

# You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 186

"Let me go!" Arabella grappled with the man who was carrying her.

Bill didn't speak. He continued walking in the direction of the master bedroom then he suddenly tossed Arabella to his bed.

"Ouch!" She cried out. "You...you!" She stammered then she quickly got up as she felt her blood was boiling with anger. She stormed towards him and pushed him strongly on the chest. With him, she always felt that she had no choice in everything. That she had no control over the things in front of her.

"Don't order me around!" She pushed him again violently. With every push, Bill took a step backward but he didn't dodge. He let her push him freely.

"You are so domineering! You say what you wanted! You do what you wanted and you get what you want. What about me? Huh?! What about me?!" She pushed him again harshly.

The atmosphere was filled with intense inquietude. With the anger in her heart, she had no plan to stop.

Bill didn't reply.

"You think just because you are rich you own the world? Huh?! You are not God, Bill! You don't own anything! You don't own me! You don't own Adam! You don't own us!" She exclaimed pushing him. Her face was flushed and she didn't mind about anything. She was not scared of him anymore. Arabella found it a perfect opportunity to release her vexation at him. She could not control it anymore. The room was big and only her screaming could be heard. Bill was muted but his deep dark eyes were pierced to hers.

Arabella shrugged and nodded. She felt the night was not enough to cater all her heartaches to him.

"You are so domineering! You are heartless! You are a living monster! You don't deserve me! You don't deserve Adam! You don't deserve anyone! You deserve to be alone!" She screamed her heart out while she was trembling in fury. She could feel her nerves were contracting inside as her temperature went to its peak. She was like a wild angry tiger that no one could control. She would attack him and she was ready to brawl with him for her freedom but Bill didn't say anything. His back reached the wall but Arabella was still enraged. Her resentment towards him was infinity. She could only bend it out to him.

"You are not worthy of Adam's love! You are not worthy of anyone's love because you can't love them back! You deserve to die alone without any sympathy! No love. Nothing!" When she couldn't push him anymore, she pounced his muscled

chest repetitively with her fists. She had lost all her self-control as she was already crying while hurting him violently.

“Are you done?” Finally, Bill spoke holding her two arms. Arabella sobbed while trying to compose herself. Her wet eyes looked at his dark deep eyes. Their fierce eyes met. The serenity couldn't be found. There's no peace and only anger and hatred were only present at the moment.

Arabella regained her senses. She heaved a sigh trying to comfort herself. She quickly ran off and went out leaving Bill in the room. She needed to breathe or she would die in suffocation. She entered the elevator down to the lobby. The hotel was the biggest in F city and she didn't need to go outside the hotel to calm herself.

When she reached the lobby, she heard someone was playing the piano. She smiled warmly as she felt she had made the right decision to come down. The place was a perfect breather for her.

The big lobby catered to a cozy atmosphere with classic music. There's a reception area, there's also a waiting area and an area for guests who just wanted to relax in a cozy ambiance with some drinks and classical music.

Since it was 11:30 p.m., the lobby was less busy. Arabella had only 4 companies sitting at different tables plus the one who was playing the piano.

The piece soothed her angry soul. It made her slowly regain her lost calm and positive energy. She sat in the corner closing her eyes while internalizing the tune.

The music brought her to sadness. A very deep sadness that she could cry. She could tell that the person who was playing had longed for someone who was lost for a long time.

After the piece, she clapped her hands with the crowd to show her appreciation of how well the person played the classical piece but she was shocked to see the familiar face when the man got up from the stage.

He looked like a prince in the night. His cool was written all over him without his suit and tie. He was just wearing a royal blue sweater and black sweat pants.

The stranger man who she had met at the charity dinner.

Eric Grant was also stunned to see her again. He extended his stay in F city for some business and personal reasons. His insomnia took him again so he decided to go down and have some drink. He knew it would be less crowded as it was already late but to his surprise, the person who he wanted to see again was right in front of him.

Great! His smile was overwhelmed with pleasure seeing Arabella again. He walked in her direction with his friendliest smile.

Still wearing her amusement with his outstanding performance, Arabella smiled back at him. She could not believe that the man was a good pianist.

"Well played." Arabella expressed pleasingly.

"Thank you, Arabella," Eric replied with a sweet smile never leaving his face. His eyes were tantalizing as she looked at the beautiful creature in front of him.

Hearing her name, Arabella was stunned. She could not believe that he remembered her. "Eric... Eric Grant" He introduced himself reaching her hand. Arabella took his hand quickly. "Arabella Jones," She introduced herself formally.

"Beautiful name," Eric remarked to the girl who suddenly blushed. "May I?" He added with a friendly approach.

Arabella nodded and smiled. "Sure." She agreed on Eric to sit with her. A good talk would not be bad. Now that she heard him playing, she instantly felt the comfort in his persona or could it be they share the same music?

"Can I offer you a drink?" Eric settled himself down then he asked with a light tone.

"Sure." She nodded with a slight smile as she wondered why he was still in the lobby at this time.

"Wine?" Eric asked with a light temper and approachable tone that one could not feel intimidated.

"Sure." She was speechless with her sudden company. Arabella never thought that she would bump at him again after the party. This man was mysterious but he saved her when she was about to fall into Mr. Clinton's hands.

With a snap of Eric's fingers, the waiter came in with a bottle of wine in his hand. He poured the wine into their glasses and quickly exited.

"Cheers?" Eric raised his glass with a smile that any girl would die for.

"Cheers!" Arabella clinked her glass to his then drank the wine in one go.

Eric was stunned. "Are you okay?" He asked with a not-so-nosy but curious tone.

"Hmmm..." Arabella wiped the corners of her mouth with the white table napkin. "I'm sorry, I'm just... I'm..." She really wanted to share the heaviness in her heart but how could she tell it to a stranger? She suddenly missed Farrah at this moment.

"Tell you what, it's more comfortable to share your troubles with a stranger because he could not judge you since he doesn't know you at all." Eric enunciated with a sweet smile.

Arabella was surprised by the man. He seemed to read her mind. Thinking about this, made her chuckle. Yes, he was absolutely right. Strangers could listen. After all, they would not see each other again.

"Come on, I don't like to spoil your night with my troubles." Considering the relaxing cozy ambiance, she uttered. More or less, Arabella was sure that he was in the place to relax as well.

"Try me. I assure you. You will feel better after." Eric clinked his glass to hers after he filled up her glass. His tone was not giving her pressure instead it gave her a secure feeling. A feeling that she could rely on him and the security of the information that she's going to share with him.

For some unexplainable reason, she felt comfortable with Eric's company. She smiled at him but her eyes became gloomy. "Okay." She scoffed feeling a bit shy with the new friend. "I want to ask you a question." Arabella started.

"Go on." With his cutest dimples, Eric answered.

"What are you going to do if you are caught in an oppressive situation where you had no choice but to stay?" One could easily tell that she was unhappy through her tone.

"Hmmm..." Eric nodded. "Is this situation involved with someone?" He asked while his eyes looked at her.

Arabella smirked and nodded answering his question.

"Do you love this person?" Eric asked trying to decipher the solution to her problem.

She smirked shaking her head.

"Hmmm..." Eric nodded. He felt good by her reply as he was sure Arabella was talking of Bill Sky. It seemed he could go into a deep sleep after their conversation. "Do you trust me?" Eric asked with gentle comfort on his face.

Arabella frowned but she nodded.

"Good," Eric uttered smiling. "Now, hold your breath." He ordered with a pleasing expression.

Arabella frowned but she followed.

"Now, you are in a state where you are struggling. Do you want to live? or do you want to stay struggling until you die?" Eric sounded serious but with a light friendly tone.

Arabella nodded agreeing to him.

"Now, let go," Eric instructed.

Arabella breathed out.

"You see, we all have choices. Every breath is a choice." Eric explained with a light tone. "It's a matter of what choices are you going to take. I hope you will make a good choice Arabella." He added with sincerity and a warm smile.

Enlightened by his words, Arabella smiled. She felt she had found the comfort she had been looking for tonight. He was right. Everyone has a choice! You might be stuck in a difficult situation right now but it's your choice to stay or get out of the situation. Save yourself or let the situation kill or ruin you. Live positive or be a toxic person. Live happily or waste your time in sadness. Life is too short. Make a choice!

"Thank you," Arabella uttered not regretting his company tonight.

"Nah..." Eric chuckled cutely. "Let's go. Let's get rid of your troubles." He added suddenly grabbing her hand. Arabella frowned in curiosity but she followed him.

Eric dragged her to the stage. "Let's play." He winked at her with a warm smile.

Arabella smiled as she sat beside him. Seeing the keyboard, she felt her heart was happily jumping. She missed playing a lot. Eric looked at her with his cutest smile then he started playing Fur Elise's piece. She loved the piece so much so, she was also excited to play it. Arabella smiled as she slowly lifted her fingers. She joined Eric on the keyboard.

Eric was shocked seeing how delicate she played.

"Hmmm... You take my breath away." Eric sounded beside her. He couldn't believe the girl beside her was a professional pianist. All he thought was that she's just beautiful but she was also a talented one.

"Focus." She chuckled as she saw Eric's surprised expression.

"What a night! What a lucky night!" Eric sounded again with excitement and contentment in his tone. "I'm sitting beside a beautiful girl and an outstanding pianist." Eric sounded proud.

"Well, I can say the same to you." She sounded with a smile enjoying her piece.

"Oh stop, I'm already blushing!" Eric sounded funny.

"Hahaha..." Arabella couldn't help to chuckle aloud. "I should be the one saying that." She added while controlling her laugh.

"Now, you're laughing." Eric smiled at her in satisfaction.

"Thanks to you. I really need it." Arabella felt sobered with her anger. With the piano and Eric's company, she forgot her troubles for a while.

"Thank you too." Eric heaved a sigh then uttered sincerely.

Arabella looked at him. She forgot to ask about him. He played a piece of sad music earlier and she knew he had troubles too that's why he was there.

"Okay, let it out. What's bothering you? Why are you here in this late night?" Arabella couldn't help to ask.

Eric smiled. He focused on playing the keyboard and looked at her again.

"Well, there's a person I want to see and after long years she still caused my insomnia that's why I'm here." He answered while his eyes were on the keyboard.

"She... Girlfriend? Your wife?" Arabella asked with a puzzled expression.

Upon hearing her, Eric chuckled. "None of the above."

"Then who is she?" Arabella's curiosity aroused but before Eric could answer the piece reached the finale. They ended it perfectly.

"I was kid....." Eric was about to start telling his story when a thunderous clap was heard from one of the audiences.

"Bravo!"

They quickly stood up only to find out that Bill was standing in front of them clapping his hands like he saw the greatest show in his life.