

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 103

"Mommy! Mommy! Wake up!" A cute chubby boy was climbing into Arabella's bed. She smiled and pinched his rosy, chubby cheeks.

It seemed her dream brought her again to the most tragic part of her life. It happened 6 years ago, but she felt that it happened just yesterday. The time was so cruel to her that even she tried her best not to remember that tragic part in her life, it always came out in her dream every night. Remembering how Bill stood up there without doing anything to save her and his son made her want to vomit in anger.

With that, every morning, it was already habitual to her to pinch her son's chubby cheeks to confirm that she was not dreaming.

Her son was alive!

She smiled genuinely and kissed Adam repetitively on the cheeks. Seeing her handsome chubby boy every morning made her feel so lucky despite of the tragic past, she suffered at the hand of Bill Sky.

That name for her was a curse.

She never wanted to see him anymore in her lifetime. Arabella swore to forget everything about him. For 6 years, she had been living in another country far away from Capital Z. She had built-up her career in Country Y as a famous pianist.

The goal to start a new life brought her to pursue her passion in music. Since she was a kid, she already made her name in the music industry as a great pianist. She couldn't ask for more fame as she was also afraid that someone in Capital Z would recognize her.

Every day was her happiest with her son, Adam.

"What do you want for breakfast?" She asked Adam with full of love.

"I want pancakes mommy. Pancakes!" Adam sweetly replied.

"Roger that Sir! Then pancake it is." Arabella made a snappy soldier salute in front of the cute boy.

Adam laughed at her funny mom and followed like his mom's tail wiggling his fat butt.

The most important factor that Arabella had to hide Adam because he had an obvious resemblance to Bill Sky. One could simply tell that Adam was Bill's son without any paternity test.

"Mommy, I want to go to the park later with Uncle Damien." Adam said with begging eyes.

He was confident that with his look, his mom could not say no to him.

"Adam? Are you using your magic face again?" Arabella rolled her eyes to her son.

Adam strode forward to his mom and kissed her cheek. He really knew how to make her mom agree to him.

"Okay! Okay! Finish your breakfast and you can go." Arabella blinked at her little boy.

While having their breakfast, their doorbell rang.

The little boy immediately stood up and excitedly opened the door.

"Good morning little fellow!" A man strode directly inside their house.

"Yehey! Good morning, Uncle Damien." Adam jumped to Damien excitedly.

"Wohhh! Easy fellow. Easy." Damien caught him, then they quickly strode to the dining table.

Arabella already knew who's the visitor, so she didn't mind to check the person talking to her son.

Damien Lewis.

He was their landlord and a longtime next-door neighbor. He was a hot and handsome bachelor. Damien worked as a freelance songwriter and he usually spent his time in his house which to Arabella's advantage. Every time she had a concert or some engagement to attend, she normally asked Damien to take care of Adam.

He was aloof at that time, but after a while, they became close friends because of their love of music. One of her piano pieces was composed by Damien. It was his piece that made Arabella gain her popularity as a pianist in Country Y. As the years went by, he became more like her brother. The bond between the three of them became even stronger. As for Adam, he was very fond of Damien. He was his ultimate playmate and his secret keeper.

"Uncle Damien, sit here." Adam said while preparing his seat beside him.

"Did you spare me some pancakes, little fellow?" Damien asked messing Adam's hair.

"Of course, because I know you will come." Adam answered. He was actually used to see his uncle Damien normally sneaked to their house for breakfast.

“Great!” Damien sounded like a child too, while raising his hand for high five.

The two ate like Arabella was not there. Whenever they were together, Arabella was like a ghost.

But what could she ask for?

She had Damien, who really cared for her son even if they were not related to each other by blood.

After the two went out, she fixed herself and quickly drove to work.

It was the weekend, but she had to rehearse for her upcoming concert.

When she went home, it was already night. She found the two sleeping on the sofa hugging each other. They seemed to be so tired.

“Damien, Thank you. Sorry I was late.” Arabella quickly lifted her boy.

“Nahhh... What’s new?” Damien quickly stood up and smiled at her.

“Goodnight!” He added, then he exited the house.

“Goodnight too.” Arabella replied plainly.

Arabella put her little boy on his bed. He was already cleaned up by Damien and judging from his sharp tummy, Damien definitely spoiled her little boy with his favorite foods. Adam liked to eat all kinds of meat barbecues aside from seafoods. He’s allergic to it just like his dad.

Thinking about the heartless man, an intense anger rose in her heart.

Monday came and they woke up early for school.

Arabella drove her son to school. It was just 30 minutes away from their house. When her son entered the gate, she waved at him smiling then she drove away. Those who brought the students to school was not allowed to enter the gate unless they had an important matter to do inside.

The upcoming concert made her so busy. She had to rehearse almost every day.

“Lira, I am almost there. Please get ready of everything.” Arabella called up her assistant. She hired an assistant just 1 yr. ago for arranging her schedules and assisting her for everything.

“It’s all been set up, Ms. J.” Lira replied with accomplished tone.

“Great!” Arabella then ended the call.

In this city, she was known as Ms. J and only Damien and the school knew her real name.

"Ms. J, another bouquet of flowers for you." Lira was excited with the bouquet of white roses in her hand.

Arabella just smiled at it as she was used to receive flowers from her fans. Though this bouquet of flowers was special as the sender never missed a day to send it to her every morning for 3 years when she started her career. There was no name of the sender but there was always a hand written message.

'Have a nice day! W.'

Very plain and simple message and Lira had kept all these cards in her drawer.

"I think your secret admirer W Ms. J, is very consistent. Look at my drawer, it's almost full of his cards." Lira complained.

"You can actually throw it in the bin my dear. I don't need it." Arabella said coldly. She had no time for lame messages and admirers, let alone love.

"Hmmm... It's a waste to throw it. Let me just keep them okay, pls. Ms. J?" Lira was a hopeless romantic person. By collecting the cards, she fell in love with the mysterious sender. Then she imagined that the sender was a prince.

"Okay! Just don't complain." Arabella answered lazily, then strode forward to her piano.

She started playing one piece. The way she played was very graceful and her expression was very melodramatic. The feeling of being in control of her life and enjoying her unlimited freedom through her music. She was always absorbing every tune and she was always captivated with it when Lira suddenly interrupted her.

"I am sorry, Ms. J but the school of Adam called." Lira reached out her phone to Arabella.

Arabella suddenly felt nervous. The kind of nervous she felt 6 years ago. She quickly got her phone.

"Yes. This is Adam's mother." Arabella's cold sweat came out. She hoped she was just exaggerating things.

"Ms. Jones, this is the principal. I need you to come now in the school for Adam. I will explain to you when you get here." The principal firmly said.

"Okay. I will go there right now." Arabella replied quickly and ran to the exit.

"Lira, let's postpone today's schedule. I need to attend to my son's matter." She quickly ordered her assistant.

She drove hurriedly to Adam's school. She had a bad feeling that something had happened to Adam. With it came to Adam's matter, her anxiety always attacked her as she was afraid to lose her only reason for living, her son Adam.

She arrived at the school. When she entered the gate, the security guard asked her for her I.D and gave her a visitor pass.

When she entered the principal's office, she saw Adam sitting separately from the 3 other boys accompanied by three adults.

What shocked her was Adam had a band aid on his forehead and his right arm. Arabella's heart clenched in an instant.

"Adam. My baby, what happened?" Arabella rushed to hug Adam.

Adam didn't say anything as his face was flustered by anger.

"Great! Now that you are here, how do you want this settle?" A fat lady arrogantly asked Arabella. She seemed to be the mother of the boy beside her.

Hearing the fat woman, Arabella turned around to see her clearly. That was the only time that she noticed that the 3 boys had lots of band aids on their entire body unlike Adam, he only had two.

"Mrs. Principal, could you explain to me what happened?" Instead of answering the fat lady, she asked the old principal directly.

"Ms. Jones, your son had started a brawl with his 3 classmates." The principal explained with a formidable tone obviously showing her high position.

Arabella frowned. She knew Adam was a sweet gentle boy. He was obedient and genius. He would never enter into such nonsense fight.

"Mrs. Principal, may I know for what reason?" Arabella wasn't the old Arabella anymore. She was tough and cold to strangers specially to those who treat them unfairly.

The old principal froze. She obviously estimated the girl in front of her. She seemed to be just beautiful but she never thought she was tough.

"Hmmm..." The old principal staggered.

"Mrs. Principal, may I also know what made you said that my son started the fight? Did you witness it yourself?" Arabella had so many fights in the past and she survived. This was just a piece of cake for her compared to those days with the evil, Bill Sky.

With her tough questions, the old principal was taken aback together with the three adults.

"Hmmm... I think I should call their class adviser to come here and explain everything to you. Please sit down first." The principal said, trying to pacify Arabella.

The old principal quickly called up the class teacher to explain.

The teacher entered the room shyly as she was guilty for accusing Adam to cover her absence in the class. Her jealous boyfriend called her so she talked to him for about 1 hour in the other room, but when she got back, the kids were already fighting. It was 3 versus 1 so it's easy to point a finger to 1 than to the 3 boys. That just meant, 1 parent versus 3 parents.

"Ms. Thompson, please tell us the whole story." The old principal ordered as she tried to maintain her posture from being embarrassed a little.

"Yes, Ms. Thompson. Come on. Tell us who started the fight?" The other parent butted in with one brow lifted up as if she was confident that her boy was not the bad one.

Arabella was just relaxed as she looked at his son. Adam lowered his head as he was not feeling well.

"Yeah. Let's hear how bad that boy is!" The other mother pointed Adam with blaming in her voice.

"What kind of mother you are? For raising a future gangster!" The fat lady butted in again.

Arabella calmly stood up and folded her hands in front of her. Living alone had thought her many things and one of these was to control her emotion. Your anger could lead you lost the fight.

"Ms. Thompson, you are a teacher and you should know that I can sue you if you are not going to tell us the truth. If that happened, it's just means that you can't continue to work here and to the other schools if you stain your reputation" Arabella said calmly but her tone was strong and firm like a professional lawyer in the court that was defending the case of her client.

Hearing Arabella, Ms. Thompson shivered and cry for treating Adam unfairly.

"I am sorry, Ms. Jones. I didn't witness everything but all their classmates said that the three boys started to provoke Adam by calling him a fatherless boy." Ms. Thompson finally spat the truth out.

