

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 115

"Yes?"

"You mean, yes? We are together now? Are we officially together?" Damien had become ecstatic. His eyes went round and their inside glow was visible.

"Yes, Damien." Arabella smiled at him. Deep down inside her, she was delighted to see Damien's expression brighten.

She would not get tired of making him happy as to pay and show her gratitude to him.

She should love Damien.

Whatever it may cost her, she should give her love only to him.

"Bella, I promised not to hurt you and take care of you and Adam. No one could hurt you again." Damien suddenly hugged her. Then he kissed her on the forehead tenderly. He wanted to kiss her on the lips but Arabella dodge uneasily. He could sense she was not comfortable with it let alone ready for it.

"Damien, I'm sorry. Let's just take it slow if it's okay with you." Arabella staggered with uneasiness in her expression.

"Yeah. I know you are not ready but it's okay. I can wait as the saying goes, let's learn to walk before we run." Damien smiled without any hurt feelings. He wanted to ease and assure her that he could wait for the perfect timing on some things especially intimacy.

Arabella hugged Damien tightly.

She was thankful that Damien was considerate enough to understand her situation.

Inside the car, Damien's overwhelming smile never left his face. While his other hand was driving, his other hand was holding Arabella's delicate hand.

Their fingers were locked with each other.

Arabella let him held her hand. This was the only thing she could give to him for now.

She was still thinking if she had made the right decision.

She was determined to start a new life with Damien and to diminish all her nightmares every night.

She was determined to erase that name Bill, in every corner of her life.

That dark shadow in her life should be covered by the brightest light.

And that light is Damien.

“Boss Bill, mission accomplished! Congratulations! You’ve got your revenge. The coma man had drowned in the water. It’s impossible for him to survive and be found.”

“Boss Bill, you are very generous. What about these two persons left here in the car? Are we going to kill them too?”

“Got it, Boss Bill, we will do that. We will make these women see what hell is.”

“Our boss, will surely partying right now and we party later. Hahaha!”

6 years ago, after she collapsed while holding her father’s hand, she could still clearly hear the words that sounded inside the car.

Bill!

Bill!

Bill!

That name killed her father!

That name is heartless!

This was all about his revenge.

She didn’t kill his father. Arabella wanted to shout it to the world.

She’s not a murderer!

It’s not her fault, Trishia had set her up.

Why does no one believe her?

Why is he so cruel?

He’s not a human!

Is killing someone just a game for him?

How could he use his money to kill her father?

F*cking billionaires!

She wanted to scream but she couldn't move at all and even her eyes had no strength to open. She felt her body was literally cold like a corpse but it was heavy and not cooperating.

"Dad! I'm sorry."

Sinking what she had just lost, she was ululating inside. No words could explain how much pain she felt with her father's loss.

"Mom!"

"Mom! Where are you?!"

"Please tell me you're okay, please!"

She cried out for her mother as she could not hear her anymore. She could not afford to lose a mother too at the same time. Her screams were trapped only in her mind as her mouth couldn't open even a small gap.

In her vulnerable status, she wished that she could turn back the time.

That time in the bar where she first met Bill. If she had known earlier that meeting him would bring tragedy and misery to her family, she should have avoided him at all cost.

If meeting him caused her unending sorrows, she should have not agreed to marry him.

Meeting him was her biggest regret

.

She deeply cried inside as her cold tears flowed outside her closed eyes unknowingly.

Arabella woke up in the hospital the next day.

She didn't know who brought her there.

Those men were killers, not savers.

She was saved but she couldn't feel any happiness and relief. Her father died and her mom was gone. Her memory of her holding his father's hand suddenly flashed across her mind, she closed her eyes back and let go of all her tears. The pain was

overwhelming as she sobbed thinking of the unexpected miserable events in her life that were caused only by one man, Bill Sky.

“Baby, please cooperate with me. I need to find your grandma.” She felt helpless and the only reason she’s fighting was because of her baby and her mother. Though her body was still frail, she could not stop.

She refused to quit.

Pulling all the needles on her wrist, she was determined even if she would go to hell just to find her mom.

“Bestie! What are you doing? Calm down! Please.” Farrah suddenly showed up dashing inside.

Upon hearing a very familiar voice, she felt instant relief inside but her mind couldn’t find its calm.

“Farrah! Farrah! Help me! Help me!” Arabella kept muttering like a person who had lost her mind.

With a heavy heart, Farrah hugged her friend. She didn’t know what exactly happened to her and her mother but she knew they had been to something tragic. She just got a call from the hospital staff and informed her that Arabella and her mother were admitted there. Someone had dropped them unconscious outside the hospital.

“Bestie, your mom is safe. Please calm down now.” Farrah tried her best to appease her as she could feel Arabella’s body was shivering. Her tears came out in an instant. She was full of pity for her best friend.

Arabella then shed her warm tears in Farrah’s embrace. Farrah was always her angel. She was her relief and support.

“I want to see my mom.” Arabella muttered softly while wiping her tears.

Farrah could feel Arabella’s shaking had lessened a little bit.

“Please, drink this water first and sit down with me, okay?” Farrah then took the glass of water from the bedside and gave it to her. Farrah had a problem and she didn’t know how to explain it that would not make Arabella go insane as she was still weak.

Arabella absentmindedly sipped the water a bit but when she saw the liquid on the glass, she instantly threw the glass and smashed it to the wall. The glass shattered on the ground with the spilled water.

“Bestie!” Farrah exclaimed worriedly that made Arabella regained her senses.

Realizing what she had done, she wept again with her face buried to her two palms. Farrah sat beside her and hugged her again.

"Farrah.... My father, my father... is gone." Arabella's voice was shaking as her throat was dry and her eyes were filled with tears.

"What?! Why? Where? How?" Farrah was shocked. She was like struck by a bolt of murderous lightning.

What on earth happened to her best friend? She felt cruelty had been bestowed upon her. Why her best friend had to suffer all of this?

"I want to see my mother now." Arabella was feeling lost. She could not share with Farrah everything.

"Okay... But I want you to calm down first." Farrah was hesitant but she needed to brief her first.

Farrah held Arabella's trembling hands, "According to my brother Enrique, your mother had suffered a physiological trauma."

Farrah looked at her friend with a lost expression. She seemed to be numb to the pain that she did not react to what she had heard. She expected Arabella to be hysterical about her words but she remained quiet while her tears continuously flowing from her eyes.

It was a silent cry.

A cry of a bleeding heart.

Holding Arabella's cold hand, Farrah assisted her to stand. "Let's go." She softly whispered then she led the way without letting go of Arabella's hand.

With Farrah, Arabella's walking had become stable. Farrah was like her wooden cane assisting her to walk throughout the way.

Upon reaching the door of her mother's ward, they paused.

"Are you okay? Are you ready? Farrah said worriedly.

Arabella didn't answer but she nodded. Her eyes were swollen and her tears were running dry.

Farrah then opened the door. They saw her mom lying on the bed with her eyes close.

"I want to be alone with my mom, please." Farrah nodded with sincere understanding and quickly went outside.

Arabella walked slowly towards her mom's bed. She couldn't help her tears falling seeing her mom's sorrowful face. She remembered her mom's cries when she held her dad. Her mom suffered and her dad died because she let go of him.

If only she didn't give up her dad would still be alive.

She was weak.

A weak daughter.

If only she avoided Bill from the start her mom would have not suffered.

She was not a good daughter to her parents.

She didn't deserve their love.

How could she raise a son? She was obviously not capable of raising a child.

Arabella's tears were a mix of mourn, guilt, pity, self-blaming, and mocking until Jaime slowly opened her eyes.

"Mom!" Arabella wiped her tears.

Jaime just stared at her emotionlessly. She seemed not to know the person in front of her.

Arabella was stunned. She could feel her mom was a different person.

"Mom, It's me your daughter Arabella." She then gently held her mother's hand.

Upon hearing her name, the emotionless expression of Jaime changed into a rage. Her eyes were ablaze.

"You! You kill my husband!" She screamed. Jaime snatched her hand back and sat up weeping and shouting at the same time at her. She's gone insane.

"Bring back my husband! Bring back, my husband!" Jamie was hysterical with her loud continuous shouting and crying. Her mom looked at her as a murderer too.

"Mom! I am your daughter. I don't intend to let go of dad." Arabella couldn't contain the heaviness of her heart anymore. She plummeted to the ground kneeling and crying her heart out. She felt not only losing her father but her mother too. Arabella just wanted to end the pain in her heart. She was very tired of fighting and she just want to end everything.

Would it be better if she was the one who died?

The intense pain was killing her and she felt slowly dying inside.

"My husband! Bring back, my husband! Bring back, my husband!" Jaime's voice was full of anger and sorrow. She was breaking inside. Until people were rushing inside the room.

"Farrah, led Arabella out first." Enrique ordered quickly.

Farrah picked her broken friend on the floor and she assisted her way out.

There're so many questions in her mind that she wanted to ask Arabella but it was not the right time. She was hurting seeing her friend so dispirited. Her head bowed down as they were seated on a bench outside. Arabella seemed still absorbing everything that had happened to her family. Her body was weak but she tried to be strong. Her eyes were no glow only pain and sorrow.

Fear was there and an impactful sense of loss.

There's no glint of hope.

There's no single spark of light.

"Your mother is okay for now. We put her to sleep. It is better that she can't see you for a while until she would cooperate with the treatment..." Enrique's announcement was long but Arabella seemed not to care about it.

"Arabella are you alright?" Enrique asked worriedly.

"Yes. I want to go back to my room." She replied with almost no voice.

"Farrah, I need to talk to you." Enrique was firm and serious.

"I'll be back brother." Farrah assisted Arabella to her room.

When they were already outside, "I am okay now. Enrique is waiting for you." Arabella whispered.

"Are you sure?" Farrah worriedly doubted.

"Yes." Arabella nodded weakly.

"I promise I would come back to you after." Farrah hugged her with sincerity then strode away. A kind of hug that was reliable, loving, and pure.

Arabella went inside her room alone disheartened.

She wanted to sleep again maybe she was just dreaming.

Maybe everything wasn't real.

Maybe when she woke up, things would be different and everything would be back to normal.

But the answer to her maybes came so sudden.

On her bed, she found a bouquet of black flowers and a black box. The look of it was horrifying but she could not feel it anymore.

She seemed to know the sender already judging from the color.

Black flowers of the devil.

She had been already broken all along, there's nothing left for her to be horrified by a bouquet and a box.

Drained from strength, tears, and emotion, she read the card on the bouquet, then, she left the room in a hurry.

