

## Love Slave 53

### 53 In for a Surprise

That was the main objective but the hidden agenda that I tried to keep suppressed and hidden away in the corner of my mind was because I needed something to keep my mind off the fact that Kyle is supposed to be getting married today. Of course, I wasn't invited to his wedding, and I had no idea where he was getting married. Not that it mattered, I wouldn't turn up anyways even if he did invite me. We were not supposed to have a close relationship at all in the eyes of others who knew us.

That was the curse of our forbidden and secret relationship.

In an attempt to avoid thinking of that any further, I focused on my research as I sat in front of my laptop and typed away. Collecting information about what the dog meat trade was and how it worked wasn't difficult. What was more challenging was looking into the various viewpoints that people had regarding the controversial topic. Of course, people in the west were clearly opposed to it because dogs were considered 'a man's best friend'. The idea of consuming dogs as food was just unthinkable to many people and I had to say that that applied to me also. To me, dogs were pets to be taken care of and loved. Dog wasn't food for me.

However, there were still many people who did not share this belief which is probably why the trade still exists to this day in many countries around the world. There are many cultures where dogs are considered as a normal source of meat for consumption similar to pigs, chickens and cows. Similar to how there are chicken and other livestock farms, there are farms that raise dogs for meat. However, the conditions of those farms and some shady activities associated to the sources of the dogs still exists.

After more reading, I became genuinely interested in the topic and I could see even clearer why many people and foundations are working to put a stop to this meat trade. That doesn't mean that the line was simple to draw, and the topic was definitely a wild mix of various shades of grey rather than just black and white.

So how are we supposed to get people to support ending this trade?

I paused to stretch my arms above my head before leaning by head back on the headrest of my seat. My eyes stared up blankly at the white ceiling of my room.

Kyle is probably getting married in some church right now...

I closed my eyes to rest them. Staring at the computer for a few hours was starting to take a toll on my eyes already. When I closed my eyes, my mind automatically conjured up a beautiful and romantic scene of Kyle exchanging marriage vow with a beautiful woman that I have never seen before. They both smiled at each other before leaning in for a kiss. Kyle wore a formal white tuxedo that perfectly complimented the white dress worn by his happy bride.

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They look so happy and so well-suited to each other...

**\*\*ring ring ring\*\***

Huh?

My eyes snapped open, and that image was gone when the sound of my phone ringing brought me back quickly to reality. Who could it be?

Maybe it's mum. She might be wondering if I'm going back home to see her this weekend. My hand grabbed my phone and connected the line without bothering to check who was the caller. It was probably my mum or some telesale spam because there was on one else now that I have broken up with Kyle.

"Hello..." I said lazily.

"Sorry to call you on a weekend but...I sort of need your help right now..." a man's voice said in a seductive drawl.

Ace?!

My eyes widened in shock as a hand flew to cover my open mouth. I removed my phone from my ear and checked the caller ID. It really is Ace...

He needs help?

"It's not a problem. What do you need help with?" I asked in a panic, sensing that it was urgent.

Did something happen to him or something?

I stood up from my seat in a panic as I gripped my phone tighter in my hand.

"Where are you right now?" Ace asked through the phone.

"I'm at my place..." I replied.

"That's great. Perfect timing! Can you come out to your balcony for a bit?" Ace asked and I could feel his relief.

"Sure...but...why?" I asked in slight confusion as I slowly approached the exit to my balcony.

Do I need to be on the balcony to help him with whatever he needed help with?

I stepped out onto the balcony of my room while still confused with what Ace really wanted. He seemed troubled and whatever problem he was encountering must be quite serious for him to call me on a Saturday like this. He must have felt guilty for it too because he did apologize first thing in our call.

"Rina!"

That' can't be...

"Ace...?" I gasped in surprise when I looked down from my balcony towards the front of the building.

What is Ace doing here?!

Ace was standing there in front of yet another eye-catching sportscar as he waved a hand at me. He seemed perfectly fine, and he was even smiling so...

"Why are you here?" I asked through the phone as I took a step by from the balcony railing.

“I already told you. I need your help...” he replied casually.

“What do you need help with?” I asked, suspiciously.

“Why don’t you come and meet me down here first? Or are you still in your pajamas?” Ace asked teasingly.

No, I wasn’t in my pajamas but that didn’t mean that I was in my office clothes either. I was in a simple t-shirt and jeans because it was a Saturday. Ace wasn’t in his suit either and I guess this might be the first time that I saw him in casual clothes in real life. The loose white shirt that he had on along with his light blue jeans complimented his tan skin quite well.

“Umm...ok...” I mumbled, too confused that I didn’t quite know what to react.