

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 107

Trishia felt her face was bursting with mortification. She was liked punched with a metal fist by Bill's words.

3 years ago, her father, Senator Meyer ran for President but he didn't win. He lost a lot of money during his campaign so, his last resort was for his daughter to be married to the richest man in the city, Bill Sky. In his desperation, he took advantage of the mourning of Bill's mom, Kelly.

"Senator Meyer, what brings you here?" Kelly welcomed him with a bright expression.

"Well. I am still at a loss of losing a good friend, Ed." Senator Meyer's expression looked gloomy in front of Kelly but when she's not looking, his expression changed to a cunning fox.

"Yes. My husband was indeed a good friend." Sipping her tea, Kelly smiled as she remembered the loving memory of her husband.

"Well... You know I am a good friend of your husband so if ever my daughter has to marry someone, it has to be Ed's and your son, Bill." Senator Meyer said without beating around the bush.

Kelly put her cup down and smiled with satisfaction at his proposal. She was already expecting the purpose of his visit.

"I don't have a problem with that. Your daughter is quite a match for my son. You can arrange the engagement now. I will take care of my son." Kelly replied without any hesitation. The proposal of the Senator was a great help for her. They made a big mistake to let Bill married Arabella before.

Bill's decision was indeed a big mistake.

They just wasted their time accommodating such a wicked shameless woman. Of all their goodness showed to her, she hadn't just brought shame to Sky's family, but she was the reason for Ed's death.

All her husband wanted was to see Bill be settled and to see his grandchildren, but he died without accomplishing any of it.

Because of that woman!

Arabella Jones.

Learning from the tragic past experience, Kelly couldn't allow Bill to choose his own woman again, let alone another Arabella or Arabella herself.

Her name was a curse to Kelly. Just hearing Arabella's name made her enraged and ruined her day. She promised herself to do anything to void Arabella's marriage to her son and Bill should marry only Trishia at any cost.

By the tandem of Senator Meyer and Kelly Sky, they made the event happen in a flash.

That day, Trishia was very dazzling and proud. Finally, she would be engaged to the man of her dream and the man whom she fantasized about every night for a long time.

Bill showed up late for 3 hours.

With his effortless handsome demeanor, he stood up among the crowd.

Seeing her son's presence, the hopeless and disappointed look of Kelly changed to overflowing joy.

Last night, she tried to convince Bill to accept Trishia as his fiancée but Bill strongly opposed her.

"Son, do not forget that you made the biggest mistake of marrying that.... That... that... I don't even want to say her name. It makes me sick!" Kelly's wrinkles showed up and the veins in her neck popped up as she was gritting her teeth in annoyance.

Bill was just sitting with calm on the sofa without any emotions. He seemed her mother's words were not his concern. He was there but his mind was calculating on his company's profit, stocks, and how to stay on top.

"Bill, remember, your father wanted you to be settled before he died. Don't you think it's time for you to grant your father's only wish?" Kelly knew his son very well. She refused to stop and used his soft spot. She was determined that this night would not end if she would not convince Bill.

Bill crossed his long legs and folded his arms in front. His dark eyes and cold expression were steady but he seemed to start listening to her mom with great assessment.

"Son, I am your only parent now and I am your mother, I also have the same wish with your father, to see you settled and have kids. Are you going to comply after I die?" With teary eyes, Kelly cooed. She knew she could not just order her son to go to his own engagement. If she forced him, he would surely go against her. So might as well, used the begging tactics as this stood a great chance of winning him.

No son could be so heartless to his mother.

“Goodnight mom.” Bill picked up Kelly to stand up. Holding her shoulders, “Sleep tight tonight. Give the details to George. I will attend.” Bill added and kissed her forehead, then he turned and left.

Trishia, seeing Bill walking towards her, wanted to jump with joy. She remembered before that day, she asked him for help. To convince him to agree to their engagement, she made up a story.

“Bill, my father wanted me to marry a rude man if you don’t agree to our engagement. Please help me. I don’t want to marry that rude old man.” Trisha let go of some fake tears to support her drama.

Bill looked at her while sitting on a French couch like a king. Trishia was in front of Bill doing her acting. His sharp eyes were scrutinizing at her but his face was stiff without no trace of believing or even affected by her crying.

“I am still married. I can’t marry you.” Bill finally spoke in a calm manner while gulping his whisky.

“It doesn’t matter Bill. Just help me with this. I will not ask you for a wedding. Just let me be your fiancée so my father would stop matching me with ugly strangers.” Trishia replied, but at the back of her mind, she would just ask Bill’s mom to pursue him to marry her. Now that she had Kelly, it was very easy for her to do everything as her father firmly said, “Trishia, you are my only hope. Do all your best and make Bill your husband. Use your brain and have a baby with him. He will save us. With his money, I will stay in power and your future will be secure. Is that clear?” Senator Meyer demanded in a desperate tone.

Remembering his father’s words, Trishia looked at the cold man. She tried her best to make more tears out, but Bill was a natural emotionless man. Her crying was no effect on him. She drew herself closer and without any second thought, she knelt down with her fake tears dripping on her cheeks.

“Bill, please help me. Save me from my dad’s plan.” She hugged his leg on the ground like a stubborn kid who refused to take no for an answer.

“Enough!” Bill sounded with irritation. He hated women who couldn’t control their selves. Such crying babies didn’t suit his taste and Trishia was one of them.

Trishia was stunned, but she quickly recovered. “Are you going to help me?” She dared to ask, but deep inside she was already trembling in fear.

“We’ll see.” He gulped his whiskey in one go then he stood up and left. He left her kneeling on the ground.

In just a while, bottles and glasses that were smashed to the ground could be heard outside.

Trishia didn’t expect Bill to show up in their engagement. She invited all the media in Capital Z and media from international tv. Without the presence of Bill,

she would be doomed. She's gonna put herself as a laughing stock around the world.

Now that Bill appeared, her excessive pride and self-satisfaction were screaming to everyone. With Bill, she knew all girls envied her and looked up to her like a queen with the most expensive crown.

"Bill, you have to promise me that you will not hurt my only daughter." Senator Meyer said calmly as he could not afford to warn him let alone make a threat.

Trishia looked at Bill with begging eyes while her hands clung to his arm. Her cold sweat went out when Bill didn't answer her father. She immediately felt panicked. The media's cameras were all focused on them. Her nervousness and uneasiness suddenly heightened.

The silence was gold at this time as everyone was waiting to hear Bill's reply.

"Bill." Kelly muttered to remind her son.

Bill looked at her mother with his dark eyes, then he said, "All right."

He replied with two words. No one could question it. Those two words brought them relief. They were all thankful for those two words.

The engagement went out well. That night, Trishia thought they would have an intimate night, but Bill didn't stay with her after the engagement.

She called his phone.

He answered.

"Hello?" A melodious voice of a woman answered.

"Who the hell are you? I am his fiancée. How dare you answer his phone?" Trishia roared angrily.

"Oopsie! Bill was in the bathroom." The girl answered.

"Bill? How dare you to call his name! Where are you now?" Trishia's voice sounded murderous.

"In a hotel?" The girl simply answered.

"You! Listen to me bitch! I am Trishia Meyer, the only daughter of Senator Meyer and Bill's fiancée. If you don't get out of there now, I will find and kill you and your family too. I swear that to you!" Trishia's expression could really kill.

"Oh! I'm really going out now. We already finished. Bye." The girl replied sweetly and hung up.

"AHHHHHHHHH!" Trishia screamed with intense vexation. Her heart was crushed and her ego refused to accept that Bill slept with another woman in their engagement night.

All the things near her shattered on the floor.

Through the years, she endured everything as long as she was the fiancée, Bill is hers.

Back to Bill's office, Trishia looked at the man who had no plan on paying attention to her.

"Bill, tell me for 3 years that we are engaged, why can't you love me?" Trishia was already carried with her emotions.

"Why you chose to sleep with other women rather than me?"

"Why can't you touch me?"

"For six years, you only kissed me once."

"I know that kiss was just for a show."

"Arabe..."

"Enough!" Bill shouted angrily as he threw all the papers on his desk. All papers fell and scattered on the floor.

Trishia trembled in fear. She regretted what she had said. She knew Bill didn't want to hear Arabella's name but she was carried away. For her, she endured many things, but in return, she didn't get anything from Bill.

Bill treated her like a ghost. He accompanied her with family events and her other events, but he was always aloof to her and he always put a high barrier for her. After the events, he left her alone or asked his driver to bring her home. She had never stepped into his house only in his parents' villa upon the request of his mom.

"Bill, I am sorry. Please do not get angry." Her voice was trembling like her lips as she wanted to cry.

"I forbid you to say that name." Bill looked at her with calm but danger when disobeyed.

"I am sorry. I don't intend to make you angry. It's your birthday. Let's celebrate. Please?" Trishia drew herself closer to Bill. She sat on his lap deliberately and hooked her arms to his neck.

The girl on his lap had no effect on him at all. He looked at her like waiting to make her next move.

She was about to put her lips to his but he dodged.

"Trishia." Bill called her name.

"Bill, it's your birthday. I am here. I want to give myself to you. I am your fiancée. I don't see anything wrong." Today, she came prepared. Wearing her sexiest red undies, she pampered herself for she was very determined to give herself as a gift to him. She already imagined that Bill pinned her on the bed with his naked muscled body.

"I don't do sex in the office." Bill directly said.

"Then, let's go out now." Trishia quickly retorted.

Bill got her two arms glued to his neck, then he pushed her to stand up.

"Trishia, don't forget that your fiancée role is just a play." Bill looked at her with eyes that could dispirit one's being.

