

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 194

"Mom, why do people die?" Adam asked in a sad tone. Arabella knew he was thinking of his grandmother, Jaime. Adam was the same as her as he also played toughly for his mother.

"Hmmm... maybe because they were too beautiful persons that they were meant to live in a beautiful paradise." She answered remembering Jaime. Undoubtedly, her mother was a good woman. She loved her family so much that she forgave and accepted her father with his mistress. Arabella hated her mother for this. She could not see herself as forgiving as her mom and she could not accept a husband with another woman. She would rather not have a husband than someone who would just cheat on her. Now, she wanted to understand her mom. Maybe because they were people who have a bigger heart than hers that they can accommodate all the pain in the world and still they would not get tired of loving.

With her thoughts, Arabella heaved a deep sigh.

"I miss grandma, mom." Adam breathed a sigh too before his words.

"Me too, Adam. Me too." Arabella muttered then she hugged her son to sleep.

Now, she had only Adam as her family. Heaven was still good in her that they gave her a sweet loving son.

'Mom, Dad, please look after us.' Arabella whispered in the air closing her eyes while hugging Adam.

In just a quick minute, Adam was fast asleep but Arabella could not find her sleep. After the funeral, she just stayed in Adam's room for three days. She turned off her phone and didn't want to see nor talk to anyone around. The only exemptions were Adam and Farrah. When Farrah visited her, she felt a little relief.

On the third night, she decided to go out. Undeniably, she missed the air outside. From where she was standing, she could clearly see the city night view. The lights were warm like stars from afar. The blue water in the pool was sparkling in the night. The sky was full of stars. The air was cold but bearable enough to feel calm inside.

It was a silent beautiful night.

Then her memory started to travel when she was young. She had a lovely family. Her mother was a good cook and she always see to it that they always had good food on the table. Her mother's devotion and love for her family were invincible.

When she was living abroad, she was able to talk and monitor her mom on a daily basis. She regretted those days when she had to choose between her mother and her son. It was hard for her but in order to save Adam, she had to escape from Capital Z.

She had to escape from Bill Sky.

When she heard her mom's illness got worsen, her world was shattered once again. Who would have thought that it would be her last birthday party? Arabella had many regrets but when she remembered how peaceful her mom's face was, her heart gained its calm.

Her tears started to roll down. She missed her mom a lot but she had to let go of the sadness.

She was sobbing when someone hugged her from behind.

Without turning around, his elegant unique scent would determine him.

Bill Sky.

She wanted to pull out herself from him but for any inexplicable reason, his warmth calmed her down. For three days she had not seen him. He never pestered her at all not even Kelly and Trishia. It was a great miracle and a blessing in heaven for her as she could not think any good for the three nonetheless to have sympathy for her.

"It's okay to cry." He whispered. His tone was different from his normal domineering voice.

With his words, she couldn't tell why all her tears and emotions intertwined. She seemed to wait for someone to say those words and she couldn't believe that she would hear it from the man she hated the most.

Bill tightened his grip on her as her sobbing got louder. For tonight she let him hug her. Only for tonight, she let the man who she hated the most comfort her. There're no words that could describe how ironic it was but she needed his warmth. She needed him to comfort her.

No fighting, no screaming, and cursing, she stood still with Bill hugging her with the solemnity of the night.

After a while, her tears started to dry from his warmth. Her tensed body started to relax in his arms. She felt that no one could ever hurt her again. Just inside his strong arms, she felt secure. She closed her eyes as his robust scent wafted her nose.

Just his scent was a relief.

He smelled so good.

For a moment she let herself in his comfort until the reality took over in her again.

“Why do you hate me so much?” In a low dispirited voice, Arabella asked in his arms. She had no plan to get out of his hug as she had no enough strength to do it and she was not really in the mood to fight.

Bill’s hug tightened as he rested his head at the back of her neck. She could feel he was smelling her scent too.

“Hmmm...” He just muttered at the back of her neck.

“Bill, why?” Arabella was very eager to know though she didn’t expect him to answer such a boring question. After all, it was important for her to know coming from his mouth.

“Do really want to know why?” Bill whispered. He sounded with a controlled impatience.

“Yes.” She quickly answered unmoved in his arms.

“I hate you.” Bill hated to admit that for the first time, one girl kept on messing his mind.

“I hate you because you make me insane whenever you are with another guy.” Bill’s hug tightened. His voice was domineering but calm.

He seemed not in the mood to fight too.

Arabella could feel his temperature rise as his body was getting warmer. She just listened and didn’t say anything.

“I hate you because I can’t take my eyes off you.”

“I hate you because I can’t sleep without you by my side.”

“You are messing with my head all the time.”

“What should I do with you?”

“There are so many reasons why I hate you, Arabella...” Bill moved her head and rested on the side of her warm cheek. “...so many reasons but I can’t kill you.” He added with a stern voice. He seemed to hate himself too.

“Why?” She was thrilled and puzzled by his words. With cold sweats on her palms, she asked.

Why out of the sudden Bill was confessing?

Does he like her or another trap for her?

Bill deep a heavy sigh and his grip tightened even more. The air froze like Bill's answer could only shatter and break free the air.

"I" Bill was going to answer her but he was cut by someone.

"I see you guys having fun here. Can I join?" With a coquettish voice, Trishia sounded. She was wearing a sexy silk see-through nightgown. With the warm light in the pool area, her bare body was clearly shown.

Hearing Trishia, Arabella felt the beautiful night just ended. She quickly escaped from his hug.

"I'm tired. Good night." Arabella announced loudly for everyone. There was already a crowd. She didn't want to meddle with what they called fun like making out in the pool just like she saw before plus Bill's words were adding to her messy thoughts.

"Wait. I just want to give you my condolences." Trishia strode forward grabbed Arabella's arms and quickly hugged her. Arabella let her but she didn't feel any sincerity with Trishia. What could she expect from Trishia?

"Thanks," Arabella said stiffly while she was trying to get rid of her.

"Wait. Here. Let's drink! This might help." Trishia grabbed a glass of whiskey on the table. Trishia had prepared three glasses and one bottle of imported whiskey on the table.

At first, Arabella had no mood to drink nor fight with Trishia but she seemed not to let her go without taking a sip with the alcohol. Trishia got her glass poured the whisky and shot it in one go. After seeing that there was no poison in the drink, Arabella grabbed the glass and drink it in one go. The liquid traveled in her body giving her more warmth. She stayed trying to have some more. This might help her go to sleep.

Trishia also handed a glass to Bill. Bill started drinking calmly while facing the overlooking view of the city.

Trishia poured Arabella's glass again.

When she was about to grab a drink on her own, she saw Arabella and Bill hugging in the pool area. She could not just watch and let them savor the night on their own. With her utmost intention to disturb them, she offered them to drink with her hoping to get Bill when he's drunk.

Arabella sat in the corner with her glass of whiskey. Without minding Bill and Trishia, she sat there enjoying the alcohol's comfort in her nerves.

"Bill don't forget my birthday party in two days. My dad would be expecting you there." With her glass of whiskey in her hand, she went to Bill's side and intentionally made her voice louder so Arabella could hear her. Her voice was so melodious like she was talking to her sweet boyfriend.

Bill's glance landed on the girl who was quietly drinking in the corner. He seemed not to see and hear Trishia. His deep dark eyes were focused on the only girl in the corner. Her cheeks were already crimson. She seemed to drink a lot in such a little time.

"Hmmm..." Bill just muttered. Then he averted back his glance to the view of the city.

"Thanks, Bill. How sweet of you." Trishia giggled with his simple answer. It would be her first birthday that Bill would be present so this birthday for her was special. She prepared everything beforehand. For Bill, everything should be perfect on her special day. She always expects him to propose to her again. Maybe this coming birthday of her would be her luckiest day.

"Trishia stop being such a brainless tortoise!" Trishia remembered Sen. Meyer's words.

"What do you mean, dad?" Trishia asked puzzled.

"Huh!" Sen. Meyer scoffed like he was talking to the dumbest person in the world.

"If you can't get Bill's heart, then get yourself pregnant with his baby!" Sen. Meyer added with an angry and disappointed tone.

"Make sure you get him in your hand or do not call me dad again. Make yourself worthy of my name. Do you understand?" Sen. Meyer put emphasis on every word he uttered.

Thinking about the conversation of her father, Trishia drank her whiskey in one go. She had to make a move not to disappoint her father otherwise she wouldn't be given him a chance again to use his family name. Because of her family name, no one dared to provoke her in the entertainment industry.

"Bill, my room is very cold. Would you mind sharing your bed with me?" Trishia clung her arm to Bill while she talked seductively.

"Okay. Thank you for the drink, Trishia. Have fun you... Ops!" Arabella suddenly stood up baffling. She was unsteady as she tried to exit the place. She walked in a zigzag struggling not to shove on the ground. One could easily say that she was already wasted by just a glance.

Seeing Arabella's back while leaving, Trishia's smile was up to her ears. She deliberately wanted Arabella to get instantly drunk so she can leave her with Bill. She knew Bill would not agree to drink with her without the presence of Arabella so she offered her a drink. Now, she had all night with Bill.

"Bill, do you want a massage?" Trishia started to make a sweet move. She would take all the chances this night.

Bill didn't spare her a glance.

"Bill it's only us here. Why don't we make use of the beautiful night?" Trishia spoke naughtily and suddenly hugged him behind.

Bill took away Trishia's arms. He put his empty glass on the table.

"It's late," Bill announced sternly then strode away before Trishia could reply.

Trishia was left cold in the pool area bursting with anger.

"Ah!" Enraged, Trishia smashed her glass onto the ground.

On his way to his room, Bill stopped. He saw the door of his room was opened. He quickly walked inside thinking that someone got into his room uninvited. When he was already inside, he stopped again. This time, he smirked.

He was right. Someone got into his room and occupied his bed.

Arabella was sleeping soundly in his bed.