

37 Chapter THIRTY SEVEN

Theme: You don't know me 1

(IN THE NIGHT - IVY RIVERA'S HOME)

Ivy heard a sound of the door bell and she frowned at the wall clock. The time was 9:45 p.m, and she wasn't expecting anyone to be here at this time of the night. Ivy unlocked the door when she peered through the gap and saw that it was Arthur Young. She was surprised to find him there because she did not remember giving him a time to visit her. He has never been to her home.

Ivy opened the door for him to come in.
"Arthur, how did -"

Arthur Young cuts her off. "Surprised to see me? Well I have always known this place. I was only waiting for your invitation...and since I don't see any coming anytime soon that's why I came today." He feigned a smile on his face.

"Pardon my manners..please come in." She opened the door wide enough for him.

Arthur Young walked into the house. "Nice apartment you've got here, Ivy." He commented.

"Thank you, please just take your seat. Should I get you coffee? Wine? Soda?" She asked



him.

Arthur Young didn't accept the offer to sit down. "No, I am fine." He dropped his hands in his pocket.

"No it's your first time in here, you have to take something. I will just get you fruit juice." Ivy tried to leave but Arthur Young grabbed her right upper arm and whirl her to face him.

He wasn't patience enough to keep up with everything that was going on in his mind. "Why didn't you tell me Ace is the father of your child?" He blurted out.

Ivy was taken aback by his outburst. "How..How..Did -" She pursed her lip and cleared her throat. "How did you know about Ace being the father of my child? Perhaps did Ace you about it?"

Arthur Young shook his head in disagreement. "Ace didn't say anything to me." He muttered.

Her gaze dropped to his hold on her arm and then he let her go immediately. "So how did you find out?" She frowned.

"Have you been following me around?" She asked.

"I have better things to do than stalk you,



Ivy. The news about Ace having a son is all over Los Angeles. You, Ace and Leroy are the main headlines of every paper house." Arthur Young announces.

"What?" Ivy mouth went slack and her eyes widened.

Arthur stepped closer and cupped her face in his large palms. "I am just here to confirm things, is Ace the father of your son?" He demanded.

Ivy slowly withdrew from Arthur Young and walk away from him without giving a response.

"Talk to me Ivy, I think I deserve an explanation." Arthur pestered.

"It just happened that Ace, your cousin is the father of my child." Ivy answered.

"Have you known him all this while? Even when you met at the studio? Was that the reason you never wanted to discuss about your son with me?" Arthur questioned frantically .

"No! I never knew Ace was your cousin or that he was the CEO of Clark corp. I never knew anything about him until I saw him at the studio." Ivy explained.

"So? How did you know Ace? I mean - how on earth did you end up having his child?!"



Arthur Young asked.

Ivy's rubbed her temples as she placed her other hand on her waist. "I don't want to talk about it."

Arthur Young stepped closer. "How did you end up having a child for my cousin?" He asked again.

Ivy could see the hurt in his expression but she couldn't tell why. She stepped backward, a bit far away from him.

"Let's not discuss this Arthur." Ivy mumbled.

Arthur Young's face contorted in anger. "Were you one of those girls that slept with my cousin just because of his money?!" He asked with anger welling within him. He still finds it hard to believe that the woman he loves so much has a child for his cousin.

"Why would you think like that Arthur?" Ivy snapped.

Arthur Young breathed out. "I thought you were different from the other women in my life but it turned out that you are not special." He spat.

Ivy frowned deepened at his words. "Get out of here!" She said in a slightly raised tone.

"What?!" Arthur Young jaw slacken at her



words

"You heard me! if you think you can come into my house and insult me like you know me well then you are crazy! I am not the type of woman you think I am. So leave you are not welcome here!" Ivy snapped as she blinked back tears.

And it was then Arthur Young knew there was an important message in her words. He felt remorseful for what he said to her and wished he could take them back but it was impossible. He relaxed slowly and tried to touch her but she side stepped him.

"Ivy..I didn't mean to say it that way." Arthur Young muttered.

Ivy shook her head in disagreement. He was angry, so he meant every word he just spilled out of his mouth. "I don't owe you an explanation. As a matter of fact I don't want to hear any more words from you, Arthur." She grimaced.

"Ivy...Listen..I'm sorry." Arthur apologized but it was too late because Ivy wasn't ready listen to any more of his words.

"I am not interested in being friends with someone who thinks any man can get me in his bed. Please leave Arthur." She walked up to the door and opened it wide.

At first he didn't move away from his spot as his eyes kept studying her. Arthur blamed himself for Ivy reactions towards him. He had pushed her too hard. He shouldn't have said those words to her in such manner.

"Ivy-"

She cut him off. "Leave Arthur." Ivy said with a stern look on her face.

"Alright. I am sorry." Arthur Young sighed and walked out of her house with an apologetic look on his face.

Ivy closed the door and then went in search for her cellphone before turning on the TV. She found out every station was talking about Ace and Leroy. Her knees grew weak as she began to wonder how they got to know of this so fast and who had taken these pictures? Or did Ace plan all these just to let them know he has a son? Ivy mused deeply.

"Is everything okay? I heard you screaming out your lungs from the bedroom." Emily requested as she walked down the stairs.

"Arthur was here." Ivy replied.

"What's wrong?" Emily's eyes fell on the TV, her eyes scanned through the headlines as Ivy kept clicking back and front on the remote searching through stations.



"Tell me this is not not really...happening."
She muttered before bursting out into laughter.

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