

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 114

"No! No! No!"

"Dad, please don't leave me!"

"Dad, don't leave us!"

"Dad, wake up!"

"Please wake up!"

Arabella's swollen eyes were filled with mist. Her strength was nowhere to be found. Her instinct was telling her not to let go of her father's hand whatever happened. Lacking strength, she was still holding him with all her might but his hand slowly drifted away. Her grip glided bit by bit down to her father's fingertips.

"No, dad! Hold on to me!"

"You can't let go!"

"Please!"

Arabella tightened her grip though she didn't know how much pressure she had put on it. She couldn't just let go of his father otherwise he would fall to the bottomless water.

Her nightmare brought her back 6 years ago. This was the reason why she always trembled in fright whenever she heard his name.

Inside NZ nightclub, she was already half dead. Her body was cold and her face was plainly white like her blood had stopped circulating. If there's consciousness in her, it was like a pebble in the shore taken by barrel waves and finally swallowed by the vast ocean.

Before her consciousness was finally taken away, her foggy vision mirrored the legs of people running and there's noise but it softened to her ears.

The next morning, Arabella woke up in the hospital with her head spinning.

In her dizziness, she touched her belly immediately.

'My baby!'

She breathed a sigh of relief when she could still feel her baby inside and there's no pain in her inner belly only her back and thigh were aching so bad but some parts of her body were numb. She felt like her bones were broken and she was floating in the air. Her strength was still nowhere to be found.

Even in her dying moment, she was thinking about her baby.

She was determined to live for her baby.

Her baby deserves to live and to live happily.

She couldn't die easily. She still didn't even see his smile.

There was a little hope in her heart that it's Bill who brought her to the hospital as she didn't know other people among the crowd only him and Trishia.

Thinking of Trishia, Arabella automatically crushed her out on the list. Obviously, she didn't want to give up her hopes with him even after what happened that night.

She wanted to hold on to that memory when they were in the ski resort. She was sure she had seen a different glow in Bill's eyes and his smile was genuine.

He was not a bad person.

Maybe Bill had listened to her and rescued her and his son that night.

Maybe he believed in her and had acknowledged his son.

Maybe Bill wanted them to live.

Maybe he realized that she's not the one to blame for his father's death.

Maybe he wanted to start a new life with her and his son.

Her little hope flickered like a dying bulb that suddenly sparked thinking of all her maybes.

Just when her phone chimed on her bedside table. That was the only time, she noticed her phone and purse were there. It seemed the person who brought her there was nice enough to bring her belongings with her.

Her heart was hoping, it's Bill.

Though he let her suffered that night terribly, she was still grateful for him that he gave her and her baby another life.

Another chance to live.

Feeling like her body was still floating in the air, she weakly reached out for her phone.

With a shaky hand, she looked at the screen quickly to see the name of the person in her mind.

She suddenly smiled. Her eyes were filled with warm tears assembled in her eyelids.

She was not mistaken.

It's him.

It's Bill.

It's time for her to express her heartfelt gratitude. She would let him know that she already forgave him.

She already had in mind, what message to type for him. The words that her heart had been wanting to tell him. Her utmost desire and love for him that was left unspoken. It's time for her to let it out and she did not doubt at the moment that's it's really worth a try.

She was excited to read his message. Cutting shortly her excitement, she tapped his name to read the content.

In just a blink of an eye, her single glint of hope instantly vanished.

The tiny soft sparkle had died of a sudden.

She quickly got up like a crazy woman losing her senses. Arabella pulled out the needles on her wrist and walked out wearing the hospital gown with her cellphone and purse. Then she hailed a cab after she had managed to get away from the hospital. As she gave the direction, the driver was a bit hesitant to drive her to the destination.

Judging from her look, he knew the girl was not in her proper mind but when she showed him money, he immediately started to drive his car.

Arabella couldn't blame the driver as she knew her look was really a mess and her mind too. Inside the car, the horrifying text message flashed across her mind.

'Dearest Wife,

If you want to see your father and mother alive for the last time, go to the hillside. They are waiting for you. I saved you because I don't want you to die that easy. I want you to suffer for the longest time before I buried you alive. You should know by now that calling for help would worsen everything.

Good luck and all the best!

Your loving husband,

Bill'

Her parents were in big trouble.

He warned her to leave but she stayed.

Now, this is his punishment to her.

This is his revenge.

How evil!

How could she believe a devil can be turned into an angel?

How could she not learn her lesson?

How stupid she was to believe that he would rescue her.

How stupid she was to believe that Bill would just spare her from his father's death matter.

She had hoped for nothing.

Her hopes died together with the person.

He already died in her broken heart.

Now, all she wanted to do was to save her parents and leave the country all at once.

They reached the hillside after 1 hour of driving.

The driver was quick to get her fare and swiftly disappeared. He seemed to know the place was dangerous as it was located in an isolated area.

Weak and dizzy, Arabella refused to stop finding her parents. Her hand was supporting her belly while she was wobbling.

There's only one thing in her mind, she needs to save her parents.

She continued walking on a path along the top of a rugged cliff then she stopped abruptly when she saw a crowd on the downhill slope.

5 men in black, her mom was captivated by the 2 men and her dad lying on a gurney. They seemed to wait for her to start their vicious show.

By the miserable sight of her dad and mom, she wanted to run as fast as she could towards them but the road was so narrow with unpredictable slopes.

She didn't mind the great danger that was waving at her as long as she could save them, there's nothing she won't do.

Her fighting spirit didn't want to surrender but her worn-out body already wanted to give up.

For her parents, she couldn't just surrender even if she has to let go of her last breath.

With cold beads of sweat dripping on her, she forcefully dragged her weak body to them.

"Arabella! my daughter! Why did you come? They will kill us!" Upon seeing her daughter, Jaime screamed and struggled from the men who were holding her. They were not allowing her to move even an inch.

Her husband was placed in front of her lying and was buckled on the stretcher.

She was being tortured by the sight and now that she saw her daughter, her swivet had drastically heightened.

"Mom!" Arabella ran with her frail body towards her mom but two men had caught her.

"Who are you? What do you want from us? Aren't you all not human? My father is in a coma. How could you make a half-dead man suffered in a scorching sun?" She shouted angrily. Arabella went there without any weapon at all. She only had her wits and nothing else in a hurry.

"Hahaha!" A man menacingly laughed followed by five other men.

He seemed to be the leader of the group.

"If you ask us who we are, don't you think it's a deception to yourself, Ms.?" The tall man mockingly said.

Yes. He was right. She didn't need to ask to know who they are. It's obvious that they were Bill's men.

"To answer your second question, we want nothing from you but my boss wanted you to suffer. He wanted you to suffer terribly." The man spoke near to Arabella's flustered face.

"Lastly, we are humans because we love money and humans love money! Right? Hahahaha!" The man laughed evilly at his own vicious joke and the other men followed.

Arabella couldn't help to spit on the man's face. She was disgusted by his evil face, by all of them.

"Plakkk!" Then a sudden slapping sound was heard. The man had hit her hard on the face.

With her weak body, Arabella directly fell to the ground.

"Arabella my daughter! My daughter!" Her mom screamed breaking down in tears followed by her audible sobbing. She wanted to run towards her but the two men won't let her go. Her two arms were glued by their grips.

Seeing her mom, Arabella struggled to stand up. Her vision was misty with her tears but if her mom could not come to her, she would come to her mom. Her struggling wasn't easy as her body was unsteady and her dizziness had worsened.

"Mom!" Arabella shouted but it seemed it wasn't loud enough to be heard.

"Mom!" She tried her best to shout again with all her might but her voice had softened.

She was weak and so was her voice.

"Hey! Hey! Hey! What are you going to do with my husband?" Jaime wept and frantically screamed seeing her husband on the stretcher was dragged by the leader. He positioned him on top of the downhill slope with his head on the north. If he would let go of his hand on the stretcher, the wheels would run to its fast paced down to the edge of the cliff and instantly plunge to the depth of the sea. The stretcher would fall together with her husband.

"Bring back my husband here! Please bring him back here now. I beg you please." Jaime was already kneeling on the ground drowning in her tears. She was pleading and hoping for their mercy but no one was willing to listen to her.

She was breaking apart.

"Bring back my father! Please don't touch him! Have mercy on him please!" Arabella choused with her mom. Her strength was draining as she begged helplessly. Like her mom, she only hoped for their mercy.

But these men were hired to kill and not even a single hint of mercy was written in their faces. They don't value life. They only value money.

"Okay! You want to help your father?" The man shouted at the unstable Arabella.

With a spinning head, Arabella looked at the man. She didn't know if she had still the strength to get up but she tried her best to get up even she stumbled.

Walking on a zigzag with a heavy head and body, she managed to reach her dad's stretcher.

"Now, your father's life is in your hand." The man seemed to know her situation and he smiled meaningfully.

"Mr. Sky said, have fun!" The man blinked at her then kicked his dad's stretcher and laughed triumphantly then he turned around and went back to Jaime.

The stretcher's wheels began to run trailing the downhill slope.

Arabella was dragged as her hands firmly grasped her father's hand and the surface. She refused to let go as she was fighting with the gravity that was forcefully pulling the stretcher. She could not let her father fall into the water. She could hear her mother's miserable screaming and cry in sorrow at the same time.

It was like a boomerang into her ears pierced directly to her heart that caused it to bleed.

In her frail and vulnerable situation, she managed to stop her father's stretcher on the edge of the cliff before it plunges into the water. Her trembling hand held her father's warm hand while her other hand still holding the sidebar of the stretcher for support.

She wanted to take out her father quickly from the stretcher but his body was buckled with a steel belt. She didn't waste any seconds, as she trying to figure out how to unbuckle him since she could not hold the heaviness of the stretcher any longer but the buckle had a lock and it was fix attached to the stretcher.

She had no time.

She couldn't hold the stretcher any longer. One wrong move, the wheels would slide down out of the brink of the cliff.

"Dad! Help me! Wake up! Please wake up!" She screamed hoping her father would hear her.

She knew she couldn't make it anymore as she was sweating continuously and her vision was already foggy.

The only fighting now was her spirit.

Her consciousness was almost fading. She was losing her grip on the stretcher and the only thing she didn't want to lose was her grip on her father's hand.

"Arabella! Don't let go of your father please! Hold on to your father, please. Don't give up on him please." She could still hear her mother shouting and begging at her but her vision was fading away.

She knew she was gripping her father's hand tightly and she would never let him go no matter what.

"I love you, dad." With bitter tears flowing her eyes, Arabella whispered sincerely like it was her last words for her father before she finally fainted.

