

You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 212

Arabella's cellphone rang again.

It was an unknown number.

'William... No! Please no!'

She felt tensed up. Her nervousness was eating her up and her breathing became erratic.

"Arabella, are you, okay?" John asked worriedly.

She smirked and managed to put up a smile at John.

John wasn't her close friend.

They only knew each other because of Lira.

For some unexplainable reason, she could see William Zimmer in his aura.

Maybe because of his smile or maybe she was just imagining things.

She didn't know what to think of so she decided to make an alibi to get out of the place.

"John, I have to answer this call and I have to go back to work so I have to excuse myself," Arabella uttered politely.

It was absurd that she had this kind of feeling for John.

What if she was wrong? It's not fair if she would treat him poorly because of his baseless doubt.

"Are you sure you're, okay?" John asked her again.

"Yeah," Arabella smirked cutely.

"Okay. Nice to meet you here and see you again." John said wearing his bright smile.

"See you." Arabella nodded at him then quickly escaped the place.

She had no plan to go back to the office.

As she kept on walking in another direction, her cellphone kept on ringing.

As it rings, her hand shivered tremendously.

Until she was already annoyed running scared.

'This should stop!'

"Listen to me, William. If you are really William Zimmer... Take your medicine and forget about me!" She answered and bombarded the caller.

"Arabella... It's me, Eric... Eric Grant." The caller's voice was shocked.

"Oh! Sorry." Arabella could only mutter. She was ashamed of her behavior then she heaved a sigh of relief.

"Did I hear it right? Someone is threatening you?" Eric's voice was worried.

"Hmmm..." Arabella was caught in the middle of uncertainty.

She was not also close to Eric.

How could she share her problem with him?

"It's.... I.... never mind." She tried but she staggered.

"Where are you now?" Eric asked worried and serious.

"I... I'm in the street." Arabella answered.

"Send me your location. I will come to you." Eric quickly ordered then dropped the call without waiting for her approval.

He seemed to be very worried for her.

Arabella was caught again in the middle of uncertainty.

She didn't know what to do with Eric Grant though she saw a friend in him from the first day they met.

He helped her find the lost billion-worth necklace.

He consoled her in the hotel lobby when she had a problem with Bill Sky.

Admittedly, Eric pacified her with his company that night.

Maybe because they share the same interest in playing the piano that's why she appreciated his company.

Arabella didn't know what to think.

Eric was asking for her location.

Is she going to send it?

She heaved a sigh of frustration as she hailed a cab absentmindedly.

"To the nearest park, please." She said to the driver.

Yes!

She had to find a breather and think for a while.

She didn't want to go back to the office nor go back to Bill's house.

After she reached the park, she sat on the bench under a big tree.

The fresh air in the park was a healer. It relieved her from anxiety that she forgot everything for a while.

Then she closed her eyes enjoying the moment of peacefulness in the park.

After a few minutes, her cellphone rang again.

She slowly opened her eyes.

It was Eric.

"Gosh!" She muttered in the air.

She had forgotten him.

Arabella was about to decline his offer as she didn't want to bother him.

When she was about to answer the call, her eyes landed on the white rose beside her.

She was sure there was no flower on the bench when she sat there earlier.

Her spikes instantly lifted.

With a shivering hand, she got the white rose and read the message on the small card attached to it.

'You look beautiful today. W'

Arabella's eyes widened and dropped the white rose.

Her heartbeat was crazily pumping fast while she looked around.

She could not be mistaken.

This white rose and the message from W, the man was William Zimmer.

William was stalking her even before.

Even when she was living in country N.

This can't be!

She was getting paranoid as her nervousness was surging up.

Eric was calling her again.

Without wasting any time, Arabella answered the call.

"Eric, I'm in the Central Park." Arabella quickly answered.

"I'm near the area. I'm on my way now." Eric replied quickly.

Arabella was uneasy walking near the pick-up spot as her eyes were still wandering around.

She left the rose on the bench and her mind was occupied with W.

It stands for William Zimmer.

She had thought of it before and now it was confirmed.

William Zimmer was watching her for a long time.

She couldn't believe it.

She thought William's family was taking care of him.

She was at peace thinking that William was already mentally okay as she closed that part of her life with William.

"Get in." In just a quick minute, she heard Eric's voice.

She was snapped back to her senses and quickly went inside Eric's car.

Eric drove swiftly away from the place.

“What happened there?” Eric asked worriedly.

“It’s a long story.” She heaved a deep breath.

“I’m willing to listen,” Eric said coherently.

Arabella looked at the man who was full of sincerity.

His expression made her calm.

She felt she had found another reliable friend in Eric’s personality.

His sincerity for her was shown all over him.

It made her feel like talking and sharing everything with him.

She heaved a heavy sigh again.

Eric brought her to a restaurant with a view of the sea.

The place was very relaxing for the soul.

She had forgotten everything again for a while.

“Thanks for bringing me here,” Arabella said full of gratitude.

“Don’t mention it,” Eric replied.

“How do you know this place? It’s very beautiful. If I am not mistaken, you are not from Capital Z.” She heard it in the charity event before.

Eric smiled cutely at her.

His smile was warm and she knew girls would go crazy over his smile.

“I’m actually from here. This place belongs to my grandfather. When he died, I feel I ought to keep this place.” Eric said in a gloomy but light tone.

His expression told her he missed his grandpa.

“Oh, sorry.” Arabella sounded full of sincerity.

“It’s fine. I’m glad you like it here.” Eric smiled and gave her a chamomile tea.

Arabella was surprised by Eric’s revelation.

What a small world!

First, he was the uncle of Ivan, Adam's friend.

Are they really bound to meet each other again?

Is Eric bound to be her friend?

"If I may ask, are you staying here for good?" Arabella was actually curious about what he was doing in Capital Z.

Eric looked at her seriously and smiled.

"For now, I'm here for a project." He answered. His businessman demeanor was strongly written all over his face.

"Oh..." Arabella muttered satisfied with his answer. "Why did you call me earlier? Where did you get my number by the way?" She remembered Eric called her first.

"I'm sorry. I had to hire someone to get your number." Eric said jokingly while scratching his head like a kid who had done something naughty and he knew it.

Arabella couldn't help to smile.

How could she forget how billionaire works?

It seemed her nervousness dissipated with Eric.

"It's totally fine. I should be the one saying sorry. I am just too busy to call you." Arabella apologized.

"No... It's just fine. I called because I have to ask you a very important favor." Eric stated though he seemed hesitant to tell her.

"Come on! I'm all ears." Arabella lightened up the mood.

Eric heaved a sigh before he continued talking.

"Arabella, Ivan is my only nephew. He has no parents. The kid suffered a lot that he built a wall with the people around him. Ivan has been undergoing therapy for a long time but his development is so little." Eric's expression became gloomy.

Arabella saw Eric's sincere thoughts towards his nephew.

"What can I help you with, Eric?" Without any hesitation, she was very eager to help.

"When he met Adam, he seemed to change. Your son is always in his stories and I'm glad about it."

“Arabella, sorry for this trouble but I want to ask your permission if Adam could visit Ivan in the house during weekends or even during Saturdays. This is per the advice of his psychiatrist. Adam’s good influence would allow Ivan to slowly accept his situation and the people around him.”

“But of course... It’s still up to you as his mother.” Eric said with full of hesitation.

“Please know that I don’t want to put you any pressure....”

“Eric, please. You are not. Adam will be very happy with that.” Arabella cut him.

She knew her son, Adam.

He would help Ivan without asking him.

She was also glad that finally, Adam had real friends.

Hearing Arabella, Eric’s expression turned bright.

“Thank you! I am not wrong asking for your help.” Driven by his excitement, Eric immediately hugged Arabella.

Arabella was stunned for a while.

Eric seemed to quickly notice his action and he pulled himself out.

“I... I’m very sorry.” He uttered like, he had lost himself for a while.

Arabella released a smile to break the awkwardness that was about to fill in the air.

Eric smiled at her too then they laughed together.

Maybe she was bound to bump Eric today.

Then, silence invaded for a moment.

“Arabella...” Eric broke the silence.

She met Eric’s serious eyes.

“I know, you don’t want to talk about it but please let me also help you,” Eric said sincerely.

Arabella looked at him without anything to say.

“About your words earlier when I called. Who is William? Is he threatening you? I’m worried. You know I can help you.” Eric added with full of sincerity.

He seemed angry with the person they were talking about.

Arabella heaved. She was reminded of her problem as her nervousness appeared again.

"William is an old friend but he turned out to be a stalker." She helplessly stated.

Eric folded his arms up to his chest and his bright expression changed into a serious one.

Arabella told everything to Eric.

She was even surprised that she shared these things with Eric.

A person she just newly met.

"Don't worry. That William could not touch even a single strand of your hair." Eric said firmly while his eyes became darker.

"Your words made me calm." She could not deny Eric's words made her feel safe.

"Don't worry." Eric tapped Arabella's shoulder to console her.

"Don't you dare touch my wife!" Suddenly, a man roared behind them.

"Bill?" Arabella was shocked to see him.

How did he know her location?

Bill's expression was dangerous as he quickly stormed closer to them.

They stood quickly but Bill was fast to reach Eric's collar and in just a quick second, Bill gave Eric a heavy blow.

The waiters came quickly to rescue Eric but Eric lifted his hand to stop them.

He looked at them signaling them to go back to their work.

"This is just a warning." Bill glared at Eric then he quickly grabbed Arabella.

"Bill, you are so wrong!" Arabella shouted sympathizing with Eric.

Eric smiled and nodded at her sending her a message that he was fine.

Bill dragged her inside his car.

Arabella felt Bill's intense anger.

She's prepared for it.

Bill entered the car with a controlled temper.

"Why are you with that man?" He asked. His eyes were dangerous.

Arabella felt terrified. More terrified when William called her.

"We just talk," Arabella answered with her heart beating fast.

"Hmmm..." Bill muttered nodding.

She knew this kind of expression. He was not satisfied.

Bill drove the car furiously.

He never talked anymore during the trip.

When they reached the mansion, Bill dragged her directly into their room.

Trishia and Kelly were shocked by the scene.

It was obvious that the couple had a problem that made them happy.

Trishia went up to eavesdrop on the situation.

"Now, talk!" Bill demanded. His sharp eyes were pierced into her.

"I told you, Eric Grant was just asking for a favor. He wanted Adam to help his nephew as he was undergoing therapy." Arabella explained.

"That's a lame excuse!" Bill's voice got loud. "He just wanted to be with you," Bill added.

"For what possible reason?" Arabella already felt annoyed with him.

"He likes you! Simple as that! Don't be so naïve." Bill answered like she was the dumbest person in the world who had not noticed it.

"Bill, he is just asking for help!" Arabella corrected him. "You know what, enough for this conversation. This is getting nowhere." She added while she strode in the bathroom's direction but Bill quickly grabbed her wrist.

"You are mine! Do you understand?" Bill looked at her like he was seeking her soul then he rested his forehead on her like he found his calm with her then he hugged her tightly.

They both found their calm.

On the other side of the door, Trishia heard everything.

'Eric Grant? The billionaire? What kind of luck do you have Arabella?' She gritted her teeth in anger but after a while, she smiled wickedly.

