



45 Chapter FORTY FIVE

THEME: Hangover 1

LOS ANGELES

ARTHUR YOUNG APARTMENT

Arthur Young opened his eyes to the dimly lit room, although it was daytime but the thick drapes wasn't opened yet. The aching in his skull ebbs and it flowed like a cold tide yet the pain was there. Arthur was feeling like he got hit by a bus. The hangover felt like the blackest clouds was over his head with no intention of clearing.

Arthur slide out of bed slowly and motioned towards the bathroom. He had drank too much alcohol last night. He splashed cold water on his face just to feel something refreshing and he also instantly wished that he could wash his brain from the toxins too.

He walked out of the room to the kitchen. The smell of the wine from last night was intoxicating, yet this morning it added to the drink of water in his mouth. Arthur was feeling like his head would crack open anytime soon.

Perhaps some painkiller would help subside the pain in his head. Arthur picked out tablets from the fridge and he gulped it down with water.



The door bell jangled. Arthur sniffed after he swallowed down enough water. He moved out of the kitchen to the living room then towards the door.

Arthur Young furrowed his eyebrows when he saw Camilla standing on the porch. He was surprised to see her, his gaze dropped down to the box that she gripped on to tightly.

"Camilla," he muttered.

"Can I come in?" Camilla requested.

"Oh..sure..." Arthur opened the door wide for her to step in.

"Arthur..I don't mean to bother you..this early morning." Camilla's hands trembled as she fiddled with her fingers.

Arthur Young noticed her bleary eyes and deep eyes bags. "Camilla, what's wrong?" He asked with concern in his tone.

Camilla looked up at him. "I have been in my car since last night." She answered.

Arthur Young screwed up his face. "Really?! Why didn't you give me a call to let me know you were coming over?" He demanded.

"I tried knocking but no response and my phone already went off by that time." Camilla replied.



Arthur Young rubbed his temples. "Oh no..." he mumbled, remembering that he was wasted last night from alcohol.

So there was no way he could have heard her calling out to him.

"I am sorry..Camilla." He apologized.

Camilla shook her head in disapproval. "No..no..I should be the one apologizing for showing up at your doorstep unannounced." Her expression dulled and sadness clouding her features.

Arthur's eyebrows drew together as his gaze darted from her face to the fiddling fingers and the box sitting next to her.

"Are you traveling?" He asked with a confused look on his face.

"No..no..I am not traveling." Camilla's voice trailed off as tears pulled up in her eyes.

"Camilla," Arthur Young stepped closer after noticing the tears that filled the corners of her eyes.

"I..I..just left home..and I don't have anywhere to go or anyone else to turn to at the moment." Camilla blabbed.

"Relax..why did you leave home?" Arthur Young asked.



Camilla sniffed. "Haven't you seen the news yet?" She questioned.

"You mean..about Ace's son and my employee who turned out to be the mother of his child." Arthur replied with a poignant look on his facial expression.

He wasn't happy about the news. His mind has never been at peace since the day he visited Ivy at her home. Those words he said to her had hurt her badly and it had also haunted him even in his sleep. Arthur wished he could take back those words but it was impossible. And if he ever has a chance to see Ivy Rivera again, then he would apologize to her.

Camilla nodded her head slowly. "Ace wants to call off our wedding." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she said those words that felt like her heart was stabbed.

"Yeah..I saw the news." Arthur Young replied unsteadily.

It was the reason why he had drowned himself in alcohol knowing that he has lost his chance to be with Ivy Rivera.

"And I found out so many things that I didn't know all these years. It's so sad..to know that my parents wanted to marry me off to Ace Clark to revive our family business. Ace has to keep up



with me..all these years..because of his parents. He doesn't love me..and all he wants right now..is to be with his son and the mother of his child." Camilla cried.

She was heartbroken from the realization of things. She had cried her eyes out in the car throughout the night.

Arthur Young felt pity for her. He covered the gap between them and then embraced her. It was the best thing he could do to comfort her.

"It's alright..I am sorry you have to go through all these all by yourself." Arthur Young comforted her as she sobbed in his chest.

"A part of me is saying I should cling onto Ace and never let him go but that would be so selfish of me. I feel bad for Ace, I feel sorry for Ivy and her son because Ace got separated from them because of me. It is clear to me why Ace and I never really clicked as a couple." She sobbed.

Arthur patted her back gently urging her to shed all the tears and pour out the words.

"And finding out the truth about my parents plans..I just want to go somewhere far..away where they will never find me again." Camilla admitted sincerely.

Arthur Young pulled away to look into her



eyes. "Why don't you try to talk things out with your parents?" He suggested.

Camilla shook her head in disapproval. "No..no..I don't have anything to say to them." She retorted.

"Camilla-"

She cut him off sharply. "Can I stay here for a while? I'll leave once my visa is ready." Her eyes pleaded with him.

Arthur Young fingertips trailed her cheeks to wipe the tears. A part of him blamed himself for what was happening to Camilla. He had always known that Ace doesn't love Camilla but he couldn't tell her about it. She kept loving Ace for years and she had even turned Arthur's feelings down.

"You can stay till whenever you want. I am always here for you." Arthur cupped her face in his large hands.

"Thank you..thank you..Arthur." Camilla sniffed as she hugged Arthur again.

They stayed like that for about two minutes with Arthur comforting her.

"You don't look too well." Arthur withdrew from the embrace. "You need to rest." He added.

Camilla nodded in agreement. And then he

helped her to the empty room next to his bedroom.

"I will prepare breakfast so come out whenever you are ready." Arthur smiled before turning away to leave the room.

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