

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 110

Damien didn't respond. Lira was snapped to her senses. She hated herself for taking the initiative to kiss him. She wanted to choke herself and she wanted to disappear in front of him immediately. She stopped the kiss with her cheeks bursting hot in embarrassment. She regretted kissing him. She should have not crossed the border.

How could she face Damien now?

"I... I am sorr.." She was about to apologize but her lips were suddenly devoured by Damien. His kiss was rough and wild. Lira closed her eyes while Damien's tongue swiftly entered her mouth wandering around. Lira hooked her two arms around his neck. Damien was pounding her and Lira could feel his erection in the middle of her thigh.

Lira's desire surged up and she could feel Damien had felt the same too.

Suddenly the light came back.

Damien stopped.

He seemed snapped back to his senses. He quickly stood up and exited the room.

"I will wait for you outside. Hurry up." An obvious impatient tone sounded while he exited without glancing at her.

Lira was left in a daze. She had felt at a loss.

What had happened?

It was so sudden. She didn't expect any intimacy with him tonight.

What a night!

It seemed the night was playing tricks on them. From the dangerous men in the street and the brown-out. Who would have thought that they would end up together in her small room without any light?

Hugging and kissing each other.

Damien had no feelings for her. Lira was just so optimistic and had taken her liberty to take advantage of the opportunity she had with Damien.

Inside the car, Lira sat in the passenger seat. She held her breath as she didn't want him to notice her presence. She wanted to be invisible at this moment and

she could not look at him. Her head was lowered and stayed in that position. For her, it was better this way rather than meeting Damien's eyes.

"Lira, your boss is taking you in." Damien said plainly as if nothing had happened to them.

"Thank you." She didn't want to reply but she felt she had to say something to break the awkwardness in the air that started to freeze her. Her body had tensed up and it made her whole body stiffened.

"Lira." Damien saw her discomfort and called out her name.

Hearing him, that was the only time she lifted her gaze and landed on Damien.

When Damien met her eyes, "About what happened earlier, let's forget about it. What happened in your room, stays in your room." He firmly said. Damien was clear as a crystal. He didn't want to get involved with her and he didn't want someone to know about it.

Lira's heart suddenly clenched hard. His words made her like she wanted to cry but she held it. It was enough that she put herself in an embarrassment by kissing him. She didn't want to embarrass herself again by crying with his cold words.

"Yes. Of course." Lira answered with teary eyes. She lowered her head again.

She didn't know why she felt so bad and sad. Maybe Damien didn't like her kiss or he didn't like her at all.

Sad fact.

The conversation quickly ended with the reply of Lira. Damien didn't talk or even glance at her. He was focused on driving and his eyes fixated on the road. Lira closed her eyes. She felt very tired and she just wanted to shut her world from the sadness in her heart.

They reached the compound. Arabella was waiting for them. She let Lira occupy the guest room. Lira felt satisfied with her new home now but at the same time, she felt sad about her relationship with Damien. He became aloof to her all of the sudden. He just dropped her in front of Arabella's house without any goodbyes then he parked directly at his house.

"Lira are you okay?" Arabella asked when she noticed Lira was lost with her thoughts while sitting on the sofa.

"Oh. I am okay, Ms. J. Thank you very much for accommodating me." Lira smiled with full of gratitude in her tone.

"Damien had told everything to me. Thank God you are safe!" Arabella's tone was grateful and still worried at the same time.

"Thanks to Damien." Lira muttered with sparkles in her eyes but in just a blink it turned to sadness.

"Hmmm... You have a problem, my dear." Arabella smiled at Lira's sudden change of expression.

"Ms. J, am I that obvious?" Lira uttered with a questioning expression.

"Obvious is an understatement. You are in love." Arabella was good at calculating situations.

Lira blushed instantly. Arabella had her bullseye.

"Ms. J. I think I am in love with Damien." Lira didn't hold it back. She needed someone to talk to or else she would explode. Arabella was a good boss. A good listener and a good adviser.

"Ever since I know." Arabella smiled at her.

Lira's eyes widened. She couldn't believe what she just heard.

Is she that obvious?

She really wanted to hurt herself in the annoyance of her own actions.

"Did Damien know about it, Ms. J?" She asked but she was not ready for Arabella's reply.

"Hmmm... That I don't know. I never mentioned it to him and he never asked me though." Arabella explained with a simple tone.

"You want me to ask him?" Arabella then joked at her.

"No. Ms. J. Please no." Lira was in a panic. She clearly remembered Damien's words, 'What happened in your apartment stays in your apartment.' How could she share her experience with him to her boss? Though she wanted to scream and giggled but her sad heart didn't want her to.

It was the morning and everyone was preparing for work. Lira waited for Damien to show up inside the house or outside the house but he didn't. She glanced at his house wondering what he was doing in the morning and hoped to see him in some corner of his glass window but there's no sight of him at all.

Adam saw his aunt Lira and they started to play around the house. He was happy to have another person in their house.

After Arabella and Lira brought Adam to school, they went directly to their office.

They were heading to their office when someone approached them while walking.

A man with a black suit and he was wearing gold-rimmed eyeglasses. He was tall and refined.

"Hi, I am Mr. Harvey but please call me V. I am Celine's personal assistant." The man's voice alone confirmed his identity. He was a gay.

Hearing Celine's name their ears were like hearing the chiming of bells. Celine was the world's most famous singer.

Who would not know her?

"What brought you here, Mr. Harvey?" Arabella smiled with full brightness shone in her eyes.

"Actually, Ms. J. I have a company waiting for you." Mr. Harvey announced it excitedly.

Just when a woman walked past Mr. Harvey from behind. She was a striking, tall woman, wearing big sunglasses.

Celine.

Seeing her idol, Lira's jaw dropped while her eyes widened in disbelief.

Arabella froze for a moment but quickly regained her senses. She smiled pleasantly to the one and only Celine. She was also in disbelief but she held her giggling.

"Ms. J, Am I right?" Celine's elegance was screaming even when she talked.

"Nice to meet you. I am your big fan." Arabella quickly shook her hand. She was surprised by her presence early in the morning. There must be something she wanted from her that she personally came. Good thing, she was well covered with her big sunglasses and her baseball hat. No one could really tell in one glance that she's the most phenomenal singer in the world.

"Hi, I am Ms. J's assistant. I am Lira." Lira also introduced herself with a giggling voice.

"Oh! Hi dear." Celine shook the hand of Lira.

"I don't think it's proper to talk here. If you don't mind please come to our office." Arabella said it politely to the 56 years old elite singer. Suddenly, the only thing that's gotten to her mind was the crowd and media.

She didn't expect Celine, she, herself, would come to her.

In the office, the three sat on the sofa and Lira was busy preparing their coffees. Celine took off her sunglasses and sat like a princess. She possessed confidence and gracefulness while just sitting on the sofa.

Arabella was a bit intimidated but she did try her best not to be obvious in front of her unexpected visitors.

“Okay. Ms. J, we are here to convince you to be our pianist in Celine’s concert.” Without wasting time, Mr. Harvey began to announce the purpose for their unscheduled coming.

Arabella knew it already. Seeing Celine earlier, she already had that in mind.

“Look, Ms. J. I know you declined our invitation already but we can’t get someone in this country to replace you and perform together with Celine. The concert is scheduled for the day after tomorrow. Gosh! I am already dying.” Mr. Harvey continued with his gay mannerism.

“That’s why I am here.” Celine finally spoke. Her eyes were begging at Arabella.

Arabella was dumbfounded. She didn’t know what to say.

How could she possibly reject her idol?

One of her inspirations in music?

She really wanted to play with Celine. Her heart was very happy to see her up close and her heart was telling her to play with her.

It’s going to be her dream come true.

But what about Adam?

What about their safety?

What about if someone in Capital Z would notice her?

Arabella’s mind was really in a mess right now.

“Ms. J? Are you alright?” Mr. Harvey asked with a little concern. He thought of seeing Arabella somewhere but he couldn’t remember.

“Hmmm... I really wanted to do it. Playing with Celine is really my dream but....” Arabella couldn’t find perfect words to say that they could understand her point.

“But?” Mr. Harvey and Celine were clueless and curious. This is their first time pursuing someone to play with Celine. Every musician was dying to play with Celine on the stage but in this very small country, they only have one choice. It’s Arabella or the famous pianist in the city, Ms. J.

"Hmmm... How could I tell you this?" Arabella paused. She knew the effort of Celine to personally come with her. She didn't want to be so heartless to directly answer her with a no.

"I will help you but I have one condition to make. If that's okay with you guys." Arabella had the urge to help her concert after all they came there for her help.

"I will perform but I don't want the media to focus on me." She added.

It was next to impossible. Though she's not the star of the night, they could not direct all media to spare her from their cameras.

Mr. Harvey and Celine were taken aback by Arabella's words.

How could this girl want to avoid the media when everyone wanted to be exposed to the world?

One could eat a fire just to capture attention and have an audience.

Everyone wanted to be famous.

"Oh!" That's the word that Celine uttered.

"Okay. So, if that's your problem, just leave it to me." Mr. Harvey replied with an assuring tone. He better takes advantage before she would change her mind.

"Then that's a deal!" Celine stood up and reached her hand to Arabella. "Since you are a great pianist and you are a fan of my songs, then I think we could pull it through easily. Let's meet tonight and tomorrow for our final rehearsal. Are you okay with that? And we are very sorry for the very short notice and for disturbing you." Celine said courteously.

"Sure. It's my pleasure." Arabella shook Celine's hand quickly.

At the back of her mind, she was really questioning her decision. There's no backing out now. She wasn't ready yet to face the world but she had to prepare for it no matter what. She just prayed that this concert would not mess up her life once again.

