



42 Chapter FORTY TWO

Theme: A relationship? Close friends. 1

ANDERSON'S MANSION

Camilla didn't know where to go as she drove out of the garage. She pulled up by the road side and did what was expected. She cried thinking that Ace was right when he had said that she was so insensitive to things happening around her. How could she not know about the company's situation? Her parents had been struggling to keep up and she didn't have the slightest idea of what they were going through.

After several minutes of crying inside her car, Camilla decided to see just one person. Someone she trusted enough to listen to her. At least that one person has always been willing to listen to her but she has never thought of giving him a chance even when he had begged for it. And while she was busy falling head over heels for Ace Clark, he was interested in her but she had confessed the truth to him that she was deeply in love with her. At that moment, Camilla still doubted if it was right to turn to him.

Camilla started the car deciding that she would take the chance to see him not for anything other than the fact that she needed a shoulder to lean on at the moment. She couldn't



bear it alone anymore.

Camilla pulled up in the parking lot right in front of Arthur Young's apartment. She got out of the car and dragged her box from the backseat before bounding up the small stairs leading to the entrance. She had thought about her relationship with Arthur Young and the best words to describe their relationship was, close friends.

Over the years, Camilla found it easy to relate with Arthur Young that she ever did with Ace Clark. Thinking back on her relationship with Ace Clark, she realized that he had tried to make her see that he wasn't interested in being with her but it seemed like she had also forced herself on him even though their parents also had a hand in it.

She was the only one happy about the wedding because she loves Ace Clark. Camilla pondered on how hard it must have been for Ace to keep up with her and his parents decision to get married to someone he doesn't love.

And after everything Ace was right. If they get married, it won't last long. There was no love in his heart towards her because his mind was with someone else. And in the end, the marriage would have turned sour.

Camilla has always despise parents who



forced their children into getting married for business purposes but she never knew it was happening to her. It hurt her to know that her parents only wanted to give her out to revive the company when there are other ways to have done it.

"I will get over it." Camilla kept saying to herself as she drove down to the one person she could trust.

She heaved a sigh before pressing on the doorbell. No response came in after she pressed it thrice.

"Well..it's pretty late.maybe..he is asleep." Camilla mumbled.

She would have called him but her phone was down and she didn't bring her charger to power it in the car.

Arthur Young was fast asleep in his bedroom after getting drunk.

Camilla walked down the stairs and went back into her car. She adjusted the front seat so it went backwards a bit and then she leaned in to rest.

(IVY RIVERA APARTMENT: IN THE MORNING)

Ivy Rivera woke up as early as possible



preparing her son to leave Los Angeles to spend some time at Connecticut. The door bell jangled when she tried to help her son pack his few things that was left not yet packed.

"I will get the door." Emily offered. She didn't to persuade her sister not to leave Los Angeles to another town since her mind was already made up.

"No..no..no never mind...I will get the door just help me pack Leroy's things into the box." Ivy interjected. Her son was being to sluggish about packing his things up. He didn't want to leave without seeing his father.

"Okay..I'll stay here with Leroy." Emily muttered faking a small smile on her face.

Ivy Rivera walked out of the room to get the door. She peered through the window to see if there was sign of any media house but there was none! Ivy sighed in relief before walking to the door and she peered through the hole and saw an aged man standing on the porch waiting for her to open up. She raised her eyebrows knowing she hasn't seen him anywhere. Ivy opened up the door, her eyes trailing on the aged man while his eyes was fixed on her too.

"Good morning, how may I help you?" Ivy Rivera tried as much as possible to place a smile on her lips.



"Are you Ivy Rivera?" The aged man asked in a croaked voice.

There was a lone bouncer standing right behind him while there are others bouncers stationed around her entrance and the car the man had brought in. Ivy couldn't make out who he was but he looked familiar or he looked like someone she knew. But why is an aged man standing on her porch with escorts by his side? She mused.

"Are you Ivy Rivera?" The aged man repeated.

Ivy cleared her throat. "Well...It depends on what you are here for." She replied.

"Young woman I know you are Ivy Rivera." The aged man chuckled darkly.

And then she nodded in agreement. "So how may I help you?" She asked.

"I am Mr Clark, the founder of Clark Corporation and a father to Ace Clark." Mr Clark introduced himself.

Ivy Rivera would have let her jaw dropped widely but she managed to comport herself. Her heartbeat accelerated at she counted to numbers of bouncers around, they were seven in numbers and it didn't take long for her mind to interpret that this aged man was here to take

her son away from her.

"Oh..Ace? You are..Ace..father..oh..that's really..nice. Good to see you." Ivy Rivera stuttered and her palms became sweaty. She was scared.

"Can we talk? I will like to have a word with you for some minutes." Mr Clark demanded.

"Oh me? Yeah! We should talk." Ivy replied in an unusually raised tone but she didn't make any attempt to let the aged man in. If he was ready to get her son then he would have to go through her first before having her son.

Mr Clark expected Ivy to let him in but when no offer came in, he said. "It is not good to keep an old man waiting on the porch."

Ivy eyed the aged man suspiciously. What if he was trying to trick her into letting him in so he could have easy access to take her son in? She pondered. But all of a sudden, fierce protectiveness welled up within her. Ivy would never let anyone take away her son. She would fight with everything to make sure that no one dares try to separate her from her son. And if this aged man was here for that reason then she wouldn't hesitate to pick up a tennis bat and fight them all.

"Oh..sorry please come in." Ivy managed to



smile as she stepped aside and opened the door wide for the aged man to walk into her apartment.

"I won't be long." Mr Clark signaled to the lone bouncer to stay back at the porch and that gesture gave Ivy an assurance that all would at least be well.

"Okay sir." The bouncer replied before stepping backward in a defensive stance.

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