



## 43 Chapter FORTY THREE

Theme: Mr Clark's visitation 1

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.



Mr Clark walked into the neat and nice abode of Ivy Rivera.

"Do you mind anything?" Ivy asked the old man who kept looking around the house as he sat on the couch.

"I don't have much time to waste." Mr Clark brought out a brown envelope from inside his suit and placed it on the table.

"I have an offer to make that will help you and your son. This is a cheque of three million dollar. You can take this cheque and leave the country with your son or I get a court order to claim him and you will be left with nothing." Mr Clark threatened.

Ivy was shocked by Mr Clark's offer. He was leaving her with no choice that would be beneficial to her and her son.

Mr Clark cleared his throat. "So what's your take?" He asked.

"Is Ace aware of your presence here?" Ivy asked.

Mr Clark furrowed his eyebrows. "He doesn't have to know about my where about and he doesn't have to know about this offer." He answered with a stern look on his face.

Ivy Rivera shook her head. "Did Ace tell you



about his love for his son?" She asked.

In a short while Ace Clark had spent with his son, Ivy already figured it that he loved Leroy so much more than she ever expected of him.

Mr Clark laughed. "Do you really think Ace is parent material?" He scoffed. "Listen young woman, I know my son, he doesn't love anything for too long. I am sure he will end up tossing his son aside sooner or later. So if you don't want your son to get hurt, leave as soon as possible." He said.

"Then why do you want to get him married to your best friend's child when he is not parent material? or won't they have kids?" Ivy questioned frantically.

She wanted to believe every of his words but Ace moments with Leroy was there to convince her that he wanted to be a father to Leroy.

Mr Clark cleared his throat. "That's not of your business. And may I also ask why you are just introducing Ace to his son? Is this some kind of plan to ruin his wedding? What do you want? Money? I am sure that's what you want from my son." He spat.

"I don't plan to ruin anyone's wedding and I don't want anything from you." Ivy replied.



"Then why are you just letting Ace know about his son?" Mr Clark demanded.

"That's because I just met him. And when I did, It wasn't my plan to let him know about his son. Ace just wants to do what is right." Ivy answered as she rubbed her sweaty palms together. She was beginning to lose her patience but she knew better not to lost control.

"What is the right thing to do? Mr Clark asked.

"To be father to his son." Ivy grimaced.

Mr Clark chuckled. "But you have been in Los Angeles for close to ten years now. You are a photographer and sometimes you take on filming. You left the small town you grew up in after you found out that you were going to have a baby."

Ivy eyes widened in sheer surprise. How in hell did he find out about her? "And I can see that you have done some research about me." She muttered.

"How about I tell the press what you really are in that small town?" Mr Clark stood up from the couch. "A jinx, a child that was never accepted by her biological parents. What do you think? I think it would really make a good new lines." He was threatening her.



"You can't do that!" Ivy stood up abruptly.

Her worst fears would come to reality and everyone would know about the past which she had tried to run away from for several years.

"I can as well tell them that you forced yourself on my son because of money." Mr Clark added quickly. He was simply trying to get her to give in to his offer.

"That's not true! I didn't force myself on Ace for his money!" Ivy defended as tears welled up in her eyes.

No..No..No..this shouldn't be happening. She wasn't weak. Ivy told herself not to shed a tear.

"Young Woman think about all I said and leave as fast as you can before things gets out of hand. I am sure you don't want your son taken away from you." Mr Clark threatened and Ivy became very scared.

She can't let him take away her son, losing him would only means that she had lost everything. Leroy was her life, the only thing that kept her going throughout the years. She lived for him and losing him would means that she would stop breathing.

"Fine..I will leave Los Angeles and Ace will never be able to find us." Ivy muttered.



"Nice choice, I can help you out with so many things. All you have to--"

Emily stormed into the sitting room alongside Leroy cutting off Mr Clark mid sentence. "Are you Mr Clark?" She asked with a scornful look on her face.

Mr Clark turned to look at her. "Yes, I am Mr Clark." He replied with pride in his tone.

Emily let go of Leroy who went to his mom. "Well nice to meet you in a bad way." She picked up the brown envelope from the table. "And I am glad to inform you we don't need this offer."

Ivy hugged her son tightly to comfort herself. She needed all the comfort she could receive by just holding him close.

Mr Clark frowned. "May I ask who you are?" He requested.

"I guess you are too old to tell the resemblance but I will be glad to introduce myself to you. I am Emily Rivera, Ivy's younger sister." She walked closer to him and pushed the envelope into his front suit pocket. "I am sure my sister is woman enough to take care of her son without your three million dollars. And for your other option of the offer, they are not leaving the country. They are not going anywhere!" Emily bared her teeth in anger.



"Emily, no..no we are leaving." Ivy countered.

Emily turned to look at her sister. "What?! Are you going to let this old man step over you?! No I won't allow that!" She turned to face Mr Clark. "Listen to me old man this boy right here is your grandson! First grand child! So you should be more concerned about him and not some stupid wedding or couple that love doesn't even exit between them!" Annoyance was clear in her tone.

Mr Clark gaze dropped on the Leroy who was now standing next to his mother. He is pretty much like Ace when he was just nine, everything about him spells Ace Clark. No doubt about it, he was Ace son. The old man concluded.

"Your grandchild deserve to be with his father!" Emily snapped.

Ivy looked down at her son as she cupped his face. He shouldn't be listening to this conversation. "Leroy, why don't you go inside your room, I'll join you soon." She said calmly rubbing his curls before Leroy decided to speak.

"Mom is he my grandpa? Is he the one dad told me about? why does grandpa really want us to stay away from my dad?" Leroy asked soberly.

Mr Clark kneel grew weak, and for a moment he thought he couldn't walk. Leroy's



words piercing through his ears as his heart tightened against his chest.

"I want to be with my dad. I want to get to see him everyday." Leroy added.

Ivy kissed his curls. "Leroy, just go inside and play a video game. I will be right there with you okay?" Her eyes pleaded with him.

Leroy just simply nodded his head as Ivy directed him towards his room. He stopped and took one last look at the old man before he raced off to his room with a tear slipping down his right cheek.

"I'll go ahead now." Mr Clark broke off the awkward silence.

"Don't worry Mr Clark, I will leave with my son but please don't try to persuade me to take your money. I have enough to raise my child..alone." She nibbled on her lower lip.

Emily face contorted in disappointment. "What?!" She mouthed earning a glare from Ivy.

"Okay." Mr Clark nodded.

"And please forgive my sister for her rudeness." Ivy apologized.

"No..no offense taken but apologies accepted" Mr Clark replied.



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Ivy flashed him a feigned smile. "I will walk you to the door." Mr Clark turned to leave.

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