

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 112

"Adam, are you bluffing to avoid your punishment?" Arabella was trying to calm herself but deep inside she was already in a mess. Adam never used such lame excuses for his wrongdoings.

But it's impossible!

They were ten times fold away from capital Z.

She tried all her best to hide from the crowd and cameras in the concert and yet, Adam here was telling he saw his father.

He saw him.

How's that possible?

Unless fate would play a trick on her again.

No way!

Arabella was deliriously fighting against her mind and refusing to believe Adam's words. She was already unconsciously wringing her hands on the steering wheel as she wanted to scream to get rid of her agitation.

"Forget about it, mom. Maybe I am wrong or I am right. I don't know. It doesn't matter." Without any clue that her mom was already freaking out secretly, Adam replied with an upset tone beneath his breath.

"Did you already apologize to your Aunt Lira?" To avert the topic, Arabella asked trying to appease Adam and most importantly herself. She didn't want Adam to dwell on his imagination and she was not ready to talk about his father especially with other people around.

Adam looked at his Aunt Lira and smiled naughtily.

"I am sorry Aunt Lira." Adam paused. "But you still have to thank me though." He murmured in a low voice.

Lira frowned but with a pleasant curiosity at him.

"Can you explain to me why I have to say thanks to you? You give me a fright!" Lira was smiling now but her brows clashed in the middle.

"Because of me, Uncle Damien had shown up. Duh...." Adam said it with a cute silly tone.

Lira blushed instantly. She didn't know how to reply

She couldn't believe what she heard from Adam and she didn't know how to answer him.

How did a five-year-old boy know it?

Is she really that obvious?

She couldn't imagine what Adam had witnessed as she always sneaked a look at Damien's house from time to time hoping to see him through his glass window.

"Adam, that's enough. It's not Aunt Lira's night. It's yours." Arabella came to Lira's rescue. Her son was a smart boy and he didn't need to put much effort to know his Aunt Lira's feelings for his Uncle Damien.

"Sorry, mom, and sorry Aunt Lira." This time, Adam cooed with sincerity. Admittedly, he was really wrong this time. Looking outside the window, Adam remembered the man he met.

He also wondered what he was doing?

Where did he go?

Why is his name the same as his father's?

The man wasn't friendly but he let him dine with him.

The man didn't talk but he let him stay with him.

Is he really his father?

But her mom's expression said it's impossible.

Adam gave up the case and lifted his shoulder then he dropped it down while releasing an ample air.

Sneaking her son in the rear-view mirror, Arabella felt her heart was clenched. She knew Adam was bothered by something.

"Adam, are you all right my son?" Arabella saw her son's gloominess while his gaze was outside.

"I'm fine mom. I just felt tired." Adam replied and closed his eyes. He really felt tired as his little mind was thinking about the man.

Bill.

While his eyes were shut, Adam was hoping to see him again. In his little mind, Bill was already his stranger friend.

They arrived in the house and Adam was already sleeping.

Damien who was waiting for their arrival carried Adam gently and put him directly to his bed then he bid good night to Arabella without glancing at Lira.

"Good night, Ms. J. I'm sorry again." With a heavy heart, Lira said while still blaming herself.

"Lira, one sorry is enough. We found Adam so please let's rest well tonight." Arabella smiled at her. Lira had apologized so many times tonight.

"Thank you, Ms. J. You are the kindest and the loveliest person I have met." Lira replied with sincerity. She was really very thankful to meet Arabella in her life.

Arabella smiled at her feeling flattered when her phone suddenly rang.

Arabella looked at the time.

It's 10 p.m.

She frowned. Celine was calling her personally. Arabella remembered that she gave her personal number to her when they were rehearsing the night before the concert.

"Hello?" Arabella picked up the phone. She wondered what's the reason for her call.

"What happened to you? I didn't saw you after the event. I am holding a private party right now for having a successful night and for my last night in this city. You are my VIP guest at this party as, without you, we really didn't know what to do. You helped us a lot to make the event successful. So, please come now. Pretty please?" Celine had greeted her with continuous words like they suddenly became so close.

"We might not see each other again. I'll be flying to country W very early tomorrow. So, can you come? Don't worry it's just us and the crew. No media and cameras okay?" Celine was obviously not taking no for an answer.

"O... Okay." Arabella was liked being hypnotized by Celine's convincing power.

"Great! See you then." Excitement was traced in Celine's voice. She then hung up first.

Arabella was rooted in her spot for quite a while.

How could she say yes so easily without thinking it much?

On a side note, Celine was holding a party for her. How could she be so heartless not to attend?

Weighing the pros and consequences, she massaged her forehead to relax her mind.

What if she was just thinking too much?

She was just exaggerating things.

Arabella heaved a heavy sigh before she went to Adam's room and changed him.

After she changed Adam, she called Damien.

"Damien, are you still up?" Arabella had to disturb Damien.

"I'm good. Why?" Damien replied hastily.

"Celine is inviting me to her Despedida and thank-you party. Can you come with me?" Arabella needed Damien to come with her as her personal guard. With Damien, she always felt secured.

"Sure. Give me a minute." Damien plainly answered.

"No rush. I am still going to change. See you." Arabella was the first to hang up the phone as she was satisfied with Damien's answer.

"Beep! Beep!" In just a little while, a car was heard beeping outside. It's a sign that Damien was already outside.

After Arabella had asked Lira to take care of Adam, she hurriedly ran outside and went inside Damien's car.

They arrived at the party venue in just 30 minutes.

Arabella was quite surprised. She thought it's a formal one but it's quite the opposite. There's loud music, drinking, and dancing. Everyone was free to do whatever they prefer.

"Thank you for coming J. I'm so happy to see you again." Celine walked towards them with a bright smile. Mr. Harvey was with her side.

Earlier, Mr. Harvey had given her a talent fee. It's quite big digits so she had no regrets about playing besides, even without any compensation, she really loves to perform with Celine.

"It's my pleasure, Celine." Arabella shook Celine's hand.

"Wait. Would you mind introducing me to this handsome guy?" Mr. Harvey suddenly butted in winking at Damien.

"So, J. Is this handsome guy here, your boyfriend?" Celine was also into her curiosity.

Arabella smiled and look at Damien.

"Oh! Guys, please let me introduce my friend, Damien Lewis." Arabella dragged Damien's arm closer to her.

"Hi. Nice to meet you." Damien coolly shook the hand of Celine first then, Mr. Harvey.

"Oh, come on! We are here to party. Please enjoy yourselves." Celine was almost shouting as the music was very loud.

"Surely we'll do." Arabella sweetly replied.

Celine gave them a drink.

"Cheers!" Celine shouted.

Arabella tossed her glass to her followed by Damien and everyone started to come closer and clinked their glasses to Celine. She then entertained her other guests.

Arabella and Damien were left alone.

"You want to dance?" Damien asked with a wide smile.

Arabella was taken aback. For six years, they haven't gone partying like this. Damien was quite the serious type and she had no time partying anymore.

Arabella then remembered her other best friend, Farrah Fin.

It's been a while they had not contacted each other. She missed her a lot. In times like this, she wanted to see her dance again and partying like crazy. They both like to party every time they felt tired of the world. The circumstances they need to survive every day and those they couldn't change.

"Are you, okay?" Damien saw Arabella was smiling alone.

"Yeah. I am." Arabella was snapped to her senses.

"Okay. Let's just drink to that." Damien clinked his glass to her then they gulped their drinks in one go.

"Hah! I feel alive." Arabella announced like she was restrained to any liquors for decades and tasted it again.

Damien smiled at her and he gave her another glass of wine.

"Damien, may I borrow you for a while? The girls out there wanted to know you." Mr. Harvey walked in and grabbed Damien's arm like they suddenly became close.

Damien was a little stiff. He didn't like someone touching him.

"It's okay. Come back fast and don't forget me even if you see too many beautiful ladies in there." Arabella joked at Damien for him to loosen up a bit.

"Yeah. Trust me. I will just borrow him for a while and I will send him back to you securely and whole." Mr. Harvey laughed at his own daring joke.

Arabella winked at William. She was sending a message to just cooperate.

It's just acquaintances anyway. Nothing serious.

Arabella was left alone as Damien was kidnapped by Mr. Harvey.

She sat on the high chair behind a long, narrow bar table.

Drinking a few more wines, she's a little bit tipsy.

"Oh! Bill, I am glad you came."

Though the music was so loud, Arabella could clearly hear the name.

Bill.

'Bill!'

'Bill!'

Her peaceful mind went crazy again.

'Am I drunk?'

'Bill? Who's Bill?'

'That man!'

'That crazy man!'

'That cruel and heartless man!'

'No! He can't be! Wake up, Arabella!'

She closed her eyes while trying to mollify herself. She didn't want to ruin her night with that hideous name.

Bill is a common name and there's no need for her to exaggerate.

Arabella gulped her wine down to the bottom again and got another glass hoping to drown that name with alcohol.

"Oh Bill, I am so happy to see you." Someone had sounded again.

Arabella stood up trembling in fright. For the second time, she heard his name again.

Instinctively, her eyes wandered around to see that person who uttered his name and to see that person Bill.

She was confident that it's not the same person she knew once. Arabella couldn't find them as the crowd was all busy moving, dancing, and chatting around.

She wanted to leave the place immediately but she was about to look for Damien, she accidentally tripped her glass and plunged directly to the ground with a shattering sound.

Everyone stopped and looked at her. Her wine splattered around the pavement and the glass shattered.

She really felt embarrassed.

Even his name alone could put her in great humiliation. A pang of hatred rocked her heart. With a flustered face, she lowered her gaze.

Then that's the only time she saw a shiny black leather shoe got dirt with her red wine. Her instinct was to kneel and wipe it with the tissue.

"Sorry! I am so sorry." Without looking at the guy's face, she bent down with the tissue but before she could touch his shoe, a man suddenly grabbed her arm to stop her from bending over.

Arabella was nervous. She was afraid that the owner would shout at her angrily for spilling her wine into his shoe. She made herself mentally prepared for his anger. Then, she looked up only to see that Damien was the one holding her.

Out of her curiosity, she tried to check on the owner of the shoe but he's suddenly gone.

"Let's go!" With a protective expression, Damien said while holding her arm.

Arabella didn't say anything and she followed but she had still a big question mark on her mind.

Who was the owner of the shoe?

Inside the car Damien was quiet and so did Arabella.

The silence was deafening.

They have some different issues in their minds.

"Are you okay?" Damien first broke the silence.

"I am. You?" Arabella replied.

"I am good." Damien answered but was a little cold like he hated what happened to her with his absence.

"Why are you so nice to me?" For no reason, those words just slipped off her mouth.

Damien stopped the car.

He looked at her with sincerity. His deep eyes were pierced to hers.

"Because I love you..."

