

Love Slave 87

87 Controversial Feelings

Ace followed up with many questions while I concentrated on operating the voice recorder. The dogs were barking loudly so I wasn't sure if we would be able to hear the words properly or not over the sound of the dogs barking. I felt extremely uncomfortable with the dogs staring at us and couldn't wait to get out of there.

"Follow us this way. He'll show us around the farm a little more," Rung told us.

We proceeded to follow the farm's owner out the door on the other side of the warehouse from where we had entered. The back door led out to a yard where they were much larger cages that were now empty outside.

"These cages are for storing temporary stock before the traders come to pick them up," Rung explained before going into more details of the pickup and delivery schedule.

"Can you ask him what the farm owner thinks of this business? Is the demand for dog meat growing or shrinking? What does he think of people's opinion of this business?" Ace asked curiously.

Now that we were outside of the warehouse and I could no longer see the dogs, I felt slightly better. The fresh air outside really helped although the smell of the animals was still heavy in the air. Rung translated Ace's questions for the farm owner. The man nodded before answering the questions.

"He says that he thinks that there is nothing wrong with what he is doing. He thinks that dog meat farms are normal just like chicken farms. There are many local chicken and pig farms that are run with similar standards to his farm so he doesn't understand the issues at all. Demand has been the same for him because his farm is small, so he doesn't have any problem selling all his dogs," Rung translated before continuing to listen a little more to the farm owner.

"What did he say just now?" Ace prompted.

"He says that he knows that younger generations that love dogs think that this is barbaric. He isn't bothered by that thought. He says that as long as there is demand for dog meat, someone has to provide it. If it isn't him, it'll end up being someone else in the business," Rung replied with his translation.

.....

"Right. Thank you. Let's go on to the next farm," Ace said before he turned to bow in thanks to the farm owner.

I did the same to show my appreciation and the man smiled back at me kindly. After interacting with the farm owner, I had to say that he was kind and gentle just like any nice uncle that you would run into. Even though he is involved in a business that is viewed as cruel, he is still very much human. The picture of the people behind this trade being evil didn't quite fit what I was seeing for myself.

After wrapping up our work at the first farm, we headed to the second farm for the day.

...

In the end, we managed to visit 4 farms. The schedule was really packed but we somehow made it through. Ace was very strategic with the farms that he got Rung to contact and take us to. There was a good mix of various farm sizes ranging from small local farms ran by one sole owner and some staff such as the first one that we visited to larger farms that resembled more or a formal industry with many employees and operating at much a larger scale.

It was amazing to see how big the dog meat trade really is in this country and how normal the people who worked in these farms thought that it was. It didn't seem like everyone who worked in these farms consumed dog meat, but they viewed it as normal for some people to have the preference. By the time we got back into the car to head back to the hotel, I had started developing very mixed feelings about the subject compared to before.

What I saw at the farms still felt as shocking as ever. As time passed by and we visited more farms, I got a little used to seeing the animals and how they were treated and kept in cages; however, that didn't mean that it became any easier for me to swallow. Sitting in the car next to Ace made me realize just how tired and drained I was from the trip, and it wasn't mainly physical, I felt drained emotionally.

"You look tired. Let's call it a day and relax back at the hotel," Ace suggested as his fingers stroked the back of my hand gently.

I watched absentmindedly as his beautiful fingers moved gently on the back of my hand. After looking up at this face, I could see him smiling at me warmly and my heart clenched tightly in my chest. On top of dealing with the work, I had to deal with this attractive man here as well. I need to find a way to get some proper rest, I felt so tired.

"That would be nice..." I replied in agreement.

Rung quickly excused himself after dropping us off at the hotel lobby. I thanked him and waved as he drove away. I really liked Rung and how helpful he was to us on top of his positive attitude. I doubt that our interviews with the various people would have gone as smoothly as it did if we didn't have Rung. The topic and questions that we asked were quite controversial so it wouldn't come as a surprise if people might find it offensive. Rung had a genius way of laughing his way through those awkward and difficult patches of conversations from my observations.

"Let's rest up a bit and order some room service food," Ace suggested as he led me by the hand towards the elevators.

I followed after him willingly without much energy to resist. Since the schedule was busy, we didn't have time to stop for a proper lunch. I didn't have any issues with the food that Rung got for us, though. However, after seeing what I had seen, I didn't have much of an appetite and pretty much ended up skipping on having lunch. My body was paying for skipping on a meal very dearly now because I felt so hungry and low on energy. My tummy wouldn't stop churning around and I prayed that it wouldn't growl so loud that Ace would hear it. That would be the most embarrassing thing ever.