



12 Chapter TWELVE

Theme: A holiday to Winslow, Arizona 1

FEW DAYS LATER

"Look me in the eye and tell me what the hell were you doing in a club!?" Mr Clark yelled at his son.

Ace Clark eyebrows snapped together as he dropped his hands into his front jeans pocket. "Come on dad, I only went there to see some of my friends." Ace Clark answered with a shrug.

Ace Clark hated it whenever his dad questioned him about his whereabouts as if he were an eight years old boy when he was twenty three years old!

Mr Clark furrowed his eyebrows in fury. "You were at the club to see some friend?! Tell me is that place a golf point?!" He questioned frantically.

Ace Clark pulled his hands out of his jeans pocket and flopped down on the couch. "Come on dad, you should know that I don't play golf. I just went to the club to see some of my friends and we didn't do anything bad." He said.

"Fine..you went to see some friends and you didn't do any thing bad so tell me how come you



were snapped kissing two ladies at the same time?!" Mr Clark said with disgust on his expression.

Ace Clark was taken aback at how his dad had found out what he did at the club. His dad threw some pictures at his face and they flew everywhere around the office. Ace Clark leaned forward on the couch and picked one that came his way and dropped at his feet then he saw himself kissing Amelia and Alexis. They were the girls he met at the club the previous night.

"Ace, now tell me when are you going to stop all these stupid acts and focus on studying?!" Mr Clark yelled at him.

"Dad..believe me it is not what you think..I mean-" Mr Clark interrupted him.

"What else should I think aside the fact that you are just an idiot and a spoilt boy who just squanders my money on useless things. And listen to what if Mark had not caught the man who took these photos?! You would have destroyed my name and reputation! The media houses would have published these photos and you would lose the chance of ever getting married to Anderson's daughter! What do you want Camilla to think of you if she gets to see this on the papers?!" Mr Clark yelled with clear annoyance on his expression.



There he goes again with Camilla! Camilla! Camilla! Ace Clark felt his ear was about to explode. "Come on dad, this is not as serious as you are taking it." He said.

Mr Clark shook his head in disappointment. "I paid a fucking hundreds of dollars to get that photographer to delete these photos and remain quiet about it and you are telling me it is not serious!" He snarled at his son.

"Dad-" Ace Clark tried to come up with some excuses to be free from his father's nagging.

"Listen to me, I won't wait until you get me, your mom and this corporations into trouble. So because of this, I am sending you off to my hotel in Winslow and I am sure by the time you work as a janitor for some weeks you will get to know how hard it is to r me to sit at this desk each day to put this corporation in place and provide for your expenses." Mr Clark said but in an unusual calm tone.

The color drained out of Ace Clark's face and he stood up from the couch quickly. "Dad...you can't do this to me." He said in sheer surprise.

"Watch me do this to you, Ace Clark." Mr Clark said.

Ace screwed up his face. "I promise I will



change."

Mr Clark shook his head in disapproval. "You have made this promise to me a countless times so I know you are not going to change." He said.

"Please dad, you can't send me off to that small town to work there as I janitor." Ace eyes pleaded with his dad.

"Well I am bent on doing this to you so drop your car keys and credit cards. I will make sure you don't have any thing on your except for the daily income you would be getting from your workplace." Mr Clark walked over to where Ace stood and he gestured to Ace to drop what he asked in his palms.

Sadness clouded Ace features as he reluctantly dropped his car keys and just two cards and he held back one card in his wallet on his father's palm.

"Don't try to play smart with me, Ace Clark." Mr Clark snatched the wallet from him and removed the card and some dollar notes he found in it.

"Dad..those money are mine..you can't take that away from me." Ace Clark argued but his father didn't say anything but drop his wallet on the couch before walking back to his desk.



"Dad..you have to believe me that I will change. You can't possibly take everything and make me work as a janitor in your hotel...That's cruel." Ace Clark said with a tightened jaw.

Mr Clark mouth curve into a smile as a smug look displayed on his face too. "Mark! Mark! Mark!" He called out.

A well built man dressed in a nicely tailored suit walked into the large office. "Yes mr Clark." Mark said.

"You can now send him off to Arizona and remember not to pick up my wife's call until he finally reach that town." Mr Clark instructed.

"Yes sir." Mark replied.

"Dad...I can't believe you doing this to me....if you really want to send me off at least give me a chance to talk to my mom." Ace Clark said knowing that his mom would one way or the other convince his dad to let things go like she used to do.

Mr Clark turned his back on his son and right there Ace knew nothing would change his dad's mind.

