

# You Can Run But You Can't Hide My Contractual Wife Chapter 44

"Please speak up officer." Arabella replied deliriously. Obviously, she would just like to hear only the good news, but her curiosity was also willing to know the bad news.

"The good news is, the bloodstain found on the earring is confirmed to be your father." Officer Jackson announced with a firm tone.

Upon hearing this, Arabella froze again. Her heart was racing fast.

"What about the bad news?" Though she was not so prepared to hear the bad news, she gathered her courage to overcome her fear and nervousness that invaded her whole being.

"We didn't find any fingerprint on the earring. It was clean. It seems that the person who gave you this had carefully planted the evidence or to what his purpose it may be. That we still have to find out. So, if you have any information about this person, by any chance, if this person would call you, you should inform us immediately." Officer Jackson with a voice full of authority ordered.

"Copy on that officer. Bye." With her messy thoughts, Arabella replied.

Remained rooted to her spot, she was caught in a big dilemma. Her shoulder abruptly dropped as her tension heightened. Caught between two big rocks, what should she do? How could she tell Officer Jackson about the mystery caller without putting her family's life in great danger?

In just a minute, Arabella's phone rang again. It was from an unknown number.

She had a bad feeling that it was the mystery caller. Highly strung, her body instantly trembled.

Shaking tremendously, she gathered her courage to answer her phone.

"Hello." Arabella tried her best to lift open her shuddering lips.

"Now, you probably know that I am telling the truth." A distorted voice came out from the other line.

It seemed that the caller had been using different numbers to call her. Clearly, this person didn't want to be traced.

"What do you need?" Arabella frankly asked as she couldn't withstand anymore the suspense. It was way too far that this person is a good Samaritan for giving her an evidence with no fingerprints, but one thing's for sure, the person knew something.

"500 million dollars. I need 500 million dollars in exchange for the truth." As frank as her question, the caller answered.

Upon hearing the caller's demand, Arabella's heart skipped a beat. She quivered to the bones. How could she produce that huge amount of money? In this world, money always rules. That's a sad reality, though, but most people value it more than time and anything in the world. Arabella's mind went blank and malfunctioned. Instinctively, she wanted to end the call immediately, but there was something on her that wanted to get more from this man to push the investigation of her father's case.

"How would I know if you are not scheming me? How could I trust you?" With a staggering voice, Arabella said. In this kind of game, only the wisest could get out alive rather than the strong one.

"That earring had a pair, aren't you not excited to know who's the owner?" The caller was obviously provoking her.

Hearing this, Arabella got goosebumps. She was all agog with the truth, but she couldn't find any words to reply. Courage. She needed it the most right now to deal with this person. She should not show him any of her weaknesses or this person would just easily torment her in suspense.

"I am giving you 3 days to prepare the money. I know you wanted to solve the case of your father and put the real culprit in the prison. If you fail to give me the money after 3 days, then consider the truth gone forever with the wind Ms. Jones." The caller then hanged up the phone without giving Arabella a chance to reply.

After the other line had shut off, Arabella felt her body weaken. She sat back on the couch and shove her face in her two palms. She took a deep breath and exhaled it heavily while her heart was still racing fast. This was not the first time she was given a deadline and threat, but it felt like it was her first time. The feeling was really sickening and traumatizing.

After pondering for quite some time, Arabella quickly got up and changed her clothes. Though she didn't like the idea, but she didn't have any choice. She needed to go to Sky Corporation and asked Bill the amount that was stated in their contract. It was written in their contract that, '500 million dollars would be transferred to her name after the wedding and 500 million dollars after divorce'.

She knew Bill would see her as an opportunist gold -digger but who cares? She badly needed the money for her father.

Five hundred million dollars, that was supposed to be hers after the wedding.

She could make a good living out of it, especially now that she was outcast by Bill in her own company. Who cares? With this huge amount of money, she could easily make another company on her own. But it was too bad, it would just go to a mystery caller.

Arabella knew she would face a big fight for this, but she was determined to do what she thought was right. If this person could help her solve her father's case, then, she was more than willing to give him the money he wanted. Anyway, that would be coming from Bill's pocket.

In Sky Corporation.

"Good morning, ma'am. How may I help you?" The blonde receptionist was very familiar to Arabella. Yes. That was right. She was the receptionist before who assisted her when she was in her freckled-woman disguise.

"I'm here for Mr. Sky." Arabella replied. This scene was very familiar to her too. She could tell already what's the receptionist's next question. Well, that's their protocol what else could she do?

"I don't have any appointment, but please call his office right now that Mrs. Sky is here." Arabella then added without waiting the stunned receptionist to speak and ask her next question. She actually didn't mean to use her title, 'Mrs. Sky' but Arabella knew exactly the long interrogation process before getting inside Bill's office and she didn't have enough time. She needed to ask the money written in their contract beforehand before the deadline. Hopefully Bill would give it to her easily and without judging her of course. But for now, who cares? The money she would ask was the exact amount of money in their contract, she would not steal a single cent of his money.

"Sure, ma'am. Please wait a minute. I will do it now." Though the receptionist was obviously confused and surprised at Arabella's words, she still managed to follow what the beautiful girl in front of her was telling her to do.

After her call, the receptionist quickly gave her the card pass to access the exclusive elevator to their CEO's floor.

When the beautiful girl in front of her was gone, the receptionist breathed a sigh of relief. At first, she thought that the girl was lying as so many women went there and claimed to be as Mrs. Sky just like the ugly girl before who shouted and tagged herself as Mrs. Sky. Now, this girl was confirmed to be the real Mrs. Sky. Admittedly, the beautiful girl was a perfect match to their most handsome CEO. The receptionist then couldn't help herself giggling about her thought. She should not forget her face next time or she would be doomed.

"Congratulations, Mrs. Sky!" Sharon warmly greeted her upon entering the CEO's floor.

Arabella just smiled at her. How could she reply with her greetings? She's just a contractual wife of her Boss. How could she greet her like that?

"Where's Mr. Sky? I want to see him." Arabella's tone was serious. She didn't have any plan to chat with Sharon and stay there that long. She needed to succeed in her goal that's why she was there.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Sky but Mr. Sky is not here. He didn't come to work today." Sharon briefly explained. She was confused with the situation that Mrs. Sky didn't know where's her husband. The fact that they got just married, they should still be in honeymoon state.

"Could you please call him? I want to see him urgently." Since Sharon kept on calling her Mrs. Sky, Arabella internalized it just for now just to achieve her pursuit.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Sky but I tried calling Mr. Sky this morning till now, but he was out of coverage. I also called up his own villa, but he was not there." Sharon uttered a bit worried about their CEO.

'Did he go back to the island because Trishia was still there? Yeah. Maybe they had spent some time together.'

She suddenly felt a heavy feeling in her heart not because she didn't succeed in getting the money, but because of her own thought about Bill and Trishia being together on the island.

"Please contact me if Mr. Sky will call you." Arabella wrote her numbers and gave it to Sharon then she exited swiftly.

Still feeling puzzled, Arabella tried cracking her brain to where she could possibly see her fake husband. How would she know? She only knew a little of him. And that little was all his worst. Arabella's mind was telling her to go to Bill's parents' villa, just maybe Bill was there, but how could she explain to Kelly and Ed that she was finding her husband? They were supposed to be in a honeymoon right now just like the normal husband and wife. Arabella then shook her head to get rid away the unworkable idea.

She was about to go home, when her phone rung again. This time, It as Kelly. Wow! Did she know I am thinking of them?

"Hello." Arabella quickly answered with a vigorous tone.

"Oh dear, I heard you and Bill came back. Are you now in the villa?" Kelly asked her like her own mother.

Gosh. How could she forget the villa that was supposed to be their house? How could she afford to disappoint Kelly? She was so nice to her even when she was the ugly Arabella Jones.

"Hmm... I am actually going there right now mom." Though, she sounded awkward of herself she replied. Of course, she needed to call her mom. It's part of their role play. But in her heart, she could not deny the fact that if ever she had a mother-in-law in the future, somehow, she wished to be just like Kelly.

"Okay, I hope you're gonna like it. I selected every furniture there by myself." With a proud smile, Kelly said. "By the way, we are planning to visit you this

evening for a housewarming dinner? You guys okay with it?" Then Kelly excitedly added.

Gosh. How could she answer Kelly? Obviously, Kelly contacted Arabella first and Bill wasn't with his parents' villa. How could she tell Kelly that her son is missing? She didn't even know where's her fake husband of. She suddenly felt intense hatred of Bill for putting her again in trouble with his parents.

"Ahem... Ehem..." Arabella pretended to cough.

"What's wrong sweetie?" Kelly was a bit worried about her tone upon hearing Arabella's cough.

"I'm sorry mom, it must be the weather on the island." Arabella replied with guilt in her heart.

"Are you okay? You want me to come and see you now?" Kelly felt worried about her best-friend's only daughter.

"No mom, please don't bother. I think I just need some rest. Don't worry Bill is here to take care of me." Arabella was not good at lying. Good thing, they were just talking on the phone if it's 'face to face' then one can easily detect that she was lying after all.

"Okay then, then let's have a house warming next time. Please rest in the villa. Then call me tomorrow if you like everything." Kelly then said.

After their call ended, that was the only time Arabella breathed a sigh of relief.

Evening came so fast in the villa.

Arabella was tossing and turning on her bed like she was very uneasy. Sharon didn't call her. It was too unusual that Bill didn't bug her at all. Her mind wouldn't allow her to sleep thinking of many things. The caller, the money and Bill with Trishia. Why would she think of them? Now, she realized that without Bill pestering her, her life was missing something. Why she did feel this way? She still had a big fight to face and she should be prepared for what possible danger could come to her.

Then suddenly, her door was kicked open.

"Miss Arabella Jones?" A big waiter came in front of her and asked her.

"Yes." Holding the pepper spray in her pocket and forcing her shaky, mouth to open, Arabella replied.

"This is for you." Then the waiter gave her a small black box. Then turned to walk away.

“Wait! Who gave you this? Did you know him? Did you see his face?” Arabella quickly stood up to chase the waiter.

The waiter stopped and turned on her.

“Oh! I’m sorry, ma’am. Someone just gave me a big tip to give that one to you and left in a hurry. He was wearing a cap and a dark sunglasses with a thick jacket. I couldn’t barely say if he was a man or she was a woman.” The waiter replied with full of innocence on his face. At the same time, his face had a hint of fear and curiosity from Arabella’s way of questioning. He was obviously didn’t want to be involved in some trouble.

“Okay.” Judging from his words, Arabella took a step back and her back instinctively slouched in hopelessness.

It seemed that the caller planned this very well beforehand. She didn’t want innocent people like the waiter to be involved in her trouble, so she just went back to her table and sat back again.

With full of doubts and fear, she looked at the box on her hand. She was reluctant to open it since she was not ready yet to see what was inside. ‘What if it’s an organ? An eye? A nose? Ear perhaps? Gosh. Could she hold herself not to scream?’ Her thought made her want to vomit.

She was struggling with herself for a long time before she got the courage to finally open the small box. With her shaky hands, she unwrapped the black wrapper first, then to her shock, she found one piece of amethyst earring with blood stain tightly sealed on a small zip lock.

Arabella froze again, as if her time had stopped. It seemed that the caller really knew something. ‘Who could be the possible owner of the earring?’ ‘Is the owner, the person behind the killing of her father?’ ‘She is a woman.’ Arabella then concluded and her curiosity wanted her to did more of what happened that night. She was positive that the evidence she had on her hand would help the police to resolve her dad’s case fast and finally they would capture the real culprit.

Gathering all her hopes and chances, Arabella quickly stood up and went to the police station. She then met the police officer Willy Jackson, who was the leader of the investigation of her father’s case.

“Police officer Jackson, please have this evidence. I think this will help in your investigation about my father’s case.” Arabella said with full of hope in her face.

“Where did you get this?” Police Officer Jackson was stunned. They had been trying their best to gather evidence at the crime scene, but they found nothing and this girl in front of her had one.

Arabella was not ready for the officer’s question. She just went directly there without thinking it much. How could she tell him that there’s a mystery caller and that the caller just gave her the evidence? The mystery caller clearly ordered that there should be no police involved.

"Oh. I'm so sorry officer, but I just found it on my doorstep just this morning. I don't know who's the person behind it." Arabella tried her best to act normal in front of the officer, though she was really scared that her lie would be detected.

The officer was a bit stunned by Arabella's reply. It seemed someone added to their investigation. Could it be a witness or a suspect?

"Did you already check your CCTV?" The officer asked with a flicker of hope in his eyes.

"Hmm... I'm sorry officer Jackson but our CCTVs weren't working for almost a week now. I should have it fixed, but I was caught up with my busy schedules lately." Arabella tried her best to provide him an answer with her greatest alibi.

"Okay then. I'll have to send this to our forensic laboratory. I will contact you once I get the result. Have a good day Ms. Foster." Officer Jackson then quickly strode passed her.

Arabella breathed a sigh of relief. The mouthful air, she held while she was being interviewed, now she finally let it go in a deep exhale. That feeling when she needed to lie and made some alibi to a respective man in uniform was quite horrifying than that of the mystery caller.

"One more thing." When Arabella was about to get out from the station, Office Jackson stopped on his way and turned to look at her again.

Arabella suddenly turned into ice. "Shit! I'm doomed!" Her face turned to pale and her gaze remained low. She turned to face the officer, but still she was rooted to her spot. She tried to lift her upper lip to utter some words but she failed. Extreme fear of being doubted or be caught lying invaded her body.

"Don't forget to fix your CCTV. That person who gave you this evidence would might appear again." Officer Jackson said then continued on his way out.

'Huh!' Arabella felt like mocking herself. Officer Jackson just made a reminder for her, but she felt extremely thrilled. How much more if she would finally face the real culprit?

Back in her house, Arabella was waiting for the result. Her mind was pre-occupied of the mystery caller's real intention of giving her the evidence. She clearly understood that there's no free in this world. This caller must have something in exchange of this evidence. Thinking of this, it made her goosebumps again. How could a fragile girl like her could handle this kind of havoc where dangerous criminals were involved?

Arabella just prayed that she would surpass all of these in her life and the outcome would be to her great benefit. For a moment, she forgot to think about Bill Sky and her position in Bill's life. Her mind was centered on the laboratory result. Hopefully that would point out the real culprit and end the intense suspense in her life and soon her father would be awake from coma and everything with her family would be back to normal.

Though Arabella wanted to share the news to his mom, but she opted not to as she knew that her mom had already suffered too much because of her father's situation, let alone she was the only one who was with him abroad. Arabella's conscience would not allow her to add more worries to her mom.

Then suddenly her phone rang. It was Officer Jackson.

"Ms. Foster, I have a good and bad news for you." Officer Jackson greeted her without the proper 'hello'.





























































