind was still in a daze.

My body felt stiff as I lowered myself down onto the chair that the manager held for me. It seemed like my suspicions came to life when Ace sat down in the seat next to mine instead of the seat opposite where I was sitting. My head snapped to the side in one rapid motion as my eyes widened and stared up at this face.

"I will lead your guest here when she arrives," the manager informed Ace politely as he handed each a menu.

The manager's words pretty much confirmed my suspicion that someone was going to be joining us for dinner. I wondered whom Ace had invited as his guest for dinner and why he didn't tell me in advance that someone would be joining us.

"That won't be necessary..." a cold voice rang out quite loud and clear.

My breath felt caught in my throat as my entire body stiffened at the sound of a voice that had become familiar to me. I closed my eyes briefly as a large wave of dread swept over my body. Although I wanted to believe that my ears were just playing a harsh trick on me, when I managed to turn my head around in the direction of the voice that had just spoken up, I was forced to believe in what I was seeing and hearing. After all, I didn't think that both my eyes and ears could be playing a hostile trick on me at the same time.

There standing with a bright smile on her face was Elizabeth Chase in the flesh. The pristine white suit that she had on felt like there could never be a crease on it and her make up looked flawlessly perfect. Her eyes flashed in recognition as her gaze shifted from Ace to me and then her smile widened.

"You're right on time," Ace said in greeting.

"I don't like being late," she replied smoothly.

The moment that Elizabeth took a few steps forward and approached our table was when I realized that she wasn't alone. Standing to her side while trying to look as insignificant as possible was Elizabeth's husband, Kyle. When our eyes met, he stared at me intensely and I could feel the accusations behind his gaze that made me feel like he was blaming this entire situation on me for not picking up his calls. If he could speak, he would probably give me an earful of 'I told you so' and something similar.

Elizabeth took her seat opposite from Ace before Kyle followed and sat down in the seat opposite to mine.

If we were friends or if the situation between us had been a little bit more normal, I could have considered the dinner a double date dinner of sorts. However, all I could feel at that time was the grueling tension between myself and our other two guests. Kyle glared at me again as he took his seat while I tried my best to put a little smile on my lips as a way to apologize silently to him about not answering his calls.